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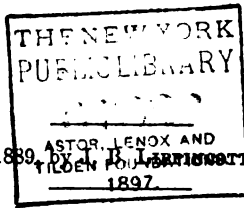
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HALE-WESTON.

A NOVEL.

BY

M. ELLIOT SEAWELL.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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HALE-WESTON.

CHAPTER I.

AFTERNOON tea, as an institution, was utterly unknown in the simple Virginia neighborhood of fifty years ago where Mrs. Thorpe lived and flourished at Broomhill. Nevertheless, every afternoon Mrs. Thorpe seated herself behind a shining round mahogany table in that corner of the draughty drawing-room nearest the roaring wood fire, with a tea-equipage before her, and Juba, a small and very black little negro, wearing a white apron that extended from his chin to his toes, saw that the bright red coals were heaped under the trivet on the hearth where the kettle boiled. Nor was it often that some of Mrs. Thorpe's neighbors—she was well off in neighbors—did not drop in for a cup of tea and the news; for, like a great many other people who seldom stir from home, she knew everything that happened in the county.

Every country neighborhood has a Mrs. Thorpe,—a widow of good estate and excellent intentions, loquacious, and an inveterate match-maker. Mrs. Thorpe had considerable material around her to manage in this last pastime. First, there were the two Brandon girls at Sparrow Point. Elizabeth was handsome enough and Anne was sprightly enough to attract notice anywhere, although Mrs. Thorpe frequently warned Anne that her nimble wit was rather against her chances of matrimony than in favor of them. Nobody, however, could bring that charge against Elizabeth, for Elizabeth was discreet as beauties need to be. As their father, who was a cynic, expressed it, there was not enough humor to go around in the Brandon family, and so Elizabeth was unavoidably left out.

Even Mr. Brandon could not be considered altogether out of the matrimonial market, although Mrs. Thorpe complained that she never could tell whether Mr. Brandon was laughing at her or not. Then there were the four Wickham girls, as alike as peas in a pod, and Dr.

Peyton, whose land joined Mrs. Thorpe's, and whom she had been half expecting to propose to her for the last twenty years. Mrs. Thorpe was in doubt whether to class the rector, the Rev. Beverley Steptoe, among the marriageables or not. He had a good name,—none better,—but nobody could give any specific information about Mr. Steptoe's great-grandfather, or even his grandfather; and his father had been in the horse-trading line. Yet Mr. Steptoe became a clergyman, and had been for years rector of Petsworth Church, which all the great county families attended. He was a big, bluff man, fond of riding to hounds on week-days,—for the race of fox-hunting parsons lingered in Virginia,—and on Sundays preached vociferous sermons in the pulpit of the old colonial church, swinging his arms about in his great white cassock as if he were a Dutch windmill, and thumping the cushion with his fist while he pounded orthodoxy into his parishioners' souls. Still, the bishop highly endorsed Mr. Steptoe, and winked, sacerdotally, at reports that reached him of the clergyman's being present at cocking-mains, and indeed being generally the owner of the victorious bird. Mrs. Thorpe was a staunch churchwoman, and sighed for a more conventional minister, but, being neither the bishop nor the bishop's lady, she was powerless. There was a report that at some remote period, before Mr. Steptoe's advent from the upper country, as the mountains were called, there had been a Mrs. Steptoe, and Mr. Steptoe himself occasionally hinted darkly at his widowed condition, but Mrs. Thorpe had never quite settled Mr. Steptoe's status on her list,—whether he would marry if he had a chance, or wouldn't if he had all the chances in the world.

And next there were the Westons of Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston, the mother, was all of three months older than Mrs. Thorpe,—so Mrs. Thorpe declared,—and, Mr. Weston—commonly known as Sandy Weston—being yet alive, Mrs. Weston was naturally not among the available; but she had two sons, Henry and Algernon, in whose marriages their lady mother was pretty sure to have a hand.

Mrs. Weston was one of those women whose beauty defies time. Except that she had changed from girlhood to womanhood, nobody could see any alteration in the firm outlines of her face, the creaminess of her colorless olive skin, and the soft splendor of her dark eyes. She might readily have passed for the elder sister of her tall and handsome son, Henry Weston, and almost for the younger sister of her second son, Algy, so wizened and insignificant he was. Algy was cast in his father's mould, who had been nothing more nor less than old Colonel Weston's overseer and by a remarkable series of underhand dealings had bought the place from his bankrupt cousin and employer, Colonel Weston, and had even married his daughter, Angela Weston. It is true that Sandy Weston had ostensibly bought Hale-Weston for one Levi Cohen, who was engaged in the clothing-trade and was not supposed to have any taste for a country life; but, somehow, after he had got possession of the fine old place, Levi never materialized. Why Mrs. Angie had married her husband, remained a mystery, but it was supposed that a love-affair and a disappointment with a gentleman known as the Chevalier Vaughan had something to do with it. As for

the Chevalier, he was the one person in the neighborhood who apparently most needed Mrs. Thorpe's services as a match-maker, but was the only one of whom she really despaired. There was Berry Hill, almost as fine a place as Hale-Weston, absolutely suffering for a mistress for more years than Mrs. Thorpe could remember; although if the exquisite order in which it was kept, and the charming dinners the Chevalier gave to his lady friends, were taken into account, it would hardly seem that a mistress could improve this well-conducted establishment.

The Chevalier Vaughan had a way of slipping off to Europe—then a gigantic undertaking—every few years, which always disarranged Mrs. Thorpe's matrimonial plans for him at a critical time. But some people thought that Mrs. Angela Weston had enough influence over him to keep him from marrying,—just as certain others knew that long years ago she had inflicted a wound on Dr. Peyton's honest heart from which the doctor had never recovered. He went his way, the simple and earnest country doctor, but he never reached a point nearer absolute recovery than the conviction that it would have been a dangerous experiment for both, to have linked Angela Weston's beauty and spirit and ambition to his own humble fate. It is true, Sandy Weston was not exactly a satisfactory sort of man for a woman such as Angie Weston had been, and was still, for he was mean-looking to the last degree, and was a mere money-making machine; but at least he made money, and Mrs. Angie took that celebrated triumphal tour to Paris, and drove a coach-and-four, and was altogether the most dashing woman in the county.

The dull February afternoon was waning so fast that Mrs. Thorpe had almost dropped asleep in her chair, when Juba, with the delight an African feels in announcing a piece of startling intelligence, jumped up and bawled into his mistress's ear,—

"Kerridge comin'!"

Mrs. Thorpe waked up with a start:

"I know you've been dropping stitches. Bring me that knitting this minute, and then go and open the door." Mrs. Thorpe, being a thrifty mistress, required of Juba that in the intervals of filling the tea-kettle he should knit, to keep him from poking the fire in winter and catching flies in summer.

Juba dropped the coarse woollen sock he was knitting into his mistress's lap, and scurried off to the door, where he stood with his white apron enveloping him like a winding-sheet. The kerridge turned out to be nothing but Dr. Peyton's buggy, but at the same moment Elizabeth and Anne Brandon ran up the steps of the porch, and they all three entered at the same time.

Mrs. Thorpe was unaffectedly glad to see them all. A week's rain and restriction to the society of Juba and her housekeeper had pre-disposed her to society.

"Why, how do you do, doctor?—and my dear girls!—how pleasant it is to see you again! A whole week! Take off your things. How well you are looking, Anne!"

"So everybody tells me," answered Anne, unbuttoning her pelisse, while Elizabeth gracefully seated herself on the sofa. "If Elizabeth

had not already taken the place of the family beauty, I should aspire to it myself, ma'am."

"Highty-tighty!" cried the doctor; "how vain we are getting! We must have heard some compliments lately."

Anne looked at him with grave displeasure.

"My beauty is not to be lightly spoken of, sir," she answered. As the case often is, the fact that one sister was a beauty caused the other's pretensions to be rated rather low. Anne's pale, clear skin did not compare with Elizabeth's peachy cheeks, nor her steel-gray eyes with her sister's tawny hazel; but people who saw her were not apt to forget her.

Mrs. Thorpe immediately propounded her usual query:

"What's the news, doctor?"

"None at all, that I know of, unless Nancy Brandon's setting up for a beauty is news," replied the doctor, pinching Anne's cheek.

"Papa says," began Elizabeth, in the sweet, slow, serious voice with which she uttered all the trivialities she knew, "that he never knew the county to be so dull. Mary Wickham has got a new riding-habit."

"If Anne or Elizabeth Brandon had got a new riding-habit, it would be indeed a great sensation," said Anne; for at Sparrow Point money was not plentiful, and if it had not been for Anne's management the two sisters would have had less even than the little they had to dress on.

Elizabeth winced. Nobody would ever have found out from her that new riding-habits were events to the Sparrow Point girls.

"Yes, I do know some news," suddenly cried the doctor. "God bless me, why didn't I think of it at once? Henry Weston is going to Paris next month for two years."

Anne Brandon had taken from the mantel-piece a hand-screen. Either the glow of the fire or an advancing wave of color made her hold it between her and the red light. As for Elizabeth, she was for once startled out of herself:

"You don't say so! The most agreeable young man in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Thorpe took it in the light of a personal injury:

"Henry Weston going away! Ah, girls, he calls it two years, but most likely it will be five, and he'll come home with a foreign wife. Dear! dear! Why can't he marry some nice girl in the neighborhood, and settle down to be Weston of Hale-Weston, like his grandfather?"—for Mrs. Thorpe had never been able to regard the ex-overseer as Weston of Hale-Weston.

"For my part," said Anne, quietly, "I think he is right to travel. It is what I should do in his place. Remember, although we are all vastly agreeable people, and he will never meet our superiors, yet this is, after all, but a quiet, country neighborhood."

"Well," said Mrs. Thorpe, whose intentions were better than her judgment, "I don't know of anybody who will miss him more than you two girls."

"That is true," said Anne, in a low voice.

"Always riding or walking with one of you,—always sure to lead off a ball with one or the other,—always ready to answer your poor dear papa back——!"

"Yes, indeed," cried Anne, recovering her liveliness—"poor dear papa needs answering back, too, so badly. I do the best I can, but——"

"Anne," said Elizabeth, with gentle severity, "I don't think that's the way to speak of papa."

"Anne doesn't mean anything, *I* know," answered Mrs. Thorpe. "We all know whose favorite Anne is, and——"

"Look, Mrs. Thorpe," said Anne, suddenly, "Juba is dropping stitches as fast as he can."

"I 'clar I ain't!" responded Juba, much aggrieved. "I ain't done knit a stitch sence de cump'ny come."

This was an offence second only to dropping stitches, but it turned the current of Mrs. Thorpe's talk away from who was and who was not Mr. Brandon's favorite daughter. But Mrs. Thorpe could not bear to have the direction of Henry Weston's matrimonial projects taken out of her hands, as it were, by the impending grand tour. After bewailing it for ten minutes, she concluded it couldn't possibly be so,—that Mrs. Weston would certainly have told her, and that the fact that Mrs. Weston had not told her was a grievous slight put upon her. Anyway, she wouldn't believe it until she had heard it from Henry Weston himself.

That was the very source of his information, remarked Dr. Peyton.

Then, Mrs. Thorpe declared, he must have misunderstood Henry Weston; and just as this point was under discussion, another alarm from Juba of "Kerridge comin'!" showed the Hale-Weston carriage drawn up in front of the door, and Henry Weston in the act of helping his mother to descend. As Mrs. Weston entered the room, Dr. Peyton's middle-aged heart gave a kind of jump that he had felt on seeing her any time for twenty-five years.

Mrs. Weston's rich dress of velvet and fur set off her mature yet delicate beauty. It was one of her crimes against her own sex that she dressed surpassingly well, and wore silks and velvets in common, which in those days few could do.

Mrs. Thorpe was delighted to see her. Elizabeth fixed her eyes on the cut of the velvet pelisse, and Anne received a cordial kiss on the cheek.

Immediately after her came Henry Weston. He was his mother's son in every feature, quite tall enough to look over the doctor's head.

"Oh, my dear Henry," exclaimed Mrs. Thorpe, as soon as they were seated, "such dreadful news about you Dr. Peyton has been giving us! Going away for several years! I declare, these poor girls are quite broken-hearted over it.—Mrs. Weston, do let me give you a cup of tea. It's regular Souchong, and I've got a whole box of it. Isn't it distressing?"

Henry Weston murmured something about being flattered. Anne did not relish his being told that his goings and comings broke either her heart or Elizabeth's.

"Mrs. Thorpe hasn't half stated the case," she said, gravely. "Our

spirits are broken too. I shan't go to any more balls, I don't care what Elizabeth does. Do you hear that?"

Henry Weston smiled good-humoredly :

"I declare, I don't know anything more alarming than to find your eyes fixed on me at a ball. I am certain to hear something to my disadvantage next day. I understand that in your family discussions Mr. Brandon is actually obliged to take up for me."

Anne's bantering had never made much headway against Henry Weston. He took it in good part, and retaliated in kind,—and liked her better than any girl in the county.

"Anne," said Mrs. Weston, "if you won't sympathize with anybody else in Henry's going away, do so at least with me. Algy is so taken up with farming, and Toinette with her governess,"—Toinette was Mrs. Weston's only daughter,—"~~that~~ I should suffer for company at home but for Henry. But it isn't to be for three months yet."

"That's a relief," cried Anne. "If we can support it, I suppose we shall go to the Chevalier Vaughan's party with the best spirits we can muster up."

"Next week it comes off," said Mrs. Thorpe. "Of course you are invited, Mrs. Weston?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Weston, loftily. Imagine a party at Berry Hill to which *she* would not be invited! Only Mrs. Thorpe could have asked that question.

"And, Henry," continued Mrs. Thorpe, "I shall give a party, too, to celebrate your departure—no, I don't quite mean celebrate——"

"And another to celebrate my coming home, I hope."

"If you ever *do* come home; but the dangers of those who go down to the sea in ships——"

Mrs. Weston clapped both hands to her ears and grew a little pale :

"Don't! don't, Mrs. Thorpe! I am trying not to think of that part of it."

"Think of weeks and weeks of wind and rain at sea like that we have had for the last five or six days."

"But, Mrs. Thorpe," remarked Dr. Peyton, "didn't you hear Mr. Steptoe pray for rain last Sunday?"

"Well, I'm sure he got it. That's the way with Mr. Steptoe: he always overdoes things," replied Mrs. Thorpe.

"How very irreverent you are, ma'am!" cried Anne. "I shall tell papa. He said it was not worth while for Mr. Steptoe to pray for rain until the moon changed. Mind, I don't defend papa."

And then they all drank tea, and gossiped as neighbors do. Henry Weston almost fell out with Anne, she rallied him so unmercifully. It was a time for sentiment, he thought, when he was going away for two years.

In country neighborhoods it takes but a little fire to start a great smoke; and the news that had been told at Mrs. Thorpe's tea-table travelled quickly, and made a whirlwind of talk. The Wickham girls and Elizabeth Brandon felt that life would be a very different thing with Henry Weston, the most accomplished young man in the neighborhood, in that inaccessible region called Paris.

CHAPTER II.

It seemed to Mrs. Angela Weston sometimes that the world had a cruelly long memory respecting her. Other women had had disappointments in love, and it had not been remembered when they had sons of a marriageable age. But the fact is, the county had been used for so many years to find something to talk about in those two important and good-looking persons, Mrs. Weston and the Chevalier Vaughan, that it could not bear to give them up. Then, Mrs. Weston had done some things herself to keep talk alive. When the day had come that old Colonel Weston's ruin was known, and the Chevalier Vaughan, although he knew it in Paris within a month, had not come instantly home to fulfil that half-engagement between Angela and himself, she had fallen into a fury of wrath that made her feel capable of killing him; and in that first anguish she had turned around and married Sandy Weston, whom she did not hate because she felt he was not worth hating. In six months the Chevalier had returned, to find her mistress of Hale-Weston, richer, freer, than she could have been as his wife. Naturally, the first time they saw each other alone, there was a scene. He upbraided her that almost along with the news of Colonel Weston's wreck had come that of her marriage to Sandy Weston; and Angela had poured out her passion of pain, the fierceness of disappointment that had flung her into Sandy Weston's arms. The Chevalier had left her with a pale face and some kind of a promise implied that henceforth no other woman should have his allegiance. Men are wont to regard these promises made to soothe a woman who feels or fancies herself ill used, as quite perfunctory. But either the Chevalier was a little quixotic, or the very love of his easy, pleasant bachelorhood that had made him slow in coming to Angela's side at a critical moment was eventually in her favor. Certain it was, Mrs. Weston had such remarkable tact that she never made him try to break through the intangible fetters with which she bound him. She was neither *exigeant*, nor jealous, nor anything but gently winning. What Mrs. Weston really felt for him was a source of conjecture not only to him, but to herself sometimes. She was not unhappy. She was mistress of the finest place in the county; she had a husband who seldom troubled and never opposed her; she had the tender, concealed regard of the most accomplished man of her acquaintance long after the age when most women are compelled to resign the particular admiration of men; and she had one child, out of her three, who was a source of unmixed joy and gratification to her. Whatever doubt she had felt of herself regarding other people, Mrs. Weston was very well assured that her love for her eldest son was genuine and overmastering. Perhaps because Algy, her other son, was sandy-haired and like his father, he was not very dear to her; and Toinette was a solemn, shy little thing, without either beauty or sprightliness. Mrs. Weston, who loved grace and sense and beauty, sometimes felt that in Henry Weston she had at last got even with fate.

The pride and pleasure Mrs. Weston took in her eldest boy were

supplemented by the pride and pleasure she took in Hale-Weston, which she meant to be his heritage, if the wit of woman could compass it. Algy, she briefly and comfortably decided, must be provided for somehow, and Toinette must not be portionless; but Henry Weston was to be Weston of Hale-Weston.

For in those days the old English idea of the importance of a landed proprietor was incalculably strong. To be master of Hale-Weston and its negroes, however, was indeed to be a landed autocrat. In the home tract there were two thousand acres, to say nothing of the Highlands estate added to the original purchase, on which there was a fine large house, which was not occupied, and ample barracks for the negro hands who migrated there during the spring and returned to Hale-Weston in the autumn. The Hale-Weston land was rich and black, and laughed if it was tickled with a hoe. The house itself was a great brick building with wings, vast but low. The entrance was through a broad granite portico, and rambling bay-windows and side-entrances led out upon a terrace with a stone balustrade. The grounds were planted with silver beeches and horse-chestnuts and great magnolia-trees. Far down the outer lane, a double row of magnolias, tall and straight, like soldiers on parade, stood in stately ranks. In the spring-time, when the royal white blossoms showed amid the polished leaves, and the horse-chestnut buds pushed through their pale pink sheaths,—when the lilac hedges and the great clumps of syringas and Guelder roses were in bloom,—Hale-Weston was in its glory. And then there was an ancient garden, surrounded by a tall brick wall, made in gigantic scallops, where there were long arbors of clinging roses, and thickets of rose-bushes, and beds of gorgeous tulips and hyacinths.

“Good God, madam,” Mr. Steptoe would shout, when in the early spring the best field-hands were told off to work the garden and trim up the vines and keep the grass in order, “with the force you’ve got here pottering about these flowers and things you could raise a thousand bushels of corn!”

Mrs. Weston would smile a little disdainfully. “But flowers are as necessary to a complete existence as corn,” she would say,—or something like it. Her sense of beauty was keen,—almost rapacious. Henry and Algy were strictly forbidden to kill the thrushes and larks and mocking-birds that sought this fair domain; and when Henry, with boyish arrogance, fancying everything at Hale-Weston subject to his imperial will, went bird’s-nesting in the lilac hedge against his mother’s express orders, he was made to rue it. Keziah, his mammy, laid a birch switch vigorously on the future master of Hale-Weston, under Mrs. Weston’s own supervision, albeit Mrs. Weston was usually chary of punishing her eldest boy.

But, although the boy admired his mother and was passionately fond of her, she could not dominate him. And he had clear eyes, which made her sometimes uncomfortable. Once, she could not remember without a burning blush, she stood in the long greenhouse at Hale-Weston and allowed the Chevalier Vaughan to press a kiss upon her hand. Presently she heard a book fall, and, turning, saw a boyish figure rush past the towering plants and out of

the door. It was a pretty little scene, and harmless enough, but it came suddenly to an end. The Chevalier got on his black horse and rode away, and Mrs. Weston went forward to the other end of the greenhouse, where, sure enough, a book lay on the floor. She stooped and picked it up. Yes, it was Henry's. Nobody in that house but Henry Weston and herself ever read books. She dropped her hand into the fountain that plashed lazily among the ferns and stunted palms, and, when she wiped it on her handkerchief, could not but wish that she could wipe off the Chevalier's kiss, although so faint and light she had hardly felt it.

Meanwhile, the Chevalier, riding down the long avenue of magnolia-trees that were the glory of Hale-Weston, saw a solitary little boy sitting under the hedge, with a dog across his knees. The Chevalier dropped his riding-whip, and, getting down to find it, pretended to notice Henry Weston for the first time.

"Why, my fine fellow," he said, in his jovial, rich voice, "what are you doing here alone?"

"Nothing," replied the boy, sulkily

"Don't you want to come over to Berry Hill some day, and to let me show you the guns and swords I brought all the way from Turkey?"

"No," answered Henry, in the same tone.

"Then I'll take Algy."

"You may take Algy. Algy is a low-lived fellow. I had a fight with him this morning."

"So you are a fighting fellow—aha?"

The boy got up and looked the Chevalier straight in the eye in a way that showed there was a drop of tiger's blood in him.

"Yes, I am a fighting fellow. If I were a man I would fight you if you ever kissed my mother's hand."

The Chevalier felt the same kind of shame, as he looked into the lad's innocent boyish eyes, that Mrs. Weston had felt. He was not more than half-way up to the Chevalier's stalwart shoulders, and yet the rage sparkling in his young face—so like, ah, so like his mother's!—made the Chevalier feel an unconscious respect for him, and a disapproval not unmixed with a certain affection.

"You are a foolish child,—very spoiled and unmannerly."

He mounted his horse and galloped off, while Henry began to walk dismally towards the house. On the way he encountered Algy digging hard in the little patch of garden that the two boys cultivated, Henry for fun and Algy for the sake of the silver dollars his father paid him for his turnips and potatoes.

"Algy," said the older boy, contemptuously, after a pause, "I don't believe you care about anything, so long as you can sell your potatoes and things."

"Naw," said Algy, whose speech, like his father's, smacked of the soil, while Henry had the clear tones and soft enunciation of his mother.

Henry gazed a moment, and passed on, with his heart still fuller of bitterness.

Standing on the stone steps that led down from the greenhouse

to the lawn was his mother. She called him, and he came sullenly enough.

"My boy," she said, gently, putting her arm around his neck, "why did you quarrel with your brother this morning?"

"I didn't quarrel with him," said Henry, coolly. "I just licked him without saying two words. When I am a man, I mean to whip the Chevalier Vaughan."

It seemed grotesque that the wrath of this half-grown stripling should make anybody afraid; but Mrs. Weston feared her young game-chick before his spurs were grown.

"You are a bad, naughty boy," she said, with sudden anger. "I will have you whipped for speaking so."

But she did not have him whipped.

Something else happened to Angela Weston that day which caused her to remember it. The boy had not been the only witness of that little scene in the greenhouse. Mrs. Weston did not often condescend to quarrel with her husband, but that day they quarrelled furiously,—quarrelled to the point of Sandy Weston's threatening that, after all, Hale-Weston might not belong to that cherished eldest son,—which brought Mrs. Weston nearer to capitulation than she had ever expected to be brought. Peace, however, was patched up, Mrs. Weston stooping, as she bitterly considered it, to some of the winning and captivating ways she had never used on her lout of a husband before, to ward off that dreadful danger from her best-beloved.

The Weston boys and the Brandon girls had grown up together, and in their childhood enjoyed the kind of intimacy that comes from an interchange of measles and whooping-cough, a fall down the haystack on Henry Weston's part, and a tumble in the creek for Algy, each precipitated by Anne. As for Elizabeth, she was never anything but demure and well-behaved, and had an inveterate propensity for fancy-work, which she did with great industry and neatness, from her earliest years. Their father spent his time in his library, turning Latin verses, and devising means to raise money on the already encumbered acres of Sparrow Point. These pursuits engaged him so much that he left the charge of his motherless girls entirely to Miss Pryor, "who did her best, poor thing, although perfectly incapable," as Mrs. Thorpe declared. However, natural talents, in Anne, and the tireless energy which dull people sometimes display, in Elizabeth, did much to make up for Miss Pryor's deficiencies. Mr. Brandon and Mrs. Weston had seen each other not less than once a week during their joint lives, yet they were still trying to find each other out, when their children were men and women. Mrs. Weston found the same fault with Mr. Brandon that Mrs. Thorpe did,—she never knew when he was laughing at her,—and Mr. Brandon secretly felt some uneasiness lest Mrs. Weston were not throwing dust in his eyes when she was apparently taking him most in her confidence. Anyhow, he knew that Mrs. Weston gave the best dinners in the county; and Mrs. Weston was clear that she was very fond of the Brandon girls and would not mind having one of them for a daughter-in-law. It is true they had no money,—for Sparrow Point was the property of half a dozen people,—but Mrs. Weston proudly

said to herself, "My son, Henry Weston, can afford to marry whom he likes." Although not by any means a walking matrimonial agency like Mrs. Thorpe, it cannot be supposed that Mrs. Weston took no thought of the daughter-in-law who was to succeed her. Algy, she reasoned, would marry money, and for that account she took no precautions to keep him and Miss Fisher, Toinette's pretty governess, apart. Henry, on the contrary, who was secretly much bored by Miss Fisher, she watched with a hawk's eye.

One day Mrs. Weston happened to think it would be a good thing to find out, before Henry Weston went away for two years or more, if he had any especial fancy for either of the Brandon girls. She put it in practice that very night, as she sat in the fine old hall at Hale-Weston, with Henry reading under the lamp.

They sat in an alcove under the broad and shallow staircase, up which a coach-and-four could be driven. The alcove was as big as a good-sized room, but it looked like a mere niche in the vast hall outside. A large folding screen warded off the draughts from the huge old doors and windows, which not even the warmth of the burning logs in the deep fireplace could keep at bay. Within the alcove a smaller fireplace, running into the great middle chimney, glowed redly. Algy was buried in his newspaper on the other side of the table. Miss Fisher, in a whisper, helped Toinette with her French verbs. Mrs. Weston, wearing a pale-tinted silk gown, according to her habit at home,—which habit had caused more adverse criticism than anything in her career,—sat in a large arm-chair and toasted her little slippered feet comfortably.

"My son,"—Henry Weston was distinctively "my son,"—"don't you think Elizabeth Brandon looked very handsome at the Wickhams' last night?"

"Very," answered Henry, laying down his book politely.

"She is the handsomest woman I know," continued Mrs. Weston, reflectively.

"She is not as handsome as you," responded Henry, resuming his book.

This was flattering, but did not advance matters.

"Anne looks very well on horseback."

Mrs. Weston fancied she detected a little more animation in her son's tone as he replied,—

"Anne is very graceful both in walking and riding."

"It is easy to locate Elizabeth's beauty; but Anne's,—I think it must be her eyes. Generally they are gray, sometimes they are blue, occasionally they are black. Then they are very soft,—when they are not very bright."

"Anne can persuade people, when she chooses, that she is handsomer than she really is."

This would have been altogether unfavorable if Henry Weston had not continued,—

"Yet that power of persuasion is the essence of beauty and fascination."

A pause. Mrs. Weston determines on a *coup*, while Henry pursues his book:

"It would seem quite natural that you should marry Anne or Elizabeth."

"Which one, ma'am?" inquires Henry, calmly, turning his eyes one moment from the page he is reading. "It is a pity there are no legal methods to compel whichever one you finally select for me to take me. You know young ladies are capricious. Anne Brandon, I think, is downright perverse."

Mrs. Weston smiled proudly. The idea of any girl in her senses refusing that tall fellow opposite her, with all his sense and manliness, and Hale-Weston into the bargain!

CHAPTER III.

IN the provincial life of that day, anything was seized upon as an excuse for a round of parties. So Henry Weston's approaching departure was the cause of a tremendous amount of dancing, and the consumption of vast bowls of apple toddy and hot punch; and Josh, the black fiddler, with his assistants, Left-hand Tom and Bob Flute, almost sawed their arms off and blew their lungs out, fiddling and fluting for the balls that were given in his honor. Of course Anne and Elizabeth Brandon were present at these festivities, and Anne was, if anything, a more determined party-goer than Elizabeth. Mr. Brandon complained that his daughters were both possessed with dancing devils; and when Anne dragged him from his comfortable, shabby old library chair to accompany them on a ten-mile drive over country roads to a ball, where they danced until the dawn crept into the sky, Mr. Brandon pished and pehawed and wished that Henry Weston would go and let him rest in peace.

Nobody was gayer or danced more at the parties than Anne Brandon; and, besides, she began to get prettier. Her eyes grew brighter,—sometimes they were quite painfully bright,—and her smiles and laughter were more frequent. It is true that Mrs. Thorpe had informed her, in a burst of confidence, that the county was very much exercised to know whether Henry Weston would go away engaged to her or not,—which threw Anne into a cold fury with Mrs. Thorpe, much to that lady's surprise. As, however, sensible people who live in the country take care not to quarrel with their neighbors, so Anne, after the first angry outburst, agreed to an armistice between Mrs. Thorpe and herself. Mrs. Thorpe was truly attached to Anne, and was as innocent as usual in telling her this, which was calculated to rouse any girl of spirit. Mrs. Thorpe could no more keep what she heard than a sieve could hold water; and this was the reason that Anne could forgive her.

But the county had nothing to do with either Henry Weston or herself, and she would take good care that it should know how little Henry Weston was to her. This Anne resolved fiercely while dressing for the final event of all before he went away,—a grand ball at Hale-Weston,—a ball which Mrs. Weston declared should be eclipsed only by the one she meant to give when Henry returned. As Anne sur-

veyed herself in her looking-glass by the light of two tall candles, before she descended to the rickety old carriage, she felt something like satisfaction with her own looks, in her tamboured muslin, and her mother's string of pearls around her white throat. A few white hyacinths completed her simple toilette,—but which Anne, who had a keen eye for form and color, knew was thoroughly effective.

Mr. Brandon, who wore his evening-coat philosophically, and regularly gave directions where to find his will in case he should be found in a roadside ditch with his neck broken after one of these expeditions, opened his eyes expressively as Anne came down the broad old-fashioned stairs. Elizabeth had preceded her, and sat with her gown tucked carefully around her, perched uncomfortably on a chair.

"Why, Anne!" said her father, "you are almost pretty! If I did not know that one single compliment would turn the head of an otherwise sensible woman, I should unhesitatingly say that you are far from bad-looking."

"Thank you, sir," retaliated Anne, with much spirit. "Your compliment was remarkably well turned, as you have contrived to praise both my mind and my person."

It was one of Anne's pretty times, and she knew it.

Afar off, as they drove down the long avenue of magnolia-trees, which were now bursting into flower, they saw the lights of Hale-Weston. The grounds were lighted with colored lanterns, and old Hector, the gray-headed factotum, who had been old Colonel Weston's body-servant, stood on the steps of the great front porch to greet the guests and to direct the coachmen where to take their horses. Hector considered it his duty to make up for the insignificance of the master of the house by an extra flourish on his own part.

"Howdy, Mr. Brandon? Sarvint, my young mistisses," said he, throwing wide the carriage door and letting down the steps. "Glad to see you out dis heah ebenin', Mr. Brandon."

"And I am glad to find so much youthful folly in myself that I can come. Just give me your arm down this step. I should hate to break my leg at my time of life going to a dancing-party."

"An' my young mistisses,—bloomin' like de honeysuckles."

Anne smiled her thanks for her share of the compliment, and jumped lightly out. Elizabeth descended with more dignity and circumspection.

Mrs. Weston received her guests at the door of the big drawing-room, with Henry Weston on one side of her, and Mr. Weston, almost lost in the voluminous folds of her pale-yellow satin train, on the other. Certainly the master of Hale-Weston had never lost the look and bearing of an overseer. Henry Weston, although he had his mother's eyes and her clear profile, had his grandfather's tall and stalwart figure. Old people who remembered the last owner of Hale-Weston remarked on the strange likeness between him and the old colonel, who slept peacefully under the yews of the Hale-Weston burying-ground.

The rooms were quite full, and in the vast hall the dancers were tripping through country-dances and quadrilles to the excited fiddling of Josh and his supers. Josh, magnificently arrayed in a blue coat and

brass buttons, beat time, rolled his eyes until the whites gleamed, and roared out the figures, while he sawed the bow :

"Balance all, ladies *an'* gent'mun ! You Bob Flute, I doan' hear nuttin' comin' outen dat ar flute. Blow, you wuffless black nigger, blow dat flute. Lead up de middle, fust couple. Han's all around. Dat's de figger, and dat's de way ter do it. Wuk dat arm o' yourn, Lef'-bran' Torm. Dese heah white folks is quality, and dey wants quality music."

Henry Weston had not danced yet, but when Anne appeared he asked her for the first quadrille. When they stood up at the head of the hall, Josh bawled out, as he flourished his bow,—

"Do yo' bes' wid dat ar flute an' fiddle, boys. Doan' yer see de young marse a-stannin' up wid de puttiest young lady in de room ? an' if dey ain't de han'somest couple I ever see, I o'yarn play de fiddle, dat's all."

A roar of laughter saluted this. Anne turned crimson, which made her not less pretty, and Henry Weston colored too as he laughed and answered Josh,—

"Mind your business, sirrah, and give us the best music you can."

If spirit, and the exquisite perception of time which a negro musician invariably possesses, constitute good music, then Josh's performance was of a high order of merit. So at least thought Anne Brandon, whose little feet tripped nimbly through the dance. It is something to feel that one is at one's best, and singled out for the attentions of the most distinguished man in the room.

As for Henry Weston, he was certainly very much in love with Anne that night,—only, he was intent on that exploration of the glories of those far-off foreign places which he remembered dimly as he saw them in his childhood. He did not think it would be quite the chivalrous thing to leave her almost the instant she had promised to be his, and yet to go away without a word was difficult ; and suppose that word was spoken,—two years and new scenes and adventures were dangerous to constancy on his part, and to affection on hers,—for so he ignorantly reasoned, knowing nothing of the kind of heart Anne Brandon had ; and then the bewildering doubt whether Anne would take him at all,—it was altogether difficult and confusing. Henry Weston, you see, stood where men often stand, at the meeting of the ways, and knew not which to take, because he knew not himself.

But Anne, with a woman's finer intelligence, knew. She dared not ask herself what she felt for Henry Weston, nor even what it would be for her to be mistress one day of that great house and all the fertile acres of Hale-Weston,—which was something to her, as it would have been to any woman. But she would not keep him, if she could,—which she much doubted ; nor should he take away with him her heart in his keeping. All this was very sensible, if she could but have measured the pain that his absence would mean and the chances that she was throwing away her happiness. But, being one of those women who delight in wreaking vengeance on their own rebellious hearts, and whose pride is always armed, sleepless and watchful, she did just what might have been expected. She was in strange good spirits, and laughed at

Henry Weston's attempts to give the conversation a sentimental turn; and when he would have taken her to a quiet, moonlit corner of the greenhouse, a little away from the lights and the dancers, she went off on the Chevalier Vaughan's arm, looking up in his face with a glance so bright and interested that the Chevalier forgot his iron-gray hair, and wondered why he had not seen those unknown depths in Anne's gray-black eyes before.

And Henry Weston, watching them with displeasure, angry, chafed, and full of sullen wrath, wondered if the Chevalier Vaughan was always to be in his way; for he had no more forgotten that day when he sat under the hedge and promised the Chevalier to fight him than the Chevalier or his mother had,—because the boyish threat had made a strange impression on both.

As for Anne, she had had a triumph. She had received more attention than any other girl at the ball. Mrs. Thorpe, the Wickhams, and half the county had seen Henry Weston attempt to detain her as she went off with the Chevalier,—had seen that he danced with none but her, while she had danced every time,—had seen that she was gay and light-hearted and full of spirits. Henry Weston himself put her in the carriage and made one last effort. He pressed her hand tenderly, and murmured something which even as he spoke was lost in a laughing challenge she called out to the Chevalier Vaughan, standing on the stone steps of the portico. Henry Weston banged the carriage door to angrily in his inamorata's face.

They had only a mile to drive, yet Elizabeth settled herself back in the corner and went immediately to sleep.

"Did you enjoy yourself, papa?" asked Anne, who was strangely overflowing with spirits that seemed unflagging.

"Immensely. I am so fond of the gay world. But, Anne, did *you* enjoy yourself?"

Anne opened her eyes, wide and bright:

"Didn't you see, sir? Wasn't I dancing all the time? It was much the prettiest and gayest ball I was ever at."

"Yes; but, my dear, when you are gay, beware that you are not too gay, and when you are clever, look out that you are not too clever. Extreme ingenuity and excessive success in your designs may yet make you wretched."

After the gayest ball in her life, Anne looked at herself again in her glass by the ghostly light of the earliest dawn, and saw only a pale, unhappy girl, and, after dancing all night, wept herself bitterly to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

WILL it be believed that Paris, fifty or sixty years ago, was a much gayer town than it is now?—gayer even than under the Second Empire, when a vast number of bayonets were concerned in forcing the people to laugh, dance, and enjoy themselves? It was before 1848, and, some-way, Europe has never been quite so full of fun since then. The commands to be gay have not been so well obeyed by the people. Will it

not at least be believed that the gayety was much noisier, more striking, bizarre?—that it was a time of secret societies, of revolution?—that the police were anxious for the people to be amused, to laugh, to do anything except trouble the Chamber of Deputies?—that gambling, which is now practised decorously and on the sly, went on with a brazen openness that would shock the æsthetic play of to-day?—that at Frascati's, the greatest gambling-house in Paris, play went on in every hour of the twenty-four, and suicides were commoner there than at Monaco?—that duelling was considered legitimate sport?—that young men who led the revolt against the classicists went to the theatre in green trousers, purple coats, and red waistcoats?—that the young sprigs of fashion did not come to the Grand Opera to hear Persiani and Catalani sing, but to see Fanny and Thérèse Elssler and Taglioni dance?—that the foyer of the opera-house was so crowded with the wits and beaux and *littérateurs* of Paris that the dancers could scarcely make their way to the stage? Yes, Paris was very gay. The foreign colonies of rich Americans, English, Russians, were then unknown: only a few of each nation gathered together and formed a heterogeneous circle. Poor people did not come to Paris to save money then. Only the rich came. Paris was the place to spend, not to save.

There were no Haussmanized avenues. The Arc de l'Étoile was then a great unfinished mass, where workmen hammered all day long; a tangle of squalid streets debouched into the Place de la Carrousel; the Bois de Boulogne was a ragged, stunted wood. The gutters ran down the middle of the streets, and at night the darkness was pierced by oil lamps that were swung across the streets by ropes. But Paris was more Paris—more French—than the cosmopolitan Paris of to-day is. It was but a little more than half the size it is now; Passy and Meudon were some distance in the country. No English was spoken there; and an American might walk from one end of it to the other without meeting a countryman. He did not find a whole section of the United States put down in the midst of the Rue de Rivoli or the Faubourg St.-Honoré. If he knew anybody, he must know French people. If he went to balls, he must go to French balls. If he had letters of introduction to the American minister, he might be one of a flock of black-coated young fellows introduced solemnly by the minister to His Majesty at the state balls given at the Hôtel de Ville or the Élysée. Yet, withal, there was more noise, more gayety, in one year of that Paris than in ten of the modern Paris. Then it was that Paris got the name of wickedness. Now it is as decorous as any town on earth.

So to this gay, fascinating, unique Paris came Henry Weston, to learn to be wise, to go back readily and delightedly to the tame, easy life of a Virginia squire. After all, he did much better than the majority of rich young men going to Paris with a big balance at his banker's,—for Madam had seen to it that her favorite son was well provided for by his somewhat hard and saving father. He had a comfortable apartment in the Rue Lafitte, where he had some good wines and some admirable cigars, and there he sat himself down to enjoy life. Of course he went to one or other of the theatres every night; naturally he went

to a gambling-place occasionally and left some of his money behind him; but there were other things besides the giddy whirl of the theatres and the streets that attracted Henry Weston. He wandered through the picture-galleries with a dim, groping, but abiding love for the art he saw; he devoured the books that came in his way; he sought out the spots he remembered when he had been in Paris long years before; he exercised his awkward French with college professors: on the whole, it was about as wholesome a mode of life as a spirited young man could be expected to lead. He had few acquaintances; he might have had many, for in those days a rich young Virginia planter was of as much consequence as a billionaire New York soap-manufacturer or hardware-merchant now is, who is pretty sure of being welcomed by his compatriots in Paris, and who finds numbers of people familiar with the fact that he has a gigantic income.

But there was so much to absorb Henry Weston that he thought little of the balls and parties of Paris. Much of his time, it must be admitted, was spent at the theatres. He thought he could never get enough theatre-going. He went to see Elssler and Taglioni night after night, and cheered himself hoarse when those goddesses of the dance passed through the shouting crowd of their admirers on their way from the stage entrance to their carriages. Nor did he confine himself to the glories of the Comédie Française, the Académie, Les Italiens, and other high-class and expensive resorts. He often wandered into odd little theatres out by the barriers, away from the heart of the town, towards the Pont Neuf, and saw odd little plays acted by odd little companies, —everything very small, almost provincial, separated by an impassable barrier of custom from the great gilded palaces near the Champs-Élysées.

It was at one of these stray, wedged-in, shabby little play-houses that Henry Weston's fine resolves all came to naught, and from being a gay and light-hearted young fellow he became a very morose and unhappy man.

Of course it all happened through a trifle. He dined at a restaurant one evening quite out towards the barriers. He meant to go that night and see the lovely Elsslers caper. As he came out, he lighted his cigar, but the match would not burn. He lighted another. It went out. He finally coaxed a third to light his cigar, but then the cigar grew cranky. Walking along slowly, shielding his cigar with both hands, his eyes fell idly on the open door of a place of amusement. It was small and rather shabby. Two oil lamps flickered dimly over the little vestibule. A shabby man in his shirt-sleeves sat at the little window of the ticket-office, taking the tickets of the stream of plainly-dressed people who straggled in. He heard the weak scraping of an orchestra inside. It was not inviting, but it was pretty sure to be something distinctive, peculiar, very French. Weston felt in his pockets as his cigar went out, and walked up to the little window.

"Two francs, m'sieur, for the best seats," remarked the shabby man.

Weston laid down his two francs, and threw his unlighted cigar out on the street. The shabby man scrambled quickly down, rushed into the street, and seized the cigar.

Weston entered. It was just such a place as he expected. A row of candles sputtered along the stage for foot-lights. Half a dozen musicians made doleful music out of as many violins, violas, a 'cello, and a drum. The house was pretty full, and presently the curtain went up. The play was a melodrama,—very impossible, very touching. The heroine, a tall, stout Jewess, was immensely applauded as she delivered her high-sounding lines with tragic emphasis. There were brigands in gorgeous if slightly-faded red jackets, and the whole thing hinged on the production of the chief brigand's daughter; and it was all very tiresome to Henry Weston, although the audience applauded tremendously and evidently thought the stout Jewess a queen of the drama. He was considering, after half an hour's experience, if he had not had enough of it, when the brigand's daughter appeared on the stage, and he concluded to stay and see it out.

She glided on almost unnoticed. She was slender and most graceful, and had soft lustrous black eyes,—Weston thought very like his mother's: indeed, her type was somewhat like that of the elder beauty whom Weston in his heart of hearts admired. She had not much to say, but she said it in a sweet contralto very unlike the hard French voices of the other people on the stage.

If Henry Weston had been asked what drew him to her insensibly, what made him stay in the little close theatre against his will, he could not have told to save his life. It is true Mademoiselle Varien, as the play-bill called her, was very pretty, graceful, *ingénue*; but that is not uncommon on the stage. But the invisible bond was formed, and was strong enough to hold him. He stayed in until the very last. He could scarcely make up his mind to leave then, although nearly the whole audience had tramped out and it was almost midnight. The idea flashed on him that he might see her at the stage entrance. He rushed out, nearly upsetting the old woman who was pottering around putting out the lights. Yes, there she was, coming swiftly out of the little blind alley by which the people went in and out of the back part of the theatre. She was wrapped up in a black cloak, and carried a bundle with one hand, while with the other she clutched an old crone who waddled along at her side.

As she passed Henry Weston, involuntarily he raised his hat. She glanced at him in surprise for a moment, and, without noticing him further, went on and melted away in the darkness. Weston went home with a curious sensation. It was the first time he had been magnetized. He rather liked the feeling. He had heard of men falling in love with actresses. There was not much danger for him, he thought, as he stretched his legs before a blazing fire of fagots in his apartment. Fancy how his lady mother would take it if she should know that he had nearly broken his neck racing to see a pretty actress pass by! Imagine his father's disgust, Algy's amused surprise—— Well, she was devilish pretty, and he meant to go to see the bandit drama again. What a bewitching voice she had!—how much more captivating was her graceful prettiness to him than Elizabeth Brandon's stately beauty! As for Anne, she had no heart: this girl looked tender and sympathetic; and he kicked the blazing logs absent-mindedly with his boot,

and went off into a delicious revery about nothing at all,—and did not get to bed till towards morning.

Of course he went the next evening, and of course he continued to go,—so often that the man in his shirt-sleeves at the ticket-window came to know him well,—so often that he knew every word of the bandit play by heart and instinctively shuddered at certain points in the dialogue when he knew the stout Jewess would be applauded,—so often that it is exceedingly likely that Mademoiselle Varien got to know exactly where to look for him. Are not all such cases precisely alike?

So far it was mere stage infatuation; but it began to trouble Henry Weston. The weakness of the strong is altogether different from the weakness of the weak. The principle of honor which in him was as strong as life itself might lead him to another sort of infamy, of discredit, of misery, from which the very want of honor might save another man. He was not given to trifling with his own feelings. He respected them greatly,—too much, perhaps. It was not easy to draw him against his will; and so it vexed him to be everlastingly drawn to the shabby little theatre.

He paltered with his judgment by making a merit of never seeking the acquaintance of the young creature who attracted him: he shut his eyes to the true reason,—the fear that he would be disillusioned. He might find her ten years older than he expected; she would commit a thousand solecisms that would shock him,—he was indomitably fastidious about women,—and so he rather shrank from knowing her at close quarters. But he went to the little theatre every night.

One evening, after dinner, when he had kept this up for about six weeks and was getting moody and angry with himself about it, he was loitering on towards the theatre, when suddenly he stopped as if he were shot. Right in the middle of the street before him stood the Chevalier Vaughan,—as handsome, as erect, as ever, his hair a little grayer, but not looking within fifteen years of his actual fifty years. The first sensation Weston always had on meeting the Chevalier was one of unpleasant surprise; but so far from home, and so suddenly, Weston for the first time in his life actually felt glad to meet him.

The Chevalier shook him warmly by the hand.

“How well you are looking, my fine young friend!” said he, cordially. “I meant to hunt you up; but, faith! here you are.”

Weston’s face had flushed a little: he felt pleased, but only half pleased.

“When did you leave Virginia, sir? and when did you see—” he could not say “my mother,” as he desired: he finished his sentence by saying, “my people at Hale-Weston?”

“Only four weeks ago. I am just arrived in Paris. They gave me your address, and I would have found you out shortly. You are looking amazingly well. Paris is a pretty jolly kind of a place: deuced if I can keep away from it.”

“And was everybody well at Hale-Weston?—my mother—?” asked Weston, eagerly.

“Perfectly,—perfectly well. Toinette is grown immensely during

the last year,—almost up to her mother's shoulder; but she never can be as pretty as her mother. Your father about the same; your mother getting handsomer every day of her life; Algy a little gone on the pretty governess."

Weston laughed outright. The idea of Algy doing anything romantic and unpractical tickled him.

"I'll write and warn him against her," he laughed. "That will spur him up. She's uncommonly good-looking, and if Algy wants to marry her I'm sure nobody can say anything against it. He will have enough to take care of her on."

"Yes, he will. I don't know of any two young fellows more independent than you and Algy. But, tell me, what have you been doing with your time here? When I am in Paris the days gallop away so fast that I can't keep track of them. Gather ye roses, you know."

"Well," said Weston, "I suppose it's an idle kind of life to lead, but I came over here to enjoy myself. When I go home I mean to study law or go into politics,—try to be somebody; but I have been—improving in the language. I thought it best to polish up my accent some before—continuing my travels——"

"And going to the theatre, I'll wager," said the Chevalier, playfully tapping Weston on the arm with the head of his little cane. It was a chance shot, but it hit the bull's-eye.

"Yes," replied Weston, laughing. "In fact, I am on my way there now."

In an instant he regretted the admission. The Chevalier knew Paris like a book. He knew there were not many theatres in that part of the town calculated to attract a young man to whom better resorts were open. The Chevalier looked surprised, and said, "Ah?" lifting his eyebrows slightly.

Weston was a little nettled at his manner. He thought perhaps the Chevalier might suppose he wanted to conceal where he was going. So, with an elaborate affectation of ease which did not for a moment deceive the Chevalier, he said,—

"Won't you go along with me? It's a two-franc entertainment: so I won't beguile you into the belief that you are going to see anything particularly worth seeing."

"Certainly," said the Chevalier, with alacrity; and he rapidly revolved the last speech of Weston's in his mind. Cheap,—not very good,—evidently familiar with the place; but one thing could take him, and that was a pretty girl. Well, there was no harm in that. The Chevalier was no ascetic, so he turned and walked along the narrow street with him. It was the first indication of any friendliness towards him on the part of Angela Weston's handsome son. There had been a kind of still, guarded, unspoken enmity between them,—at least on Henry Weston's part. For the Chevalier himself was of an open and generous nature, and took no notice of the young man's haughty indifference. He thought he knew what rankled in Henry Weston's mind. But he was glad to be friendly with him. In his heart he thought him a manly fellow, with more brains than all the Westons he had ever known put together, not even excepting his bright-witted

mother, and something—some remembrance of Angela Weston's girlish days—drew him towards her boy. He had her eyes, although his skin was tawny, and instead of her soft Greek mouth he had one broad and wide and full of strong white teeth; and even in his full barytone the Chevalier caught a note of Angela's delicate treble. So they walked on, and Weston felt his heart soften towards the Chevalier, he was so agreeable and full of life and vivacity without any of the flippancy of an old young man. Weston looked at him askance as they sauntered along,—at his well-knit figure and clear-cut face; he could very well understand any woman falling in love with him. Then his heart gave a thump: the Chevalier's love-making was always a sore subject with him. That kiss on his mother's hand—

The man in his shirt-sleeves looked surprised at seeing another man with his regular patron. Weston paid his four francs and walked in, followed by the Chevalier Vaughan, and presently the fiddles tuned up, and the absurd little overture was done, and the big Jewess came on.

The Chevalier looked keenly about him. It would not have surprised him at all if Weston had been infatuated with the stout Rebecca or Sara. As like as not, he might think her the finest woman in the world. The Chevalier had the contempt of a man over forty for a young man's taste. But half a glance at Weston's expressive face while the big Jewess raved and stalked convinced the Chevalier that he was not yet on the right track. At last Mademoiselle Varien appeared. She wore a white frock, and had a bunch of lilies on her breast; and the Chevalier with assumed surprise exclaimed to his companion, in English,—

"What an uncommonly pretty girl!"

A blush of pleasure came into Weston's dark face. *He* had thought her beautiful, but for a man of the world like the Chevalier Vaughan to be astonished at her loveliness showed it was something remarkable.

"I think she has a pretty voice," said Weston, with a pretence of indifference that revealed the whole thing to his companion.

"Charming,—charming," he replied, listening; "but it is scarcely a French voice: it is certainly not Parisian. Probably from Marseilles: the people there have soft voices like Italians."

Meanwhile, the play was going on. Mademoiselle Varien had only to move and speak occasionally.

"Not much dramatic ability," thought the Chevalier, but he did not say that to Henry Weston.

"What an inane play!" said the latter, after a while. "What is there for a man or woman of talent in this rubbish?"

"It is remarkably well suited to the audience, though," answered the Chevalier; and after that they patiently waited out the play and went home together, and for the first time in his life Henry Weston of his own free will remained with the Chevalier. He insisted on returning to his own comfortable quarters,—the Chevalier was as yet at a hotel,—and they almost emptied the little lockers by the side of the fireplace where the wood was kept,—Weston's landlady thought him the most recklessly extravagant young person in the matter of fuel she had ever known,—and had some genuine good whiskey,—no red wine

for them,—and some of the strong black cigars they both loved were smoked before the blazing fire; and before the Chevalier made his final move to go home, long past midnight, they had come to understand each other better than in all the years of their intercourse in the low-land county of Virginia.

After that they saw each other often; and the Chevalier said, one day, "Now, really, Weston, you must go out a little into society. You ought to be presented to His Majesty: a terrible old bore His Majesty is, too, but it makes one a better republican to see these royalties occasionally."

Henry Weston, being young and eager to see and to know, agreed. So one evening he found himself in company with the Chevalier Vaughan in full dress driving towards the great palace of the Elysée, which was lighted up from ground to roof, and a vast crowd of notabilities swarming from their carriages and struggling in the genteel crush, and a long line of soldiers, and ushers in bright uniforms, and a glare of light and a blare of music above everything,—all very fine and very confusing to the young Virginia gentleman. Presently they were mounting the grand staircase. Henry Weston had taken a liberal dose of Dr. Franklin's writings before trusting himself into this dazzling scene; but he needed it all for the first few moments. He presently came to the great Salle du Trône, where, on a dais at the farther end, surrounded by officers in brilliant uniforms and gentlemen in court dress blazing with stars and orders, stood His Majesty Charles the Tenth, and his Savoyard queen, and the proud Duchesse de Berri, dressed in mourning, and half a dozen other royalties. Then His Majesty, short and looking like an *avocat* before the court of cassation, walked around the circle and said something to each person present; and when he came to the Chevalier Vaughan he stopped half a minute and asked him how affairs had gone in the United States since he last saw him. Henry Weston too came in for seven or eight words from the Lord's anointed, and then the presentations were over and the grand ball began.

The Chevalier seemed to know everybody, and everybody seemed to know the Chevalier. Henry Weston could not but admire his self-possessed and noble manner,—just what should be that of an American gentleman at a foreign court,—respectful of the customs around him, but distinctively American and republican. Nor did Henry Weston, with his frank and manly grace, his easy figure and handsome face, fail of attention; and he was led up and introduced to numerous demure young ladies who took a turn with him in the waltzing that went on in the great picture-gallery. It must be confessed that Henry Weston was more on the alert for female beauty than for His Majesty and His Majesty's royal brood. He wished to see if there were any women there as lovely as his mother or as Elizabeth Brandon. Anne he dismissed from his mind as far as he could. She had wounded both his heart and his self-love. Wounds of the latter kind are always hard to cure. So Anne Brandon was in disgrace with my lord, as those are apt to be who do not respond to the advances of the great. But no. There were some pretty rose-buds of girls; the elder beauties were

stately and full of the subtle suggestion of beauty ; but with a kind of triumph Henry Weston felt that not one had the liquid eyes, the fine, clear features, of the women he had left at home. To be sure, these last were undeniably beauties in their own circle ; but he felt a glow of pride that they should be beauties any- and everywhere.

Then there was supper in a gorgeous, crowded saloon, and champagne in plenty. The Chevalier Vaughan was button-holed at every turn, and received half a dozen invitations to dinner within Henry Weston's hearing. His bearing and standing in that great-little world were not without their effect on his young companion. From a lifelong distrust of him Henry Weston began to feel a very sincere admiration of him ; and he was exceedingly kind to his young friend,—introducing him right and left as a Virginia gentleman on his travels, and by some occult method letting people know that he was a man of caste and standing in his own world. Rich and attractive young men are popular everywhere, and Henry Weston had smiles from French, English, and American girls, and altogether it was a very gay and brilliant evening for him. When at last it was time to leave, and they found their carriage, the Chevalier sprang in, but Henry Weston, bowing, said he would walk back to his lodgings, and, in spite of the Chevalier's protest, went sauntering down the street, smoking. And what did he think of in that moonlit walk through the quiet side-streets to the Rue Lafitte ? Was it of those dainty French girls with their soft manners, those bejewelled women who are so dazzling to young men ? No. It was of the little actress and the stuffy little theatre away across the bridges. Had she learned to look for him ? Did she miss him that night ? Ah, my young friend, depend upon it, you are in a bad way.

CHAPTER V.

THERE is a fraternity in this world—of which Mr. Brandon was a distinguished member—whose mission it is to give disagreeable warnings of unpleasant events to come. Therefore, when late one afternoon he rode over on his stylish cob to Hale-Weston and saw Algy Weston and Miss Fisher, little Toinette's governess, walking through a glade in the park with their heads very close together, while little Toinette lagged twenty yards behind, Mr. Brandon pricked up his ears. Here was something to amuse Madam Weston. Mr. Brandon was going over to Hale-Weston to dinner by invitation, for, in spite of the guerilla warfare between the mistress of Hale-Weston and the master of Sparrow Point, they exchanged certain neighborly and conventional hospitalities. Mr. Brandon had never been able to fathom the exact state of affairs between his favorite daughter and Henry Weston. That something of a tender nature had occurred he was tolerably sure ; but he dismissed it from his mind with the reflection that Anne was always headstrong. He was quite sure that if his beautiful Elizabeth had been offered the hand of Henry Weston she would never have been so indiscreet as to refuse it ; but Anne—well, Anne was rash as well as headstrong. He found out, by some preternatural instinct, that there was an impression

among the county people that Henry Weston had rather played fast and loose with Anne Brandon; for although Henry Weston was a popular young man, he had a bold and outspoken way with him, and he was too decided in his characteristics to escape enmities. He also was rather a conspicuous object of envy; and if Henry Weston could have heard some of the comments made on him in regard to Anne Brandon, there would have been a few broken bones in that vicinity, he being a hot-tempered young man and ugly in his moods. Only, he did not know. As for Anne, she was inscrutable. Mr. Brandon turned these puzzling questions over in his mind as he jogged along, and also the surprising fact that the beautiful Elizabeth had as yet made no matrimonial settlement. Then came the little incident about the pretty governess, and the prospect of creating a small hurricane raised Mr. Brandon's spirits. He rode up to Hale-Weston through the well-kept grounds to the big mahogany door, and rapped smartly with the shining brass knocker. Hector, as usual, received him, and he was ushered into the familiar drawing-room, where Madam Angela, in a beautiful satin robe, was waiting to greet him.

"How d'y'e do, madam?" said Mr. Brandon, bending low over Mrs. Weston's white hand, and, suddenly seeing his particular aversion, the Rev. Mr. Steptoe, in a corner, he straightened himself up, and, holding out two fingers, said, crossly,—

"How do?"

Mr. Steptoe came forward, and, giving Mr. Brandon's fingers a negligent flip, replied,—

"How do?"

Mrs. Weston smiled. She knew the two gentlemen hated each other, and she felt she had rather stolen a march on her neighbor by having the parson to meet him. The parson had been known to put Mr. Brandon to flight, horse, foot, and dragoons.

"And how do I find you to-day, my dear Madam Angela?—only the other day a little Angela not bigger than Toinette. Come here, my dear,"—to Toinette, who was a little, plain-looking thing. All this would have been very well, except that the Rev. Mr. Steptoe laughed, —a kind of guffaw that always set Mr. Brandon's sensitive nerves on edge:

"Upon my word, Brandon, you are getting more complimentary every year of your life. When I was a little boy and you were the most dashing young fellow in the county you didn't pay half so many compliments;—had more paid you, perhaps."

It irritated Mr. Brandon excessively to be called "Brandon," and especially by that great, hulking, card-playing, fox-hunting parson. So he replied, in his clear, sharp voice,—

"Pray pardon me, Steptoe, but when I was a young man I don't think I had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Oh, yes, you did," replied the burly clergyman. "Don't you remember once going to the races at the Foxtown course, and your entering for the hurdle-race for gentlemen riders, and getting thrown in front of the grand stand, and—ha! ha!—my picking you up—you never weighed more than a feather—and carrying you off the track?"

"Can't say I do," snarled Mr. Brandon; "but if there was any running at the Foxtown track you were pretty certain to be there."

"Yes," cheerfully returned the reverend gentleman, taking his coat-tails under his arm, and standing with his back to the fire, "I like a good horse-race,—I always did,—and a good game of whist, and a decanter of good wine, and the light from woman's eyes to guide us through this vale of tears."

"For my part," replied Mr. Brandon, with freezing dignity, "neither horse-races nor cards nor wine have the charm they once had. Only," with a gallant bow to Mrs. Weston, who proposed to let them have it out while she enjoyed it, "the light from woman's eyes is as bright, as beautiful, to me as ever."

As Mr. Brandon was one of those men who had remained steadily impervious to the light of woman's eyes during a considerable bachelorhood and a longer widowhood, Mrs. Weston felt convinced he was making game of the light of woman's eyes: so she thought it well to change the subject.

"Toinette," she said, with alacrity, "where is Miss Fisher?"

"I don't know," answered Toinette, diffidently. "I got tired walking in the park, and she told me I might come home."

Mr. Brandon cackled at the dear child's innocence:

"Ah, little Toinette, Miss Fisher was very agreeably engaged when she allowed you to come home alone. A remarkably handsome young woman Miss Fisher."

"With whom was Miss Fisher engaged?" asked Mrs. Weston, sharply.

"With Mr. Algernon Weston, madam," answered Mr. Brandon, blandly. He thought he owed her something for letting the Rev. Mr. Steptoe browbeat him.

"Ah?" said Mrs. Weston, unconcernedly.

She had such sublime confidence in Algy's commercial instinct that she felt no fear of Miss Fisher. If it had been Henry, now, she might have feared.

Just then the door opened, and Algy walked in. He was distinctively the son of Sandy Weston, a little toned down, perhaps, and considerably polished up, but bone of Sandy Weston's bone, and flesh of Sandy Weston's flesh. His sallow complexion was a little flushed; he was rather a well-made young fellow, and had been drilled in etiquette by his mother. Therefore he appeared well when he entered the room and saluted his mother's guests.

"Ah, my young friend," said Mr. Brandon, shaking his finger waggishly at Algy, "it's the second time I have seen you this afternoon. The first time you were very much engaged,—with a young lady."

Algy blushed up to the roots of his carefully-brushed hair:

"Well—er,—the fact was, I met Toinette and her governess——"

Mr. Steptoe broke out into a jovial laugh:

"No harm done, my fine young fellow. What better should you be doing than cultivating a pretty girl? By George, if any pretty girl notices me she don't find fault with my not returning it—ha! ha!"

Algy beamed gratefully at him: he had always thought Mr. Bran-

don an old curmudgeon, and now he knew it. To go and tell on him like that!

Like a great many other people with no inconsiderable amount of brains, Mrs. Weston was liable to form an hypothesis and make the facts fit it. She had assumed that her son Henry was particularly susceptible to Miss Fisher's charms, and that had been one reason why she was eager to get him off to Europe. Henry Weston had never looked at the governess twice, or thought of her at all except that she impressed him as rather obsequious and having a pair of very sharp and hungry eyes under her pretty eyebrows. The Madam had also rashly assumed that Algy was on a still hunt for money; and a great deal had gone on under her very eyes between Master Algy and Miss Fisher, who was four or five years older than he. But she suddenly took alarm.

"Algy is forced to put up with substitutes, Mr. Brandon, when he can't have Elizabeth's society," she said, with a faint smile.

"I don't think," said Mr. Brandon, taking a pinch of snuff with much deliberation, "that Algy cares a fig about Elizabeth's society." This was true; but Algy had not had the nerve to come out and say so even privately to his mother. On the contrary, he was rather pleased at this subterfuge.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Brandon," said he,—and suddenly stopped, for Miss Fisher had walked noiselessly into the room, and might have heard the little discussion. Her eyes were blazing and her cheeks flushed. Mrs. Weston, not displeased to find fault, gave a start:

"How you frighten one, Miss Fisher! creeping in like that!"

Miss Fisher responded very humbly, "I will try to announce my arrival in future, Mrs. Weston." Then the gentlemen rose and shook hands with her.

Both of them observed that Algy Weston looked a little sheepish. Mr. Steptoe despised him for his want of spirit in not speaking up for the woman he was accused of admiring, and Mr. Brandon despised him for not having wit enough to get out of it. As for Mrs. Weston, the scales fell from her eyes: she saw Algy's constraint, and she called herself a fool.

"It shall not go any further, at least," she thought to herself. "I will dismiss her at midsummer." She was too practical a woman to organize a persecution against Miss Fisher.

Then Mr. Weston shambled in, and dinner was announced, and Mr. Steptoe gallantly offered his arm to Toinette, allowing Mr. Brandon the privilege of carrying Mrs. Weston in; and, Miss Fisher throwing a look half of entreaty and half of command at Algy, that young gentleman offered her his arm shyly, and Mr. Weston got along without anybody. Nobody in that house took any particular notice of Mr. Weston, except his son Henry when he was at home, who treated him with scrupulous respect. At the dinner-table the admirable *menu*—Mrs. Weston was a famous housekeeper—and some of the dead-and-gone Colonel Weston's glorious old port put both Mr. Brandon and Mr. Steptoe in high good humor. They forgot their ancient enmity, and the parson, doing as he would be done by, looked another way when Mr. Brandon filled his glass,—which was not seldom. Even

Algy Weston's sallow face flushed a little, and he essayed some small attentions to Miss Fisher, inspired with Dutch courage; for in those days gentlemen were allowed to be jovial at table. Sandy Weston ate his dinner and drank his wine in silence: he was anxious to be through and get back to his everlasting account-books. Both Mrs. Weston and Miss Fisher had a glass or two of rich old port, and certainly the color deepened in Mrs. Weston's fair face, and she renewed her determination to get rid of Miss Fisher at the end of the quarter.

After dinner they all returned to the drawing-room, and the card-table was brought out. Mr. Weston had disappeared.

"Who will play? Who will play?" cried the parson, bustling round and rubbing his hands. He always looked forward to whist at Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston was a superb player, and so was Mr. Brandon.

"You and I, Mrs. Weston," he shouted,—*"no cutting for partners, —and Brandon—Mr. Brandon, I mean, dash it, and——"*

"Miss Fisher," suggested Mrs. Weston, in a tone very discouraging to Miss Fisher. That young lady, who seemed trained never to assert herself, promptly disclaimed any desire to play: "Oh, I couldn't, really. With such splendid players! I should be frightened to death!" And, continuing to refuse with some eagerness, Mrs. Weston coldly remarked,—

"We will excuse you."

Miss Fisher then seized Toinette and carried her off to French verbs. After this, of course, Algy had to take the fourth place. The cards were shuffled and dealt. Mr. Steptoe lay back the picture of genuine content. He had had a good dinner and a royal decanter of wine, and he was set down to cards, which he adored, with a pretty woman who was likewise an admirable whist-player,—and this last was much. Mr. Steptoe was by no means insensible to the charm of winning those little piles of gold dollars which in those days lay on every whist-table, by the side of every player, whether man or woman. And then Hector had just brought in a big bowl, supplemented by an earthen pitcher full of apple toddy, which he put on the hearth, close up to the polished brass andirons, and tenderly nursed to keep it warm.

Mr. Brandon was not so happy. He had doubts of Algy's whist-playing, and would much rather have been in his own library at Sparrow Point just then, with his intimate friend and closest companion Horatius Flaccus. The playing began. Mrs. Weston led off in her usual fine style, and soon cornered Algy, who lost his nerve, played wildly, and finally threw away the rubber by forcing out all the trumps for nothing and letting Mr. Steptoe make seven small diamonds running. Mr. Brandon laid down his cards in a cold rage.

"Young man," said he, severely, "do you call this whist-playing? I insist upon knowing."

"I d—do, sir," stammered Algy, who had a little impediment in his speech which always came out when he was frightened. And the courage that came from the port wine was all gone, while the apple toddy hadn't come on.

"Algernon is a most dreadful player," remarked Mrs. Weston, calmly. "He has no judgment."

"Not a bit," fervently added Mr. Brandon.

Poor Algy by this time was almost in tears.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Steptoe, "here's a pretty quarrel in my parish. Brandon, give it to him. Algy, be a man. Don't be cowed, boy. Why, God bless my soul, there is the apple toddy boiling over! Hector! Hector!"

Hector had dropped off into the cat-nap which the African is ever prone to take, but at this stentorian call he jumped two feet in the air, and, before he opened his eyes, bawled, "Yessir!" Then, running as fast as his dignity as major-domo would permit, he seized the earthen pitcher and poured the decoction into the great India china bowl. A delicious steam arose which filled the room with its fragrance. Mr. Steptoe sniffed vigorously. Mr. Brandon, though, was too cross, driven thereto by Algy's whist-playing, even to look at the punch-bowl, although he submitted to accepting a punch-can full from Hector's urgent solicitation, and then had it filled five times successively. Mr. Steptoe, in his favorite attitude with his back to the fire, kept Hector busy with the ladle. Algy went and sat by Mr. Brandon, sipping his toddy cautiously. Mr. Brandon complained of a stricture of the throat which kept him from enjoying his apple toddy, yet managed to consume as much as anybody.

"I'll tell you what it is," remarked Mr. Steptoe, with a wink. "What's the matter with your throat, Brandon, is, your palate's down."

"Pish!" answered Mr. Brandon. "Palate's down! I did not think there was any man in Virginia, or anywhere else for that matter, who would believe in that old superstition. My tonsils are enlarged. How can a man's palate be down when his palate is never up?"

"Just let me take a look," urged Mr. Steptoe.

"No," answered Mr. Brandon, curtly.

"Some people," remarked Mrs. Weston, smiling a little wickedly, "are nervous about small ailments."

"Sirrah," said Mr. Brandon to Hector, "bring a candle here. Now, Steptoe,"—Mr. Brandon was careful never to put a prefix to Mr. Steptoe's name,—"*come and look your fill. See where my palate's gone to, and, damme, sir, bring it up, if it hasn't dropped out of sight.*"

Mr. Brandon stretched his mouth wide, and Mr. Steptoe, his forehead all puckered up, examined carefully the chasm, while Hector, holding the candle, peered anxiously over his shoulder.

"I see what it is," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Steptoe. "Sneer if you choose, your palate's *down*,—enlarged, and down farther than it ought to be."

"Marse George," said Hector earnestly to Mr. Brandon, "*ef yo' palate's down, 'tain't nuttin' gwi' do you no good, 'scusin' 'tis h'istin' it up by de palate-lock of yo' h'yar, on top o' yo' hade. Las' week I done drawed up de palates ob nine o' de cullud chillen on dis heah Hale-Weston plantation. De sutny is suppin' in de ar roun' about heah dat makes folks' palates fall. Sometimes I c'yarn pull hard enough on de palate-lock, an' I has ter git a leetle stick, an' wrop de h'yar roun' it, an' twis' an' twis'. Dat brings hit up, sho'.*"

Mr. Brandon put down his punch-can and critically surveyed Hector.

"By all means," he remarked, sardonically, "try that enlightened method on me. Get the leetle stick, if you choose, and, as soon as you locate the lock, twist it until the palate comes up or my head comes off."

"Marse George, I kin see de very lock stannin' up on yo' hade."

"That simplifies things still more," calmly observed Mr. Brandon. "Go ahead."

That anybody should for a moment take him seriously never dawned upon Mr. Brandon; but Hector, being of a literal turn, and moreover anxious to show his skill before white folks, unexpectedly reached over and seized a lock of hair on the crown of Mr. Brandon's head, and apparently, with the first pull, he found the top of Mr. Brandon's head in his hand. The master of Sparrow Point wore a "scratch," which matched exactly the rest of his hair and the silvery whiteness of his moustache. It was an ornament whose existence was unsuspected by his nearest friends, so well had art supplanted nature. Mrs. Weston gave a little scream; Mr. Steptoe roared with laughter; but Hector, turning the ghastly ash color which terror produces in the blackest negro, glanced at the appalling object in his hand, shrieking, "Good Gord A'mighty! I done tore he hade off!" and dashed madly out of the nearest door. "I gwi' fur de doctor!" he panted as he ran. "I gwi' fotch Doc' Peyton!"

"You infernal scoundrel," thundered Mr. Brandon after him, "I'll pay you for this!"

Meanwhile, he had jumped up and was lunging wildly around after his wig. Mrs. Weston had caught it as it fell.

"Here it is," she said, soothingly.

Mr. Brandon snatched it, clapped it awry on his head, and, glaring at the reverend gentleman, who ha-ha'd as if he would explode, and at Algy, who feebly echoed the clergyman's deep-chested laugh, turned to Mrs. Weston. For once his temper got the better of him:

"When next you invite me to Hale-Weston, madam, inform me if that clerical jackanapes is to be present, and I'll decline, madam. I wish you a very good evening." And he made a bee-line for the door.

"Algy, Algy, run and apologize; have his horse got for him," cried Mrs. Weston, wiping her eyes. And Algy hurried after him.

Mr. Steptoe redoubled his guffaw.

"Mr. Steptoe," said Mrs. Weston, laughing, but trying to look grave, "you shouldn't have laughed."

"I didn't laugh, ma'am, any more than you did. It was Hector's excess of zeal."

"Quite true. I can lay it all on Hector."

Mr. Steptoe, still chuckling, rose and made a final assault on the punch-bowl, and then, buttoning up his coat, bade Mrs. Weston good-by, assuring her of his delightful evening, and desiring to be remembered to Mr. Weston,—a ceremony he never omitted.

When he had gone, Mrs. Weston remained seated before the fire, thinking not of Mr. Brandon nor of Mr. Steptoe, but of her son Alger-

non. Something must be done, and done at once. Of course it would be useless to say anything to Miss Fisher. "An artful minx, she would like nothing better than for me to turn her out of doors," thought Mrs. Angie, snapping her small white teeth. With Algy something might be done: a threat to leave him out of his father's will would be pretty sure to bring him round, and Algy knew well enough that Mr. Weston's testamentary intentions would be strictly supervised by Mrs. Weston. Yes, she would wait for Algy and talk to him.

After half an hour Algy sauntered back. He had been lulled into fancied safety. He thought his mother had not noticed anything. So, when he opened the door and saw her yellow drapery floating over the sofa, he had an unpleasant turn.

"Algy," said Mrs. Weston, "come here. I want to speak with you."

Had it been that cherished elder son, she would have said, sweetly, "My son, come to your mother: she desires to speak with you for your own good and happiness;" but Algy was plain Algy, and soft speech was wasted on him.

"It seems to me," said his mother, turning towards him as he seated himself awkwardly astride of a chair, "that you have been somewhat attentive to Miss Fisher."

Algy cleared his throat.

"Well, mother," he said, after a pause, "I have."

"And do you think it the proper thing for a young man in your position to pay attentions to a girl you can never marry?—a hired employee of your mother's house?"

Mrs. Weston sat bolt upright now. She had chosen to put it on that ground, because she was very careful not to put him on the defensive as regarded Miss Fisher; for Algy, although not a first-class specimen, was yet a man.

"But, mother," said Algy, looking around, "I can marry her if I want to."

"You forget, Algy, her position."

"No, I don't," answered Algy, stoutly. "She is a lady as much as—as much as anybody."

"But if the match were not agreeable to me and your father it would make an entire difference in the disposition of the property between Henry and yourself."

This seemed to strike Algy. He meditated for a moment or two.

"But Henry may not marry to suit you either," he said, at last.

"Impossible!" said his mother, proudly. "I doubt not there is an understanding between Henry and Anne Brandon. She is not rich, but she herself is unexceptionable; and I had hoped, Algernon, that you might fancy Elizabeth."

For the first time Algy showed some spirit:

"Good God, mother! I wouldn't marry Elizabeth Brandon if she had a mint of money."

"And why not, pray, my young cockatoo? She is beautiful,—twice as good-looking as Miss Fisher."

"That's so," said Algy, doggedly, "but I can't stand Elizabeth."

She talks too much, and works fancy-work all the time, and, what with studying her own good looks and laying traps to get married, she has no time for anything else. And besides," he continued, shuffling his feet awkwardly, and blustering a little, "I b-b-believe she wants to marry me; and that," said simple Algy, quite solemnly, "is what I can't abide!"

At that unpropitious moment Miss Fisher suddenly stood before Mrs. Weston. She had entered in the silent way peculiar to her.

"I hope," she said, in a low voice, "that I am mistaken in supposing that I am the subject of dispute between you."

"You *are* mistaken," said Mrs. Weston, coolly. "We were having no dispute,—only an amicable discussion, in which your name, I must confess, occurred incidentally. I was advising my son to pay his addresses to Elizabeth Brandon."

"But he can't," said Miss Fisher, holding up her head very proudly.

"And pray why not?" asked Mrs. Weston, with corresponding haughtiness.

"Tell her, Algy," demanded Miss Fisher.

Algy got up and sat down again. He looked very miserable. "Now, don't, Maria," he said, imploringly. "You don't know my mother. It wouldn't do to tell her all at once." Poor Algy was so scared he did not know what he was saying.

"It is not necessary," said Mrs. Weston, coldly. "Your own tone tells all. I think I may mention to you, as I did to my son, that the marriage not being agreeable to either myself or Mr. Weston, it will make a very great difference in the division of the property."

"I can't help that," said Algy, coming into the conversation. "I've promised Miss Fisher to marry her, and I'm going to do it."

Miss Fisher's face brightened.

"You are over age," replied Mrs. Weston, looking straight at him. "You know all the disadvantages. There is some years' difference between you, I think. Miss Fisher is probably seven years your senior."

"Only two," said Miss Fisher, turning very red.

"Very well," responded Mrs. Weston. "In making your arrangements, however, remember that a continued residence at Hale-Weston is out of the question."

"I know," said Miss Fisher, "that you may have had other plans for Algernon. I don't know a word that you have uttered, but I suspect that you have mentioned to him that it was unbecoming to pay me secret attentions and to have a secret understanding between us."

"You could not have guessed better had you overheard every word," replied Mrs. Weston, with sarcastic emphasis, taking up her fan and fanning herself.

"Yet," said Miss Fisher, in a very humble manner, "you were not only secretly engaged, but almost married before your parents knew of it."

Could this be Miss Fisher? Mrs. Weston examined her critically. The transformation was calculated to stagger her.

"Algernon," said Mrs. Weston, "I wish to resume our interrupted conversation in my dressing-room."

"And," continued Miss Fisher, ignoring Mrs. Weston's ignoring of *her*, "you probably brought it up that in marrying me he would be marrying beneath his position."

"I should not have alluded to that fact to you," said Mrs. Weston, with chill politeness, "but, since you yourself have surmised it, I did make that observation to my son."

"That is inconsistent of you, Mrs. Weston," said Miss Fisher, letting an accent of something like triumph into her tone. "Your own marriage was——" Here she stopped. Even Miss Fisher could go no farther.

Mrs. Weston rose majestically. "Algernon," she said, "I must request you to open the door for me. I do not care to remain longer the target for insolence in my own house. When you are as old as Miss Fisher you will probably condemn it as much as I do now."

Algy rose and obediently opened the door. Mrs. Weston sailed out, her yellow silk train rustling after her, her beautiful proud head a little higher than usual. Surely Miss Fisher did not look exactly of the same clay as her lover's mother.

Algy closed the door carefully, and, coming back to his affianced, said, in a tone half frightened and half amused,—

"You've done it this time, sure."

"I have," responded Miss Fisher, suddenly dropping her humble tone for one rather arrogant,—everybody bullied poor Algy,—“and I don't think she'll ever raise any of those same objections to me again.”

CHAPTER VI.

AND how fared it with Anne Brandon in those days?

Happily for her, she had a stubborn pride that kept the world from knowing how very deep a wound she had received when Henry Weston went away. Mrs. Thorpe declared she had always known that Anne did not care a pin about Henry Weston, and thought she detected symptoms of a mutual falling in love between Anne and Algy. The kind old doctor, who saw farther through his big gold spectacles than anybody in the neighborhood, had suspected that Anne suffered a good deal at the very time that she treated Henry Weston most cavalierly; but when he had been gone six months the doctor concluded, much to his own satisfaction, that it was all a mistake: Anne's steady cheerfulness was against his first supposition.

She had more trouble in keeping her secret from her father than from anybody else. If Mr. Brandon loved anything on earth, it was his youngest daughter. With all his faults of temper, and his reckless tongue, he was more companionable to her than Elizabeth, with her vapid gravity, and dear old Miss Pryor, who had long ago given Anne up as a problem too deep for her. Why Anne was not satisfied to do fancy-work, and would insist upon superintending the making of the negroes' clothes, when there was Joanna, the head seamstress, to do it, Miss Pryor couldn't imagine. But Anne, by tact and wariness, concealed even from her father what Henry Weston was to her.

"I had hoped once to see you play the fool, my dear," he said, "just to round out my theory that human nature always does play the fool whenever it has a chance. But you didn't."

"You need by no means despair," replied Anne. "I dare say I shall live to play the fool many times yet, as I have done in the past." And she laughed with such a wholesome appreciation of the wish that Mr. Brandon set it down as certain that Henry Weston was considerably the more scorched of the two.

But to Anne no such belief was possible. Whatever she might have wished, or tried to think, the pain she endured when Henry Weston was really gone, the blackness of the days that followed, made known to her her own heart. But despair has no real hold on a healthy young person of twenty-one. Anne hated herself one moment that she could not forget him, and then felt prouder of loving him than of anything in the world. Women are naturally learned in the secrets of the heart. She knew that she could easily have drawn Henry Weston into an offer before he left; and she knew, without reasoning, that it would not have made her happy.

"No," she said to herself, "if he could refrain, it is better that he has refrained; and some time—some day—he will perhaps realize the feeling that made me let him go rather than lift a hand to hold him back."

And then came the sudden news of Algy and Miss Fisher, and the commotion it raised can better be imagined than described.

One snowy afternoon, soon after the announcement had been made, and when the whole county was as yet in a turmoil to know what Mrs. Weston meant to do about it, Mrs. Weston took horse—for she still rode as often and as tirelessly as any girl in the county—and put out to Sparrow Point. It was now early in December. Henry Weston had been gone nearly seven months, and the Chevalier Vaughan four or five. The latter was expected back every day.

In those seven months these two women, who both loved and admired Henry Weston more than any human being in the world, had got closer to each other than either would have imagined. Between them there had been always a liking, an admiration, and a certain similarity of taste. Mrs. Weston, although the pleasures and the splendors and the amusements of life had a stronger hold on her than anything else, yet had naturally a good understanding, and had improved it. Anne Brandon was the only woman of her near acquaintance to whom she was not superior in sense and education. But Mrs. Weston, being a liberal woman, in spite of a good many shortcomings, so far from liking her less for that, rather liked her better. Anne, too, felt that Mrs. Weston was about the only one of her female friends who did not take away more than was rendered in return. The turns and twists in Mrs. Weston's character very often aroused surprise and disapproval on the part of the clear and straightforward Anne; but Mrs. Weston was not without fascination for women as well as for men. Anne could not but feel flattered that this woman, who had seen so much and possessed so much, and who made no secret of her contempt for a mean understanding, should court her, as it were. Then, she was Henry

Weston's mother; and, whatever might be said of her tergiversations, her devotion to him could not but redeem her. So Anne and Mrs. Weston were drawn together by many things, the strongest bond being the invisible one.

Anne ran out on the snow-covered porch and met Mrs. Weston as she jumped lightly off her horse:

"What a real mercy this is! Papa and Elizabeth have gone to the Wickhams, Miss Pryor can hardly speak, she is so hoarse, and here I am, tired of my own company and longing for somebody else's."

Mrs. Weston smiled, and suffered herself to be led into the drawing-room.

Sparrow Point was by no means the noble manor that Hale-Weston was. The house was low and rather shabby; the furniture was neither modern nor abundant, but Anne had a knack of arranging the spindling chairs, and draping the faded curtains, and keeping good fires, that gave an air of comfort to the whole.

Mrs. Weston sighed deeply, settled herself in the corner of the sofa nearest the blaze, and began:

"Anne, isn't this dreadful?—about Algy, I mean."

Anne's face was a study: a smile *would* come into the corners of her mouth, which, together with one that could not be kept out of Mrs. Weston's eyes, quite destroyed her gravity. It was impossible to regard Algy and Miss Fisher seriously. She could not help laughing, nor Mrs. Weston help joining her.

"Dear Mrs. Weston, I know it's a disappointment to you; but parents are so seldom pleased with their children's choice."

It was very commonplace, but she could not think of anything else to say. There was nothing against Miss Fisher, really, except her want of fortune; and Anne would scarcely treasure that up against her. And, besides, thought Anne, Algy was a very ordinary fellow.

Mrs. Weston's laugh soon died away. It had not much merriment in it.

"It's exasperating: you'll allow that."

"Very," said Annie, heartily. "I know of nothing more exasperating than two persons falling in love with each other without a shadow of right, except where two persons who ought to fall in love with each other positively refuse to. And such iniquity is, unfortunately, too common."

"Luckily," remarked Mrs. Weston, "I did not come over here to be soothed and comforted. I wanted the common-sense view of the thing to help to reconcile me to it. Mrs. Thorpe has quoted Scripture to me and condoled with me until I came very near ordering her out of the house; and those foolish Wickham girls made me a special visit to show me a dozen disadvantages in the match I had never thought of before. The idiots!"

"Algy might easily have fallen in love with one of the Wickhams, —and then you would have had the three sisters at Hale-Weston all the time, and Mary would have played on the piano, and Emma and Janet would have examined every article in the Hale-Weston house a dozen times a day."

"Quite true. Even Miss Fisher—I call her Maria now,—just think of it, Anne!—at least has no sisters."

"What are they to do after they are married?"

"Live at Hale-Weston. Upon reflection I agreed to it temporarily. When I found Algy was really determined, I concluded not to throw away all influence over him and leave him wholly to Maria,—the little sly thing: so I told them they might stay anyway until my son Henry comes home; and they were delighted. Algy hated to move, and Maria longs to go visiting with me in the coach-and-four. But I am determined she shan't have it to return her wedding visits in, as she certainly expects. She shall go in the chaise."

Anne smiled: "If I countenanced the match I wouldn't stop at the coach. I would let her have it."

"No, she shall have nothing but the chaise. You don't know Maria."

"Bad as it is," continued Mrs. Weston, after a little pause, "it might be so much worse. It might have been Henry. Think what that would have been to me! You know, I formed no great expectations for Algy; but what mother with a son like my son Henry would not be ambitious for him? And, Anne, I know him so well that I don't fear for him. Is not that comfortable? Henry has such extraordinary good sense I rather fear that his high ideal of marriage and his exacting taste will cause him to remain single much longer than I could wish."

A faint color stole in Anne's cheeks. "If Henry does anything unbecoming, I should be much surprised," she answered, quite naturally.

Mrs. Weston cast a keen look on Anne. Was it possible that this girl had treated Henry Weston's advances lightly? No, it could not be. And how well satisfied Mrs. Weston would be if, some day, Anne should be the next daughter-in-law! Maria should feel the difference then, and would have to pack, and the coach-and-four should be for returning the wedding visits.

Mrs. Weston had lately received a letter from her son. He was not quite ready to begin his tour on the Continent. The French girls were very pretty, but not so handsome as his mother. He wanted to know how the Sparrow Point people were, and was Anne as gay as ever? He thought Algy's marriage a very good thing if it suited Algy, and his father and mother must make the best of it. It wouldn't do to be hard on poor Miss Fisher. People in the county would think it was because she had no money; and that would be mortifying, as well as unjust. He sent his new sister-in-law a present by the Chevalier Vaughan. He had carried his mother's orders to a *modiste*, and the chest would go under the Chevalier's charge. She would find in it a miniature of himself, painted by Isabey. It was much better-looking than he was, as Nancy Brandon would certainly say. There was also a fan apiece for the Brandons. Anne's he had selected himself. He was not certain whether he would stay two years that time. Sometimes he thought he would return to Virginia in the spring and spend the summer, going back to Europe in the fall. French politics were very interesting:

the king had never got over the Duke de Berri's death ; the ministry was unpopular, etc., etc. Mrs. Weston had never received a more satisfactory letter. If he did come home in the spring, instead of staying another year, it did not matter. The expense was of no moment. And when could Henry Weston's home-coming be anything else than joy to her ?

It was almost dusk when she left. She told Anne the visit had cheered her up. After all, Algy might have annoyed her a great deal more. The visit, too, had brightened Anne. When she returned to the drawing-room she felt so gay she went to the piano-forte and sang. She had a clear soprano, and sang ballads very well. Miss Pryor, who came in the room, was quite pleased to see her so full of spirits. Anne ran and got her footstool and settled her comfortably, and made her laugh by a description of Mrs. Weston's visit. That night when she looked in the glass she smiled at the reflection. Her cheeks were actually getting round and rosy, and she had had a very pleasant evening, although Miss Pryor had hardly said two words, and she had been reduced to the cat for company.

CHAPTER VII.

OF course Henry Weston tried flight. He went to London and remained—nine days, trying to forget Mademoiselle Varien. Of course, also, the first night he came back to Paris he went to the little theatre, and, in his joy at getting back, threw a louis-d'or to the ticket-seller instead of two francs, and gave the old woman who showed him his place a five-franc piece.

All this time he had not once seen, or tried to see, his inamorata, except as she left the theatre. The fact was, he was afraid. But fate seemed determined to do Mademoiselle Varien a good turn, and led Henry Weston's steps to her. One morning he found himself almost by accident in the neighborhood of the theatre. A little glove-shop with a flowering acacia showing through the polished glass door attracted him. He wanted some gloves : so he turned the knob and went in. A little bell tinkled as he opened the door. A young woman arose from a seat at the end of the tidy little place. Her back was to the light. Scarcely had the young man realized that she had a neat figure dressed in a plain brown gown, when she got near enough for him to see she was Mademoiselle Duval,—or rather Mademoiselle Varien, for he did not then even know her name.

"What will Monsieur have?" she asked, in a pleasant voice.

A shock of pleased surprise thrilled through Henry Weston. She worked in the daytime as well as at night. She must then be good ; and she was certainly young and very, very pretty. He was so confused for a moment with the unexpected meeting that he lost his self-possession : he could only murmur, "Gloves."

Mademoiselle Varien took down a box from the counter and in a business-like way opened it. Something in her quiet, entirely-at-home manner suggested to Henry Weston's mind that he might

be mistaken: surely this conventional Parisian woman of business was not Mademoiselle Varien of the Théâtre Bourbon. He was not naturally a coward, and when his courage returned it came back in force.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he asked, after he had selected and paid for two pairs of gloves: "may I ask if you are not Mademoiselle Varien of the Théâtre Bourbon?"

Mademoiselle Varien showed very nice teeth in a smile:

"Yes, monsieur. I play the part of Angélique in 'The Bandit's Adventures.'"

"Pardon again, mademoiselle: you must be very industrious to work all day as well as half the night."

"One must live, monsieur; and the salaries at the Théâtre Bourbon are so small! But I do not work here regularly. I lodge over the shop, and two days in the week Madame goes out, and gets me to stay until she returns. I am always glad to stay. It is more cheerful here than in my apartment."

The typical Frenchwoman is explicit in answering questions.

"I have seen you very often at the Théâtre Bourbon, mademoiselle, and admired your performance much."

Mademoiselle smiled again with pleasure. Henry Weston had come to the end of his resources for continuing the conversation. He thought it would be impertinent for him to stay longer: so, taking his gloves, and making a very low bow, he retired, taking care to remain uncovered until the little shop door clanged behind him.

He walked home in an ecstasy. He had found out that she was beautiful, and he had also found out—conclusively, so he thought—that she was good. Perhaps she had an old mother to support, or a young sister to educate, that she worked so hard for. Beautiful charity! Before Henry Weston got to his lodgings he had found indications of every virtue in Mademoiselle Varien.

He continued to go to the Théâtre Bourbon, and every night he feasted his eyes on Mademoiselle Varien. One night, as he watched her coming out of the blind alley on her way home after the performance, he saw she was alone. The old crone was not with her. He was taken by surprise, and not until she passed did he curse himself for an idiot in not offering to take her home,—which to his honest mind appeared perfectly legitimate and proper. He lay awake half the night swearing at himself for letting that friendless beautiful young thing walk unprotected through the streets of Paris at night. It never occurred to him that Mademoiselle Varien was quite able to take care of herself.

The next night he was promptly on hand at the theatre entrance, and when she came out alone he went up, and, taking off his hat, asked in his very best French if, as she was alone, he might have the pleasure of protecting Mademoiselle as far as her own door.

Mademoiselle stopped, stared, hesitated, and finally consented. He offered her his arm, which Mademoiselle declined. This, Henry Weston thought a charming piece of delicacy. Then he had to find conversation.

"Mademoiselle, we ought to be good friends. I am an American. The French and Americans were always good friends."

"Yes," said Mademoiselle, not understanding in the least his international allusion.

"What a beautiful city Paris is!" was the next brilliant remark Henry Weston hazarded.

"Charming," replied Mademoiselle. "How long have you been in Paris?"

"Eight months, mademoiselle. I saw you first at the Théâtre Bourbon more than six months ago."

"Yes," again responded Mademoiselle.

Henry Weston soon found enough to talk about, but his companion was very quiet. She really did not understand him at all. Something in his eye and manner conveyed to her the deep respect in which he held her. She knew she was doing something which the average French girl would consider inadmissible, and the average French actress a mere trifle, in allowing him to walk home with her. But Mademoiselle Jeanne Duval was neither like the average French girl nor yet the average French actress. She hated her profession. She had not much ambition of any kind. She looked forward to marrying a prosperous tradesman and sitting at the desk elegantly dressed and keeping the books; and she also meant to marry the first respectable man who asked her. She was pleased by Henry Weston's admiration, and her hesitation at accepting his escort came from a rapid calculation in her mind as to the possibility of her being recognized through her thick veil. Perhaps he might be some rich English milor. America she had certainly heard of, although she could not locate it: she had a cousin who had a shop in New York. That was in America? And so they walked on, and kept up rather a straggling conversation until they came to Mademoiselle's door, when Henry Weston bade her ceremoniously good-night.

After that he escorted her home every night for two weeks, and got deeper and deeper in love with his somewhat reticent but thoroughly well-behaved inamorata. Then one night he went to the theatre, and another girl—a strange, awkward creature, apparently first-cousin to the big Jewess—was in Mademoiselle Varien's part. Henry Weston went home surprised, grieved, annoyed, but he thought perhaps Jeanne was slightly ill; he was a strong, well-balanced young fellow, not prone to nervous apprehension, and, before concluding that anything serious was the matter, he waited to see if Mademoiselle would not come back in a night or two.

The day after he had an appointment with the Chevalier Vaughan, of whom he still saw much, to join a hunting-party near Fontainebleau. They went, and were caught in the rain, and the Chevalier took a violent cold. He asked Henry Weston to stay with him, and, inwardly chafing and raging, the young man yet felt himself bound to stay. Thus a whole week passed away before he saw Paris again; and the very first evening he got there he went straight to the Théâtre Bourbon. The first-cousin of the Jewess still had Mademoiselle Varien's place.

Henry Weston instinctively disliked asking the theatre-people for

any news of her, so next morning he rose early and drove out in a fiacre to the little shop. It was closed, and on the door was a sign: it was to let.

He inquired of a perfumer who lived near by if he knew what had become of the keeper of the glove-shop. The perfumer shook his head. All inquiries in the neighborhood were vain. The shop had been closed and the people moved out some days: business was dull there: the perfumer thought of moving himself.

Then, as a last resort, he concluded to go to the theatre and ask for news of her. He went early in the evening, as soon as the man in his shirt-sleeves opened the ticket-window.

"Can you tell me," he asked, diffidently and blushing furiously, "what has become of Mademoiselle Varien?"

"No," said the man, leisurely; then, after a pause, "Perhaps the manager can. This way."

It was worth while to oblige regular patrons who always took the best seats.

Henry Weston opened the door leading into the ticket-man's box, and the man got down off his stool and opened another door leading into a larger office; and there sat a handsome middle-aged woman at a desk, counting tickets and money.

Henry Weston had been considerably puzzled by that phase of French life in which women conduct three-fourths of the business done, but he concluded that the lady-like creature before him was the manager. She fixed a pair of clear, cold eyes on him.

"Can you tell me," stammered he, now thoroughly overcome with bashfulness, "anything of Mademoiselle Varien who played here up to a week ago?"

"Mademoiselle Varien," said Madame, promptly, "was dismissed last week for scandalous conduct."

Henry Weston's heart leaped into his mouth. He waited a moment or two to steady himself, and Madame, who seemed to take pleasure in imparting the news, and perhaps suspected the identity of the person before her, continued:

"Monsieur my husband, who is manager, is very particular about the proprieties. As long as the ladies of the theatre are anywhere about the building, they must conduct themselves with strict propriety. Thus we maintain the character of the house and secure an excellent patronage. Mademoiselle Varien was reported to have a friend who audaciously presented himself at the theatre every evening to take her home. Monsieur told her, after satisfying himself that it was true, that such shameless behavior could not be tolerated. Besides, there was another young woman, of irreproachable conduct, who could take Mademoiselle Varien's part at a less price far better than Mademoiselle Varien: so Monsieur dismissed her. I know nothing of her present whereabouts."

"And had she but one friend?" asked Henry Weston, his heart on fire. "And was this you tell me, all?"

"ALL! Monsieur," responded Madame, haughtily, "could there be any more? Excuse me, I am much engaged. Good-evening."

He rushed out into the cool night-air. By his inexplicable folly and the infernal narrowness of French customs he had perhaps driven an innocent creature to destruction. Perhaps she was starving,—she!—and her old mother or her little sister; but he remembered she had told him she had neither. He walked rapidly down to the river. He dreaded and feared that she might be there,—might have been there already. How fatally convenient were those black waves, those dark arches! How many bodies a week were drawn from its depths and laid on those horrible slabs in the Morgue! He wandered half the night up and down the river across the bridges. Of course he found no sign of her.

Next morning a bright idea occurred to him. He went to the police: the police of Paris were thought something almost superhuman in those days. They readily undertook for a good round sum to find her; but after a week's search they had not come upon a trace of her.

Naturally his passion increased through all this excitement and uncertainty. Naturally he said to himself that if he could find her he would let nothing stand in the way of making her his wife,—that is, if she would marry him; for this handsome, rich young Virginian more doubted his own powers of pleasing and his own advantages than anybody else did. And he suffered agonies of remorse: it was he who had lost her her respectable employment; if she killed herself, or worse, he would be to blame.

One evening, when he had got very miserable and had begun to lose faith in the police, he sat in his apartment gloomily staring at the fire. He did not know what to do further. The police, those sleuth-hounds, had been unable to help him. It was true he meant to walk the streets of Paris by night and day forever, he thought; but he realized with a heavy heart the remote chances that he, a foreigner, should find her when trained detectives could not. It was quite dusk,—just the time the quays and bridges had their most terrible fascination for him,—the time when suicides are most secure from interruption when they embark for the unknown shore by way of the Seine. He heard a knock at his door.

Something made him jump from his chair: it was a timid knock, like a woman's, and he knew no woman in Paris to come to him or to send to him, but one.

He opened the door.

Yes, it was she. She looked ill and weary and very poor. Henry Weston seized her hands and looked with a keen agony into her face, as if he meant to read what was there written. A look of confidence came into his own face. Jeanne looked like one who has seen pain, hunger, and privation since he saw her last.

"Monsieur, I know I ought not to come to you," said she, looking down.

"Why not? Why not?" demanded he. "Was it not through me that you lost your place? In my country, no gentleman would let a young woman whom he knew and respected go through the streets alone at night."

"What a very strange country!" said Jeanne, a look of surprise lighting up her melancholy features.

"It is a very good country, Jeanne. I live on a great big plantation; with a fine house, and we have plenty of carriages and horses and servants. You would be happy there. But tell me about yourself since you left the Théâtre Bourbon."

"I have had a very sad time," said Jeanne, dolefully. "I was turned off for nothing, just to make room for one of the manager's friends. Well, just at that time Madame Lefèvre, who kept the shop, you remember, gave up the lease; and I had saved up four hundred francs, and hid them in a cleft in the chimney in my apartment; and when I went to look for them they were gone,—stolen!"

At this Jeanne began to cry,—not stage tears, but real, genuine tears. To lose her small savings was a very grievous and ever-present thing to her.

"I tried first to get a place at the theatres. But I could not get anything to do. They all had as many people as they needed. I had pawned some of my clothes to get money to pay for a decent lodging and food; and I walked all over the town. I tried to get work in the shops. It was the same thing; they did not know whether I was honest or not. And then this afternoon it began to rain, and I had no money and no friends, and I determined to come to you and ask you to lend me some or give me some until I can get work at a theatre in the autumn."

Then the poor wasted weary lamb had returned to him. She had honestly tried for work; she had not asked for charity yet, and when she had to ask it she came to one who, she knew, would not barter with her, but who would treat her as a sister, a cherished sister. So he reasoned.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "there is one way I can assist you, and that will save you from work and drudgery forever. You can marry me. I can give you more than you perhaps have dreamed of; and if you can love me truly, you will be happy. I love you honestly."

Jeanne opened her eyes wide at this astonishing proposal.

"And will you live in Paris?" she asked.

"Ah, no," he said, shaking his head. "We may stay here awhile longer, we may return sometimes, but my home is in Virginia,—in America."

Jeanne had the uneducated Frenchwoman's horror of distance, but she had a vein of practicality. He was clearly above her; he was rich. Jeanne knew that money could buy everything: it was a great stroke for a girl like her; anything was better than working night and day for a pittance; and if she should marry him she could no doubt persuade him to stay in Paris. Why should people with money ever want to leave Paris? All this went through her small mind like lightning.

"Yes, monsieur, I suppose—it will be best."

Henry Weston took her hand and kissed it respectfully. He would not touch her lips nor hold her to his heart while she was trespassing on his hospitality. It at once occurred to him that she must be got out at once, before anybody saw her.

"Jeanne," said he, after thinking a moment, "you are mine now: so I must be careful of you. I must not go down with you, for we might meet some people, and the *concierge* might notice us together. Neither must I accompany you to your lodgings. Do you not know of some respectable lodging-house where you can remain to-night, and from whence you can meet me to-morrow?"

"There are respectable lodging-houses in plenty," said Jeanne. "I know one not far from here, kept by the widow of a book-keeper. I will go there. I lodged there once."

Henry Weston went quickly across the room, unlocked his *escritoire*, and took out some gold and notes. Jeanne's eyes glistened as she saw them. She had never seen so much money at any one time before, except when the manager counted up his box-receipts.

He selected ten gold pieces.

"If you were seen with too much money it might excite remark," he said, blushing as he spoke,—Jeanne did not blush at all,—"so in giving you this, remember it is only until to-morrow. Do not go to the pawn-shops after your clothes. You could not wear them—I could not let you—after being in such a place. And send me a note as soon as you decide upon your lodging——"

"Well, my dear fellow," exclaimed the Chevalier Vaughan's clear, jovial voice, as the door flew open and revealed him standing on the threshold, "when I have knocked three times and got no answer I think I am justifiable in trying the door."

The Chevalier stopped and turned crimson. He hated himself for his awkwardness, for his unfortunate entrance. Henry Weston turned very pale. Jeanne was the only one who was unmoved.

"Pardon!" exclaimed the Chevalier, almost choking with mortification, and awkwardly bowing out of the door.

"Wait! wait!" cried Henry Weston. "This is—this is my wife."

He was inexperienced as a liar, and very, very rash.

The Chevalier knew instinctively that the pretty, self-possessed young woman was *not* Mrs. Weston; but he could not say he disbelieved it, and he was perfectly certain at that moment that she would eventually be: so he came back and bowed ceremoniously as Weston, whose turn it was now to color furiously, introduced him in French. As for Jeanne, she had not understood what either of them had said in English, but she knew something had happened, and she was not displeased at being introduced in that way. So, after a few formal and embarrassed words, the Chevalier withdrew.

"I had to do it for your sake," explained Henry Weston, distractedly.

"Yes, yes," said Jeanne, walking towards the door. "Don't come with me. I will send you a messenger at once, as soon as I get to my lodging. Adieu." And she disappeared rapidly down the stairway.

He made no move to follow her. It was then irrevocable; and, just as he might have known, the thought of its irrevocability came over him with something like horror. His judgment, which had slept, now waked and turned upon him. Had it been a genuine passion, the incongruities of the situation he would have put out of sight; but it

was rather an infatuation of the imagination than of the heart. He loved her for what he fancied, not for what he knew, about her. At all events, his honor was doubly engaged,—so did this high-strung young man argue with himself. He tried to remember with grim comfort that it was a common experience with all men to feel some uneasiness at the moment of entering upon that perpetual contract. But under ordinary circumstances he could count on his own courage. Suppose it were Anne Brandon he was to marry.

He had been walking up and down the room; but when this thought struck him he stopped short as if he had been shot. He clinched his hands and stood looking down.

Anne's image had not been much with him in those later days, and the first time it rose before him, overwhelming him, was within an hour of the time he had promised himself to another woman. For the first time he thought of Anne as definitely beyond his reach. He did not know—men being ignorant of these things—that the stab the memory of her gave him meant that his heart belonged to her, not to the little fourth-rate *bourgeoise* actress. He thought he loved Jeanne, and that he only regretted it was not she who was the American girl, born and brought up within sight of the tall chimneys of Hale-Weston. But Anne, having once come into his mind, would not go away. How would she meet him? Would she be contemptuous, or indifferent, or unkind? He tried to drive her out of his mind; he forced himself to be loyal to that unknown creature he had lured to marry him. And there were arrangements to be made for that to-morrow.

Here were new distractions. He knew something of French marriages: he had often seen those gay processions to the *mairie*, followed by that visit to the church; he knew he would be required to prove his age, his parents' consent, the certificate of his baptism: in those days the French marriage-laws were even more difficult for a foreigner to comply with than now. He knew not whom to consult with. The Chevalier, the man to whose worldly wisdom he would first have applied, he could not. He bethought him of an English chaplain whom he had met on that hunting-expedition to Fontainebleau. He remembered having found a card from him one day that week. Yes, there it was,—the Rev. Charles Weybridge, 39, Rue de St. Georges. He put on his hat, called a fiacre, and drove there hurriedly. It was now night.

The Rev. Mr. Weybridge was at home. Henry Weston was ushered into a cosy den full of smoke, and found his clerical friend deep in one of Beaumarchais' novels. He was a pleasant, well-bred man, but something in him put Henry Weston instinctively on his guard. He had meant to make a clean breast of it, but when he got into the presence of his father confessor he concluded to tell him only what was necessary.

Mr. Weybridge was delighted to see him, and Henry Weston plunged at once into his business.

"You see before you a man who wants your assistance in tying himself up for life," he said, with a grim pretence of a smile.

"Ah?" said Mr. Weybridge, returning the smile without any pretence at all.

"And I want to state to you certain difficulties. As a clergyman and having lived in France, I suppose you are familiar with phases of French marriages. Now, the lady is a Frenchwoman,—Mademoiselle Jeanne Duval."

Mr. Weybridge, without uttering a word, gave the impression to his guest that he did not think his *fiancée* had a very aristocratic name.

"I cannot, for my part, produce any certificate of my birth, my parents' consent, or any of the thousand-and-one things necessary for a French marriage."

"Could you not, my friend, get them from America?"

Henry Weston felt perfectly certain that Mr. Weybridge knew when he made the suggestion that there were reasons which put the many months necessary to transmit these things out of the question.

"It would take four or five months, perhaps," he said, coldly: "meanwhile, Mademoiselle Duval is an orphan, she is poor, and I feel it my duty to save her from work, poverty, and possibly aspersions, by marrying her,—to-morrow, if possible. The French are a queer set,—evil-minded and suspicious. I walked to her house in the evening with her a few times, and it made scandal."

In an instant he regretted his admission. Of course no French girl brought up in any respectable class of society would permit such a thing. He added, with a heightened color,—

"Mademoiselle Duval is an actress at the Théâtre Bourbon."

Mr. Weybridge thought he understood it all. Henry Weston continued, kicking the little fire of fagots savagely,—

"I have thought it over. I have concluded that the best thing would be to be married by an English clergyman. I believe it is possible to get the record of the marriage inscribed at the *mairie*,—to have each of us a certificate and the clergyman one,—in short, to complete the proof of the marriage as far as possible. That makes it a legal marriage in the United States. I don't know how it would be in France; but we shall not live in France."

"Would it not be well," asked Mr. Weybridge, glancing askance at his visitor, "to have a marriage ceremony performed after you get to the United States?"

"I think not," responded Weston, deep in thought. "It would be an admission that the first marriage was invalid; it might make trouble if anything hinging upon the validity of the marriage should occur between the two ceremonies. No, I think it best to have a marriage performed as it often is here among the English and Americans, merely according to their customs. Its irregularity here would be no irregularity in my country."

"Of what religion is Mademoiselle Duval?" asked Mr. Weybridge.

Henry Weston could scarcely raise his eyes from the floor. "I don't know," he said, in a low voice.

Mr. Weybridge was not deficient in tact. He immediately said,—

"At what hour shall you then require my services?"

"To-morrow at eleven," replied Henry Weston, promptly, "in this room. And will you oblige me by not speaking of this to any one,—

not even the Chevalier Vaughan? There are family reasons: my people, as you may know, would scarcely be likely to relish a French-woman for my wife."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Weybridge.

Henry Weston went home. Another thing beset him. Would the Chevalier write to Virginia about the marriage? It was his plan to remain in Europe yet six months longer: he wanted to become acquainted with his new wife; he did not wish to tear her suddenly away from all familiar things; he wanted her to learn at least to understand English; and he wished to prepare her somewhat, for her own sake, for the strange new life before her. He could not bear to ask the Chevalier's secrecy,—he recoiled from the very idea,—yet how much better it would be if the marriage could be kept from his people until he returned bringing his bride with him! He began to fancy his mother's anxiety, his father's disappointment. Yes, it would be much better that he should tell them than that they should hear it. Then they would see Jeanne, with her grace, her softness. Then they would not consider him a hot-headed young fool.

Next morning the bridal party stood in the Rev. Mr. Weybridge's little drawing-room. It consisted, besides the bride and bridegroom and clergyman, of Mr. Weybridge's valet and the *concoierge* for witnesses. Jeanne looked very pretty in a neat dark dress and hat, well gloved, and carrying a bouquet of roses. Henry Weston was pale, but self-possessed. The clergyman was the only member of the party who showed any agitation. He stumbled over parts of the marriage service,—Jeanne had professed herself a Protestant,—trembled, and seemed almost overcome with nervousness. In a little while it was over; the clergyman congratulated them, Henry Weston slipped a gold piece in the hands of each of the witnesses, and left a little pile of louis-d'or on the mantel for the Rev. Mr. Weybridge, which made that gentleman's face expand into a smile, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weston, going down-stairs, in the court-yard entered a smart carriage and were driven away at a spanking gait towards Fontainebleau.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF that honeymoon it made Henry Weston sick at heart to think in after-years. It was not that Jeanne turned out to be any worse than she appeared to be. True, she was a slattern in the morning, as French-women are only too apt to be; but when she was dressed for a walk in the forest of Fontainebleau she looked extremely pretty and—quite the lady, so she fancied. Not so Henry Weston. She never looked to him like a lady from the day she became his wife. She was remarkably quiet, and reasoned about things in a way much more practical than did her lord and master. For it is not to be supposed that the future was all rosy to her any more than it was to Henry Weston. Although she had married a rich man and a gentleman, he was quite unlike the Pierres and Adolphes she had known in the paternal hair-dressing

establishment at Marseilles. Jeanne found her husband an inscrutably mysterious person, and unpleasant in many ways. He looked as black as a thunder-cloud when she appeared at breakfast in her *peignoir*, which Jeanne knew—or thought she knew—was the only correct wear; he liked to read in the evenings, instead of going to the theatres regularly; he sometimes walked when he might have ridden; and he insisted that she should learn the English language.

Then there was that dreadful voyage to that melancholy country-place, where she might have to stay two or three years. For, although Henry Weston tried to impress upon her the absolute necessity that they should live in Virginia, Jeanne simply did not believe him. He would be rich, and of course he would return to Paris. Why should rich people live anywhere else than at Paris? She was confident of her persuasive powers. Had not the late Monsieur Duval submitted invariably in the end to her excellent mother, the late Madame Duval? But, as it was, nothing could be more sad. When Henry Weston told her of the grand avenue of magnolia-trees, and explained to her that it was not a promenade with seats along the walk, she almost wept. The ocean voyage terrified her. Her mother's cousins, the Leroux family, who had a large hair-dressing establishment in New York, had often written them it was a dull place,—no opera, no circus, no promenade worth speaking of. Besides finding her husband very poor company, Jeanne sometimes wondered if it would not have been wiser for her to have struggled a little longer against poverty which was not, after all, quite so desperate as she had represented it to be.

And in the midst of it all came a letter from Mrs. Weston, saying Henry Weston must return at once. His father was thought to be failing fast, and Mrs. Weston begged him, by the love she bore him, not to delay. The fact was, Mrs. Weston did not want Henry Weston to be out of the way while Mr. Weston might be making his final arrangements about property.

The letter staggered Henry Weston. His wife saw it, and, seeing also a little chink of escape from that horrible country-house which she called "Hile-Veston," she eagerly asked if it would not be better for her to remain, certainly for a time, in New York with those Leroux relations of whose existence she had informed her husband, dwelling at the time with pride upon the reported size and dimensions of the shop.

Henry Weston went through the inevitable experience of those who enter upon secret paths. A little concealment breeds a greater one. His shame and grief made him agree to what his judgment and honor condemned,—that Jeanne should stay in New York while he went to Virginia. And then Jeanne, who never meant to go to Virginia if she could help it, proposed that he should not say anything for the present about his marriage. Monsieur Veston might be very angry and leave Monsieur Algee everything. And then in her secret heart she thought if New York should prove unendurable she might get back to Paris more easily if the police and the *juge de paix* in Virginia did not know that Henry Weston was married.

This he had at first roughly and violently refused; but Jeanne knew he would yield. The best she could do, now that she was to be torn

away from Paris, was to stay in New York, where at least she could get back at a pinch.

Oh, the horrors of that voyage to those two unfortunates! They took passage on a sailing-vessel at Havre, and for six long weeks they were thrown upon each other's society without relief. There were no other passengers. This had been one reason why Henry Weston had taken passage in the ship.

Miserable as was Henry Weston, what he suffered was not worse than that endured by the poor little Parisienne cooped up in her narrow cabin, weeping and lamenting and terrified half out of her life. Anything that a gentle and chivalrous man could do for a woman Henry Weston would have done for her. But Jeanne wanted nothing but Paris. She wept, she moaned, she raved. As the ship rolled in the long billows of the sea, she shuddered, thinking that it would upset and they would all be drowned. Nothing on earth would ever induce her to make such a voyage again, except to return to her beloved Paris.

It was a beautiful hot bright day in May when they landed at New York. Scarcely were they at their hotel before Jeanne insisted upon going to see her cousins, the Leroux. Henry Weston at once ordered a carriage. They were driven to a fashionable hair-dressing establishment with sixteen "heads" in a superb show-window, where Jeanne jumped out, rushed in, and was rapturously received by a white-aproned personage with a comb sticking behind his ear. That was Uncle Leroux. Then there were Anastasie and Emilie Leroux, young ladies with very elaborately dressed heads, and Adolphe, a copy in miniature of Uncle Leroux, with a small waxed moustache, and evidently the gentleman of the family. Uncle Leroux shook his head and sadly explained that Adolphe had no taste for "the profession."

As for Jeanne, she was completely happy. Emilie and Anastasie admired her bonnet, her paletot, her parasol. Cousin Adolphe complimented her on her eyes, her nose, her air. She explained the circumstances of their marriage, and then dwelt on the glories of "Hile-Veston" until Henry Weston could almost have died of shame. Would they take her as a member of the family while Henri went to that dull Virginia where there was no opera? Money, of course, was no object to her dear Henri, who would one day be Monsieur Hile-Veston. Uncle Leroux pricked up his ears at that. The arrangement was soon made. All were in haste to have it completed,—Henry Weston to get through with it, Jeanne to see him on his way to Virginia, and Uncle Leroux lest they should change their minds on account of the price. The illness of Mr. Weston was the convenient excuse that seemed made for all of them.

When Henry Weston walked back to the hotel, through the hot and blazing streets,—for he was to take the stage that afternoon for Philadelphia,—he felt himself the most wretched and humiliated man on God's earth. The sights and sounds of city life sickened and confused him. He was country-bred. In times past, when misery seized upon him, he could go into the heart of the woods; he could sit under the hedge-row, as he had done that day so long ago when the Chevalier Vaughan had found him; he could mount his horse and ride furiously

away from sights and sounds of men, away into the shadow and the coolness and the comforting solitude. How wretched—oh, how wretched was he not! Who would at that moment change places with the young man whom Mrs. Weston called proudly “Weston of Hale-Weston”?

CHAPTER IX.

ALTHOUGH the weather had been hot and bright in New York, it was cold and stormy for more than a week at Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston, who loved warmth and light, had an excuse for having a little cheery fire lighted in her own little sitting-room, up-stairs, in the corner of the wing. Algy and Miss Fisher were then married and temporarily domiciled at Hale-Weston. Mrs. Angela had never, in all the months before, so wearied of Maria as in that one week of rain and clouds. She could not even get over to Mrs. Thorpe at Broomhill in the afternoons to hear what was going on in the county. Dr. Peyton had spent one evening with them; he came often now, to see Mr. Weston, who was strangely ailing of late, though not so ill as Henry Weston imagined.

On the fifth afternoon of wind and rain, Mrs. Weston began to suffer for company. She sent over to Sparrow Point for Anne Brandon to come and stay with her.

Anne arrived about five o'clock. Maria, who was delighted to play hostess, met her at the door:

“So glad to see you! Mother,”—for so she called Mrs. Weston, to that lady’s wrath, who could not, however, forbid her son’s wife to do what custom required of daughters-in-law in those days,—“mother is not well. She is up-stairs. I will show you up. You turn to the left——”

“Don’t trouble yourself,” said Anne, coolly, who was kind to Maria on the whole, but who objected to being patronized by her. “I have known the way perfectly well ever since I could remember.”

Mrs. Weston, too, was delighted to see Anne. She kissed her, and put her down in a great chair near the fire, and told her how near she came to sending the coach after her just to plague Maria.

“But if you are ever my daughter-in-law, Nancy Brandon, you shall have the coach to return your wedding visits in, and I’ll pay the visits with you. That’s a promise.”

At this, Anne’s cheeks turned so beautifully red that Mrs. Weston concluded she need not trouble herself any more about Anne’s perverseness. Girls do not blush that way for nothing.

“You will never have another daughter-in-law as obedient as Maria. She is deathly afraid of you.”

“I know she is,” replied Mrs. Weston, nodding her head, “and I mean to keep her so. Now, if—I don’t say it’s certain, by any means; I am only speaking of possibilities—you and Henry should make a match, you would be the most independent daughter-in-law in the world, and Henry would make the most uncompromising son-in-law.

Mr. Brandon would not be able to frighten him any more than I could frighten you."

Mrs. Weston was in great good humor. The idea of the way Henry would rout Mr. Brandon tickled her immensely.

"Dear Mrs. Weston," said Anne, quite out of patience, "you make me dreadfully uncomfortable. If you want to make Henry and me hate each other, just go on in that way for a little while."

Mrs. Weston would not desist immediately:

"Maria is already jealous of you. I don't do anything to relieve her mind, you may depend upon it."

But Anne, resolutely turning the conversation, got Mrs. Weston off a topic that was very pleasing to her, but very embarrassing to Anne. Presently Mrs. Weston got back to Henry. It was generally understood that Henry Weston would come home for the summer at all events. He might come any week,—any day, almost. Mrs. Weston had heard through the Chevalier Vaughan that Henry was well, and staying at Fontainebleau. The letter hastening Henry's departure had evidently not reached France at that time. Mrs. Weston had not heard from Henry for seven weeks, and so imagined he had started for America immediately on receiving her letter. He had probably written on the chance of the letter getting to her first, but the same winds that kept him back would keep the letter back too. Mrs. Weston was not uneasy. She was one of those well-balanced, strong-nerved women who reason naturally about things and do not borrow trouble.

Presently they went down-stairs and had tea in the vast old dining-room, Mr. Weston looking pale and ill as they sat at table. An extra place was put, which Mrs. Weston, seeing Anne glancing at, as if expecting another guest, explained with a happy smile was Hector's doing. Ever since Henry had been written for, and long before it was possible he could reach New York, that place had been set for him at every meal. Hector, whose wool had grown a little grayer, grinned with delight at the prospect of Henry's home-coming.

"When little Marse come,—I c'yarn call him nuttin' but dat fer ter save me,—he gwi' fin' he place all sot; an' he mammy"—this was Keziah, Hector's wife—"she keep he bed sheeted, an' he bureau full o' dem nice white shuts o' his'n, an' she say she so intrusted wid dem conjurements in dat room, she ain' got time fer ter men' my close."

This was confided in a respectful whisper to Anne, who blushed again at finding herself the object of all information bearing upon Henry. Still, to be courted, and invited into the family, and made love to as it were by everybody, from Mrs. Weston down to Hector and Keziah, was certainly flattering.

After tea they went into the hall alcove, where a fire was lighted, and Mr. Weston drew up shivering to the blaze, while Mrs. Weston seated herself comfortably on one side of the table, with Algy and Maria on the other. Maria rivalled Elizabeth Brandon in her neatness and persistency in fancy-work. Toinette, a shy slip of fourteen, came up to Anne, of whom she was fond in her quiet, undemonstrative way:

"Anne, won't you play battledoor in the hall with me? Miss

Fisher—I mean sister Maria—used to do it before she married brother Algy; but now she says it makes her arm ache and tumbles her hair.”

“Certainly I’ll play,” cried Anne. “It doesn’t make my arm ache, and I don’t care if it does tumble my hair.”

While waiting for Jake, an attaché of Hector’s who described himself loftily as “Marse Henry’s body-servant, sah,” to fetch the battle-doors and shuttlecock, Toinette contributed her mite of information about Henry in Anne’s ear:

“I’ll be so glad when brother Henry comes home. Algy is very good to me, but brother Henry is the most delightful brother. Anne, you don’t know how easy it is to learn French verbs from brother Henry. And he takes me riding, and doesn’t scold because I don’t sit straight.”

“What a disreputable-looking old shuttlecock, Toinette!” cried Anne, in reply to this, giving it a toss that sent it up to the ceiling. “I’ll make you a better one to-morrow.”

The great folding screen was put across the space dividing the main hall from the alcove. Behind it and over it the warm red light of fire and lamp could be seen, but the hall itself was only lighted by candles on the tall silver branches over the fireplace, which gaped black and vast and fireless. The game was very merry. Toinette, who seldom spoke or laughed much, was in a perfect gale. Anne ran hither and thither, hitting the shuttlecock every time, beating poor little Toinette’s score unmercifully, but so gayly and good-humoredly that Toinette was quite reconciled. Mrs. Weston could hear their shouts of laughter as the two girls scrambled over chairs in the dim light, and with little screams dashed hither and thither over the polished and slippery floor after the flying shuttlecock. She liked youth and laughter and merriment. Toinette was so preternaturally quiet and Maria since her marriage so excessively dignified that it was as bad as having no young people in the house at all. Even Mr. Weston smiled feebly. “It sounds cheerful,” he said to Mrs. Angela, who heartily agreed.

But the shuttlecock, already very dilapidated, got a final whack that burst it open, and Toinette ran off to Mammy Keziah to get it tied up, so that the game might be finished. Anne, balancing her battledoor on her fingers, went and looked out of the side-lights to the outer hall door, that opened upon the great square stone porch. The hall was not so light that she could not see out into the night.

The wind still howled, and the rain came down in sudden misty gusts. The trees were full of foliage, that soughed the louder as the blast rushed through them. A few clouds scudded over the dark sky, and far, far down the dark avenue, where the magnolias rustled their polished leaves, a travelling-carriage was moving rapidly. Of course it was Henry Weston. Something told her of his approach, and an invisible force held her to her place from which she could watch his arrival. The wind and the rain drowned the sound of the wheels and the horses’ hoofs. The carriage rolled nearer and nearer, silently. Soon it had turned in the wide sweep of the gravelled drive up to the door. Henry Weston was leaning out of the window: she knew it was he, although the large hat he wore concealed his features. When the carriage drew

up at the door, the dogs did not give the alarm. The carriage door was open, and he was on the ground and up the broad stone steps at three bounds. He did not raise the big brass knocker, but, turning the knob at once, strode into the hall, and face to face with him stood Anne Brandon. He seized her suddenly, almost violently.

"My dearest!" he said, and strained her to his heart.

By this time the noise of the opening door and the rushing in of the chilling breeze had aroused Mrs. Weston and the others in the screened-off alcove. Mrs. Weston ran forward with a delighted cry: "My son! My son!"

In an instant they were all around him. Not anything, not even that French girl at the hair-dresser's in New York, who ought then to have been with him, could utterly mar for Henry Weston the joy of that meeting. There was Anne, who stood silent, trembling, flushing, and yet happy; his mother, who hung upon him fondly, and tried to unfasten his great Spanish travelling-cloak, and could not do it for tears and laughter; and Mr. Weston, who for once touched them all. He could only hold Henry Weston's hand in his, and say over and over again, "How glad I am that you have come! I was afraid you would not come. I did not wish to alarm you."

"I came, sir, the very moment I heard of your illness. Nothing should have kept me."

Two tears trickled down the ex-overseer's homely and somewhat foxy face. "It's such a comfort to see you," he cried.

Algy, too, and Maria, were smiling. Algy relished his brother's hearty congratulations, after the lukewarm ones he had received, and when Maria found herself saluted with a fraternal kiss she felt for the first time that she was one of the Westons.

"I congratulate you, old fellow," said Henry, clasping Algy's hand. "I saw you were winged before I went away. You always were a deuced lucky fellow."

Algy blushed with pleasure. His brother's backing was of great moment to him.

Little Toinette had slipped her hand in Henry's, and was whispering in his ear, "I can ride the bay pony now you have come home."

How sweet, how pleasant it was to him, after the hair-dresser's family and the shop with sixteen heads in the window!

Then Hector had given the alarm, and the house-servants came flocking in, headed by Hector and Keziah. Keziah held him in her arms, and kissed his hand with delight:

"Gord bless my young marse! Missis, ain't he de han'somest thing you ever seed? Jes' look at he h'yar, de way hit curls!"

"Hush, you old flatterer! I've got something in my trunk for you."

"Has you, honey? And you thought 'bout yo' po' ole mammy 'way off in dem furgitious places? I got a clean shut fer you, honey, ter put on in de mornin'."

"Keziah, fur de Lord's sake let somebody else git d'yar an' shake he han'. Come up heah, you niggers, an' shake yo' young marse's han'."

Presently, when the house-servants had all shaken hands and blessed and exclaimed and yah-yahed, and Hector had made a big bowl of punch to celebrate the occasion and had handed it around, and Jake had bustled about, putting wood on the fire, and Keziah had gone off to get little Marse's room ready, they gathered in the little alcove. Anne was no interruption to the family party. So intimate had they always been that there were no reserves between them. She sat on one side of Mrs. Weston, still toying with the battledoor. Mrs. Weston thought she had never seen her look so pretty, or so happy. Quite naturally she and Henry got back to the old intimate, half-bantering way between them, although to each the other occupied a new attitude. Their positions were reversed. Henry Weston, crushing down his despair, felt that the worst that had yet befallen him was to give up Anne Brandon. But, like other wretched wrong-doers, he put his wretchedness and his wrong-doing out of sight for a little while. It was almost happiness, then, to see her once more.

"I suppose I ought to take the first opportunity of thanking you for the charming fan you sent me," she said.

"Of course you ought. You might have done it half an hour ago. Elizabeth would have been more prompt. I shall remember Elizabeth in the distribution of my gifts from Paris."

"Do. I could always get anything I pleased out of Elizabeth."

"Anne," cried Mrs. Weston, "if I were you I would flatter him until you see what he has brought home with him. You will have the whole summer to quarrel with him."

"Thank you, ma'am, for your advice. I shall begin right away. His hair *does* curl beautifully. His nose, too, is straighter than when he went away."

"Disparage me as you like, you will never make me admit that you are not the prettiest girl in the county," answered Henry Weston, boldly, with a glance of open admiration in his dark eyes.

Mrs. Weston laughed. Things were certainly going finely. There was Henry making open love to Anne the minute he saw her, and Anne confused and vexed, but anything but displeased at it, if Mrs. Weston could read the signs,—and she thought she could.

It was midnight before they knew it. "To bed! to bed!" cried Mrs. Weston, waving her hand up the staircase, as Jake appeared with the candlesticks.

Henry Weston gave his arm to his father, who walked more actively than for months up the stairs. Mrs. Weston ran up like a girl of twenty, and showed Anne her room.

"Good-night," said Anne, bowing to the group in the upper hall, as Jake, flourishing a tall silver candlestick, prepared to escort her to the door of her room.

"Here, you, sir, give your master your arm," said Henry Weston; and, taking the candle from Jake's willing hand, he himself lighted Anne to her door, and pressed her hand as he said good-night. Do not be too hard on him. He was so unhappy.

Even Mr. Weston smiled when he rejoined them, and his mother drew him in her dressing-room and shut the door. How handsome,

how tall he was! What an indescribable air of elegance he had acquired! No Miss Fishers for him. Perhaps that misadventure of Algy's made Mrs. Weston a little more eager about the scheme she was fomenting between Anne and himself. She never could feel altogether sure now until he was safely married. She had been taken in once, and it behooved her now to be prudent. Anne Brandon had everything necessary to make the match an equal one, except money; and money was the one thing Henry Weston could do without. But when, standing over him as he lay back in her favorite arm-chair, she spoke openly of this cherished plan of hers, sharpened by her experience of one daughter-in-law, a look she could not understand, and which gave her strange forebodings, came over Henry Weston's face, and suddenly, putting his arms around her, he leaned his head on his mother's breast and uttered a groan so deep, so full of despair, that it could only come from the depths of misery.

Mrs. Weston was a strong woman, but her steady nerves were shaken. She had never seen anything like that.

And presently, still holding to his mother, he told the whole wretched story.

It would be hard to describe the horror of disappointment which Mrs. Weston endured. At first she did not quite take it in. With that strange characteristic of all women in their judgment of men, she could have forgiven him wickedness much more easily than weakness. When he convinced her that it was no mere escapade, but that he had behaved like an honorable man, she was overwhelmed with despair. She wept torrents of tears, and wrung her hands as she walked the floor. She reproached him violently, not for his entanglement with Jeanne, but for making her his wife. "I could forgive you all, anything, but that!" she gasped, livid and trembling with grief and excitement. "To have married her,—that was the real crime!"

Henry Weston looked at his mother with a singular expression upon his dark face:

"What was I to do, mother? Would you have had me play the rascal? At least I am a gentleman still. I can look an honest man and an honest woman in the face."

"Can you? Then it is more than I can. What have I ever done in my life, that I should have to suffer thus? And I was the proudest mother! Oh, could you have but thought of me, you would never have married that woman."

Something brought to Henry Weston's mind that little scene with the Chevalier Vaughan, so many years ago. Did she think of him then?

"It is done now," he said, sullenly.

"But it must not be known. Oh, heavens! Could I but see the Chevalier! Promise me—promise me that you will keep it a secret, at least for a little while. Spare me—spare your father for a little while!"

In the extremity of her grief and despair, Mrs. Weston did not know why she asked this, except that second only to the misery of her knowing this dreadful thing about Henry Weston was the shame of

having it known in the county, and she held on desperately to the idea that there was some way out of it. And if Mr. Weston should know it— Mrs. Weston grew faint and her heart almost stopped still at this awful apprehension. Perhaps the Chevalier Vaughan, with all his brains and tact and worldly wisdom, might be of help. It was only a straw, but she grasped at it and clung to it.

And, just as Henry Weston had done when his wife made the same suggestion, he refused, and then suffered himself to be persuaded.

"Only until I see the Chevalier Vaughan,—until I can consult with him," she urged, anxiously.

"What good can consulting with him do?" replied he, still sullen. "Will consulting break a legal marriage? for I tell you it is as hard and fast as I could make it. And did I say that I wished it broken? I did it with my eyes open."

"But for your father's sake—consider, he is not well. Sometimes I think he is much more ill than he appears. Dr. Peyton is here so often. Think what the blow would be to him."

It was all weak, inadequate, if not worse, yet at last he agreed :

"But I will make no promise. It may come out any day. I may choose to reveal it; *she* may."

Mrs. Weston was thankful even for a little respite.

"And I had plans for you?" she cried, weeping,—for she had again melted into tears, and sat on the sofa opposite him, and wept and wept. "I thought Anne Brandon would be a fitting wife for you——"

"Say no more," replied Henry Weston, rising, with a look that checked his mother's tears as well as words. "There are some things about which even you must be silent." And he went out, closing the door after him.

Mrs. Weston did not know how long she sat there. It was getting cold. With the dull curiosity which makes one wonder at such times how long one has suffered, she glanced at her watch. It had run down. She opened the door to look at the big brazen-face clock that ticked loudly in the upper hall. Under Anne Brandon's door, on the other side of the hall, she saw a thin thread of light. It was nearly three o'clock.

Mrs. Weston crossed the hall and tapped lightly at the door.

"Anne," she said, in a low voice, "are you ill?"

Anne opened the door. She was still fully dressed. The candle flickered faintly, and the broad bars of moonlight on the floor—for the night had cleared off—were plainly visible. Mrs. Weston's pale face showed that something was the matter. Anne drew her into the room.

"Why do you look like that?" she asked. "You frighten me."

"I've had a blow, Anne; I've had a blow," was all Mrs. Weston could say, as she sat down on the bed and clasped Anne's hands nervously.

Anne grew a little pale: "Is it—is it about——"

"Yes."

These two women each knew the person in the other's mind.

"He has had an—entanglement." Mrs. Weston thought it kind to

tell her this much. But she could not bring herself to tell the rest. If only he had not married her!

A wave of anger, shame, and all that one could feel of pain swept over Anne. He had held her in his arms, and had called her "Dearest;"—and there was another woman! Something in her face impelled Mrs. Weston to tell her more than she had intended:

"He fancied his honor involved; he has done what can never be undone."

"I think I understand," said Anne, in a strained voice. "At least he has behaved honorably. That should be a genuine comfort."

"Do you call that *comfort*?" cried Mrs. Weston, seizing her almost fiercely. "Do you call it comforting that he has sacrificed himself and you and me to a shadow,—an idea?"

"Yes," said Anne, in the same voice. "It is very hard, but it is right, I suppose. Anyhow, one must try to love what is right. But it would have been better for me had he behaved wickedly and shamefully, because, although one cannot stop loving all at once,—nor can one love but once,—yet if he were not worthy—I don't know how one can stop loving just because the man one loves has had one weak moment. That is why it is so hard."

Mrs. Weston listened attentively to this speech.

"Anne," said she, presently, "I don't understand you: we are very unlike. I hate folly much worse than wickedness; but I know that if I had my way I would rather Henry should marry you, with nothing but the clothes you stood in, than any other woman in the world."

"But he is married already," answered Anne, with the ghost of a smile.

"I did not say so," cried Mrs. Weston. She certainly had not meant to say so.

"Mrs. Weston," answered Anne, "concealments are useless between us. I know enough; and you know of me what I thought I would have died rather than tell you."

"But it must be kept very secret," said Mrs. Weston, and halted here, and did not know what reason to give, except that the dreadful moment might be postponed as long as possible, "for my sake and his father's. It would kill his father, I believe. And, Anne, I charge you now with a message for the Chevalier Vaughan, if you should see him first,—a message which you must give him at the very first opportunity, just as soon as you hear of his arrival in the county,—because something might prevent me. Tell him, for my sake,—for *my* sake, do you hear?—that he is to say nothing about what Henry did in Paris."

"I will," replied Anne.

Mrs. Weston kissed her good-night. Her eyes were quite dry and bright, although tears rained down Mrs. Weston's cheeks. As soon as she was gone, Anne undressed quickly and went to bed. Of course it was best, altogether best, that he should do right,—poor Anne felt a thrill of pride in Henry Weston at that very moment,—but then one must suffer a great deal.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. WESTON, who had never had a day's illness in her life before, was very ailing after that. At least, she said she was, and spent many days lying on the sofa in her dressing-room, with her face turned to the wall, mute and hardly noticing anything.

The uproarious welcome that would have awaited Henry Weston's return to the county was somewhat damped by the state of health of both his father and his mother. Nevertheless, there was a round of visits paid him, which he returned scrupulously. Everybody remarked upon the very distinguished and self-possessed air he had gained in his travels, and a great many people said that after Algy's little affair Mr. and Mrs. Weston were very lucky to have one son who must always be a source of pride and gratification to them. Elizabeth Brandon displayed to Mrs. Thorpe a superb lace handkerchief Henry Weston had brought her from Paris. Mrs. Thorpe, in return, showed a handsome lace cap from the same source. Even the four Wickham girls had *bonbon-boxes*.

"How easy it is to be generous when one has a plenty of money!" sighed Elizabeth.

"But what did he bring Anne?" inquired Mrs. Thorpe, consumed with curiosity.

"I can't tell, to save my life, whether he brought her anything or not," answered Elizabeth, plaintively. "Anne won't say a word."

"Depend upon it, my dear," cried Mrs. Thorpe, triumphantly, "it is you who are to be Mrs. Weston of Hale-Weston. I always knew it."

Elizabeth protested that for her part she had always liked Algy best,—at which Mrs. Thorpe laughed, as well she might.

Henry Weston had, however, brought Anne something. It was a little heart set in rubies,—not showy, but rather costly.

"I saw it one day in a window, and I thought how well it would look around your neck," he said.

Anne accepted it, but she did not wear it around her neck.

In those days Anne was much at Hale-Weston. If she did not go over every day or two, Mrs. Weston would send for her and reproach her gently with forgetfulness. In former days, much of their talk had been of Henry Weston. Now his name was never so much as mentioned between them, except when it could not be avoided. Mrs. Weston continually told Anne what a comfort she was to her. "Not that there is any real comfort for me now," she exclaimed, despondently, "but because you would comfort me if you could." And Mrs. Weston saw that in ministering to her, Anne's sore heart was a little soothed. So these two unhappy women, after the manner of their kind, drew near to each other without profaning with speech that common grief that made them kin. When Mrs. Weston lay on her sofa, weeping silently, Anne would sit by her, holding her hand, and not speaking; but her eyes were eloquent. But for her, Mrs. Weston would have betrayed to them all that something fearful was preying on her, but Anne managed to keep them all out of the room when Mrs. Weston was in these fits of depression which passed for illness. At these times

Henry Weston never came near his mother. Yet he expressed by look, and occasionally by word, his gratitude to Anne Brandon, who knew that not one pang his mother suffered was lost on him. Anne in no wise avoided him. After all, she thought, it was as well to get accustomed to seeing Henry Weston intimately; and, then, his society still gave her a strange delight, that was not all pleasure nor yet pain, but was something of both.

Nobody to see Henry Weston would have imagined him a culprit. He carried his head as high as ever, and was far from laying aside any part of his natural dignity. It is true he did not admire Anne so openly as he had done that first night; he gave no occasion to anybody to smile at his marked gallantry towards her. But he did not avoid her; nor did he fail to exert himself to please her when they met, as they did often and inevitably. "It is not my fault," he would say to himself, doggedly. "I cannot run away from her, nor can I help trying to please her."

Meanwhile, occasional letters, ill spelled and written in very bad French, came to him from time to time. But of this nobody was any the wiser. Henry Weston was not a man to be questioned about letters that he either received or wrote.

The Chevalier Vaughan had returned within a month of Henry Weston. A day or two after he got back he called at Sparrow Point, and, hearing that Elizabeth and Anne were gone to Broomhill for a walk, followed them there.

The opportunity for which Anne watched closely came within an hour of their meeting, and while Mrs. Thorpe was showing them around her beautiful old-fashioned garden, rich with lilac and syringa and honeysuckle in the first glory of their blossoming. Anne and the Chevalier were standing under a tall lilac-bush, while Mrs. Thorpe was showing Elizabeth a new stitch in crocheting as they walked up and down the long garden-walk in the soft air. It was now the first of June.

"Chevalier," said Anne, drawing down a blooming branch of the lilac, lest her face should reveal something, "have you been to Hale-Weston yet?"

"I went yesterday,—the very day after I got home; but Mrs. Weston was not well, and sent me word she would not be able to see me for a day or two. I shall go again to-morrow."

"She desires," said Anne, speaking very slowly, and with a vain effort to hide the color that surged into her cheeks, "that you will not mention—anything—anything of importance that occurred to Henry Weston in Paris."

"Say to her," responded the Chevalier, after a slight pause, "she need not have warned me. I shall maintain, as I have maintained, the strictest silence."

"Thank you," cried Anne, warmly, and then blushing still deeper.

The Chevalier looked at her keenly. He knew something about women, and he guessed how the land lay there.

The wood-violets were late in blooming that year. It looked as if there would be none at all. Anne was fond of them, and often she

and Henry Weston as boy and girl had tramped through the meadows and over the still woods in the spring hunting for them. This year she had scarcely seen any. One day, walking along the path that led through the alder copse between Hale-Weston and Sparrow Point, she suddenly found a bunch of wood-violets at her feet. She picked them up. Yes, they were tied with wire-grass around a stout alder twig, just as she had shown Henry Weston how to tie them years ago. She walked back quickly to Sparrow Point, pale and agitated. In her own little white room she kissed them and wept over them, and then, lighting the few sticks of wood that lay always in the fireplace in case of a chilly day, she dropped them in and watched them shrivel and smoulder away.

It was some days after this that one afternoon Jake came over with a message from Mrs. Weston. Mistis felt kinder po'ly. Wouldn't Miss Anne come over an' spen' de night?

If anybody had told Mrs. Weston, some years before, that she would have yearned for any other woman,—that she would have felt the want of her own sex and longed for womanly sympathy and companionship,—she would have laughed it to scorn. Yet that was just what had come to pass, as it does eventually in the life of all Eve's daughters, and she suddenly found herself, in a county in which her whole life had been spent, without one friend to whom she could lay partially bare her soul, except this girl who had grown up with her children. The summons was frequent, but Anne never disregarded it.

The magnolia-trees in the avenue were then in their splendor. The scent of their gorgeous white blossoms was all over the land. Anne, walking slowly along the shaded path by the side of the avenue, suddenly found herself standing within two feet of Henry Weston.

They had been alone together many times since his return; but not so completely alone as this. Before, there had been Mrs. Weston lying on the sofa in her dressing-room, or else pacing restlessly up and down the porch where they sat. Toinette followed Henry Weston like a dog, and Maria was apt to be hovering about. But here they were half a mile from any human being. The low, overhanging branches of the forest growth on one side of the raised path shut them off completely on that way, while on the other, a high, green myrtle hedge had sprung up between the tall trunks of the magnolia-trees. The air was soft and balmy. It was about six o'clock, and a hush brooded over everything.

Anne felt herself blushing and quivering as Henry Weston took her hand. She almost resented his coolness and self-possession.

"I am on my way to Hale-Weston," she said.

"So I knew; and I came that I might intercept you," he answered, calmly.

Anne could hardly believe her senses. Why should he want to intercept her?

"I see," he said, with a half smile, answering her unasked question, "you want to know why I should waylay you like this. Don't you know"—after a pause—"that I have suffered hell itself since I came back? A man cannot always be cool and reasonable when he feels as I do; and when I heard my mother's message I fancied you would be

coming along here about this time, and I knew just how you would look in that broad hat, and the expression in your eyes when you saw me. In short, I am here because sometimes you draw me so strongly I cannot keep away."

The color had suddenly dropped out of Anne's cheeks. She looked at him with anger and resentment in her speaking face.

"Henry Weston, I know all, more—much more—than you suspect."

"And I knew you knew all," he replied. "Don't you think I can read faces—*your* face, Anne—a little?"

"Then you are unpardonable."

"Wait a little," he said, laying his hand upon her arm. "You women have no feeling for a man. You think he must not only bear unbearable things, but bear them silently and in patience as you do. Well, it is impossible. I know that I have lost you forever. I would if I could make amends to—to—that other woman whom I wronged in marrying. I mean to do right, but I cannot see you day after day and remain always master of myself."

"But when you must resign—we must resign each other, it is but a little more to be silent about it," said Anne, in a low voice.

"Yes, so you say, like a woman. Now, I say, like a man, although I must resign you, yet why should I not— Good God! do you think a man ever loved a woman as I love you without telling her so?"

"You must not speak so," cried Anne, breathlessly.

"How like a woman you talk!" answered he, smiling a grim smile that had no mirth in it. "Always prudent,—always thinking first of what is right. Sometimes you talk a little wildly, you women; but that is all."

Her heart could not but soften. What people did, and not what they said, was her rule of judgment. And he loved her, and was so unhappy.

"That is true," she said. "Women can but bear it all."

"Anne," he said, presently, "sometimes I have reproached you. Had you been a little kinder—a little tenderer—to me before I left!"

"Let us not speak of that now."

"You might in turn reproach me. But when I looked for a sign you gave none."

Anne could only make a gesture of silence to him as great tears fell from her eyes upon the ground.

"It seems so long ago," she said, after a while. "Last year we were like boy and girl,—perverse, capricious, trifling with our happiness, thinking that no change could ever come. And now look at us! How old we are in knowledge!—how quickly and easily the gulf—" She stopped, choking.

"And yet," he said, taking her hand in his, "is not this triumph? Could any other man have won those words from you? Ah, Anne, do not deny any more that you love me. Believe me, darling, it does not make us any more wretched to know that we love each other."

"Don't you see," she said, stamping her foot, "that we must not speak of it? Words are——"

"Nothing," said Henry Weston, coolly. "What does it signify whether I tell you with my eyes or my lips that I love you? Anne, there is a gulf between us, but we can at least call to each other across it for pity."

They had been walking slowly along the path towards Hale-Weston. Anne stopped all at once.

"I cannot go on. You must make some excuse for me to Mrs. Weston," she said, hurriedly.

"I will remain away for to-night, if that is what you desire."

"No! no!—that would never do," cried Anne. "I must return. I want to be alone."

They turned and walked along the path to Sparrow Point. It ended abruptly in a clump of evergreens on the border of the lawn.

"Say anything; make any excuse. I will come to-morrow," said she. Then the two poor souls stood for a minute gazing into each other's hopeless eyes, and went slowly their different ways in the darkness.

CHAPTER XI.

ALL June and July, things were in an unsettled and tentative state at Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston rallied bravely from her depression. Like Henry Weston, she knew something of the requirements of a French marriage. She sent for the Chevalier Vaughan. She canvassed the whole thing. When he told her that Henry Weston had taken the very most secure way to make his marriage legal and binding, she had almost shrieked with despair; but yet it was not in her to yield to this despair. She hoped against hope. Something might arise. All was not lost as long as she could keep it secret. And she really feared somewhat Mr. Weston's displeasure for Henry Weston if it should become known to him. So she lived with a sword over her. At what moment might not all become known? She did not half understand why the Frenchwoman should not demand recognition. She was a little nervous in those days whenever she heard wheels grinding upon the gravelled path. It might be Jeanne! As for that young person, she was as happy as she could be anywhere out of sight of the bridges over the Seine. True, New York, even with an uncle who had a superb shop, was not equal to Paris; but then she had more money than she had ever handled in her life before, and enjoyed the delights of idleness. She could, if she chose, spend the whole day at her toilette,—which she very often did. In August, Henry Weston had come to New York for a visit, prepared, if she so required, to take her back to Virginia with him and face the world. Indeed, as in duty bound, he made the direct proposition to her. Jeanne, who read Henry Weston easily, saw that he was not anxious for the moment of revelation; and, as she could stay with the Leroux in New York as long as the marriage was not known, she used the old arguments: it would be best to wait awhile before making it known,—although what they were waiting for neither could have told. But concealment was the bribe Henry Weston would accept in lieu of taking her to Virginia with him, and a plenty of

money and Uncle Leroux' charming household was the bribe Jeanne took as the price of keeping in the background.

Henry Weston's visit was meant to last some weeks,—possibly months,—but again he was summoned by Mr. Weston's illness. Dr. Peyton thought a trip to the mountains would benefit Mr. Weston, and Henry Weston was needed to accompany him. Dr. Peyton's practice did not admit of his going, and Mrs. Weston did not feel well enough to undertake the fatiguing journey. As for Algy, Maria was the obstacle in the way. Mr. Weston did not care about taking her along, and Mrs. Weston did not desire her to be left behind. So Henry Weston was to take his father to the mountains, and later Mrs. Weston would probably join them.

Henry Weston, therefore, after a fortnight passed in New York, was summoned home, and of course was obliged to go. When he saw the chimneys of Hale-Weston, and remembered that seven hundred miles separated him from the Leroux family and their guest, he felt something like a thrill of happiness.

Mr. Weston, however, put off from day to day his departure. He told Dr. Peyton that he had some arrangements to make before going. Dr. Peyton understood them to be testamentary arrangements, and, thinking that the interests involved in so large a property ought to be attended to, gave him a few days' grace.

One morning he called to see Mr. Weston, and found him sitting in a big arm-chair before his iron safe in the library.

"I'm looking for a paper," said Sandy Weston, as Dr. Peyton had always called him behind his back. "There's a paper I want to destroy before leaving on this journey," he continued, feebly. "It ought to have been destroyed years ago, but I actually forgot its existence. To-day I remembered it; but I can't find it,—I can't find it," he said, almost piteously. "It may be in here." He tried to turn a key which he produced in the lock of an inner compartment, but he had not the strength. Dr. Peyton's strong fingers soon accomplished it.

Mr. Weston examined eagerly several bundles of papers, but did not find what he was looking for. His face grew gray, and his hands trembled with the disappointment.

"I must find that paper and destroy it," he cried, nervously. "It would be the cause of great injustice if it were not destroyed."

Dr. Peyton was a kind man and a skilful doctor, but he made a mistake on the spot.

"Wait until to-morrow," he said, soothingly. "You are already fatigued and excited. Try not to think about it until to-morrow; then get Henry or Algy to help you."

Mr. Weston submitted to have the safe locked and the key put in his pocket. To-morrow Henry Weston should find it for him.

But on the morrow, as he sat on the great stone porch waiting for Henry Weston to return from his ride, that they might together look for the paper, he was so still that Mrs. Weston glanced at him uneasily as she paced up and down the hall with a book. His motionless attitude and his drawn face told it all. At that very moment the Chevalier Vaughan rode up to the door and dismounted from his showy iron-gray nag;

and the same moment Henry Weston appeared, riding-whip in hand. Mrs. Weston screamed,—a scream which brought Henry Weston to her like a flash and made the Chevalier bound up the stone steps three at a time. Henry Weston ran to his father and spoke to him :

“Father, are you ill? Don’t you know us?”

With difficulty Mr. Weston managed to utter,—

“Yes.” Then, after a pause, “I’m very ill. I want to say——”

He stopped. Hector and Keziah were on the spot then. “Put Jake on a horse and send him after Dr. Peyton. Take Black Prince,” shouted Henry Weston.

Mr. Weston motioned feebly with his hand to the Chevalier Vaughan. Mrs. Weston stood with a white, scared face gazing at her husband. The awful and invincible solemnity of death was upon that commonplace face now.

“I want to say,” he continued, with a piteous effort, and stopping between each halting word, “that I have—perfect confidence—in Mrs. Weston. Once, she angered—me—greatly. I saw her in the greenhouse—with the Chev—Chev—Vaughan. I filled in—a deed. I have been trying—to find it—to destroy it—and have a new one made——”

Was his mind wandering? He could say no more, but there was an imploring expression in his eyes.

“Never mind, father,” said Henry. “Don’t think of those things now.”

They got him up to bed. In due time the doctor came. He took one look, and his experienced eye saw that Sandy Weston would never speak or move again. For a day or two he lingered, speechless and motionless, then died. Dr. Peyton, driving along the moonlit road that night of Mr. Weston’s death, suddenly remembered the paper the dead man was so anxious to destroy. He remembered that he had induced him to give up the search. It troubled the excellent doctor. “It is one of the most delicate points in a doctor’s experience to know how to act in those circumstances,” he almost said out aloud. “However, nobody could foresee the end was so near.” So he flicked his horse with the whip, and jogged along in his comfortable old-fashioned gig. Angela Weston once more free. This was the sum of the doctor’s reflections, and it staggered him.

As for Mrs. Weston, she was at least no hypocrite. She did not pretend to grieve for Sandy Weston as women who love their husbands grieve for them. She was awed, scared, and a little remorseful. Their later married life had been very much more harmonious than the earlier part. When she came to reflect upon those last words faltered out from the fast paralyzing tongue, she understood them, and, understanding them, felt more grateful to Sandy Weston dead than she had ever felt to him living. He had at least done her justice; for she recollected with a flush of shame and anger that more than once her husband and herself had had words about the Chevalier Vaughan. She too understood that half-intelligible reference to the little scene in the greenhouse, which, though trifling and unconsequential enough, had yet borne evil fruit. The bitterest quarrel of their lives had followed between Angela Weston and her husband after that.

The funeral was very stately,—it is apt to be when the survivors dread lest they should be charged with neglect if it should be otherwise,—and after that the widow and her children settled down quietly at Hale-Weston to spend the first months of their mourning.

Not so quietly, however, did the county settle down. What was to become of the great Hale-Weston estate, with its five hundred negroes, its vast wheat- and corn-fields?—it was the largest granary of all those lowland Virginia plantations which, before Dakota wheat and Minnesota flour were heard of, supplied the markets of America. The future of Hale-Weston was canvassed not only over Mrs. Thorpe's tea-table, but all the tea-tables round about. One thing, however, was settled. If things were not left as Mrs. Weston desired, she would simply take her dower and live on at Hale-Weston; and if she determined, as everybody knew she would, that Henry Weston should have Hale-Weston, she could very easily manage it. What with her own interest, and Henry's interest, and Toinette's until she was of age, the Hale-Weston house and enough of the land could be secured to Henry Weston to make a very imposing property, even against Algy's opposition, if indeed he should oppose it at all. Mr. Weston had invested the accretions of an originally handsome property in outlying land that easily produced seventeen bushels of wheat to the acre. There was enough land and negroes and valuable stock and money in bank to make the widow and each of the children rich. Of this, all was the result of the ex-overseer's savings and management, except three hundred acres of broom-sedge and wire-grass, with a four-roomed house on it, known as Shabby Hall. This had been the maiden property of Mrs. Weston's mother. When old Colonel Weston had been dealing out mortgages and liens and all sorts of encumbrances on Hale-Weston and everything else he owned in the world, he had actually forgotten Shabby Hall: so that when the crash came, and Levi Cohen, who had never materialized except as a dummy for Sandy Weston, had bought Hale-Weston, the colonel and his wife had retired to Shabby Hall, and ended their days there shortly after. Shabby Hall, therefore, was Mrs. Angela Weston's. It had remained very much as the poor old couple had left it. The furniture was not good enough for Hale-Weston, and was hardly worth selling. It might do for Algy and Maria to begin house-keeping with, if the house were raised a story and added to. Indeed, the threat of Shabby Hall had been held over Maria ever since her marriage.

The death of Mr. Weston made no difference in Anne Brandon's visits. She went, if anything, oftener, as Mrs. Weston frequently sent for her and seemed to take pleasure in Anne's society. There was no pretence of excessive grief about Mrs. Weston, but nobody could say she did not observe the proprieties. The Chevalier Vaughan, of course, only came there formally and unfrequently. She was awed and frightened. She could with truth say that she very much wished she might wake up and find everything in the past year a bad dream. To get back to the old, easy, proud, careless, happy way with her would have been great gain. The Rev. Mr. Steptoe moderated his voice, put on his most clerical-looking coat, and called on the widow, to whom he

administered much conventional Bible lore in the way of consolation. He came away with a much better opinion of Mrs. Weston than he had carried with him. Mrs. Weston was really much more sincerely sorry for her husband's death than he expected to find her. Such was Mr. Steptoe's inward comment.

But, as the months wore on, Mrs. Weston began to feel anxious about the property. Not a word was said by either of her sons. Each had a liberal allowance, and the sale of the wheat-crop supplied them with a fund so considerable that there was no pinching for money. Still, Mrs. Weston felt anxious, as people will when there are hundreds of thousands of dollars in the balance.

When Mr. Weston had been dead some months, Mr. Wickham, the lawyer who had always attended to his affairs, was sent for one day by the widow. The long-delayed search for the will must begin. Mr. Wickham thought it quite right, and then and there, in the presence of Henry and Algernon, the iron safe was opened and the papers sorted out.

Two only were found to involve in any way the different interests of the family,—or rather one, for the other was a parchment deed signed and sealed, and on it was scrawled, in Mr. Weston's ungainly handwriting, "To be opened in the event of my death," and a date nearly twenty years before. The other was the memorandum of a will.

At this Mrs. Weston was cruelly disappointed. She had hoped and believed that Mr. Weston would make a will securing Hale-Weston to Henry, although she knew enough to feel very certain that things could be arranged so that he would be eventually master of the place. But, like many men, Mr. Weston delayed entering upon a business which reminded him of his mortality. The paper, which the lawyer glanced at to see what it was, was carefully written, interlined, and in every way showed considerable thought. It was determined that on the following day the papers should be read, the seal of the first one remaining unbroken until then.

Mr. Wickham asked if they wished any one present except himself. Both Henry and Algy left it absolutely to their mother, who said she would like to have Dr. Peyton,—why, she could not say,—and on the morning of the next day she sent for Anne Brandon.

Anne went without knowing what was to take place. When she arrived and found out, she expressed a wish to remain up-stairs during the formality; but Mrs. Weston asked her, with tears in her eyes, to go down with her.

"I feel so shaken of late," she said. "I am growing cowardly. If there should be anything painful or unexpected in those papers, I want a woman—not Maria—near me. Toinette is too young."

So Anne went, willing and yet unwilling. Down-stairs in the library sat Mr. Wickham and Algy and Maria, with Dr. Peyton. Henry Weston brought his mother in, and Toinette, clutching Anne nervously, walked behind them.

Although Mrs. Weston had said she was ill for the last six months, it was more a sickness of the soul than of the body. She had not been happy, so she fancied she was not well. But her complexion had never

been clearer, nor the charming outlines of her face more noticeable. Her simple but elegant trailing black gown only set off her matured beauty.

After they were all seated, Mr. Wickham cleared his throat and began.

The paper that he held before him, and which, being unsealed and a mere memorandum, he had examined before reading, was a very clear and explicit statement of the late Mr. Weston's testamentary intentions. But yet it was not a will. It was neither signed nor witnessed. It was a complete draught of one; but from the lateness of various alterations in it—some only a few days before Mr. Weston's death—he feared there was no copy duly authenticated in existence. Search had failed to find any. He would say, though, that, except certain specifications and particulars regarding how it was to be carried out, the disposition of the property, such as Mr. Weston had indicated in this memorandum, was precisely what the law would have done. Many people, of whom he was one, and Mr. Weston perhaps another, thought the law usually made the best will. So that, although no will had been found, unless indeed the sealed paper he held should be one,—which he thought not,—by following the directions contained in the memorandum a very just and equitable distribution of the property could be made. So far, all was satisfactory. Then the big red seal of the other paper was broken, and Mr. Wickham began to read it aloud.

Both Mrs. Weston and Henry Weston listened with more of curiosity than interest. It was a deed to Hale-Weston and much besides. The land, buildings, stock, and equipments of the place were described, also the Highlands property which had just been bought,—everything, in short, of which Mr. Weston had been possessed at the date of writing, nearly twenty years before, and apparently all that might accrue from those possessions; and it conveyed to Alexander Weston, from Levi Cohen, a great fortune in detail,—but to Alexander Weston as trustee for Algernon Weston. Mr. Wickham, who had read along in a clear, monotonous voice, suddenly stopped and caught his breath with a gasp. An electric shiver seemed to run through all the little group at this strange mention of Algy's name first, except Mrs. Weston. She looked around impatiently and raised her hand in command.

"Go on," she said.

The lawyer's business-like self-possession was shaken. He hesitated for a moment, and glanced at Henry Weston, who seemed to foresee what was to follow as strangely as his mother seemed to feel no apprehension.

"Will you kindly proceed?" he said, in a cool voice.

Mr. Wickham began again: it was some little time before he brought himself back to the same tone in which he began the reading:

"To Algernon Weston, second son of Alexander Weston, Esquire, and Angela, his wife, of Hale-Weston, in the county of —, for his sole use and advantage, with liberty to buy, sell," etc.,—and all the legal verbiage in which this was made sure and fast.

In the dead pause that followed, when everything swam before Algy's eyes, and Henry Weston hardly knew whether he were waking

or dreaming, Mrs. Weston did not take it in, at all. She even had difficulty in placing the name of Levi Cohen, so little familiar was she with it. Nobody spoke for five minutes. Then Mrs. Weston said,—

“But, I understand, nothing can prevent me from having a third of all my husband’s property if I choose to claim it?”

“Certainly not,” said the lawyer, gently, trying to make her understand. “But, so far as we know now, Mr. Weston owned no property. He was a trustee. This deed enumerates all the property of every kind that we know at present Mr. Weston was supposed to own. This paper is very comprehensive. It gives the usufruct and all the accretions. It seems designed to embrace not only all Mr. Weston was supposed to possess, but all he might at any future time become possessed of.”

He could not say, in the house of the dead man, and before his widow and children, that he believed Sandy Weston to have been a thorough-going scoundrel, and that the deed was a fraud in effect though not in act. Dr. Peyton, cut to the heart with remorse, remembering with keenest anguish the conversation he had with Mr. Weston, knew that he had repented,—that could he have had a little more of life this frightful wrong would have been remedied.

Mrs. Weston asking, with pale lips, but still perfectly composed, of Mr. Wickham, “Will you not explain it further to me?” the lawyer said, still with great gentleness,—

“Mr. Weston seems from this to have merely held this property as trustee.” Turning the paper over, he examined it carefully. “It was probably—I may say positively, for here is the date—written not many years after the time he acquired—or was supposed to acquire—the property. He seems to have kept it some years, because a space was left for the introduction of a name. On the outside you will see it is endorsed with a later date; and it corresponds with the introduction of the name of Mr. Algernon Weston. Here it is: ‘May 24, 181—.’”

Something in the date struck Mrs. Weston forcibly. She remembered the Chevalier Vaughan returned from a trip to Europe that spring. May,—was it not in May the time he kissed her hand?—and the greenhouse! Ah, how plain it was! Was ever any mortal creature so punished for such a fault! And what had not Sandy Weston said to her that day!—what would he not have said to her, had she not cowed him into silence by a wrath that terrified herself as much as it terrified him! His revenge was slow, but it was complete. Then his face, ashy and distorted, rose up, as he looked that last morning on the porch. She saw him before her so plainly she could not see anybody else, and he was so lately dead that her anger could not hold. Again she saw him in his grave-clothes, meek with the terrible meekness of death. Yes, perhaps she was to blame a little. And then the words he had tried to say the day he was stricken— And as she sat, outwardly calm and erect, those who knew not the tempest of her soul thought her self-possession the most wonderful thing they had ever seen in their lives.

Presently she heard Dr. Peyton saying, in a voice that sounded to her far away,—

"I think it my duty to state that the day before Mr. Weston's last attack I found him in this room searching in his safe for a paper which he told me he wished to destroy. He said, 'Great injustice will result if that paper is not destroyed.' I urged him to wait until the next day to find it. He agreed; and I may blame myself that——" Here the poor doctor stopped, choking with emotion. But for him, Mrs. Angela Weston might not now be sitting like a statue before him, ruined, peniless, and humiliated.

"We must find out," said Mr. Wickham, "whether Levi Cohen is alive."

"He is dead," said Mrs. Weston, in a cold, calm voice. "He has been dead for more than twelve years, I now remember."

Next Henry spoke: "Unfortunate as it is for our mother, it would be an undeserved outrage to my brother Algernon to assume that he would fail to provide suitably and liberally for her and my sister."

Algy glanced at Maria, as he usually did before answering.

"Of course," he said.

Mrs. Weston turned and looked at him. Her eyes travelled from his ungainly feet up to his sandy poll. No, Algernon was a hopeless case. Weak without being vicious, an arrant coward, and absolutely dominated by the pretty shrew who had married him, nothing could be hoped from him,—nothing, at least, without Maria's consent,—and Mrs. Weston had too much knowledge of human nature to expect generosity from a fawning subordinate suddenly elevated over the heads of those on whom she has fawned. Too much sitting with her back to the horses, too much eating of the necks and scrags of chickens, too much making over of other people's old finery for herself, had entirely overcome Maria's moral sense.

Mrs. Weston rose.

"My son, will you give me your arm? Come, Toinette: Anne will take you," she said.

As Henry Weston, very tall and straight, although his face was even more deadly pale than his mother's, escorted her out of the room on his arm, Mr. Wickham made the most *malapropos* speech of his life.

"Don't tell me," said he, addressing an audience composed of Maria and Algy,—for the poor doctor had slipped out with Mrs. Weston and Henry,—“that there is no difference between a scrub and a thoroughbred. Scrubs are scrubs; and thoroughbreds are thoroughbreds.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE county, which had always depended greatly upon Hale-Weston for its sensations, found the last one the most tragically interesting of all that had occurred since old Colonel Weston had marched out, leaving behind him his only child, Angela, married to his ninth-cousin Sandy Weston. The commotion that was raised after that meeting that took place in the library is hardly to be described. The old whisperings about the Chevalier Vaughan were revived, and a hurricane of talk

raged from one end of the county to the other. The status of the case was of course perfectly well understood. There was no ground for a legal contest. Mr. Weston was simply a trustee for the great fortune he was supposed to own, and the owner thereof, Levi Cohen, had selected Algy Weston to become the future master. Also of course everybody knew—or thought to know—just the circumstances under which the deed was made. Mr. Weston in his early life was somewhat given to shady transactions: the whole transaction regarding Hale-Weston and Levi Cohen and the old colonel was suspicious; but it was within the letter of the law. Afterwards, when Mr. Weston had become—let us hope—a better man, these things were forgotten; but they came back to plague those he left behind. It was also settled in the minds of the county people that, for decency's sake, Algy Weston and his wife would not stint Mrs. Angela during her lifetime, nor Toinette. They were not so sure how Henry Weston would fare; but, anyhow, he had Shabby Hall,—or could have it, as Algy would scarcely make a claim to any share of that inconsiderable property. This very arrangement occurred to Henry Weston, on the day he first knew his fate, as, after leaving his mother in her room, he walked far down into the woods, that he might study this new and awful event. He had fostered the idea so pleasing to him of being eventually Weston of Hale-Weston. His mother's pride and confidence in him had not been without its fruit; and the descent was calculated to appall him. But he perceived in himself no diminution of his own respect. Nor could he bring himself to accept anything from Algy and Maria; for he had not lived in the house with his new sister-in-law six months for nothing. In fact, he had suggested to his mother only a day or two before that it would be better for her own comfort to have the young couple established elsewhere. He had even—grotesquely enough, it seemed to him then—suggested Shabby Hall, generously proposing, however, that the old house should be handsomely and comfortably improved. Now he would be the one to go to Shabby Hall, and he felt quite sure that no improvements would be mentioned by either Algy or Maria. But his mother and Toinette weighed upon him. He felt no false sense of obligation in what Algy might do for them. It was Algy's privilege, as well as his obligation, to provide liberally for his mother and sister out of the great property that ought to have been theirs. But he doubted; he doubted.

He sat down on a log on the edge of a bubbling spring far in the woods, and tried to take in what had happened. He did not very well understand what poverty was, having never made its acquaintance. It seemed to him a mortifying and uncomfortable thing to be living poorly at Shabby Hall, but nothing a man might not bear manfully. Even at that moment he thought, if Anne Brandon were his wife he would have something to make Shabby Hall endurable. But Jeanne! He remembered that when the wheat-crop had been sold his half-yearly allowance had been lodged in bank for him. There was no shame in his using the remainder of that. When that was gone, he did not know how it would be. Then that other pang about the Chevalier Vaughan,—that alone wrung a groan from Henry Weston's breast.

Towards dusk he wended his way homeward. As he entered the Hale-Weston house he met Anne going out. He stopped her.

"Will you not stay for my mother's sake?" he asked.

Anne shook her head. "I can't," she said. "I, too, suffer. I will try to come back in a day or two, but—it is too hard: I cannot stand any more to-day."

And it was for him that this brave creature suffered. He pressed her hand in his.

"Shabby Hall with you would be better than Hale-Weston with any other woman," he said.

Mrs. Weston that evening roused herself from the stupor in which she had lived since the mid-day. She made a careful toilette, and went down to tea, and took her place, stately and composed, at the head of the table. Henry took his usual place since his father's death, at the foot. Algy and Maria, the master and mistress, sat on the side, as did little Toinette. Afterwards, Mrs. Weston sat a little while in the drawing-room, and talked as she generally did, gave a few orders in her usual distinct voice, and went up-stairs presently on Henry's arm.

At her own door he left her, and went to his room. He sent Jake out, who was lying asleep on the rug before the fire, and then seated himself in an arm-chair and fixed his eyes on the cheerful blaze. Presently the door opened softly, and old Keziah entered, and took up her stand next the fireplace.

"Do you want anything of me?" said Henry Weston, rousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"No, honey, I doan' want nuttin' 'tall. But I hed ter come in dis night an' talk to you. Hit meck me think 'bout de time ole marse and ole missis dey went ter Shabby Hall fum Hale-Weston. Hector an' me went wid 'em. When dey died, an' we come back ter dis side o' de crick, you was a leetle black-eyed boy, allus under de hosses' heels an' a-tumblin' in de crick. Marse Algy he set down anywhar' you put him, an' he never move."

"He must have been much the most agreeable youngster," said Henry, with a slight smile.

A look of infinite contempt came into Keziah's honest black face. She continued, carefully avoiding Algy's name:

"I ain't forgot ole marse an' missis, but I ain't thought on 'em like I has dis day sence dey went away. Seems like I c'yarn git 'em out o' my min'. I hear ole marse, he bawl 'Keziah!' twell you could hear him at de ice-house, and little missy—dat's yo' ma,—she lisp when she was a leetle gal,—she say, 'Kethiah!' You looks mighty like ole marse, —'cep' Hector he 'low you got heap mo' sense. Ole marse he were a man, dough, sho' 'nuff. I rek'lec' when he went ter Shabby Hall all de quality-folks in de county dey call fer ter pay dey respec's."

Henry felt that every word she uttered was an implied reproach to his own parents. Yet he could not but listen. He had never been able to get much about his grandparents out of his father and mother.

"De quality come in de kerridges, an' dey come o' hossback. Hit discomfuse me when I couldn' han' de waiter roun' wid de cake an'

wine 'kase de warn't no cake an' wine, but dey come all de same. 'Twas mighty disqualifyin' ter Hector, too, 'kase he didn' have no stable fer ter put de hosses in when cump'ny come. But dey kep' on comin'."

She paused a little, going back to that dead-and-gone time of poverty and humiliation.

"Arf" missis died, ole marse he teck off he blue coat wid de brass buttons an' he give it ter Hector. Hector he got-dat coat now. Ole marse he w'yar a black coat he had. 'Twas mighty shabby and white at de seams. I ink de seams ev'y Sunday fo' he go ter chu'ch. An' all de quality, dey would wait fur ole marse outside de chu'ch do', an' dey shake he han', an' dey say, 'Howdy, colonel? Hopes you is well? May I hev de pledger of yo' cump'ny fur dinner Tuesday—er Wednesday?'—'kase he could 'a' gone visitin' ev'y day; but he didn' go nowhar. Den, 'bout two monts arf' missis die, one day he say to Hector, 'Take me ter bed, boy. I ain't got ter stay here long.' 'Twas snow on de groun', an' yo' ma she was sick an' couldn't git ter Shabby Hall, an' yo' pa——"

Here she paused awkwardly.

"Ole marse was sorter onfrien'ly ter yo' pa. He jes' lay d'yar, an' he warn't in no pain. He jes' was kinder sleepy. An' one night I had done tole Hector if ole marse didn' git no better by mornin' I was gwine ter come over ter Hale-Weston an' tell yo' ma she oughter sen' fur Doc' Peyton. I was settin' by de fire, an' Hector he set by de bed, an' I thought bofe on 'em was 'sleep, when ole marse he set up in de bed, an' call out, 'Hector, has you got de lantern?' Hector he wake up wid a snort. When ole marse went a-fox-huntin' missis allus meck Hector c'yar a lantern, 'kase, comin' home at night, when dey ride ober de bridge down at de head o' de lane ole marse could see. Dat was a mighty dange'ous bridge den, an' ole marse he wouldn't have dat bridge fix'. He say 'tain't nuttin' de matter wid de bridge. An' missis she could see de lantern fum de house when Hector flash hit, an' she know den ole marse was a-comin'. So Hector, when ole marse call out, he look at me, an' bofe knowed what was gwine ter happen. When sick folks 'gins ter talk 'bout lights an' sich, hit's a sho' sign dey's a-gwine ter die. Hector he say, kinder skeered, 'Yes, sir, I done got de lantern.' Den ole marse he pitch an' toss on de pillar, an' he say, 'Hit's mighty dark here. Hector, hol' de lantern up.' An' Hector he say, solemn like, 'Marster, de Lord done tooken de lantern now. He gwine make it light fur you.' I hed on a clean white ap'on, an' I took an' wipe he forehead, an' 'twas damp. Pres'n'y ole marse he git fretful, an' say, 'Hit's slow work gittin' home to-night. Yo' mistis 'll blow us both up, hay, boy?' An' Hector he say, de same way, 'Yo' is gittin' home fas', marster, an' ole missis is waitin'. Ain't it gittin' lighter, marster?' An' ole marse he say, 'Yes, boy, hit's a heap lighter.' An' 'fo' mornin' he was dade."

Henry Weston listened without losing a word. All the details he could easily supply,—the poor colonel, aged and broken, the outspoken sympathy on the part of the county people, the old man's lonely death-bed, with only the faithful serving man and woman. Well, it was to

be expected that those who acquired Hale-Weston from the poor colonel should some day lose it. Only, he lost it for Algy to gain it.

Keziah drew up a cricket and seated herself by the fireplace. How long they had sat there in silence Henry Weston knew not. Presently a tap came at the door. Hector stood outside.

"My marster," said he, "I come ter ask ef I couldn't bresh yo' close, er git yo' hot water." Hector, being the major-domo, had never done this for anybody since Henry Weston could remember.

"Certainly not," said he, good-humoredly. "Where is Jake?"

"Heah I is, Marse Henry," replied Jake, running in.

Jake pulled off his master's boots, Keziah fetched his dressing-gown, and Hector carried off his coat in triumph to "bresh." They all knew what had happened. It was their humble way of paying him respect.

Quite naturally, it was understood that the sooner an understanding was reached in regard to the affairs of the Hale-Weston family the better. Algy readily agreed to make his mother a liberal allowance. Mr. Wickham seized the opportunity to put it in binding legal form, and thought it well to instruct Mrs. Weston in advance as to the best means of getting it in case it was not promptly paid. Algy made magnificent but vague offers of assistance to Henry, which were all declined, except the conveyance of any interest he might have in Shabby Hall. Then Hector and Keziah announced that they meant to go over to Shabby Hall with "little marse." Jake had already proclaimed that he "longed ter Marse Henry. De law giv' a gentmun he body-sarvint." This original view of the question was not, in effect, disputed. Neither Algy nor Maria would have had the face, if indeed they had the inclination, to object. Regarding Hector and Keziah, as servants brought up in the family and occupying responsible places during three generations, Hector and Keziah had a certain independence of opinion. Both, to the surprise and disgust of Algy and Maria, packed up bag and baggage and went over to Shabby Hall some days before Henry Weston made his final move. Hector had been butler, factotum, and what not for so many years at Hale-Weston, and Keziah had occupied a like position in the feminine department for an equal length of time, that their loss was a serious inconvenience to the new master and mistress. Henry reasoned with them to induce them to return, but they flatly refused. It would have required force, and would also have involved a scandal, to get them back, for family servants were treated with considerable respect in those days: so, unpleasant as it was for Algy and Maria, they took no steps to get them back. Mrs. Weston laughed quietly when she heard of their hegira. It was the first time she had laughed since that fatal day in the library.

In less than two weeks Henry Weston was ready to go to Shabby Hall. He intended to keep the actual hour of his departure a secret from the servants, but Jake and Hector and Keziah had taken care that they should be informed. His horse was saddled and standing before the door when the field-hands came in at twelve o'clock. Without a word every one of them came quietly—over a hundred men, farmhands, teamsters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights,—all the laborers among

five hundred negroes—and stood about on the steps and the gravelled walk to tell “little marse” good-by. Then a great crowd of women and children hung on the outskirts. Henry Weston could not help but pass through them. He shook hands silently with every one. Sobs were heard from the women-servants about the house, as they peered out of doors and windows, wiping their eyes on their aprons. The men said, “Good-by, Marse Henry,” “Gord bless you, little marse!” “Doan’ furgit Josh dat useter play de fiddle fur you,” “Doan’ furgit Torm an’ Jim Henry, please, sir,” “Heah’s ole Mose, come fer ter wish you well,”—all the primitive and touching farewells their simple hearts could think of. First it was meant as a tribute of respect to the man they had hoped would own them, and secondly as an implied slight to their present master, whom they did not regard as wholly a gentleman. The taint of “po’ white trash” survived in Algy. There is no such aristocrat living as your full-blooded African.

Mrs. Weston, watching the scene from her chamber window, laughed the quiet mirthless laugh with which she had greeted the news of Hector’s and Keziah’s high-handed doings. And Henry Weston, with his eyes dimmed by the first tears of his manhood, rode slowly out of the magnolia avenue towards the little weather-beaten house a mile away. Hale-Weston was nevermore to be his.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Henry Weston reached Shabby Hall, and Jake had taken his horse at the door, he strode in and looked around. First was the narrow and squalid passage, in contrast to the noble entrance-hall of Hale-Weston. To the right and the left were small rooms. Henry Weston entered the left-hand room at a venture. It had been the dining- and sitting-room of Colonel and Mrs. Weston in their last days. A stained mahogany table, a few rickety chairs, and an old clock over the high wooden mantel comprised the furniture. A square of rag-carpet was on the floor. But in the fireplace a fire of hickory logs was leaping and blazing. It was the only cheerful thing in the room. Henry Weston drew up his grandfather’s arm-chair to the hearth, and, throwing himself in it, looked straight before him. He did not know what he was thinking about. All that he had lost was present to him,—all the shame and humiliation that had befallen him, all that might befall. He knew not how long he had sat there,—only that night was falling.

After a while Jake came in, and, lighting a candle on the table, took from behind the clock a letter.

“Dis heah letter I got out’n de Hale-Weston mail,” he said, and went out,—for Jake knew that his master got but few letters, and those always disturbed him.

Henry Weston recognized the awkward, sprawling hand. Yes, it was Jeanne’s. Only this was wanting to make his misery and downfall complete. Something of the man’s involuntary courage made him break it open at once, without dallying with it.

The letter was short :

"MY FRIEND,—We have been miserable together. For my part, I could not endure the idea of having to live in the country, which is sad at all seasons. I like gayety and life. You will be glad to know that you need send me no more money. When this reaches you I shall be on my way back to Paris. My cousin Adolphe goes with me. You will not be able to kill him, because we have taken precautions that you may not find out who and where we are. I thank you for the diamonds, which I will keep in grateful remembrance. You will never see or hear of me any more.

"JEANNE."

Some hours after that, Jake crept into the room. He had intended to replenish the fire, which had gone out, but when he caught sight of Henry Weston sitting in the same place, with one clinched fist on the table, he hastily shut the door, and vanished.

As for Henry Weston, the rage and despair of those first hours had prevented him from thinking connectedly; but when, later in the night, the first fury had spent itself, the necessity for vengeance appeared; for, according to the code in which he had been schooled, he must kill the man who had taken his worthless wife away from him. He could not else be admitted to the society of honorable men. Of course he must follow them,—they would not be so hard to find as they imagined,—but it could not be done without some forethought; and this planning he found himself unable to do. And then it came to him gradually that the killing of the man who had dishonored his wife would not be enough. Was it not his duty to slay also that other man for what had been brought upon his mother? And so this distracted and infuriated Henry Weston, this once brave, handsome, light-hearted man, sat and revolved murder in his heart.

All that night and the next day this terrible vengeance possessed him. It seemed as if he had known nothing but the falseness and wickedness of men and women all his life. Who, of them all, was not a traitor? Anne Brandon—but he put the thought of her away from him. In the madness to which he had surrendered himself, the thought of her was discordant. But for her, he could have pronounced the whole world bad,—as bad as he knew himself to be at that moment. And had not she, too, injured him? So when she obtruded on his thoughts he drove her image away with curses. But then there was a strange dulness and numbness in all his faculties. He said to himself each hour that he would rouse himself,—that the work appointed for him to do was waiting. Something must be done at once. He vaguely remembered that money would be necessary, and he must see Mr. Wickham. And yet he could get no further than that. The dreadful details of the tracking of this man and this woman escaped him while they weighed upon him, and suddenly the strange and deadly conviction that he had two crimes to avenge flashed fully upon him. He almost laughed at the idea that he should begin a chase of many thousand miles after this curly-headed, greasy little hair-dresser, with the Chevalier Vaughan within five miles of him; and the Chevalier's was the greater crime, he thought. For what had not the bare suspicion brought upon him,

Henry Weston, and his mother! All the slight suspicions he had ever harbored in his life came back to him, startlingly magnified. What had he been thinking of, to let this man go on, happy and popular and rich and contented, with that awful reckoning yet unsettled? In dwelling on this thought, so immediate, of so long standing, he almost forgot the little hair-dresser. He knew not if it were hours or days after the letter had come that he saw Dr. Peyton walking into the dreary little sitting-room. He heard the doctor's voice as if in a mist, far away. He was saying,—

"I called to see how you were getting on. This isn't a bad situation. It's healthy. Never heard of a case of fever and ague in my life here."

Henry Weston replied mechanically, something, he knew not what. The doctor continued, with awkward sympathy,—

"You ought to observe regular hours. A ride to-day would do you good."

"I am going to Berry Hill this evening," replied Henry Weston, quietly.

The doctor stayed half an hour. He had expected to find Henry Weston somewhat altered by the misfortunes that had fallen upon him, but he was totally unprepared for what he saw. Henry Weston's look and manner had so changed, and the change was so terrible, that Dr. Peyton verily believed that Henry Weston was on the verge of some great mental or physical collapse. His manner was singularly composed, and his attention was alert, but he looked gaunt and pallid beyond description. Yet his hand as he clasped the doctor's was burning hot. Dr. Peyton, after riding as far as the lane gate, stopped his horse, and turned half around. He deliberated five or ten minutes. Then he whipped up his horse and rode on, but not into the main road. He struck the disused wagon-road and went to Hale-Weston.

When he reached the house it was nearly dark. He dismounted, and, knocking at the door, was admitted. He went straight towards Mrs. Weston's sitting-room, where he knocked also. Mrs. Weston lay on a sofa, covered up.

The doctor sat down, and talked cheerfully to her for a few moments.

"Have you seen my son?" presently asked Mrs. Weston. Now, more than ever, was Henry Weston "my son."

"Yes," replied the doctor, with elaborate nonchalance. "I stopped at Shabby Hall just now. He looks badly, of course. He has been under a great mental strain. He is going up to Berry Hill to spend the night, I think, and I am going too. I've some patients that will keep me in this neighborhood all day to-morrow."

"Going to Berry Hill?"

Mrs. Weston's voice, always sweet and bell-like, had something mournful in it that touched Dr. Peyton deeply. Angela Weston's sorrows had always touched him.

"Yes. It will do him good," said the doctor, and continued to make talk for an hour more. He had called to see how Mrs. Weston was, and was glad she was improving. He would warn Henry to take

care of himself. "For—for," said the doctor, awkward and trembling, "he is dear to me,—dear to me. I do not know how people feel towards their children, but my heart yearned over him this afternoon as if he had been my own."

Mrs. Weston took his hand between her two soft palms, and looked at him without speaking; but the doctor read volumes in her dark and expressive eyes.

"But Berry Hill?" she said, presently. "I am not superstitious, but—pray go there to-night."

As the doctor, in the fast-coming night, rode out of Hale-Weston with a heavy heart, he stopped and did as if he would turn back, just as he had done at Shabby Hall; but he did not turn back. He put his horse in a sharp canter, and soon covered the five miles to Berry Hill.

As he dismounted for the third time that afternoon, the Chevalier Vaughan appeared upon the porch in the ruddy light from the hall within. The rain had begun to fall, and the Chevalier hurried the doctor inside. Almost immediately the storm increased. The doctor shook off a few rain-drops.

"Hear that," said the Chevalier, as the blast rose. "You were lucky to escape it."

"Very," said the doctor.

Peter, the Chevalier's factotum, was on the spot, and began to pull off the doctor's leggings. Instead of sitting down, Dr. Peyton stood up, supporting himself with his hand against the wall. Suddenly a bell pealed mournfully once or twice, as if above the roof immediately over them.

Dr. Peyton started, and Peter dropped the leg he was tugging at. The negro's face turned ashy. "'Fore Gord," he cried, "dat's de 'alarm-bell! It ain't rung afore sence de fire."

"It is nothing," cried the Chevalier, with something Dr. Peyton thought was nervousness. "It is an alarm-bell,—a useful thing to have on the plantation. The bell-rope I keep knotted up in that corner; but, as you see, it has become untied, and your hand grasped it.—Peter, tie that bell-rope up, sir!"

Peter placed a chair, and began to tie up the rope in many and hard knots.

"De fire warn't de las' time dis bell done ring, sho' 'nuff. When old marse die, dey rung it for de funeral——"

"You rascal, hold your croaking tongue!" cried the Chevalier. "You lazy black devils are as full of superstition—— Come, doctor. Fortunately, the storm will keep the rest of the hands from hearing the bell and bringing every one of them swarming up from the quarters."

The Chevalier led the way into the dining-room, where supper was already on the table. The fire was bright, there was the doctor's favorite roast duck, and the Chevalier brought out a bottle of '15 port, which was like nectar. But yet, to the doctor's simple heart, everything seemed changed. Even the Chevalier's cordiality seemed a little forced. It was impossible that all which had happened at Hale-Weston should not affect the few families in the neighborhood kin to Hale-Weston by long association.

The '15 port was supplemented, later on, in the library, by some choice cigars; but yet the poor doctor smoked sadly. "All is changed," he said, moodily, to the Chevalier. "Here I am a middle-aged man, with my few friends, my friends' houses, where I am welcome,—and see, Hale-Weston is broken up; for I can never make up my mind to go there with Algy Weston and that little upstart jade, his wife, in possession."

"Nor I," added the Chevalier, gravely.

"And there is Mrs. Weston, the handsomest woman in the county, and the most dignified. I always liked strangers to go to Hale-Weston: then they saw what sort of style we had in this county."

The doctor's generalizations did not impose on the Chevalier one whit. He knew exactly how he regarded Mrs. Weston, just as Dr. Peyton knew all about the affair between the Chevalier and Mrs. Weston so long ago.

The doctor, however, was so taken up with the injurious effects of the late changes that he did not notice a strange look on the Chevalier's face.

"And Henry Weston," kept on the doctor, fretfully, taking the cigar out of his mouth. "I don't think there was another such young fellow in the county; and if he isn't a desperate man I never saw one."

The Chevalier started: "Have you seen him lately?"

"Not two hours ago,—at Shabby Hall, in that leaky old sitting-room, with next to no fire,—though wood is plenty. By the way, he said he was coming here to-night; but the storm will keep him at home."

There was a slight pause.

"I have always felt," said the Chevalier, looking at the fire and not at the doctor, "a strong affection for Henry Weston. I think it impossible for one who entertained a high regard for Mrs. Weston not to include him. In fact," he continued, with a slight smile, "I doubt if Mrs. Weston would feel grateful for any regard which did not include him."

Dr. Peyton listened with some surprise. The Chevalier Vaughan and himself had grown up together, had been associated all their lives, had mutually respected and perfectly understood each other ever since the time when Angie Weston, the toast of the county, had snubbed the bashful young doctor for the gay and dashing Chevalier. But there had been no confidences between them,—indeed, but little sympathy. The doctor thought the Chevalier a little too much of a fine gentleman, and the Chevalier thought the doctor not quite enough of a fine gentleman.

The Chevalier glanced at Dr. Peyton. Something in his face inspired confidence. The Chevalier went on after a pause:

"I can hardly say the disposition of the property wholly surprised me. I never thought Mrs. Weston as safe as she fancied she was in securing Hale-Weston for Henry, although of course I did not foresee the strange turn things took. But still—— Did you ever make a will, doctor?"

The doctor smiled: "Well, I hardly thought my old gig, and one nag in it, and another in my stable, and my saddle-bags, worth willing away. My little land and few negroes go to my sister, who has many children and is a widow."

"I have no one, as you know; and all my property, in the event of my death, would go to my second-cousin up in the southwest. But so apprehensive was I of Henry Weston's not being left handsomely provided for, I thought I had contrived a way, in making my will, to give him something. I have an undivided interest in some mountain-land,—not worth much for anything but tobacco, unless the ores are got out of it,—and when I thought Henry Weston and Nancy Brandon bound to make a match I left it to her."

"Left it to George Brandon, you mean," growled the doctor.

"Not if you do your duty. I know George Brandon as well as any man in the world, and I followed our late friend Sandy Weston's example, and left it to a trustee; and you are the man."

The Chevalier smiled at the look of surprise in the doctor's countenance. The doctor shook his finger determinedly in the Chevalier's face:

"You may depend upon it that George Brandon will never get a stiver either in my lifetime or after my death, if he should outlive us both."

The Chevalier went on: "You see, my object was to ultimately benefit Henry Weston. When, however, I found that no match would take place between Anne Brandon and himself, that design was frustrated. I thought about changing things, giving Anne, whom I truly admire, a little trinket as I have given Elizabeth,—one gets fond of young things one has seen grow up around one,—but, on the whole, I concluded to let it stand. If Brandon should die, those girls would be penniless; and this little gift would be something for Anne,—something for them both."

"But," asked the doctor, "why should not Henry Weston and Nancy make a match? It seems to me the most natural thing in the world. I predicted it before they had finished cutting their teeth."

"It is quite impossible," answered the Chevalier, gravely.

The doctor sighed. The Chevalier spoke with conviction. Thus was another one of his pleasant dreams shattered.

As the case is, when one confidence has been given another is apt to follow. The Chevalier, pausing to take his cigar out of his mouth, continued:

"I have conceived another way of benefiting Henry Weston, though. This is a matter of great delicacy, Dr. Peyton."

The doctor threw his cigar in the fire, and pricked up his ears.

"I am well aware that certain things have been said about Mrs. Weston and myself. The terrible position in which she now finds herself is probably due to that unjust suspicion. It is a false one. If there were any truth in it, all that I have would be at her service. I think you know me well enough to be certain that I would do all, and more, that honor required of me. But I feel it would be madness at this time to offer anything in any way to Mrs. Weston, or to her son."

"Decidedly so," replied Dr. Peyton.

"But," said the Chevalier, again smiling, "I may say,—indeed, I may as well make a clean breast of it,—when a suitable time has elapsed I shall offer my hand and absolutely everything I possess to Mrs. Weston. She may ill treat me,—as I think she did twenty-five years ago; for she has changed little since those days,—she was only eighteen then,—but at least she shall have the chance to make me amends for her conduct."

The doctor in his heart doubted whether the Chevalier were not lying, chivalrously and generously, but yet lying, about Angela Weston's treatment of him. He could hardly bring himself to believe that any woman having the choice between Sandy Weston and the Chevalier Vaughan—least of all the pretty, high-spirited Angie—would or could have chosen the ex-overseer. He looked at the Chevalier, his well-knit figure, his handsome iron-gray head, his title as a gentleman written all over him, and could not but think that if Angela had been a little hasty perhaps the Chevalier had been a little slow. Nevertheless he held out his hand and grasped the Chevalier's. In that moment the two understood each other.

Jealousy had no place in Dr. Peyton's composition. The one romance of his life had centred upon Angela Weston. Yet he saw with the eyes of common sense the radical differences, the vast incongruity, between them. Angela Weston a country doctor's wife! Not for worlds would he have doomed her to that. But, being compelled to resign her himself,—a resignation which had been completed for so many years,—he felt no mean regret that another man, more worthy of her, should win the prize. He felt, indeed, a great sense of relief. Ah, how simple it was! In a little while—a year or two—she would regain all she had lost. It would be hers to give to that adored son: the Chevalier had said so.

The Chevalier spoke again:

"Could slander and calumny withstand that? Could any man do more to signify his faith in her? And one thing I am determined on: the whole county shall know when I make my offer. I'll engage you to tell Mrs. Thorpe in confidence. That will secure its being spread broadcast over the land."

The doctor chuckled in his good humor. There was certainly a rift in the cloud, beyond which the heavenly blue could be seen.

As the evening wore on, the storm increased. The two talked of Henry Weston, and the doctor's cheerfulness increased, but about eleven o'clock he found himself yawning involuntarily once or twice, and his host, seeing it, called for Peter and candles and escorted him up to his chamber.

But when the doctor sat down before the bright wood fire blazing away merrily, the sleep departed from his eyes. The wind howled frightfully and rattled the chimney-pots. The branches of the trees were swept against the window-panes, and the rain pattered upon them in fierce gusts. Dr. Peyton concluded he would not go to bed immediately.

Down-stairs, the Chevalier Vaughan also found sitting up more to

his fancy than going to bed. His mind was on Henry Weston, and suddenly in the midst of his reverie he heard—or thought he heard—a step upon the gallery that ran around the house, and saw Henry Weston, with a changed and desperate face, peering in at the window. He sat still, overcome with a kind of horror. He had had strange feelings, almost forebodings, since the doctor had left him. If it was Henry Weston, he was the bearer of ill news from Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston might be ill, and she might have sent for him. The thought troubled him. He rose and walked up and down, and sat down again in the great chair facing the fire. In ten minutes he saw the window opening on the gallery raised, and Henry Weston, enveloped in a huge riding-cloak, from which the water streamed over the carpet, stepped in and shut the window carefully after him.

The Chevalier was hardly surprised. "Why, my dear fellow—" he began, in his cordial way; but Weston, pushing rudely by his proffered hand, put down upon the table an old-fashioned mahogany pistol-case. Then he advanced to the fire.

The Chevalier, looking at his blazing eyes set in his haggard face, began to fear for him. But Henry Weston, quietly drawing up a chair, threw back his wet cloak, and spread his chilled hands over the blaze.

The Chevalier poured out a glass of wine from the decanter that stood on the table.

"This is some of my father's old port, that Dr. Peyton and myself have been punishing to-night," he said, with an assumed cheerfulness. "It is famous to keep out cold."

Henry Weston took the glass of wine and examined it critically, but did not drink it.

"The night is wild," he said. "When I crossed Fox Mill Creek I had to take to the foot-bridge and swim my horse."

"Ah?" replied the Chevalier, in the tone of asking a question. "The foot-bridge is dangerous walking on a dark night."

Henry Weston had risen by this time and walked over to the table where he had put his mahogany case, and was unfastening it with clumsy fingers. "Is it possible," said the Chevalier, "that your horse is standing all this time?"—for hospitality in those days meant kindness to both man and beast.

Henry Weston, though, apparently had not heard. He lifted one of the pair of duelling-pistols in the case, and was turning it over. The Chevalier had a curious sensation; yet he did not refer Henry Weston's actions in any way to himself. He thought the young man had become involved in trouble with somebody else and had come to consult him. The Chevalier Vaughan was authority on duelling, which had not then gone out of fashion.

If so, Henry Weston made no sign. He examined carefully the pistol he held, and then spoke to the Chevalier without looking at him.

"Chevalier," he said, "I have a duty to perform. I'm not a shirker: at least I *was* not," he corrected himself.

The Chevalier was silent. He could not understand the direction in which Henry Weston's mind was travelling.

"Don't you remember, one day, a long time ago,—it was in the

late spring, because the magnolia-trees were in bloom,—you were in the greenhouse at Hale-Weston, and you kissed my—my mother's hand?"

A deep red dyed the Chevalier's face. Yes, he remembered it only too well; but he did not feel like acknowledging it before this young fellow.

"I don't know," he answered, assuming his old airiness of manner. "Your mother has permitted me occasionally to kiss her honored hand: such respectful freedoms as old friendship——"

Henry Weston, meanwhile, with his pistol cocked, was advancing on the Chevalier. All at once his murderous design was made clear to the man facing him in the chair. The Chevalier threw wide his arms. He saw, if Henry Weston meant to kill him, it was too late for anything like escape.

"You would not murder an unarmed man!" he cried.

At that very instant Henry Weston was almost upon him, with the pistol grasped in his trembling hand. Whether he took deliberate aim or not, a shot rang out, and a bullet whizzed past the Chevalier's head.

The Chevalier sprang up, and rushed at him. Dr. Peyton, sitting up-stairs by his bedroom fire, heard the raising of the window and the murmur of voices, then the sound—muffled, but unmistakable—of the pistol-shot. He jumped from his chair and ran down-stairs.

As he opened the library door he saw the Chevalier Vaughan seize Henry Weston, who was saying, sullenly,—

"I tell you it went off by accident. I will draw the load."

He had picked the pistol up from the floor.

"Give it me," demanded the Chevalier, still holding him.

"Upon that order, Chevalier?" asked Henry Weston, in the same tone,—a tone with a menace in it.

The Chevalier, who was a powerful man, caught Henry Weston's arm. Then, as in a dream, the doctor saw a fierce scuffle, heard the noise of the heavy pistol dropping on the floor, and two sharp reports following. The Chevalier threw Henry Weston off with an effort, walked quite steadily to the arm-chair from which he had risen, and, seating himself, laid his head back, and all at once a torrent of blood gushed from his neck, and he closed his eyes.

In Dr. Peyton's quiet life he had seldom been brought face to face with terrible emergencies. He quite lost the power of motion. Even the doctor's instinct to stanch the blood utterly failed him. He saw Henry Weston calmly wipe the still smoking pistol with his white handkerchief. He heard him say, "Had he asked for it properly, I would have given it. But to struggle for a loaded pistol,—some accident was bound to occur. At all events, he has saved me the trouble of killing him."

At that moment there was a loud commotion at the hall door,—the grinding of wheels upon the gravel, the sound of horses' hoofs, of shrill voices. Dr. Peyton, as in a dream, turned into the hall, and, reaching up, seized the rope of the alarm-bell; but his uncertain grasp only caused the bell to vibrate in two or three long and solemn peals. The clamor for admission from the outside grew louder. He recognized Mrs. Weston's clear, high tones. "For God's sake!" she cried.

Dr. Peyton, with trembling fingers, tugged at the wooden bar that fastened the outer door, but he could not unfasten it. From other doors, though, poured a swarm of negroes, the house-servants, who had been startled by the ominous pealing of the bell. Their faces wore the ashy color a negro turns when overcome with superstitious terror. Peter was the first to go to the doctor's assistance.

"Y-y-y-ou git away, Marse Doctor," said he, stuttering with fright. "I kin ondo it. Whar's marse?"

The simple inquiry, the sound of a human voice, brought the doctor to his senses. Without a word he rushed back into the library, and up to the chair in which the Chevalier lay, and which was deluged with blood. One look told the whole story to his practised eye. No need to feel that pulseless wrist, to tear open the coat to hear that silent heart; yet the doctor did it all. The Chevalier had probably died the instant he fell upon the chair. A bullet, coming upward, had passed through the large veins of the neck and had gone straight to the brain.

The noise of the opening door and the approach of many feet caused Dr. Peyton to raise his head. His eyes fell upon Henry Weston standing quite motionless. He had laid the pistol down. The doctor went up and caught hold of him. Weston stared at him and then shook him angrily off.

"Why do you trouble me?" he said. "Have I not told you for a month past of this terrible pain here?"—he struck his forehead,— "and just now, when you took that pistol away, you caused me to drop it. If you are hurt, you can blame yourself."

"I am not the Chevalier Vaughan. I am Dr. Peyton. Don't you know me?" said the doctor, trembling.

"Ah!" replied Henry Weston, looking embarrassed. "Forgive me. I have been somewhat confused of late. Things are unreal."

He was clearly out of his mind. His eye, bright yet wandering, and his disconnected speech, told it all to Dr. Peyton.

And then there was a loud and desperate cry. The servants had held back for Mrs. Weston to enter, and when they caught sight of the ghastly form in the arm-chair, shrieks burst from them. Mrs. Weston, cloaked and hooded, ran up to the Chevalier Vaughan. She seized his head in her hands, and the horrible stream soaked her hands and her garments. "Doctor! doctor!" she screamed, "come here at once! You are doing nothing to stop this blood."

"It is not worth while," said the doctor, "and, besides, Henry Weston needs me now. There is not a moment to lose. He is in the most violent stage of brain-fever. Look here."

For Henry Weston had rolled up his sleeve and showed his once brawny arm, now a mere framework of bone and muscle. His facial thinness was as nothing compared to this. The expression on his face was appalling.

"Dr. Peyton," said he, "something has eaten all the flesh off my bones. Feel how hot my hands are."

Then he looked up and saw his mother.

"That black rascal Jake," he said, "no doubt went tearing over to Hale-Weston and gave a general alarm because I happened to come

out at rather a late hour to spend the evening with the Chevalier Vaughan. By the way, doctor, where is the Chevalier, anyway?"

The negroes, meanwhile, with wild lamentations, had gathered around their master,—a master kindly and well beloved. Angela Weston stood motionless, still holding the poor head in her arms. The unspeakable thoughts that possessed her made her altogether forgetful of what went on around her. Time, with her, was no more. She had gone back to the days when neither earth nor heaven held anything for her but the dead man.

Dr. Peyton came up to her hurriedly: "I must at once take some blood from Henry. I must get him up-stairs. Then I will return to you. Angela! Angela!"

Mrs. Weston neither saw nor heard him. He had never called her by name before. But, like herself, twenty-five years had become to him as one day. He only saw the Angela Weston of his youth in this poor, agonized creature.

He took Henry Weston by the arm, who was now quite passive, and led him from the room. As he passed the Chevalier's body, he glanced at it indifferently. The weeping negroes shrank away from him. His mother for once forgot to look at or speak to him. As the doctor was leading him up the broad stairs, a noisy fall was heard. Henry Weston had dropped senseless, his tall form hideously bent and doubled up.

"Help, here!" cried the doctor. "Peter! Peter!"

Peter came out, sobbing, and stood at the foot of the stairs without advancing.

"Don't you see?" cried the doctor, impatiently. "I can't carry him up by myself."

"I doan' want ter tech him," said Peter, doggedly. "Ef it hadn't been fur him my marster wouldn't 'a' bin kilt."

A little thin stream of blood began to trickle from under Henry Weston's thick brown hair, upon his temple.

"He is hurt himself," said the doctor. "That's where the second bullet went. They both struggled for the pistol. Come here."

The wound, albeit it was but a scratch, seemed to remove Peter's scruples. Between the two, they got him up-stairs. The look on Henry Weston's livid face, and the fierce fever that consumed him, softened Peter's heart.

"I spec' he gw' die 'fore we git him up-st'yars," he said. "Marse wuz allus mighty fond o' him, an' he sut'ny wuz a gentmun, Marse Henry wuz."

CHAPTER XIV.

A TRAGEDY in a quiet country neighborhood is every whit a tragedy. People were prepared for something dreadful to happen at Hale-Weston after the startling events there, but what really did occur seemed to unhinge the whole neighborhood. On the day of the Chevalier's funeral, Dr. Peyton was unable to leave Henry Weston for a single moment, and in the pauses of the burial-service could be heard, in spite of

closed doors and windows, the delirious shrieks of the unhappy young man as he battled for his life. Mr. Steptoe, his coarse and jovial face quite blanched and awe-stricken, performed the services. As these ominous sounds came from the sick-room, the people shuddered. Once, when they were louder than usual, Anne Brandon, who sat, closely veiled, near the coffin, rose up suddenly as if to go to him, then sat down again. Mr. Steptoe, in a husky voice, explained that although it was not customary to speak of the dead over whom ceremonies were being performed, or of the circumstances of their death, he would yet say that the sympathies of all should be with the unfortunate young man overhead, who himself missed by a hair's breadth death from the same accident that killed his friend. Dr. Peyton had told him that Henry Weston would in all probability never remember the circumstances, and it would be the greatest of mercies. Dr. Peyton had also said that the very last utterances of their dead friend were in praise and esteem of Henry Weston. People who had thought the Rev. Mr. Steptoe nothing but a cock-fighting parson changed their opinion on that day. His emotion was too plain. In truth, he had greatly admired the Chevalier Vaughan, who had never by covert sneers reminded him of his humble origin, and who in some way served as a model to the coarser-fibred clergyman.

The funeral procession took its slow way to Petsworth Church, where the Vaughans were buried, and as the clergyman threw the first clods on the coffin a wail arose from Peter and the other negroes who had been born and raised under the Chevalier's kindly rule.

"He wuz de bes' o' marsters," wept Peter.

Mrs. Weston had been carried back to Hale-Weston on the night of the Chevalier's death, and had lain in something that looked like a stupor ever since, asking for no one, not even Henry Weston, neither speaking nor opening her eyes voluntarily. Dr. Peyton's heart ached to be with her, but his duty kept him at Henry Weston's side. Mrs. Weston's malady might torture, but it could not kill; while the doctor felt very little hope that Henry Weston would ever rise from that bed on which he groaned and tossed.

Anne Brandon went over to Hale-Weston at once, and stayed for some days. Maria and Algy felt glad to have her; for, although Mrs. Thorpe and the Wickhams—indeed, all who had been linked by long association with the Hale-Weston family—offered their services and came to them with the sympathy of people who have long lived the same lives together, Anne was the only one towards whom Mrs. Weston had ever indicated any especial fondness. She did not even do that now. Anne, sitting remote in the darkened room, heard no sign from Mrs. Weston lying on the bed with eyes closed, or else wide open, fixed, and unseeing. For herself, she sometimes wished that she could change places with Henry Weston's mother, lying half unconscious, almost dulled to the knowledge of his danger and sore distress. Her heart beat so fiercely that it seemed as if it would rend itself. If he lived or if he died, there was only unspeakable wretchedness. The long hours of the night, when she sat and gazed at the embers and occasionally fell off in a troubled sleep in her chair, when dreadful spectres haunted her

sick imagination, were full of a misery so sharp that she said to herself, "I did not think that any one could live, and suffer as I do."

For four weeks Dr. Peyton scarcely left Henry Weston; and then one day he rode over to Hale-Weston. He had been there before, but only to see Mrs. Weston for a few moments and to try and rouse her from her curious state. This time, though, his face wore something like a cheerful look.

He was shown up into Mrs. Weston's sitting-room. She lay on the sofa then, but still silent, still absorbed as in a painful dream. Maria sat on one side of her.

"Mrs. Weston," cried the excellent doctor, taking her nerveless hand in his, "I have the medicine for you at last. Henry is better,—perfectly conscious. He asked after you this morning."

A great change came over Mrs. Weston. She sat up, still looking inexpressibly ill, but a little like herself. She seized the doctor with a sort of fierceness:

"Are you telling me the truth? Ah, yes! I see it in your face."

"And," continued the doctor, "he asked—he asked after the Chevalier. Then he wanted to know how he got to Berry Hill. He remembers nothing after he received a letter one afternoon at Shabby Hall."

Mrs. Weston threw up her hands wildly: "Then he does not remember—he——"

"Does not remember anything," answered Dr. Peyton.

"The blessing! the mercy!" Mrs. Weston suddenly began to weep violently. Dr. Peyton had never seen her shed a tear before.

CHAPTER XV.

THE spring was coming apace. Hale-Weston never looked lovelier. It put on all its beauty to mock the unhappy woman who watched it day by day, and Henry Weston, who, still gaunt and thin, crept back to health at Shabby Hall.

An atmosphere of sorrow and disappointment seemed to brood far and wide in that quiet corner of the world. Even Algy and Maria, as owners of Hale-Weston, could not escape its malign influence. First, Algy, although great at figures and a model book-keeper, was no farmer, and was ill calculated to cope with the army of negroes and the two overseers that his father had managed with success born of his own experience as an overseer,—or "manager," as he had preferred to call it. With ill-judged economy, Algy tried to get on with one overseer instead of two, in the Hale-Weston place and the Highlands estate too. The head man having taken offence and left, the second in command was promoted, and the negroes literally walked over him, becoming, under his indifferent rule, both lazy and insubordinate. Then Maria knew nothing of the vast executive responsibilities of the mistress of such a plantation, and everything in her domain went persistently wrong. She did not even have the satisfaction of ordering the coach-

and-four and taking an airing all by herself. The first time she did it Mrs. Weston turned upon her with so much of her old fire that Maria was perfectly terrified, and hastily countermanded the order, which order she never dared to repeat. Then Mrs. Weston made all at once a demand upon Algy for the yearly sum which had been agreed upon as her allowance, and, by the strange power of a strong mind over a weak one, she forced Algy to produce it promptly. The management so far showed a loss for Hale-Weston, instead of the yearly profit that had been wont, ever since old Colonel Weston gave up the place, to pile up in bank in spite of the most liberal expenditure. There was a great and growing property outside of Hale-Weston, but this last had been the El Dorado, and when Algy found the figures on the debit instead of the credit side, after his first year's ownership, he fell into a cold terror. If this was the way things were going, it was only a question of time when Hale-Weston would swallow up all the other property, as Aaron's rod did all the other rods. Mrs. Weston's determination in drawing her allowance was very plain. She did not spend it. Toinette had been sent away to school, but, to Algy's horror, he found her bills were sent to him with great promptness and regularity. At this he feebly protested; but Mrs. Weston pointed out to him that the iron-clad agreement he made with her contained no mention of Toinette. Her annuity was for her own personal wants and expenses; and if, after receiving all the great property, to the exclusion of his brother and sister, he declined to pay for the latter's education, she—well, the substance of it was, the county would be made too hot to hold him. Algy succumbed. Mrs. Weston still used the horses and carriages and servants and everything else that had once been hers but were now Algy's. She ordered things for the house whenever she felt like it, while Algy, inwardly fuming, dared not protest; and all of this considerable sum in ready money which she received was a fund for Henry Weston. Of this Henry Weston knew nothing, except that Algy paid Toinette's bills,—which seemed to him natural and proper.

The principle of "no surrender" was so much a part of Mrs. Weston's nature that instinctively, after a time, she regained her self-poise. But it was merely outward. When she moved quietly about back and forth, a little haughtier than usual to Algy and Maria, her severe black gown setting off her noble beauty, which now possessed some deeper and more touching significance than ever before, storms raged within her. The magnitude of all she had lost—power, prestige, wealth, her life-long ambition for Henry Weston, the Chevalier Vaughan's unchanging devotion, even Sandy Weston's obedient affection—overcame her. As she sat at the head of the table, she could look over Algy's sandy head, through a window beyond, and far in the distance she could see the one solitary chimney of Shabby Hall, for which Henry Weston had exchanged this fair domain. On Sundays, when she went to church and sat gracefully upright in her corner of the Hale-Weston pew, with her black veil falling about her face, Mr. Steptoe could hardly keep his eyes off her. She mesmerized him with her fixed gaze, and he imagined that his vehement if somewhat illogical sermons were making a deep impression on her. The fact was, Mr. Steptoe had become an out-and-out

champion of Mrs. Weston and her eldest son, and had taken to preaching at Algy and Maria in a way that was both exasperating and embarrassing. He would shake his burly fist at them as they sat in church quite harmless and well-behaved, and promise hell-fire and everlasting torments to undutiful children and possessors of ill-gotten gains. He seemed to hold them directly responsible for the act of Sandy Weston, committed when they were both but little better than infants.

"Plague on it," said Algy to Maria, almost crying, "it's a shame! it's a durned shame! I don't believe I'll go to hear the old ruffian preach any more;" but every Sunday morning, when his mother commanded him to get ready for church, Algy got ready for church, and went, too. As for Mrs. Weston, she kept her eyes on Mr. Steptoe because if she turned them elsewhere she could not but see, through the vine-covered window, the Chevalier Vaughan's grassy grave. It was at the foot of a golden willow, in which the blackbirds built their nests and twittered and swung in the summer air. The church was a good three miles from Hale-Weston, yet she often left her carriage at the road-side, and would enter the graveyard and stand and look down upon the grave of the man who had met his death at the hands of her best-beloved. In the long hours when she turned over in her restless mind all that led up to the tragedy, she arrived somewhere near the truth. Henry Weston had brooded over the imaginary wrong which had changed the face of existence for him until the plan of vengeance had possessed his fevered and unbalanced mind, and he had gone armed to Berry Hill. She knew nothing of the letter which had first roused the devil in Henry Weston's heart. She fancied it was all due to that unsettled account between him and the Chevalier Vaughan. As she traced it back to those early days, it seemed to her as if the hand of fate was upon her. She began to fear that stern and inscrutable justice in which she had but only half believed. Once Mr. Steptoe, coming out of the church on a week-day, saw her standing and looking down at the grave. He was about to make off, pretending he had not seen her, but she raised her soft black eyes and commanded him to come to her. He advanced sheepishly enough, his hands behind his broad back. A look on her face made him attempt some bungling consolation, a trite condolence, beginning and ending nowhere, all about the love of God. Mrs. Weston cut him short.

"I do not love God," she said, "but I fear Him unutterably. Who has more cause?"

Mr. Steptoe went upon his way. Ah, Hale-Weston had been a pleasant place to visit,—those jolly card-parties, with apple toddy galore, and Mrs. Weston so full of life, so pretty in her silk gowns, so ready for a bout with Mr. Brandon; but all was changed,—Algy and Maria trying to do the honors, and Mrs. Weston silent, calm, and robed in black. Mr. Steptoe groaned a loud groan.

From Berry Hill, Henry Weston had been carried straight to Shabby Hall. As Dr. Peyton had predicted, all the events of that fatal night were wiped from his memory. He remembered going to Berry Hill,—that was all. Dr. Peyton told him merely that in handling a pistol the Chevalier had received accidentally the bullet that

killed him. He said nothing of the scratch which Henry Weston himself had received, which was long since healed, nor of the struggle for the pistol. Henry Weston had replied, after a long pause,—

“At one time I had a grudge against the Chevalier. But it passed away in Paris. Dr. Peyton, you can’t think how it comforts me to think that it was all over before that night. We seemed to have a good understanding after I came home, and especially about the time of my father’s death.”

The poor doctor stifled a sigh.

As Henry Weston’s body got stronger his mind took up the old thread where his illness had broken it off. According to his lights and teachings, the world was not wide enough for him and the man that had carried off the wife whom he had despised from the first time he found her out. He must kill the dog of a Frenchman. It was a dreadful necessity. It lay heavy upon his soul. At night, and in day, it pursued him. It sat next him, and drew closer when he would sometimes have driven it away. It turned the blessed sunshine into the blackness of night. It made him hate the strong young life that was coming slowly back to him. He reflected sometimes that every moment brought the inevitable hour closer to him, and he trembled, although he knew not fear. For the vengeance that had been forced upon him needed a conjunction of circumstances that it might be carried out. First, he must be strong, that he might travel so far, and not drop on the road. Then he must have money, and a good deal of it, before undertaking the search. Things at Shabby Hall had prospered as extraordinarily as they had gone the other way at Hale-Weston. Jake and Hector, without directions from any one, at the time of Henry Weston’s illness had ploughed the ground deep, and had carted innumerable loads of dead-leaf mould upon the sandy soil. The light loam, unfit for wheat or corn, they planted of their own accord in cotton and tobacco, and the growth was something marvellous. Impelled by the slovenly farming that for once in many years prevailed at Hale-Weston, they worked night and day, until the grass was rooted out of the fence-corners at Shabby Hall, and the whole of the little place was as clean of weeds as a flower-garden. Keziah laid the remarkable success they had with their cotton- and tobacco-plants to the direct interposition of the Most High. “Look at dem Hale-Weston craps,” she would say. “Gord A’mighty He done taken de place away fum Marse Henry, but hit looks like He warn’ gwi’ let Marse Algy disenjoy hit.” This view, too, was taken by the discontented Hale-Weston negroes, and wonderful tales were told of the revolt of the land against Algy’s rule; and when a good part of the chestnut fencing up in the highlands caught fire from lightning and burned up, it was taken as a grewsome warning that the financial arrangements of the late Sandy Weston were not approved by the great court of appeal.

Mrs. Weston supplied all deficiencies in Henry Weston’s modest housekeeping, and Keziah felt no delicacy in calling upon Hale-Weston for anything she wanted. Henry Weston knew nothing of this or any other detail of his bachelor establishment. He only knew that in the autumn, if the tobacco and cotton turned out as they promised, he

would have enough money, with that part of his allowance as yet unexpended, to start upon that terrible journey.

Again, the thirst for vengeance would seize upon him. He would rise in the night and walk the floor of his narrow bedroom, chafing and raging that he could not in that hour kill the man who had dishonored him. He would promise himself that the wretched creatures should suffer at his hands all and more than he had endured. Not one spark of tenderness remained for Jeanne; indeed, there had not been, since those first days at Fontainebleau. But it is in the power of the basest wife to disgrace her husband. At those times he could not bear to think on Anne Brandon. She, too, would be included in that universal hatred. Had she but given him a look, a word, before he left for Paris, all this might have been spared him.

It is not to be supposed that he had not, long since, investigated the status of his marriage. It was one of the first things he did when he got back to Virginia,—did it with a kind of hope that filled him with shame and remorse when he thought on it. He found, indeed, the statute of marriage in Virginia peculiarly rigid, and designed to prevent the very looseness and unsafeness of the old common-law marriage. He had made a secret trip to one of the greatest lawyers in the State, to put before him a supposititious case, under the seal of secrecy. Henry Weston found that if that ceremony in Paris had been any sort of a civil instead of a religious ceremony it would have been no marriage at all; but, although the Virginia courts had invariably been ruthless in deciding against the legality of any marriage that did not fulfil the requirements of the statute, an exception was made in favor of those where any sort of a religious rite was used. The old spirit of the Established Church still held sway. A regularly ordained minister of any denomination made good in effect all the other deficiencies that might exist. And the Rev. Charles Weybridge was an Episcopal clergyman. That alone saved the marriage. Otherwise, that statute that seemed made to protect just such men as Henry Weston would have stepped in, and the whole force of established precedent would have been arrayed against the idea of a marriage at common law, which was sternly denied recognition by the courts in Virginia as well as the unshaken and unanimous public opinion.

As for Anne, hers was perhaps the hardest portion. Both Henry Weston and his mother were at least shielded by the dignity of misfortune; but she, whose lot it had always been only to suffer silently, had no such buckler of defence in despair as keen as theirs. She must keep a brave outside to the world. Mr. Brandon, who loved her better than he thought, showed his sympathy by cynical remarks on mankind in general. He never had believed in what people called feelings, and covertly but incessantly he pointed out to Anne, with an unhealed wound in her heart, the folly of all feelings and affections. Miss Pryor offered her a timid sympathy, and Elizabeth's shallow nature took Anne's brave composure as a sign that all was well with her.

It was not long before Mrs. Weston fell back in the old way of depending upon Anne for companionship. It was not like the old way, either, for Anne once broke forth hotly,—

"Do you think yours is the heaviest burden to bear? Look at me! You at least have had something like happiness; but what have I had? I tell you there are times since—since—he came back that my pain has been greater than I well could bear."

Mrs. Weston believed her. Surely it was pain enough for any woman to love Henry Weston, unhappy as that love must be.

Naturally, they soon met after Henry Weston's return to Shabby Hall. That, too, lay near to Sparrow Point; and almost the first day he ventured out of doors he followed the familiar path he and Anne had often trod as boy and girl together. He walked as far as the trees which marked the lines between the places, and then stopped, feeling tired and weak, as convalescents do. And in a moment or two Anne stepped lightly through the woods and laid her hand on his arm.

As at their first meeting upon Henry Weston's return, they each forgot all except the other. A dusky red crept into his pale face, while Anne turned quite white. Some commonplace words passed between them, as the case generally is when strange and powerful emotions choke the fountains of speech. There was no need of many words. They understood each other very well; and, after a little while, Anne, seeing how he was shaken and tremulous, left him, and turned back towards Sparrow Point.

After that, they often met in their walks. Henry Weston, as has been told before, loved an out-door life. He had been used in his boyhood to spend hours lying on his back under the pine-trees, gazing up at the sky through their feathery branches. In all his boyish sorrows he had fled to the woods for solace. The habit remained with him. Nothing could ease his heart of the load it bore; but his griefs and revenges seemed farther off, more impersonal, when he was out of doors. Anne, too, had always spent many hours in loitering about the fields and woods. Now, when all day long she had to maintain composure, to follow household tasks, to make both ends meet, which did not become easier as time went on, her afternoon walk was her one breath of freedom. Henry Weston, who knew much more of the world than she did, sometimes felt a keen reproach at the practice he adopted of way-laying her three and four times a week and having one of those brief meetings so full of joy and pain; but he did not on that account omit them, for he was, after all, very human, as he has no doubt long since revealed himself, and silenced any doubts which arose as to the justness of his conduct by a variety of subterfuges. Besides superior knowledge of the world, he had superior knowledge of Anne Brandon over herself, and his confidence in her integrity and strength was boundless. He reasoned to himself that all that was necessary was to avoid the tongues of gossip. He did not confide much in himself, but he laughed at the idea that there was any danger for Anne,—a mode of reasoning specious, but not sound. As for Anne, she thought but little about it. It seemed the simplest thing in the world that she and her former play-fellow should meet often. It is hard to convey an adequate idea of wrong-doing to an innocent mind. She had loved Henry Weston long before he went away. He returned, and, according to the moralists, she was guilty if her heart still beat upon his approach. But that she

regarded as a misfortune, not a fault. She did not know anything about such cases. He was ill, and had been defrauded of his birth-right, and had fallen into a miserable marriage, and yet every incident of this, and the way he bore it, had been a strong conviction to her of his manliness. Perhaps he ought to have brought the woman to Hale-Weston; perhaps he ought not to let the world remain for an instant in ignorance of his real position; but in all that was positively wrong about him she used the tender sophistry of the woman who loves. She knew that he must not make love to her in words, but yet she eagerly pardoned that one outburst under the magnolia-trees that afternoon of last year, and took the blame to herself. She adopted some of Mrs. Weston's fatalism to fit the case. Had he married fortunately, had he remained master of Hale-Weston, she could have been just with him; but—he was so unfortunate, so unhappy; who ever heard of pity strangling love? So this sensible girl reasoned, innocently, wrongly, foolishly; but yet, from the unassailable power of an immaculate mind, neither rash conduct nor false excuses availed to hurt her.

Fortunately, nobody noticed them, because nobody watched them, and to have overheard their conversation would not have enlightened anybody. Once or twice Henry Weston broke forth, but Anne, with a touch of command that had not forsaken her, speedily silenced him, and, turning, left him alone. One afternoon, it is true, just at sunset, Dr. Peyton saw them as he drove down a little-frequented carriage-road between Shabby Hall and Sparrow Point. Anne sat on the stump of a tree, looking westward. Henry Weston stood behind her, shading his eyes with his hand. They looked forlorn and melancholy: dejection spoke in their attitudes. Dr. Peyton sighed, as he often did in those days, and then pounded his patient horse. The doctor was keen enough to see that something was the matter between these two, and it was another grief to him.

When he got to Sparrow Point, though, Anne was there before him. She gave him her hand up the steps,—the doctor was getting rheumatic,—and placed a chair for him on the porch.

"Papa and Elizabeth are out driving, Miss Pryor is ailing: so there is nobody but me to entertain you," she said.

"It's very fortunate, on this particular occasion," said the doctor. "Anne, I've news for you."

"What is it?" said Anne, standing straight and slim before him, against the pillar of the porch, where the honeysuckle grew profusely.

"Anne, how would you like to be rich?" he asked.

"Tremendously," replied Anne, pulling the honeysuckle-leaves to pieces.

"Do you remember that half of the undivided interest in the upper-country property our dear Chevalier left you?"

"Yes; and I never could think why he gave me that. I could understand his leaving Elizabeth money to buy a bracelet. But land, Dr. Peyton,—see how many acres we have here in Sparrow Point; and papa says it is impossible now to raise more than one-third its value by mortgage,—and papa, you know, has had experience in that line."

"But this of yours is mineral land. First, the Chevalier's share is

more—much more—than he supposed,—so his heirs say. Then, Anne, it is extremely valuable. To-day the Vaughans in the upper country notified me of an offer they have had for it, and the purchaser will not buy their share unless he can buy yours too. I don't know the exact amount, because the land has to be re-surveyed, but it will be more than Sparrow Point is worth. It will make you something of an heiress. What do you think, my little Anne, of that?"

Anne remained silent. A sharp pang of disappointment came along with the first natural feeling of pleasure and elation. Were Henry Weston but free, this money would help to put him back where he once was.

The doctor was annoyed at her silence. He had meant to create a delightful and startling sensation, and it looked as if he were going to be defrauded of it. But in a moment Anne rallied:

"How charming! Oh, doctor, was it not kind and generous of the Chevalier? What did I ever do for him, that he should have remembered me like this?"

The doctor maintained a prudent reserve. He knew well enough the reason, and he had doubts whether the Chevalier knew so little about the quantity and value of the land as his heirs and relations supposed.

"Think what a comfort it will be to pay off what is owed on this place! Every moment of peace on that score which I shall feel I shall gratefully recollect the Chevalier."

"Now, look here, Anne," said Dr. Peyton, positively: "you might as well understand things at once. Your father, who is a most—er—agreeable man, and—er—a delightful companion," which was not exactly true, and Dr. Peyton knew it, "has no business capacity. The Chevalier made me the trustee, and I've got more power even than most trustees. I am not even obliged to pay you the entire income unless I choose. This is not a family legacy for all the Brandons. It is yours. If you were to marry, I would take care that your husband did not make ducks and drakes of it."

Anne's first impulse was to say, "I shall not marry," but the last speech nettled her.

"Then I should say, if you didn't allow me a reasonable voice in the disposal of my own property, you would be a mean and ill-contrived man," she announced, with spirit.

The doctor fidgeted uneasily for a minute. When his feelings were interested, he was apt to blurt out things he did not mean to say. This mystery about Anne and Henry Weston puzzled him. Why in the devil, the doctor had sometimes pettishly said, didn't they get married? The Chevalier had spoken as if it could never be; but perhaps the obstacle might be removed, or might only have existed in his imagination.

"If—if—in fact, the Chevalier told me as much on the night of his death—you should marry—Henry Weston, it would be carrying out the Chevalier's wishes that he should be—liberally treated. I don't say I would permit the absolute control——"

"Don't trouble yourself," said Anne, coldly. "We shall never be married."

Mr. Brandon's felicitations to his daughter were characteristic :

"Behold, we are an heiress. We shall have scores of lovers. Our eyes will be pronounced finer than Elizabeth's. Elizabeth, my poor child, you are no longer the family beauty."

Elizabeth, whose heart was not bad, and who really rejoiced for her sister, besides rejoicing for the share she would undoubtedly have in Anne's good fortune, was yet not insensible to the fact that her position would be considerably altered. She therefore rose with dignity and left the room.

"Papa," said Anne, "how can you? You know Elizabeth is—sensitive——"

"Since when? Come, Anne, don't be a fool."

"Well, then, if Elizabeth is rather silly, that's no reason why she should be teased and worried. Now, *I* don't mind what you say."

"Anne, I believe you."

"Let us be comfortable together. Dr. Peyton pretends he means to be very strict with the money; but the income at least I will manage to get hold of. I shall coax and tease——"

"Alas, poor Peyton!"

"I am not the girl to have money and then not to have the benefit of it."

"*That* you are not."

"Papa," presently said Anne, in a voice that trembled a little, "you have not *really* congratulated me yet. Are you not glad for me, and grateful for me too?"

Mr. Brandon did a very remarkable thing for him. He drew his daughter to him and kissed her on her forehead :

"My affectionate, dutiful, self-willed child!"

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. WESTON, with a pang very like what Anne had felt, heard the great news. This money, and what she had saved, and Shabby Hall,—all that together would have been something for Henry; and, sighing deeply, she took up the thread again of her sad thoughts.

No such idea occurred to Henry Weston. Anne was not his. She never could be. Yet it was right and just and the happiest thing for her that she was put beyond the curse of poverty.

It was now September,—that most melancholy season in a warm climate. Days of intense heat alternated with days of showers and east winds. The leaves all fell from the trees at once, as it were. They lay dank and yellow in the little garden at Shabby Hall and under the double row of stunted lindens that led up to the weather-beaten little house. For some days the black devil had possessed Henry Weston. He did not go to Hale-Weston, because his mother's keen eyes could read his soul, and he would not let her see the state in which he found himself. Nor would he see Anne. In those hours of revenge and fury he always avoided her. He began to feel now that the time was fast approaching when he should set out on that bloodhound chase. It

filled him with a dreadful kind of pleasure. He would retaliate on that man all the wrongs he fancied he had suffered from mankind. He fell into that condition of mind when the whole world appears black and distorted. Jake, his faithful serving-man, feared to face him, he was so terrible in his wrath over the merest trifles. Keziah and Hector kept out of his sight. Like a wounded tiger in a jungle, he paced up and down his narrow room day and night. He had felt nothing like this since that awful time before his illness.

It was towards evening of the third day that Jake slipped in and silently placed before him a package of newspapers. Henry Weston turned them over gloomily. There were no letters. He returned to his ceaseless walk. The wailing of the wind, the occasional gusts of rain, seemed to madden him. Suddenly the necessity for self-control appeared to him. He reflected that he might be guilty of some desperate act; he might, in one of his strange furies with Jake, do his faithful servant harm. He went to his bookcase, and, taking down a volume, set himself the hard task to turn his mind into a new channel,—to read the printed words,—to follow their meaning. It was trying work, yet he persevered. Between him and the page came Jeanne's silly face. He recalled with painful exactness every solecism of speech and behavior she had ever committed. He saw Adolphe Leroux' scared eyes when he, Henry Weston, should advance upon him and tell him that his hour was come. He got up and threw the book from him, and ground his teeth. Then he forced himself to take it up again.

Towards midnight the tumult in his mind had somewhat abated. He could not sleep, and he dared not think. He saw the pile of newspapers before him. Some were American, some French, some English. He tore off the covers and began to read, leaving his chair for the sofa. His lamp had burned low, and he lighted two candles.

It was near three o'clock, when he uttered a sharp cry, like a woman's hysterical shriek.

He was free! he was free!

Right before him was it. It was in one of those small and dingy sheets which were called newspapers in France fifty years ago:

"The English colony are deeply disturbed in regard to a certain pseudo-clergyman, calling himself the Rev. Charles Weybridge, who has been in Paris for three years past. He even visited at the English Embassy, and was frequently seen there, which, considering his career, shows unexampled boldness. He was an escaped criminal from English prisons. He had never received orders, but the similarity of name with another English clergyman, who, it now turns out, died in a mad-house before the impostor made his appearance, contributed to the success of his scheme. He succeeded in borrowing large sums of money. A member of the police from Scotland Yard took him in charge yesterday, and he is now on his way to England."

For some moments after that cry, Henry Weston found himself absolutely numb and motionless. Then the overpowering desire to find out all of it returned to him. There was much more of it in the paper. It had evidently been a first-class sensation. He seized the English papers of the same date. Yes, there it was also. There was no doubt

of the imposture. The supposed Weybridge had broken down and confessed. He was no clergyman. He had never been a clergyman. Henry Weston went out of doors and walked up and down under the linden-trees until morning.

The wind and rain had ceased, and the full moon was shining brilliantly. A shadowy mist lay over the lowlands, but the tips of the trees were white with the soft radiance. Occasionally, as a light breeze swept through the trees, the drops of rain would roll off in a silvery shower. There was not a sound, not even the note of a night-bird, to vex the unbroken silence.

Henry Weston was not what is called a religious man, but some impulse, as old as humanity, as deep and far-reaching as the human soul itself, cast him upon the ground to return thanks to the Supreme Power, —thanks not so much for what might be given him as for what he had been spared. He heard the voice of the Most High, as Adam did in Paradise. He need not be a murderer. He had been absolved from the law that to him was omnipotent. Pain and grief he could bear as became a man, but guilt and shame had turned him into a fiend.

It seemed but an hour to him when the rosy dawn succeeded the moonlit night. By that time the thought of Anne Brandon had made itself felt. His heart was like to break with joy. And then the happiness he was to carry to that sad woman at Hale-Weston! He turned and faced Hale-Weston, where he could see the stately old house outlined against the opalescent sky. The long lances of light, the advance-guard of the sun, were piercing the horizon. The magnolias reared their imperial heads, still brave in their foliage of dark and polished green. The air was clear and crisp, and a little chilly. Afar off, he could see the blackbirds and the swallows and the larks which his mother loved and protected, wheeling about the tall chimneys. And for the first time he could behold it all without a pang.

The loss of Hale-Weston had cut deeper than anybody suspected. He had imbibed his mother's love and pride regarding it. In all his dreams of the future he had proudly fancied himself Weston of Hale-Weston, a county magnate, the owner of vast acres. He had been amazed, almost ashamed of the keenness of the grief he had felt on losing it. His pride had impelled him to hide it. The world might have thought it was its mere money value he regretted, but to him it was the dignity, the position, the prestige that attached to a great land-owner in those days. But now,—ah, he could afford to lose Hale-Weston! Would he not have Anne Brandon? Would he not once more walk the earth a free man, his life as open as day, with nothing to conceal, nothing to avenge?—for if Jeanne was not his wife, Adolphe was more than welcome to her.

The morning came apace. It was a glorious September day, a day all blue and gold, the final "Hush!" of summer as she stands ready to take flight. Jake and Hector and Keziah saw that something had happened to their young master. Immediately after breakfast he called Jake up and gave him a letter to be conveyed across the fields to Hale-Weston. It was to be given into no hands but Mrs. Weston's. Then, mounting his horse, he rode over to Sparrow Point. Half-way

between the places, in the shaded woodland road, he saw Anne on horseback, coming towards him. She had given her horse the rein, and he cantered along briskly. Something like the premonition of good news had come to her. Her face was flushed, and her eyes shone brightly under her broad black hat. Henry Weston rode straight towards her and laid his hand on her rein. The two horses put their noses together and exchanged confidences.

"Everybody ought to be in the saddle this morning," cried Anne, gayly. "I was going——" And then she stopped. There was something in Henry Weston's face that checked her.

"Anne," he said, gravely, "I was coming to you. In the middle of last night I found out that I was a free man,—free to love, free to marry. Why do you tremble and turn pale?"

Wherever Anne was going, she did not get there that day. An hour afterwards they were walking their horses up and down the narrow lane. Anne's face was quite glorified. Their love-making was rather serious. They had been too near the gulf to be light of speech.

Mrs. Weston, in a fever of impatience, walked up and down the stone porch at Hale-Weston. She had not condescended to tell Algy and Maria that she had that day received good news. Indeed, the evil from which she had been delivered she desired more than ever to conceal.

It was high noon when she saw Henry Weston and Anne Brandon coming briskly down the avenue. They were riding fast, as merry young people do; for at last it had come to them that they had youth and love on their side, and happiness, that had been at first timid, had thrown wide her wings and mounted to the heavens. Algy and Maria could not imagine what had happened,—what was going to happen. They saw Mrs. Weston standing on the top step of the portico, pale, with tears dropping upon her white dress,—for on this day she had for the first time laid aside her sombre black gown. They saw Henry Weston take his mother passionately in his arms, and then Mrs. Weston embraced Anne. After a while the legal master and mistress—although in truth Mrs. Weston monopolized all of the authority of both—came out on the cool stone porch where they sat. Mrs. Weston and Henry and Anne talked very much as usual, but they looked altogether different. Mrs. Weston's eyes glowed strangely.

Anne would not stay to dinner, and after Henry Weston had swung her into her saddle he too mounted, and they rode off, kissing their hands to Mrs. Weston. In a few days it all came out. They were engaged. The only wonder was, as Mrs. Thorpe said, they had not become engaged before.

"And," said that excellent woman, as she handed tea to Mr. Steptoe on one side of her round table and Dr. Peyton on the other, "I don't wish to take too much credit to myself, but I claim a share in making the match. I was always telling Anne what a fine young man Henry Weston was, Hale-Weston or no Hale-Weston; and I said to him, 'Depend upon it, Anne Brandon is the girl for you, though she's nothing like as handsome as Elizabeth.'"

Mr. Steptoe put down his tea fretfully. "Zounds, madam," he

cried, "Elizabeth Brandon is the most consummate simpleton! Handsomer than Nancy!—fudge!"

Dr. Peyton's comment was as follows:

"I only wish, madam, that you had set your mind to it before and carried it out earlier. It would have saved us all a good deal of disappointment and apprehension."

As the first sign that they had left behind them the last two melancholy years, they fell to quarrelling, as they had done all their lives until the dreadful time had come to pass. Anne, with some diffidence, told of what Dr. Peyton had said to her regarding the Chevalier Vaughan's legacy.

"You don't know how happy it makes me," she said, "that you are saved from poverty. I don't think you are fitted to be a poor man."

"I am glad, too," he said, "but not half as glad as I thought I should be."

Those were sweet words for her to hear. He went on:

"We could be quite happy at Shabby Hall as it is. That is, I could."

"But we could be a great deal more comfortable if we had a nice, roomy house, and all the horses and carriages we wanted."

"You always had a much more sordid soul than I. I remember once when I was going away to school you wept profusely until I gave you a bundle of molasses-candy. Then you saw me depart without a tear."

"I controlled my feelings with difficulty."

They joked a great deal about their childish days, but not about those later and darker ones.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. WESTON, when the time rolled around, made her demand upon Algy for her allowance; and, although increasing difficulties made it harder than ever to pay, she got it promptly, if grudgingly. With this she had Shabby Hall transformed into a comfortable country-house, and the farm properly stocked. Fortunately, there were trees in plenty around it, and the lawn was newly turfed. Mrs. Weston felt her natural pride rebel at the idea of Henry Weston's wife, an heiress in a modest way, not being suitably housed and attended; and a great deal could be done with the considerable sum in ready money which she possessed, when judiciously expended. Henry Weston's feelings in the matter she ignored. She considered the money as but a small share of that of which he had been unjustly deprived.

So Henry Weston and Anne Brandon were quietly married in Petworth Church by Mr. Steptoe, and went to their own house—still Shabby Hall in name, though not in condition—and spent their honeymoon. And then the whole county called on them. It filled Maria with envy as from her bedroom window she could see all day long carriage after carriage of the best people in the county rolling up to the door of the

new Shabby Hall, when scarcely a dozen families had called on her at her marriage. Then, after a time, Mrs. Weston each morning would order the coach-and-four and send over after Anne and Henry Weston, who, feeling very guilty on Maria's account, yet had no choice but to come when Mrs. Weston sent for them; and with her they returned the wedding visits in great style. Both Henry Weston and Anne protested; they saw the mortification it caused Maria and Algy, at whose wedding all these things had been conspicuously omitted; but Mrs. Weston only laughed and insisted upon having her own way.

And, to cap the climax, she gave Anne as a wedding gift her great pearl necklace with the ruby pendant which she had bought at Rundell and Bridge's, in London, fifteen years before, and had cherished—as well she might—as the apple of her eye. She had diamonds in plenty, but, as she said sometimes before Maria, who adored diamonds, “Pearls are the luxury of a refined taste. They cost so much, and they show so little.”

The young people did not want for company. Mr. Steptoe came often, Dr. Peyton oftener. Mr. Brandon came over occasionally to point out to Anne defects in her new home, which she bore with much good humor and only occasionally retaliated. Elizabeth, who, at twenty-four, began to appreciate having a married sister, did not fail in sisterly attention. Often they spoke of the Chevalier, but, by tacit consent, not before Mrs. Weston.

Meanwhile, with Algy, things were going from bad to worse. Hale-Weston was a place in which economy was hard to practise; and then Mrs. Weston did not leave room for any. When the third annual payment of her allowance became due, Algy for once rebelled against his mother.

“I can't keep on raising this amount every year, with the way the place costs, and the way we fail at everything,” he said, with sulky violence.

Then Mrs. Weston made him an offer to which she had been determinedly leading up for some time past.

“Algernon,” she said, steadily, “I think you ought to be convinced by this time that you cannot manage the place; and as for Maria!—Everybody knows how much depends on the mistress on one of these plantations. Now, I have a proposition to make to you.”

Algy glanced at his mother. He was not a bad fellow, but he was a dreadfully weak one.

“As things are now going,” continued Mrs. Weston, in her “business voice,” cool and musical and determined, “you are yearly compelled to pay a high price for—for the pleasure of my company.”

“Yes, ma'am,” said Algy, and groaned in spirit.

“That is a considerable item from the revenue of the place; and the revenue has decreased exactly one-half since your father's death.”

“Yes, ma'am,” repeated poor Algy again.

“If this keeps up, it will involve the other land, the bank-stock, the entire rest of the estate. Don't you think, if you had a sum in ready money, and the rest secured on the place, with my release from the annuity you pay me, you would part with the house and the home

tract—Hale-Weston proper—and about fifty negroes? You would still have two-thirds of the land left, and the house in the Highlands. Hale-Weston has made or ruined everybody who has owned it. It hasn't made *you*, Algernon."

Algy got up and sat down again. He turned pale. The idea of parting with Hale-Weston had never occurred to him before.

"I'll—I'll—see Maria!" he gasped, and vanished.

Maria, from her soul, hated to leave Hale-Weston. She was always hoping that the day would come when she would indeed be mistress of that great place. But it had not come, and it seemed farther off than ever. But the more the proposition was considered, the more evident it became that it would be well to accept it. The annuity to Mrs. Weston was what swamped them. She had them in the grip of her small white hand, and she made them feel it. The amount must be in ready money, which was scarce everywhere in those times. In vain Algy offered so many hundred bushels of corn quarterly. She would have none of it. Then he changed his offer to so many hundred bushels of wheat. Mrs. Weston was inexorable. Then a share in the crops. Mrs. Weston laughed at him.

She succeeded in thoroughly frightening Algy. She promised to live forever. Then Toinette's expenses would of course increase instead of decreasing. Maria longed to have a town-house in Richmond or Baltimore. Mrs. Weston persuaded her that Algy would make a splendid business-man, and he was certainly no farmer. After all, the annuity was the great weapon. Maria became convinced that she would have but little ready money as long as this annual drain went on under the present system; and when Maria's consent was wrung from her, the battle was won.

Then came the negotiations with Dr. Peyton; for both Henry Weston and his wife were in his power. There was no doubt about it that it was a good bargain under the circumstances. Henry Weston was a natural-born farmer. The first crops at Shabby Hall had been due to Jake and Hector; but Henry Weston, with hired hands, managed to bring forth crops upon the land that showed he understood Nature, the mighty mother. Mrs. Weston reminded Dr. Peyton that the late Mr. Weston had bought Hale-Weston under great encumbrances and had easily paid them off. Algy's failure as a country gentleman was as conspicuous as Henry's success. So she reasoned with eloquent tongue and clear head. As for her annuity, she would gladly compromise on about one-third of what she received from Algy; and she intimated to the good doctor that Henry would never be pressed for that.

"And Toinette?" asked the doctor.

Mrs. Weston blushed slightly. She was apt to forget at times that she had but one child, and that, her eldest son. She would make Algy provide for Toinette, she said, confidently. Dr. Peyton, seeing how she had terrorized Algy, fully believed her. Half of Anne's legacy would make the first payment. Then for the second would be what Shabby Hall would sell for; and it was worth four times as much as ever before: besides an unexpended balance Mrs. Weston would advance, and the profits of the plantation, to provide for the succeeding payments.

Anne, who was not deficient in pride of place and position, was eager for it. Henry Weston said little about it. Dr. Peyton tried to get something from him on the subject, but failed. Then, urged by Anne, Dr. Peyton formally signified his consent. Henry Weston's consent was a mere form. Anne could scarcely make out his feelings on the subject, until one day, in desperation, she came to him.

"I want Hale-Weston," she said to him. "I want it for myself as well as for you. Dr. Peyton wants to buy it. Your mother says it will kill her to be disappointed now. Yet—yet, if you do not want it, my husband, all this shall go for nothing."

What answer could he make? He *did* want it; he wanted it so earnestly that he was ashamed of his coveting what was another man's, and that man his brother. But he was afraid lest this desire was too plain to his wife. But in that moment they understood each other; and that day six months Algy went up to the Highlands estate, and Henry Weston came into possession of Hale-Weston.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN coming to Hale-Weston, Anne had made up her mind that many sacrifices would be required of her, and was prepared to make them. Although it was distinctly understood that Henry Weston became master and his wife mistress, yet Anne hardly thought that Mrs. Weston would keep strictly within the letter of the agreement. She thought Mrs. Weston's luxurious habits, her custom of command, would require both judgment and self-command from her son and daughter-in-law to govern, and perhaps combat. But from the day they entered the house Mrs. Weston resigned her empire with a strange suddenness. She laid down her sceptre absolutely. Anne could not quite understand it.

"You see," said Mrs. Weston, half apologetically, "I don't feel obliged to assert myself. A lady is once more mistress of Hale-Weston. It was that odious Maria I was bound to suppress."

But there was another reason.

A long time before,—nearly a year,—Mrs. Weston had felt a slight—a very slight—pain. Sometimes it was present, again it went away, but it always returned.

She set herself resolutely to forget it; but, although she was a resolute woman, she could not altogether drive it from her mind. She said to herself, about the time the transfer of Hale-Weston was first broached, that she would take care of herself for six months, and at the end of that time the pain, dull and fitful in its comings and goings, would be gone. Yet she did not fully believe this, because, in impressing upon Algy her perfect health and strength and determination to live forever, she thought to herself sometimes, with a grim humor, "I may be deceiving him, after all. I wish to believe that I shall be long-lived, but——"

She had thought after the desire of her heart was accomplished, and Henry Weston was once more master of Hale-Weston, she would

be well. Everything prospered with those dear to her. Good management and economy on the part of both master and mistress, willing negroes, and fortunate seasons, combined to make Hale-Weston more profitable than it had been for many years. The cheerful society of the handsome young pair, the sound of the long-silent piano under Anne's skilful touch, Toinette's dawning beauty on her annual visit home, the universal respect and popularity which Henry Weston enjoyed, ought to have made headway against that slight but persistent pain. But it did not. Henry Weston was, without solicitation on his part, elected one of the magistrates of the county,—a very great honor for a young man in those days. It filled his mother's heart with pride; but in the midst of the congratulations of the neighbors—Mrs. Thorpe coming over in her great lumbering carriage, even Mr. Brandon forgetting to be sarcastic—the pain struck her like the pealing of a death-bell.

She loved life, and she feared and hated to die. In truth, so full of vitality had she been that she had never seriously brought herself to think she would really die. She felt, but for this pain, just as she always did. She examined her face carefully in the glass, and her heart leaped. No woman with her firm, round cheek, her clear and dainty complexion, could be anywhere near death. She combed out her long and abundant tresses. There were not so many gray hairs in them as in Henry Weston's dark locks, and she had been twenty when he was born.

The weather was chilly, and she took a violent cold. It made her very ill,—a strange thing for a mere cold. She kept her old rooms,—her bedroom and sitting-room in the corner of the wing,—and Keziah, who had returned with her young master and mistress to Hale-Weston, was, as of old, her nurse and attendant. Henry Weston and Anne were very attentive to her. They read to her. "Such a comfort," she said, "to live in the house again with people who like books! Algy and Maria, I declare, nearly bored me to death!" But she seemed in no haste to get down-stairs again. Dr. Peyton, who had come as soon as she was taken, was puzzled that she did not get well. One day, sitting by her sofa, she suddenly told him about the pain. All night long it had racked her. As she described it, tersely and graphically as was her habit, she found herself watching Dr. Peyton's face. It was a ruddy, homely, sensible face. Nature had been in a benevolent mood when she made it, but she had worked with a rough chisel. She saw a gradual paleness steal over it. He had loved her well, and he could not bear to lose her. She suddenly sprang up and seized his arm.

"You are frightened!" she gasped. "I thought you would laugh at me. Why don't you laugh at me?"

She fell back, overcome with horror; and he, too, was overcome. He was used to seeing women meet these things bravely; few of them are daunted at such moments; but this woman, whose courage he had thought invincible, was stricken with terror. She recovered herself first.

"I am ashamed of this fear," she said.

"And I," said the doctor, "am ashamed that at my time of life I

should have so little self-control,—that I should frighten where I ought to encourage.”

Then he tried to prove his honest face had lied. „Mrs. Weston cut him short contemptuously :

“Other people get well,—some have been known to live twenty years. Nevertheless, I shall not get well, nor yet live twenty years.”

She made him promise he would not let Henry Weston or Anne suspect anything. Yet they both felt a vague uneasiness when Dr. Peyton, without speaking to them, came straight down from Mrs. Weston's rooms, and, with a white and changed face, got in his gig and drove off.

After that Mrs. Weston adopted a semi-invalidism which was very comfortable and not unbecoming. She lay upon her sofa upstairs, or came down on Henry Weston's arm, smiling and lovely, wearing a white *peignoir* and a bewitching little lace cap; but neither by day nor by night did the pain leave her, nor did her mind cease its active working.

She had always been a thinking woman, and she seized upon any idea presented to her and worked it out to its conclusion. Seeing that life, therefore, was to be with her a matter of but a little time, she began to reflect upon the chaotic and unknown future. She asked herself if she had ever practised or even seen any religion. She was forced to acknowledge she had not. She belonged to a church-going community, but church was simply a place to show off horses and carriages and clothes, and to gossip. She remembered that some of the bitterest quarrels she had ever known had occurred in the grove that surrounded Petsworth Church, where the people assembled every Sunday to exchange greetings. Mr. Steptoe was an honest, well-meaning man; Mrs. Weston did not think his spiritual ministrations impaired by the fact that he never missed a meeting at Foxtown race-course, where he strode about the quarter stretch with his hands in his pockets, nor by the matches he slyly arranged between his thunder-bolts, as he called his own fighting-cocks, and those of the tavern-keeper in the village. But in all those years she could not recall one single gleam of light that he had thrown upon the mystery called religion. She herself had given great scandal by her practice of playing upon the piano on Sunday; but the people who denounced her had no scruples about making Sunday the busiest day in the week for their cooks and scullions and hostlers. She tried to divest herself of her belief in the immortality of the soul. She wished, but she could not. Something, like that which inspired the philosophers of old, rose within her to affirm that there was an unquenchable spark in every human soul.

Her condition was truly pitiable. She would ask no counsel of any one, but, lying in her bed at night, or on her sofa by day, with that remorseless pain devouring her, she pondered over her past and her future. Of a Supreme Being and an implacable justice she was well convinced; and, after thinking over her whole life, she began to fear greatly. She went back to her early years,—to her conduct towards her father and her mother,—towards her husband,—towards the Chevalier Vaughan, even,—towards her children. All these things returned to her like scorpions.

She was an acute but not a just woman. She forgot, in her stern judgment, that she had not been a bad wife, nor even an actively bad mother, because Algy's timorous nature and small brain would have landed him just where he was in any event. She forgot that she had been an indulgent mistress, a generous neighbor: she forgot a good deal that was in her own favor.

After a while the pretty invalidism came to an end. She went upstairs now, and seldom came down. Occasionally Henry Weston would bring her down in his arms and she would take a little airing in the carriage. Once she insisted that no one should accompany her but the faithful old Keziah, who was twenty years older than her mistress, but as hale as ever she was in her life. She had the carriage stopped at Petsworth Church, and, leaning upon Keziah's arm, she crept like a wounded thing to the Chevalier Vaughan's grave. It was quite green now. Yes, she had slain him. But for her, he would have married; he would be now living, with sons and daughters around him. His life, except where she had marred it, had been singularly blameless. She knelt down and repeated, mechanically, some form of prayer, in which she had little belief and less confidence. Keziah almost had to carry her back to the carriage.

She began to count the weeks, the days,—soon the hours,—between her and the eternal brink. An invisible hand beckoned her onward to everlasting darkness, and she followed with unwilling feet. Toinette now had come home. Algy and Maria were there daily. Henry Weston and Anne were unceasing in their attention. Dr. Peyton spent every hour he could spare—many when his conscience called him elsewhere—at the house. Yet she did not wish them about her. Their faces, in spite of their self-control, told her too plainly how near was the end. They sat in the little anteroom, and she lay in her bed in her own large pleasant room, with Keziah sitting by her.

"Keziah, is it day or night?"

"'Tis mos' midnight, mistis."

"Tell them all to go to bed. Leave the door to the sitting-room open, that I can see they go. Anne sat up all last night, although I had expressly forbidden her."

They went out lingeringly.

"Now, Keziah, rub me. I wonder if in heaven there is anything better than the feeling of that hard old hand of yours, going up and down like a machine."

"Hi, mistis! In heaben dey's got a heap o' things better 'n dat,—de harps of gold, an' de golden slippers—"

"They are for the good, Keziah."

"Ain't nobody good where Gord A'mighty is," answered Keziah, with sturdy orthodoxy. "We all has got ter repent."

"But some people have never done any harm. There's Anne,—a good, high-minded, sensible creature ever since she was a child."

"Miss Anne she ain't fitten fur ter wash de feet o' de Lamb; an' she is a good 'ooman."

A long pause.

"Mistis," said Keziah, presently, "why don't you sen' fur Marse

Bev'ly Steptoe? He's a preacher. He kin tell you heap mo' 'bout heaben den I kin."

"Keziah, he doesn't know half as much about heaven as you do. You believe in the golden slippers as truly as I believe that God is mighty and revengeful and merciless."

She clung to Keziah with strange persistence. When Henry Weston would have watched by her, she said, with a ghostly touch of her old spirit,—

"I would rather have Keziah. You see, I've known her much longer than I have you."

The real comfort of Keziah was that to her she could speak freely; nothing startled or shocked her,—not even when Mrs. Weston, with solemn and unbelieving eyes, contradicted all that Keziah preached of the mercy and goodness of "de Lamb."

There was a brief respite from pain, and then the last hand-to-hand conflict began.

It lasted four days. In all that time Dr. Peyton never left her for more than an hour. She was past protesting then. In her paroxysms of pain she would seize Anne's strong young hands. "Oh, my child," she cried, "how good it feels to touch something young and healthy and painless!" Henry Weston wept over her. Keziah was always awake, always on the alert. The pain, great as it was, did not once distract Mrs. Weston's mind from the problem that she laboriously tried to solve. At last, when she had ceased to struggle, when the tide of life was running out fast, she beckoned to Keziah.

"Keziah," she whispered, "I know there is a God. If I could live over my life, it would be altogether different. I feel a strange hope, amid my fear, for the first time. What does it mean? Ask Anne. I have not strength to explain to her—what you know about my thoughts."

"I doan' want ter ask Miss Anne, ner nobody," answered Keziah. "Eben po' ole ign'unt Keziah know what dat means, mistis. Hit means dat Jesus Chris' done tole you Hisself all you has been cipherin' 'bout. He kin wuk mighty quick, mistis——"

But Dr. Peyton, who had held Mrs. Weston's pulse, laid it down quietly, and, turning away, covered his face. It was all over. Angela Weston's soul had gone

Sounding on its dim and perilous way.

THE END.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

THE wind blows over the fields of clover;
 The wind blows over the fields of grain :
 I hear it sighing, "Sweet Summer's dying.
 Ah! how I wish she were young again!"

The flowers tender, on green stalks slender,
 To all their neighbors these tidings tell :
 "Our heads we're bending for Summer's ending;
 We'll mourn the season we love so well!"

The birdies chatter of this grave matter,
 Swinging high up in the walnut-tree.
 Says one small fellow, with breast of yellow,
 "Without dear Summer how dull 'twould be!"

The sun o'erhears them, and, as he hears them,
 Says, in his mighty, powerful tone,
 "Each season's beauty performs its duty :
 So why love Summer, my friends, alone?"

The soft wind, sighing, is heard replying,
 "In warmth I frolic, and rest, and play ;
 But when it's snowing, then I'll be blowing,
 And hard at work through the wintry day."

The timid flowers say, "All our powers,
 When Summer's with us, are most complete.
 We have good reason to love this season,
 For we must perish at her retreat."

The lark and swallow sing, "We shall follow
 Dear Summer southward, when she departs ;
 For we remember that cold December
 Would freeze our bodies and chill our hearts."

Then, all together, they say, "Warm weather,
 O Sun, we cherish, and hold most dear.
 So now we're grieving for Summer's leaving:
 To us she's sweetest of all the year!"

A. W.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"SOME men are born great, others achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them." The most conspicuous example among these last was the late Edgar Allan Poe. It was my good—or bad—fortune to come in contact with this unfortunate gentleman in my twenty-first year. Here I must premise that I had met those who already knew him, and was to meet those who had known him before and after. I was scarcely twenty when Wiley & Putnam published "The Raven, and Other Poems." One of my very early friends after Bayard Taylor was Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, from whom I experienced nothing but personal kindness. I knew him before Poe died; was cognizant of his not unfriendly opinion of Poe; was obliged by him with the present of Poe's sonnet against Tuckerman ("Seldom we find, says Solomon Don Dunce"), and was on terms of boyish intimacy with Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood. Within a day or two after the death of Edgar Allan, I penned a copy of careless verses ("Miserrimus") which had more success than they deserved. I mention these facts to show that at this time I was not devoid of knowledge about the author of "The Raven." But before I go any farther in this direction I must retrace my rambling steps, and relate in as few words as possible my first and last acquaintance with this highly-gifted but ill-balanced man of genius.

A great reader from boyhood, I happened to come across a volume of indifferent verses, written by an English officer, who, if my memory may be trusted, was, or had been, in the service of the East India Company, and who, like others of his class, was tormented with the belief that he was a poet. He was evidently a descendant of the famous Person of Quality who figured among the wits of the time of Charles the Second; who was noted among the beaux of the more polished days of Queen Anne, where he was bantered with mock admiration by Pope and Swift; and who is not entirely unknown now, since he insists on besieging us with rondels, villanelles, and I know not what else in the shape of outworn fripperies. Well, this Major Richardson, true to the tradition that attached to his rank, went and wrote an "Ode to a Grecian Flute." It struck my fancy, ineffective as it was, for I was then under the spell of Keats. Yes, I was a poet also, and, since my master had written an "Ode on a Grecian Urn," I must needs write a companion-piece. Like all early writing, it was crude; but there was promise in it. I worked over it, made a copy of it, and sent it to the editor of the *Broadway Journal*, in which I hoped it might appear. A week or two passed, and, as it did not appear, I went to ascertain its fate. It was a hot afternoon in June, and, with the direction furnished me by the publisher, I sought the residence of Mr. Poe. He received me with the courtesy habitual with him when he was himself, and gave me to understand that my Ode would appear in the next number of his

journal. The next number appeared, but not my Ode. It was mentioned, however, in "Notices to Correspondents," and dismissed with the curt remark that the editor declined to publish it unless he could be assured of its authenticity.

Since penning the above lines, I have spent an hour or so in the spacious rooms of the Historical Society, the curator of which endeavored to help me to what I wanted, but with little effect. What he did find, however, was the following lines, which contain, so far as I remember, the first two mentions of my name by Poe. They appeared in the *Broadway Journal* of July, and are as follows:

"To the Author of the Lines on the *Grecian Flute*. We fear that we have mislaid the poem."

And a week later, this: "We doubt the originality of the *Grecian Flute*, for the reason that it is too good at some points to be so bad at others. Unless the author can reassure us, we decline it."

I was surprised; any one in my situation would have been surprised. Not write that immortal production!—why, I knew that I had composed it! I thought then, I thought afterwards, and I know now, that Poe was no critic. Of course I called within a few days to authenticate my trifle. It was a forenoon, and a very hot one, in July. I plodded down from the east side of the town, southwardly, westwardly, through Lewis Street, Division Street, and Chatham Street, until I reached Clinton Hall, on the southwest corner of Beekman and Nassau Streets. It was then past noon, and of course the potent editor of the *Broadway Journal* had gone out to his luncheon, with Briggs, or English, or some other Bohemian with whom he had not yet fallen out. "Not in, sir," ejaculated the fatuous publisher. I walked away, and cooled myself by wandering in and out of the Park, in that intolerable July afternoon. Returning with my thin blood at fever-heat, I was informed that Poe was in his *sanctum*. He was awakened either by myself or his publisher, and was in a very stormy mood. When summoned back to earth he was slumbering uneasily in a very easy chair. He was irascible, surly, and in his cups.

"Mr. Poe," I ventured to remark, meekly, "I saw you two or three weeks ago, and I read in your paper that you doubted my ability to write——"

"I know," he answered, starting up wildly. "You never wrote the Ode to which I lately referred. You never——" But the reader may imagine the rest of this unfortunate sentence. I was comminated, and threatened with condign personal chastisement. I left quickly, but was not, as I remember, downcast. On the contrary, I was complimented, flattered. The great American Critic had declared that I could not write what I *had* written. The thing was so good and so bad that if he had possessed the least critical insight he would have known that the stripling before him was the penman of the lines.

Do I blame Poe? The gods forbid! With a race of hardy New England sailors behind me, and behind him a stock of hard-drinking Marylanders, his father an inefficient player, and his mother a fairly good English actress and vocalist,—who am I, pray, that I should censure anybody? I remember here two or three thoughts of our

Master. One which Sir Walter liked so much, even in the mouth of Iago :

Tush, man, the wine she drinks is made of grapes.

Another, from "Hamlet :"

There's nothing good or bad,
But thinking makes it so.

And, best of all,

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

But before I go on, I must go back,—very far back. Born in Massachusetts, of good English and Scottish blood, as the name signifies, I always knew how to read; always hated hymns and pitied their writers; and, after many hardships, reached New York in my eleventh year. My first incentive to verse was Robert Burns; my second, the death of a sickly Methodist boy; my third, Keats. But before these came Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron. And the influence of Keats was greater than all in my nonage. I devoured "Endymion," of which I repeat by heart many glorious passages after more than forty years, and which I strove to imitate, as my dead-and-gone Ode will show, if I can ever recover it. This roundabout journey ought to bring me back to Poe, who was only at his best (as it seemed to me) in his smaller verses; who was *not* a critic; and who, like others whom I knew before, and have known since, and expect to know to the end, was constitutionally unveracious. He, and they, perhaps, were unconscious. At any rate, the infirmity was hereditary, and therefore unavoidable.

But to Poe, of whom I probably know all that is discoverable. A mathematician in his stories, which are marvels of ratiocination, he was a dunce respecting the lives of himself and his parents. He claimed to be a Southern writer, but he was ushered into the world, not in Richmond, not in Baltimore, but in Boston. He furnished Griswold with three dates of his birth, all supposititious, and the last impossible, in that his mother must have been dead two years! And so with all the fanciful facts of his too short life. But, to go back for the second or third time, I have known many men and women who knew Poe, casually or closely, and their combined recollections have agreed in the main with my own. He was not of the race of Chaucer, for he was not gracious, and was without honor; nor of the race of Wyatt, Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser. He was of a different, a lower race than Daniel, Drayton, Jonson, and Shakespeare; and was akin to the later dramatists. If the reader of this rambling paper doubts the correctness of this off-hand observation, he should, out of respect to Poe and myself, read, if he can, "Politian," which was absurdly ambitious.

Oblivious of what I may have said, but fully conscious of what I mean to say, Poe was a curious compound of the charlatan and the courtly gentleman; a mixture of Count Cagliostro, of Paracelsus,

who was wisely named Bombastes, and of Cornelius Agrippa,—the three beings intermoulded from the dust of Apollonius of Tyana and Elymas the Sorcerer. His first master in verse was Byron, in prose Charles Brockden Brown, and later Hawthorne. Most men are egoists; he was egotistical. His early poems are exquisite, his later ones are simply melodious madness. The parent of "Annabel Lee" was Mother Goose, who in this instance did *not* drop a golden egg. Always a plagiarist, he was always original. Like Molière, whom he derided, he took his own wherever he found it. Without dramatic instinct, he persuaded himself (but no one else) that he was a dramatist. The proof of this assertion is his drama of "Politian," which was never ended, and which should never have been begun.

What did he look like? may be asked by the reader of this gossip paper. When I met him for the first time in the front parlor of the third story of the old house in East Broadway, he was dressed in black from head to foot, except of course that his linen was spotlessly white. I did not observe this at the time, though I recall it now, for the most noticeable things about him were his high forehead, dark hair, and sharp black eye. His cousin-wife, always an invalid, was lying on a bed between himself and me. She never stirred, but her mother came out from the back parlor, and was introduced to me by her courtly nephew.

"Your poem will appear, sir, next week."

Breathing a benediction upon the three, I stole down-stairs, and rambled slowly home. I saw Poe once again, and for the last time. It was a rainy afternoon, such as we have in our Novembers, and he stood under an awning waiting for the shower to pass over. My conviction was that I ought to offer him my umbrella and go home with him, but my conviction was a false one. I left him standing there, and there I see him still, and shall always,—poor, penniless, but proud, reliant, dominant. May the gods forgive me! I never can forgive myself.

Poe's constitutional inability to distinguish between veracity and unveracity has produced a plentiful harvest of imitators, who have carried, and still carry, invention into downright falsehood. That most of their falsehoods have been levelled against me, has never pained me, or pained me only for their sake. Mr. James Hannay, a sound-hearted but hot-headed Scot, honored me by comparing me to the curs of Constantinople, which are not admitted to the cemeteries where the followers of the Prophet slumber under the protection of their white turbans. Mr. Ingram and Mr. Rossetti have both, I believe, paid their common disrespects to me. Others among my own countrymen have expressed their ill opinion of me in books, in magazines, in newspapers; some manfully over their signatures, others under *noms de guerre*. These curs roam at large under the alleys of cypress where the shadow of Poe wandered with his more shadowy Psyche.

When Poe had ruined the *Broadway Journal*, as he would have ruined the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and as he at last succeeded in ruining his own life, he began—as we all remember, or ought to—a series of papers on "The Literati" in *Godey's Lady's Book*. Hercules at the feet of Omphale never twirled from her distaff such flimsy threads, as

this needy poet with two sickly women on his lap. He praised everybody whom he liked, and dispraised all who, he fancied, did not like him. He was generous to Bayard Taylor, who deserved all the good words bestowed upon his magnificent verse: he was more than generous to the gentlewomen whom he, his wife, or his aunt loved and admired; notably so to Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Oakes Smith, and others of the tune-ful sisterhood. But he was mean, he was stingy, he was parsimonious in the scanty words which he doled out to Bryant, to Lowell, to Long-fellow; while to Hawthorne, his greatest master, he was miserly in the extreme. And he believed himself to be a critic. So, also, did Iago.

Like that of most men of talents, and all men of genius, the earliest work of Poe was his best. This truth was contradicted by the first works of Shakespeare, which were wrought out painfully, but proven by the early sonnets of Milton, which are still unsurpassed, and gloriously so by "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus." The balance trembles in this scale in which posterity has weighed most earlier and all later British poets. But with regard to Poe there was no doubt. The lines to "Helen," "Fairy-Land,"—in short, all his first songs,—are perfection; containing and embracing

The glory which was Greece,
And the grandeur which was Rome.

Several years ago I undertook to write an accurate memoir of our most subtle writer of psychological tales, and the most melodious of our lyrists. To fit myself for this task, I consulted the *Southern Literary Messenger*. I read, by the help of Griswold, the juvenilia of Poe, of which I knew a little, but not enough. I found his first story, his first poem, and later on the versicles which he wrote and re-wrote, over and over again, selling them each time as the latest effusions of his pen. His invention was boundless, his execution limited, scanty, and sparse. He repeated himself thrice in his lines "To F. S. O.," and bettered them each time. It was the same with his stories, which he repeated many times, over and under many pen-names. This strange fact was known to his foes, and his friends, who conceded it, his friends being his worst foes, and his worst foes the kindest of his few friends. But I have, or ought to have, noted these before in my casual jottings down for a biography of Poe. Griswold, who was greatly maligned, was the life-long friend of Edgar Allan. He loaned him moneys when he could ill afford to lose them, yet to loan was to lose, with Poe. Another friend was Horace Greeley; others were Chas. F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), Thomas Dunn English (whom Poe bitterly but cleverly maligned), George R. Graham, L. A. Godey, John Sartain, Mrs. Kirkland; all men and women most kindly disposed towards this unkindly person, who loved no one, not even himself, his wife, nor the devoted mother of both; who might have said more truly than Timon,—

I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.

That Griswold was not the enemy of Poe was demonstrated by the fact that he collected and edited his verse and prose for nothing. The

papers, if they are still extant, of the late Mr. J. S. Redfield, prove this, as well as the testimony of Mr. J. C. Derby, Mr. Cornelius Mathews, Mr. John Sartain, and other common friends of all. But about the last days of Poe, and his journey to and from Richmond,—on these points I have many authentic missives, which have been carefully preserved in the identical envelopes wherein their communications reached me. To these memoranda (should I discover any serious blunders) I shall refer when this tortuous scribblement returns to me in type. Let me say here that "The Bells" was sold thrice, and paid for every time; that "Annabel Lee" was sold twice, and was printed by Griswold before it could appear either in *Sartain's Magazine* or in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and when it possessed no literary value whatever. The files of the *Tribune* for October or November, 1845, will show this, as well as my own poor verse, for which I did not receive either a penny or the doubtful compliment of the editor's "thanks." But I had one friend there,—Bayard Taylor.

Thirty years ago I was living in Brooklyn, where I met—not, I think, for the first time—a lady of that city, who wrote what she considered poetry, of which she had published two or three pretentious volumes. She was the heroine of Poe's sonnet "Seldom we find," wherein the initials of her name were cleverly concealed, in a sliding downward scale. This stellar scintillation whose twinkles have been extinguished, had one of her books illustrated by good artists, and her portrait painted by the best-known artist of forty years ago, which portrait faced the title-page of one of her great booklets, with, I imagine; a specimen of her ragged penmanship.

I called by invitation one evening at the domicile of this songstress, who met me and my wife attired in a low-necked dress of flaming crimson tarlatan, and with dishevelled ringlets of the kind that once were called golden. She began her disjointed chat with the remark, "I am but a child," which certainly she was not (if she had ever been !), and introduced her husband, who was playing cards in his dressing-gown, and unslipped. He was a good fellow, as I suppose, but he did not pretend to be a boy, though he was less elderly than his bedizened worser half. Turning from these modern antiques of the Wardour Street pattern, we were introduced to Mrs. Clemm, who for business purposes all round was the guest of this clever couple. She was less elderly than I had expected, and was clad in black bombazine, with the regulation widow's cap and white frills. She began by assuring me that she had often heard her Eddie speak of me (which I doubted); and she also declared solemnly that she had often heard the convenient Eddie speak of the stripling who accompanied me (which was an impossibility). She gravely regretted to the pair of us her inability to supply any more autographs of her darling, but stated that she managed to manufacture them, since she could perfectly imitate his chirography. And all this as though it redounded to her credit! Then she glanced back, and told me of the long winter nights in which he had made her walk up and down on the little porch of their cottage at Fordham, until her teeth chattered and she was nearly frozen. Her dear Eddie was a trifle inconsiderate. But up-stairs, just over where

we listened to the old dame's prattle, was the study of her hostess,—a small room, with a barred wicket, and I have no doubt many passwords. Inside there was a large blackboard, whereon were inscribed in the whitest of chalk the inspirations of this gifted creature, in two or three languages and several dialects. Among those which I happen to recollect were such Orphic utterances as "Sic transit gloria," "Lasciate speranza voi che entrate," "Eurekem tokalos," "Quoth the Raven, Nevermore." It was thus that singers were shapen thirty years ago!

But "Eddie" was more than inconsiderate—he was dishonest—in his treatment of this patroness, who paid him one hundred dollars to review one of her books, and who, on his neglecting to do so, very naturally complained of him. He did not deny her charges, but simply remarked that if he reviewed her rubbish it would kill him. Nevertheless he did review it in the *Southern Literary Messenger* and in *Graham's Magazine*, sending his notes to Bayard Taylor with the request that he would insert as his own production. I had, before I lost it or gave it away, the note in which he made this preposterous request, which was of course complied with, and the tuneful soul of his gushing friend was thus propitiated. So unscrupulous at this period was the needy nature of Edgar Allan Poe. All this came back to me that cool summer night in Brooklyn, when in the shabby back parlor of that ill-conditioned house I hearkened to the mendacious prattle of the forlorn old woman who loved her poor little daughter and the dead child's dead husband so well. Meanwhile the card-playing went on, with the strumming of an untuned piano somewhere, the jangle of a hurdy-gurdy, whiffs of stale tobacco, and last, but this may be fancy, the clangor of fire-bells several squares away. Home under the glimmer of summer stars; and so to bed, and dreams.

That Griswold meant to be just to Poe, and that, telling much about him and his affairs with questionable discretion now and then perhaps, he intended to deal kindly by him, was believed by Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Clemm, Miss Lynch, and other gentlewomen who knew both; and was certain to Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Graham, Mr. Willis, Mr. Taylor, and other men who were capable of taking the measure of both. If he intimated too much, he withheld more. Let me pattern after him in this last particular. Wherever Poe went, he was pursued like Actæon by his own hounds. A spoiled child with the Allans in Richmond and England, a gambling student at Charlottesville, a riotous, dram-drinking cadet at West Point, a penniless soldier in Boston, he was the victim of heredity. Griswold was on the right track when he asserted that Poe enlisted as a soldier after his expulsion from West Point, and was later a deserter, but he was at fault in regard to the period of Poe's enlistment, and erroneous in regard to his alleged desertion, which was mythical. It remained for Mr. Woodberry to recover the clue which enables us to traverse this maze nearly sixty years after its construction, and a clever piece of detective work it was, but not original with him,—whatever may have been his belief,—for it had been employed by the relatives of Coleridge in tracing that young poet, who enlisted in a company of horse, under a feigned name in which his

baptismal and family initials were preserved,—a service which was remembered by the boyish author of "Tamerlane." The worst of his trouble began with his discharge, was continued in Baltimore, and terminated for the moment in Richmond; three episodes in his unfortunate career, which have been variously narrated from the time of Griswold down to the present day, but by no one so correctly as Mr. Woodberry. They are so well known that I pass over them without a remark. We are tolerably familiar with Poe's first residence in New York, whither he went for the purpose of publishing "Arthur Gordon Pym," with his subsequent residence in Philadelphia, and his connection there with Burton, Graham, and Griswold, and his return to New York, his squabble with Briggs, Watson, and English, and his flitting thence to Fordham, and thence through Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Richmond, and his fatal journey to his cottage in sight of Long Bridge,—the poor but cosy little home which he was destined to see no more. All this has been told, over and over, with what else happened or was supposed to have happened to Poe during the last days and hours of his wild and disorderly life. I was, I believe, the first to make public the last scene in this strange, eventful history. I received the particulars after the appearance of the paper in *Harper's Magazine* sixteen years ago, and in consequence of that imperfect paper, my chief authority being Mr. Nelson Poe, a surviving cousin of the dead poet, an elderly lady of Richmond who played with him in his boyhood, and Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence. At a later date I came into the possession of certain letters of Poe to Mr. F. W. Thomas, a forgotten novelist, and the replies of Mr. Thomas to these letters, which were painful reading.

Many trials have been made in Europe and America to refine and clarify the brilliant qualities of Poe, but none that can be considered entirely successful. Distinguished in verse and prose, he had many masters in the first, and but two, or at most three, in the last. To those who are familiar with the three early versions of "Tamerlane," his first masters were Coleridge, Scott, and Byron, whose style and manner were caught and exhibited throughout these juvenilia. There is no need to insist upon this open secret, which everywhere betrays itself. Poe's prose masters were Brown, whose master was Godwin, and Hawthorne, whose masters were both, to which we should probably add a third in the person of the German Hoffmann, whose sources of inspiration were music and wine. It is not likely he would have admitted his obligation to either, for he preferred above all things to be original; but his indebtedness was too great to be cancelled by his own unsupported testimony. But whoever were his masters is a matter of no consequence, since the pupil sometimes bettered their instruction. There is a parade of erudition in his writing, but one need not be a scholar to perceive that his reading was superficial. He had a few pet citations which he wore threadbare. He insisted upon being regarded as a critic; but in the sense that Arnold and Sainte-Beuve are critics, his pretensions are feeble. He was a sure judge of the Beautiful in verse, but, except at rare intervals, mostly in his early lyrics, he never attained it. The most that he captured was a mild loveliness, a pale melancholy, the

hectic bloom of decay, whose effacing fingers were sweeping away the lines of Beauty.

He was at his worst in lyrics over shadowy women, such as Tennyson sang about in his first book,—Lenores, Annabel Lees, and Ulalumes. His perception of the pathetic was sure, but he failed to distinguish the difference between the terrible and the horrible. “Morella,” found early in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, is repulsive, but not so much so as “The Case of M. Valdemar,” which is sickening. “The Fall of the House of Usher” and “Ligeia” are gloriously imaginative. Most of his tales, which are fairly described by himself as grotesque and arabesque, and nearly all his poems, were the outgrowth of morbid fancies and diseased hallucinations,—apparitions which surrounded him in his hours of despondency,—spectres which haunted him in his seasons of madness,—were-wolves, ghouls, vampires. Begotten in *mania a potu*, they were born in the sobriety and sanity of this singular man.

R. H. Stoddard.

SONG.

SWIFT as an arrow be thy flight, O Song !
Swift as an arrow, as an arrow strong.

Forth from thy covert ! Angel of Relief !
Barbed with my fury, feathered with my grief !

Weakness thy goal be, and despair thy food :
The sweat of bondage and the tears of blood.

Strike where thou canst the serpent and his breed,
Fix in his head and fester in his seed.

Sting with defeat ; with flames of victory fill
A sullen anger and a vanquished will.

Darkness shall fail, and falsehood from its force
Fall like the fountain weakened at its source.

Speed then, Bright Swiftness !—and when thy master's dead,
The bow that sent thee, and the hand that sped,

Betray no word of him, no thought betray !
If weakness blast, or darkness blind his day.

This, this alone be known,—that Thou art sent
To man, from man, for man's encouragement !

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

LITERARY SOCIETY AS SHE WAS SEEN.

Apologue à la Kriloff.

GENTLE reader, did you ever see a cat in a pawnbroker's window? Old clothes tickle her ears, odd boots frame in her charms, and dilapidated hats form a bulwark for her virtue.

She does not, however, allow herself to be compromised by her surroundings.

Possessed of the *aplomb* peculiar to her race, she gazes upon the passers-by with the air of a feline La Bruyère, a La Rochefoucauld, and a Francis Quarles.

Her innocent yet wide-open golden eyes match the three golden balls over the door, and her secretive frankness of aspect is worthy of the Medici family.

What this cat doesn't know is really not worth knowing, and, although she sticks to the pawnbroking business because there's money in it, she considers that the pawnbroking business was made for her, and not she for the pawnbroking business!

I was born a literary woman! I wrote almost as soon as I could read, which period antedates my memory. At the age of ten I composed tales for the edification of my family and definitely made up my mind to be an old maid and write for the *Atlantic Monthly*. At fourteen I was a paid contributor to *Our Young Folks*. At sixteen I published sketches of European travel in *Appletons' Journal*, being well remunerated for them. At seventeen I wrote an heroic drama in blank verse, having for its subject the many trials of "Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus." At eighteen my first article in *Lippincott's Magazine* was published, and I received forty dollars for it, which made me dance with glee.

My sketches of Venetian life which appeared in *Appletons' Journal* attracted favorable attention on all sides. The editor of the magazine, one of the best literary critics in the country and noted for his benevolence to young writers, said many kind things concerning my work; and it was this which clinched my determination to adopt literature as a profession.

I grew up at Venice, Italy, training myself day by day, week by week, for the profession I had chosen. There was another reason for my close application to literary pursuits. I was a dowerless maiden. My mother gave me fair warning that if the "invisible prince" didn't come along in a very short time I'd have to go to work, and if I worked I'd have to go back to America by myself to do it, because, as she very properly remarked, she did not take kindly to literary spinsters as objects of home-decoration. I knew perfectly well that the "invisible prince" would not come along, for the simple reason that Italian

princes do not marry American girls without dowries. I dare say that, in the course of time, by dint of manoeuvring and scheming, I might have managed to marry a poor but virtuous American art-student, or the sort of American young man who has something the matter with his brain or his stomach, or one of the kind that live by their wits as parasites on rich women and call it art and literature, or a choice example of the species whose family has shipped it to Europe to keep it out of state's-prison or the gin-mill!

Marriage, regarded as a means of livelihood for poor young ladies, has never particularly commended itself to my independent soul. The blood which runs in my veins is the same that helped to make the American Declaration of Independence an accepted fact among the nations; and in my case it crops out in Female Emancipation.

The position of young women in Europe, even American girls, is pretty low down. Although I had become somewhat poor-spirited and submissive through the discipline of an aristocratic social system, where everybody kow-towed to everybody else and no woman dared say she had a soul of her own unless some other woman gave her permission, I still had enough native Yankee self-assertiveness left to unite with my acquired Italian subtlety and float me safely down the flood of Venetian "teas" into the haven of New York professional literature.

In order to encourage the young, I shall here state that I had earned my own pocket-money and most of my frocks by my writing from the time I was fourteen years old. I paid my own passage to America with money earned on *Appletons' Journal*. I knew that I would have to begin to foot my own board-bill from the week I landed on my native shores. With the ignorance and insouciance of youth, I did not then appreciate the gravity of the situation.

My mother's parting gift to me was her second-best gold bracelets and her four-hundred-dollar camel's-hair shawl. The first had been sported by me upon state occasions; and when she handed them to me in company with my grandmamma's Geneva watch, she remarked, cynically, "As long as you hold on to these you'll always have something to 'pop'!" Alas! bracelets and watch were long ago stolen from me, and now I have nothing to "pop"! At the last moment I invited my mother to accompany me to America, but she thanked me politely, remarked that she'd had enough of the United States in former years, and said that she claimed the privilege of spending the rest of her life in a decent country, considering the Lido preferable to Greenwood Cemetery as an ultimate place of rest. Her farewell charge to me, after the manner of old Polonius, ran thus:

"You *must* go, because I can't support you any longer. You have had a good European education, which you ought to be able to turn to account in America. You are well fitted for the 'literary career' you've always wanted. Now you've got your 'literary career,' and you ought to be happy. But, for your own sake, you'd better not say much about writing for money or getting your own living; for if you do, you'll certainly be called a PERSON!"

It had already been noised about the snobby Anglo-American society in which I moved at Venice, that I was writing for money,—yes,

actually writing for money! The British nose had begun to go up. There was one nose in particular that went up uncommon high. It was that of an amateur female artist. Retributive justice has, however, now overtaken her. At last accounts, she was supporting her husband by painting portraits. The Glasgow Bank was a humble instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to chasten the British Matron. It takes a good deal to chasten her, but she got it that time.

The first money I received after reaching the land of my birth was the sum of fifty dollars from *Lippincott's Magazine*, for a paper on the *fiesta* of San Antonio at Padua. With this did I pay my board-bill for a month ahead, in a co-operative household of elderly ladies, one of whom was a cousin of my own, to whose care I had been consigned.

By judiciously appealing to the sympathies of this kind-hearted though painfully high-principled old lady, I succeeded in getting her to take dear mamma's camel's-hair off my hands for two hundred dollars. (She had two of her own, and she only bought it out of charity.) I used one hundred dollars to pay the rapidly accumulating board-bill in advance, and, with the reckless generosity of youth, sent back one hundred to my mother. You see, in common with other emigrants, I thought the streets of America were paved with gold, and that I would presently be earning at least five thousand a year by my pen. I have always boasted, in my capacity of a self-made woman, that my mother's camel's-hair shawl was to me what his mouse-trap was to that eminent financier, Mr. Bay Hould.

My ancient chaperon-cousin and myself presently began to disagree in small matters. We were both endowed with the uncompromising New England disposition, and the very fastidious old lady sniffed at the British aristocracy because the female members of it went to church in colored petticoats, while I snubbed the missionaries and theological students who endeavored to make evening calls upon me at her instigation. I also refused to attend either the Presbyterian church or the Dutch Reformed, on the ground that I was not a "Dissenter." My mysterious foreign reserve and elaborate Italian manners nearly drove her wild, and I am sure she felt as though she were nursing a youthful tarantula. On my side, I regarded my venerable relative, in my cold-blooded, literary way, simply as a magnificent American type. Besides, I was too well fed; my Bohemian-Venetian stomach couldn't stand so many square meals. I felt that I was growing sluggish and lazy and required a course of starvation to keep me from becoming a fat American *bourgeoise*, taking an interest in church sociables and young people's prayer-meetings. I informed this dear old lady upon various occasions that I was a Bohemian!

"A Bohemian?" gasped my cousin, as she sat bolt upright on her chair, knitting one of those vile pseudo-Smyrna rugs which belong to the decalcomania-ginger-jar period of American artistic development. "A Bohemian! Dog's nose! What's a Bohemian?"

"A Bohemian," I replied, promptly, from the sofa on which I was stretched at full length, complacently contemplating my first pair of really high heels, "is a person who paints or writes, who never has anything to eat and not much to wear."

"Cat's foot!" shrieked my aged relative. "I don't want any of that kind where I am! Don't you bring any of your Bohemians to *this* house, if you *please*!"

No Irish need apply!

At that period of my existence I modelled my style of conversation and general views of life upon the works of one distinguished Frenchman, named Henri Murger,—of course within strictly moral, feminine limits. I lost no opportunity of flying the Bohemian banner. I considered that I had a mission to rescue the entire American nation from the slough of Philistinism into which it had fallen.

At last the supreme moment approached when I was to make my entrance into New York literary society. I felt that my life had culminated. Since early youth I had yearned to join that glorious band of almost disembodied spirits who kept the sacred fire of the American creative intellect forever burning by their reverent ministrations.

At the mature age of ten I knew my Ralph Waldo Emerson by heart and had wept in secret over the sad fate of the divine Margaret Fuller Ossoli. For years I had carried my baked-bean transcendentalism enshrined in my breast as a protection against the many temptations and frivolities of the court-circles of effete Europe! "Ralph, this is poetry; Margaret, this is religion," was to me but a faint foreshadowing of the mystic, significant, and pregnant utterances which were about to issue in my presence from the pale, ascetic, hallowed lips of the elect of letters.

I made my first appearance in New York intellectual society at one of the best literary houses, introduced and chaperoned by the wife of a well-known author, at an afternoon reception given for herself and her husband. I had formed the acquaintance of these charming people in Europe. They were everything that was kind and delightful, but they were possessed of that delicious, Arcadian, New England, middle-aged innocence which produced Brook Farm, the Concord school of philosophy, and reformed underwear.

With a mingling of awe and satisfaction did I array myself for this auspicious occasion in an Anglo-Venetian costume, such as I would have gone to a tea-party in at the city of the lagunes. It consisted of a black cashmere and velvet skirt and a pale-blue cashmere coat, bordered with white fur, wide Valenciennes lace at throat and wrists, and dear mamma's gold bracelets. I had imitated my coat from one worn by the fascinating author of "Kismet," for whom I had always cherished a sneaking admiration, such as a small dog feels for a large one, because she was so awfully emancipated and actually went out alone in a gondola with a young man! She belonged to the civil war period of American girlhood, when chaperons were unknown. Thus she sometimes required to be "explained," as it were.

At this time I was somewhat conceited. It was not, however, personal conceit. It was simply that I was impressed with the dignity and glory of my calling as a writer for the magazines. I also looked upon all Americans, except such as wrote books or painted pictures, as "scrubs," "Philistines," and "*bourgeois*." I scornfully alluded to the prosperous merchants of New York as "millionaire shopkeepers."

Thus panoplied in youth, verdancy, and self-confidence, behold me about to sally forth to confront the American Dowager!

I think, on the whole, that the American Dowager is a trifle worse than the British Matron. The B. M. is kept down by caste and the existence of an acknowledged standard of class-breeding. She's afraid of the queen, too. The A. D., on the other hand, reminds one of an aggressive cow-buffalo hooking other cow-buffaloes, on the boundless plains of the untrammelled West. She is responsible to no one save her Maker,—who might have done himself a little more credit with his handiwork.

I was one of the young ladies who were to "receive," you know. I may say that I not only received but I was received! The reception had hardly begun, when my chaperon called me up and introduced me to a pompous, disagreeable sort of elderly man, as a young lady who was going in for a literary career. I offered to shake hands with him, after the manner of the Venetian tea-parties, where everybody shook hands with everybody else upon the slightest provocation. He stared superciliously at my offered hand, and looked me over from head to foot, but finally took it.

It so happened that my mother and myself had run across this worthy gentleman and his niece one day in the course of our travels. I asked him if he remembered two ladies whom he had met at a certain place in Germany. He replied grimly that he remembered two PERSONS.

Dear me! I had received my prophesied social accolade! I had been called a PERSON! My only comfort was that dear mamma had been included in the offensive nomenclature. This was what came of copying the style of dress affected by the British aristocracy!

Inexperienced as I was in American social warfare, I had the sense to turn my youthful back upon this unpleasant old party and walk off to a seat. I had scarcely recovered from the shock of being called a PERSON when my chaperon beckoned to me. I responded with meek docility, after the European *jeune fille* manner, and, before I knew what was going on, I found myself at the top of the room and I was again being introduced as a young lady who was going in for a literary career, to a crowd of women who pressed around me.

Such women! Such hard-faced, vicious, malignant women! And such eyes! That battery of eyes still seems to beat full upon me! I instinctively made the sign which in Italy wards off the "evil eye," for I was frightened almost to death. But I heroically smiled the polite smile of European breeding and offered to shake hands with every one. I dare say my smile was like a red rag to a cow! I had not then learned that, in America, it is not swell to smile, and that an amiable manner is regarded as a mark of social inferiority.

A couple of old women opened the ball by peering at me through their eye-glasses, almost touching my face with theirs.

"Middle-class!" ejaculated one, in a loud voice. (I a *bourgeoise*,—just fancy!)

The other nodded assent. "Low!" was her comment. Then the bombs began to fly!

"Common!" spat one old girl.

"Vulgar!" quoth a somewhat younger dame.

"Underbred!" remarked a third.

"Do you write for money?" catechised a wanton-looking girl.

"Yes, of course I do," I replied, proudly. "That's what I've come to America for. I'm going to earn my own living. And I'm a Bohemian!"

"A Bohemian!" A murmur of horror ran around the changing circle of femininity.

"Adventuress!" was the next complimentary name applied to me. It came from the saintly lips of old age.

"She's going to earn her own living!" said one sweet creature to another. "Then she doesn't belong here. She's out of place. The Young Woman's Christian Association is her sphere."

"Beautiful lace she wears," remarked one impertinent old thing, examining my wristlets as if I had been a milliner's dummy. "Probably she doesn't know the value of it. Wonder where she got it!"

"Stole it!" snapped out her nearest neighbor, glaring at me.

I flushed with indignation. At that moment a girl stepped up to me and deliberately ran her forefinger hard across my cheek from my eyes down to my jawbone, looking me full in the face with an impudent leer. I suppose she wanted to find out whether I was painted or not.

Up to this time, I had kept my feelings under control. I had concealed my grief, horror, and amazement under a mask of smiles. But this last stroke was too much. I fairly quivered with physical disgust. Then I began to cry. The tears ran down my cheeks before I could fish out my pocket-handkerchief.

A grand howl went up from my circle of tormentors. "Insane! She's insane! She ought to be shut up!"

I was still more frightened than before. I began to dread bodily harm as well as verbal insult. I continued to sob and wipe my eyes, but I tried to force a smile, because I thought "society" expected it of me. A little cad who had the "cut" of a medical student was brought up to diagnose my case, and I heard the woman who fetched him ask if he did not consider me insane, to which question he nodded his head affirmatively. Several bold-looking females came up to gaze at the supposed lunatic with the eyes of she-devils, and asked me to call on them. One woman, in particular, informed me that she considered me insane, asked me if I wouldn't like to go into a retreat at her expense, and said if I'd call on her the next day she'd make arrangements for me.

By this time I had recovered my *aplomb*. So I thanked her politely with my sweet Venetian smile and courteous bow, as if she had asked me to dinner. She looked puzzled, as well she might, for I was now only laughing in my sleeve at this naïve display of female jealousy.

But had I been the precious little idiot that my desire to see the world and my neurotic temperament made me appear, and had called on these unscrupulous women as they requested me to do, I should probably have met with the fate of Marion in "Aurora Leigh." I

could see that they were just dying to get me in their clutches. And yet this, you know, was one of the best literary houses in New York.

I must here remark that although I seemed and was awfully frightened, on the emotional side of my nature, the literary side of me was absorbed in studying the social conditions into which I had been flung, with an eye to gathering experience and serving it all up in print. I love to practise the doctrine of non-resistance, because it makes people expose their vices for my benefit as a literary person. When I found that those dreadful females were inclined to bully me, I afforded them every opportunity for so doing. You see, they thought I was a poor young foreigner whom they could insult with impunity. They made a slight mistake. They struck a native Yankee and an incipient social reformer.

The crowd swept on and left me, evidently thinking the fun was over. While I stood there alone, looking dreamy and abstracted, a young woman whose face I shall never forget, for she had the eyes of a professional criminal, rose from her seat, smiling at me to throw me off my guard, approached me, and deliberately attempted to steal the lace off my right wrist. Happily, it was securely fastened in, and I was fully aware of the fact. Therefore I could afford to smile at her sweetly, which I did, and she returned to her seat with a baffled look. She probably realized that I was not such a fool as I appeared.

And so this was literary society! These were the beauteous Burne-Jones beings with whom I had dreamt of dwelling in sweet communion! They were skinny enough to be the works of B. J., certainly, but they were on a somewhat lower moral plane.

My illusions vanished forever. I went home and wept,—not so much over the personal abuse I had received as over the shattering of my cherished idols. I, the social “pet” of Venice, who had not been thought unworthy to meet ambassadors, and who had been often taken out by Queen Marguerite’s own maid of honor, to be snubbed and insulted by a lot of miserable New York women because I was too proud to pretend to be anything but what I was,—a girl who meant to use her clever pen to get herself an honest living!

The late Ralph Waldo Emerson always said that a man of the world should call his occupation by its lowest name and thus disarm evil tongues. But the late R. W. E. was an unsophisticated old Yankee. A course of New York social sprouts would have done the philosopher of Concord lots of good.

Thanks awfully, but I don’t visit at literary houses.

Charlotte Adams.

SYMPATHY.

A THROBBING wail of song,
A lorn bird mourned his mate :
I wept and I listened long,—
Something had shared my fate!

Curtis Hall.

THE CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

[The following letter was written by Parke Poindexter, then a lawyer in Philadelphia and a member of a military company at Harper's Ferry, who afterwards rose to be a colonel in the Confederate army and was killed in battle. His sister, Mrs. Eliza C. Perkins, to whom the letter was addressed, still resides in Pulaski City, Virginia.]

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, December 7, 1859.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Your kind letters were received, and I would have answered them before this time, but for my absence from the city. I have just returned from Charlestown, having reached this city last Sunday at three o'clock P.M., after an absence of a little more than two weeks.

I suppose you have heard of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. I was there with Company F of the First Regiment Virginia Volunteers. The night we started for the Ferry was the regular drill-night of the company, and some sixty or seventy of the men had assembled fully equipped for inspection, as it was the last drill-night before the 19th October, the celebration of Yorktown. They had barely assembled, when an order from Governor Wise arrived that we should immediately repair to Harper's Ferry, and in ten minutes after the order was received we were upon the cars of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad Company. It being dark, several of the men left the ranks as we marched from the drill-room to the dépôt, and when we reached the creek and the roll was called on the boat and the men mustered into service, only sixty-three responded to their names out of eighty-seven. Fourteen came on the next morning with the regiment, which proceeded no farther than Washington City. When we reached Washington City, we heard the most unfavorable news possible,—that the insurgents numbered some eight hundred or one thousand, that they had retaken the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry, and that they were then engaged in pulling up the railroad track at different points. We heard also that we would probably have to march some eight or ten miles on foot before reaching the Ferry. We were very much fatigued, having travelled all night, without sleep, and marched through the rain and mud in the night for two and a half miles, from the boat-landing at Washington to the dépôt of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. We found all the volunteers and regular soldiers at Washington on duty patrolling the city, as well as the police-force of some one hundred men, expecting an attack upon the city of Washington.

At Washington we were joined by another company of volunteers, from Alexandria. After getting some refreshments, we started in the train for the Relay House, where we arrived about seven o'clock A.M. I had no appetite, and did not try to eat. It was still raining, and cold. Ammunition was distributed among the men, and we started for the Ferry, upon the Covington and Ohio Railroad, as rapidly as their swift engines could draw us. The people all along the road were

in a great state of excitement. Men, women, and children cheered vociferously, waving their handkerchiefs, as the train bore on our splendid company at almost lightning speed. After travelling for two hours, we began to near the infected country, and the men prepared for an attack. About three hours after we had started, the train suddenly stopped, and it was announced that the insurgents had pulled up the track and that we could progress no farther. The men sprang to their feet ready to leave the train. The alarm turned out to be incorrect, and in this state of excitement we dashed on, meeting at every cross-road excited and alarmed crowds of country-people, until we got within three or four miles of Harper's Ferry, when we met a down-train, which informed us that the insurgents had been captured and the insurrection subdued. The engine-house, in which the insurgents took refuge, had been stormed about three hours before we reached the Ferry. The prisoners, old John Brown and his living confederates, had been secured and placed under a strong guard of the marines; but the dead, dying, and wounded were still lying upon the streets and in the engine-house, where they had been shot down.

The United States troops were drawn up within the government grounds, and the volunteers on the outside. The citizens, not being allowed to interfere with the soldiery, were assembled at a distance in large crowds. Our company, with Governor Wise at their head, were marched into the public grounds in front of the house, where the prisoners were confined. After remaining there for about two hours, we were taken off to dinner, and did no more duty. I went around and saw all of the prisoners, and the dead and the dying, as they lay upon the streets and in the engine-house, where they had been killed and wounded. The most of them whom I saw had been killed. Those of the wounded whom the surgeons supposed to be mortally so were permitted to remain without sympathy or medical relief; the rest were taken into the hospital, where their wounds were dressed.

Late in the evening a wagon was driven around, and the dead insurgents were pitched into it, whites and negroes together, and carried off to be buried. One of old Brown's sons was shot dead, while carrying a flag of truce, at the same time that the prisoner Stephens was so badly wounded. The other was shot while in the engine-house, and died the night after the storming of the engine-house, having been shot as well as run through with the bayonet. He was a tall, handsome man, about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and I could not help feeling sorry for him. He suffered such excruciating pain from his wounds that before he died he seemed to have grown to be an old man.

I returned from Harper's Ferry the 19th of October, and went immediately to Chesterfield Circuit Court. . . .

As I stated in the beginning, I have just returned from Charlestown, Jefferson County, where I have been for upwards of two weeks with the regiment, aiding in guarding old John Brown and the other prisoners confined there. I saw old Brown and the other prisoners several times. There was nothing particularly striking in the appearance of old Brown. He was a man sixty-odd years of age, naturally thin, and considerably shrunk by confinement and his wounds, with a long

face, an equal mixture of gray and sandy hair, and long beard. His face was indicative of calmness, self-possession, selfishness, and indifference both for the opinions and feelings of others. My company, F, was stationed very near the gallows upon the day of Brown's execution, and I witnessed the whole proceeding. Brown mounted the scaffold as calmly and quietly as if he had been going to his dinner: he did not exhibit the slightest excitement or fear; not a muscle moved, nor was there the slightest nervous excitement; he stood erect and calm as if he were upon post. He struggled very little after the trap fell from under him. He hung upon the gallows thirty-seven minutes. There were upon the field of execution about two thousand troops, and the military display was the most beautiful I ever saw.

Charlestown is one of the most beautiful little towns in Virginia, and is the county-seat of one of the most fertile and wealthy counties in the same. The people are refined, educated, and exceedingly hospitable. We had rations delivered to us every day, and excellent cooks from Richmond; but the citizens would come at every meal-time and request that the soldiers in squads of five to fifteen would go with them to their private houses, which they generally did. We were feasted upon the fat of that productive land, fine beef, mutton, poultry, and the delicate parts of the hog. I was taken very sick while in Charlestown, with remittent fever, and became almost delirious. When I awoke from my delirium, I had been taken to a most luxurious chamber in a private house, and found the ladies thereof ministering unto me as ladies only know how to do. I remained under the care of the ladies and the surgeon for five days. The ladies stayed with me constantly, and gave me every palatable thing their kindness could suggest, and did everything calculated to relieve me. For their great kindness I can never forget them.

Your affectionate brother,

P. POINDEXTER.

DIANA.

I LOVE thee all the more that thou dost prove
 So all unmoved by all proffered love;
 For not thy fault but ours it is, when we
 Poor sons of Adam bend the suppliant knee,
 That thou hast ne'er an answer to our sigh.
 E'en in the virginal calmness of thine eye
 (As some great lake which in its quietest sleep
 Mirrors all heaven within its infinite deep)
 I read the sacred passion of great love,
 That might have been did men more worthy prove.
 And I do love thy high-souled purity,
 And I am well content that thou shouldst be
 Too pure, too proud, to stoop to such as we.

Wilson K. Welsh.

AT LAST:

SIX DAYS IN THE LIFE OF AN EX-TEACHER.

FOURTH DAY.—A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

THE ice of my reserve having been entirely melted by the shower, there was nothing to prevent little Alice being made entirely at home at my boarding-house the next day, which also was rainy. She entered with a cheery "Here we are again," which I was inclined to criticise as ungrammatical until Mistress Drusilla told me it was a common salutation of the child's father when he reached home Saturday evenings. The uniform failure of my criticisms of anything which had emanated from "my fahver" had warned me to ignore that gentleman's ways whenever they were brought to my notice by his daughter.

Besides, little Alice's voice was not the only one which broke the stillness of my temporary home. There arose to my room, as I prepared to descend, the wail of a cat. I knew my hostesses disliked cats; as for me, I hated them. Many a night had I been roused from slumber by the cries of pussies in city yards, until I wondered how Noah's family got any sleep at all while cruising about in the Ark. The cat whose voice mingled with that of little Alice seemed to be protesting against something, and its notes were high and piercing.

"You know, pet, we never liked cats," I heard Mistress Drusilla say as I entered the old-fashioned sitting-room.

"Never, darling," declared Miss Dorcas.

The child looked hopefully towards me, but in return I gazed icily at a small feline head which rested on little Alice's elbow, as I said,—

"I'd about as lieve have a snake in the house as a cat."

"Well, I never!" said the child, looking curiously at me. "Where *did* you ever get used to snakes so as to like 'em?"

Mistress Drusilla suddenly hurried to a corner window, saying, under her breath, that she believed there was a draught coming from that way somehow; Miss Dorcas found a button loose on the back of the venerable hair-cloth sofa. But the child continued to stare at me, and soon exclaimed,—

"Say,—where did you? Dere's a picture on a fence down in de village, 'bout a big girl dat tamed snakes an' is goin' to play wiff some of 'em in de circus dat's a-comin'; but she don't look like you."

"Miaouw!" exclaimed the cat. For the first time in my life I felt grateful to a member of the feline species.

"Poor kittie!" said the child.

"Miaouw!" repeated the animal.

"It's such a poor little fmg," said Alice, sitting down and arranging the beast—a half-grown kitten—on her lap, handling it in sections, as if it were a thing of pasteboard and joints, such as I had owned when a child. It certainly was "a poor little fmg." It had been thoroughly soaked by the rain, and, apparently, rolled in the mud afterwards. It

seemed as thin as a lizard, as ugly as one of Doré's imps, and as frightened as a child of the slums brought suddenly into decent surroundings. When it cried the two old women put their fingers to their ears. Finally, Mistress Drusilla, with her ears still closed, said, in a very loud voice,—

"Alice, pet, if you like you may take her to the kitchen and put her in the basket where we keep new-hatched chickens until they're a few hours old. Then put the basket in front of the stove."

"I don't fink," said the child, as she carefully smoothed the wretched animal's ears, "dat you'd like it, if you'd got all wet an' knocked in de mud, to be put in a chicken-basket an' set in front of de fire. You'd want somebody to pet you an' comfort you, an' tell you how sorry dey was, an' somebody to listen to you while you told 'em all about how it happened. Folks dat's in trouble likes to be coddled; dey don't like to be stuck off in a basket all alone to coddle 'emselves: do dey, kittie?"

"Miaouw!" responded the waif.

"You coddle the kitten, then, pet," said Mistress Drusilla, cautiously removing her fingers from her ears, "but let her tell you about her troubles some other time, when she won't have to feel unpleasant at having so many other people around. You wouldn't like a whole lot of folks listening if you were going to tell some of your troubles to a friend, would you? Besides, you wouldn't scream out everything you had to say, like that dreadful kitten."

"Don't you fink so? Well, mebbe not; but if you lived at our house an' had to hear de folks dat come in to tell deir troubles to gran'ma, you'd see,—dat's all."

The child began to look meditative. Miss Dorcas came slowly from the window, stood behind me, and whispered,—

"Now look out for a story. Her grandmother is a dear, sympathetic soul, and people cry all over her and tell her all sorts of things. It's none of my business; I don't want to know anything about other folks' affairs (!): goodness knows it takes me all my time to look after my own. Still, things do get out in the neighborhood once in a while that some folks wouldn't have get out for anything, and, come to find out, that child has heard them when nobody supposed she was paying any attention to what was being said to her grandmother. Of course the child doesn't know what it means to be a tale-bearer; she repeats other people's stories just as she does her father's; but they do make the greatest row in the neighborhood sometimes, because they're always laid to somebody else."

Little Alice still remained in a brown study; the kitten, cuddled in her lap, and pacified by gentle treatment and the warmth of the room, began purring softly. Miss Dorcas moved softly to the other side of the room, so as to attract the attention of her sister; Mistress Drusilla caught her eye, and there was an exchange of expectant glances. The kitten yawned. The child, recalled from contemplation, caressed the animal, and roused herself.

"Now," said Miss Dorcas again, tiptoeing up to me and whispering, "she's thought it out, and she's been so long about it that I'm sure it'll be specially interesting."

"Teacher," said the child, looking earnestly at me, "I do wish you'd tell me how you learned to like snakes as much as kittens. I fink it's de awfulest fing I ever heard tell of."

The two old women seemed to shrink as they sat in their chairs: although I did not look at them, I could not help seeing that Miss Dorcas acted exactly like a school-child caught at some flagrant offence against school discipline. Mistress Drusilla arose hastily, and said,—

"I'm sure that poor kitten needs something to eat, pet, after its dreadful wetting. I'll go get you some milk for it."

"I'll do it, Mistress Drusilla," said Miss Dorcas. Both old people left the room in haste, to my great relief, and they were not more than out of the door when Miss Dorcas shouted,—

"Bring her to the kitchen right away, darling."

"Come along, teacher," said Alice.

"No, no; I mean the kitten, child," came quickly back from the hall.

Bless the old women for their sympathy! I began to feel that they must have come from very good stock. As for little Alice, she started with the waif, but stopped in the door-way, and said,—

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll let you keep Agonies in your room all de time you's here if you'll tell me how you learned to like nasty old snakes as much as——"

A thin, withered hand came silently but swiftly from beside the door, clutched the child's arm, snatched the questioner away, and, from sounds that followed, was apparently applied firmly to a small mouth.

Relieved of my tormentor, my first impulse was to go to my room and remain there. The sky was gloomy, so to look forward to a whole day of reading was not cheering; but anything would be preferable to chance questioning, before witnesses, by an irresponsible being like Miss Alice Hope. Yet I had become so fond of the child that it seemed to me the day would be darker if I were deprived of her companionship. If I could get her to my own room and have her to myself, I could ignore unpleasant speeches and direct conversation to suit myself; but from what I already had learned of other people's affairs through my landladies I could not doubt that as soon as I concluded my brief summer outing all that passed between us in conversation would become known to everybody who might care to listen. I had half a mind to take refuge in water-proof cloak, overshoes, and the outer air; but as I stood at a window and debated the question with myself, the old women and child, without the cat, reappeared in the sitting-room, and little Alice remarked, solemnly,—

"I'm not goin' to talk any more about snakes. Miss Dorcas an' Mistress Drusilla says it ain't polite to talk about what other folks don't like; an', besides, dere's reasons why dey wants you to like me ever so much: so you can go on an' like me just as much as you wants to, dough I don't see what de reasons is dat dey talks about."

Then the old women looked guilty again, and made excuses for disappearing: so I was soon left alone with little Alice. That young woman didn't seem to realize that she had said anything unusual: she took a look at the weather, and for some moments did not seem to see

anything but threatening skies and dishevelled phloxes and petunias; but suddenly she turned and said, with the air of a Pharisee of the Pharisees,—

"Well, I's been a good Smatteran, anyway."

"You've—what?" I asked.

"I's been a good Smatteran,—don't you know? I fought ev'ry-body knew all about dat."

"I'm not everybody, dear," said I. "I wish you would tell me what you mean by a 'good Smatteran.'"

"Dear me! I should fink you'd never been to Sunday-school in your life," said the child, with a pitying look. "Don't you know de story about de man dat had all his fings hooked?"

"I've heard of so many affairs of that kind," said I, "that I can't be sure as to which you allude."

"Why, I mean dat man dat went from Jerusalem, where King David used to live, to a town named Jericho. My fahver says dere wasn't any p'licemen in dem days, an' maybe he went after dark, when dere wasn't any 'lectric lamps or uvver lights 'long de road to let 'em see what was in front of 'em. Anyhow, some bad old fiefs come along an' knocked him down an' stole his money an' his clothes, an' left him layin' in de road about half dead; dat's worse dan bein' all dead, my fahver says.

"Well, along come a preacher, an' seen dat man a-layin' dere, but he didn't have noffin' to do wiff him. My fahver says he guesses de preacher fought de hooked man was a tramp, an' preachers ain't got no time to fink about tramps when dey knows lots of uvver preachers needs to be set right. Besides, who wants to look at a man dat's been in a fight an' got all mussed up in de dirt? Preachers fink dat p'licemen and constables ought to take care of such folks. So de preacher went across de street, an' walked along where dere wasn't noffin' to look at dat would upset de finks he was finkin' about.

"By an' by come along a Levite,—dat was de kind of man dat knowed all about de law. De law was made for sinners, my fahver says, but I guess de law-man finked de man layin' in de dirt wasn't a sinner, 'cause he went along on de uvver side of de street, too. An' all dis time dat poor man dat had his fings hooked was layin' dere half dead, wivout any doctor to make him well, or any gran'ma to tell him to come home right away an' put some clean clothes on 'fore somebody would come along and fink he didn't have nobody to take care of him.

"Den dere come along a Smatteran. Folks didn't fink much of Smatterans in dem days, 'cause dey come from a little town in de back-country where folks didn't know much, an' hadn't read no books, nor made no laws, nor preached no sermons, nor read de newspapers, so dey was just as bad as de folks dat lives down on de beach here, dat ain't no good except to work cheap for uvver people. Dat Smatteran was ridin' on a donkey: so I s'pose he must have been de donkey-man at a Sunday-school picnic. Well, he got off of his donkey, an' he looked at de hooked man, an' he put court-plaster on de places where he'd been cut, an' he doctored him wiff wine an' oil,—vaseline, I guess,—an' den he put him on de donkey an' took him along to a hotel, an' gave de

hotel-man a penny, an' told him to take care of de poor man till he come along dat way again. Like enough de penny de Smatteran gave de hotel-man was one de poor good man had been keepin' to buy a stick of candy or a fig or somefin' to carry home to his own little girl, 'cause dat's what fahvers do wiff deir last pennies: so it was all de harder for him to pay it to de hotel-man, 'cause he wouldn't like his little girl to be disappointed when he got home."

"The penny in the story you are telling," said I, "was a great deal more than what we call a penny nowadays. It was fully enough to pay for the care of a man at a country hotel for a day or two."

"Is dat so?" asked the child, with a very sober face. "Den I wish you hadn't told me about it: I's always been sorry for dat Smatteran's little girl."

"But what has all this to do with you, child, that you should think yourself like the good Samaritan?"

"Well, I declare! You don't know? Dear me! you's about as slow to understand anyfin' as folks was when Jesus used to tell stories. Why, de way is, dere was a poor little kittie along de road dat had got all rained on an' muddy, an' I brought it in, an' nobody wanted to be nice to it a bit. Mistress Drusilla an' Miss Dorcas put deir fingers in deir ears when it cried, an' you said you'd as lieve have a snake as a cat. Say,—I wish I knew—oh, no! I forgot; I mustn't say anyfin' about dat again. But I took care of de poor little fmg, an' comforted it all I could, when ev'rybody else was lettin' it alone all dey could. Den I gave it a whole cupful of milk."

"But 'twas milk that Mistress Drusilla supplied," said I, wishing to have justice done to the priest and the Levite.

"But if de kittie hadn't dranked it I could have dranked it myself," said the child, with a sigh. "It's just like de Smatteran's penny: dat's what makes me like de Smatteran. I wish, dough, dat I could have felt like you, 'cause I'd have been all de gooder if I'd liked snakes as much as—oh, pshaw! dere I goes again, after I promised I wouldn't! I do wish I didn't always have to be wonderin' about fings!"

"Come up to my room, dear, and see if we can't find something else to think about. If I can do anything to take your wondering out of you, I'll take pains to do it."

"Oh, will you?" said the child, with a look of ecstatic longing. "Den tell me when you saw de snakes dat——"

I hastily picked up the child, carried her to my room, placed her on my bed, kissed her several times, and finally said,—

"Now let us have a good time. I wish you had all your dolls here; but, as you haven't, I'll do anything else that will make you happy."

"Will you, really?" she asked. "Den s'pose you cut me some paper dolls."

"Paper dolls?"

"Yes,—don't you know? You cut dolls out of paper an' make believe dey's people."

"I don't believe I've ever done that," said I, after rapidly reviewing the amusements of my own juvenile days.

"Haven't you? Well, my fahver says it's never too late to learn. If you'll get some paper and scissors, I'll show you de rest."

I quickly found the material and tools, and the child laboriously carved from a sheet of paper a figure which in outline resembled some of the dreadful idols I had seen exhibited in church missionary-meetings.

"Dere," she exclaimed, as she held the hideous thing up in full view, "dat's a boy doll, if you fink so hard enough."

I wondered if any amount of thought which I could exert would make the scrap of paper seem anything but grotesque. Suddenly, however, I remembered that I had brought a box of water-colors with me. I shall never forget the exclamation of delight which escaped the child as I floated some carmine wash into the top of the "boy doll."

"Oh-h-h!" Alice murmured, as she looked at the bedaubed bit of paper; "he's almost like real folks, ain't he? Now let's make some girl dolls; den you can paint all you want to wivout doin' too much."

The girl that was evolved from the paper appeared so quickly that some essentials were noticeable principally by their absence. But little Alice did not miss them; she was awaiting the touch of the paint-brush; and as I endeavored to bestow a dull-red skirt, a light-green waist, and a citrine sash, the child's breath came quick and fast, and she finally exclaimed,—

"How lovely! Don't de little girls in your school like you to paint deir paper dolls?"

"They don't have paper dolls, dear: I don't suppose one of them ever thought of a paper doll."

"Wha-a-a-a-at? Why, de poor little fings! Don't dey ever fink about dolls at all?"

"I don't know, dear. How should I know what they think about, or what they like?"

"Well," she replied, dropping the scissors and paper, "if you don't know, I'd like to know who does? Doesn't you ever make 'em paper dolls, or paint 'em for 'em?"

"The idea! If any school-teacher were to do such things for her pupils the Board of Education would think she was good for nothing."

"Den who does make your school-children paper dolls? 'Cause I 'member you said most of 'em didn't have fahvers or muvvers dat could do nice fings for 'em."

"Nobody, I suppose," said I, carelessly.

"You don't mean dat dey don't have any paper dolls at all, do you?" asked the child, with wondering eyes.

"That is just what I do mean," I replied; "and you will learn one of these days, my dear, that the children you are talking about don't know the difference, and don't miss paper dolls at all. Probably they never saw paper dolls: so how can they think about them and want them?"

"H'm," said the child, pressing a partly-painted doll to her heart and leaving on the front of her white pinafore a red blotch which might be taken for a pink jockey-cap or a half-ripened strawberry. "I wonder where you was brought up, to fink dat way. Don't you ever fink about fings you never saw, an' want to have 'em?"

The child's question set me to thinking, and I am not sure that I made any reply. I went on coloring dolls, working very slowly, and indulging in all sorts of vagaries of color, contrast, and combination. The longer I thought, the more point there seemed to the child's question. Certainly I had never wasted much time in wishing for pleasures that money could buy; I had been trained to believe that "a man's life (or a woman's) consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he (or she) possesseth." It was a matter of family pride that none of my ancestors, on either side, had ever taken part in the mad race for wealth and luxury. For what had I most longed? I could honestly answer, a contented mind and a useful life, with the love of those about me. If Frank Wayne had only——

"Say,—don't you?" exclaimed the child. The question recalled me from my reverie. I did not want to make a father confessor of a child, but I could not help snatching the little torment into my arms and kissing her repeatedly.

"I fought you did," she replied, as she straightened a paper doll which between us had been crushed out of all semblance of shape. "Well, I should fink you might know dat de dreadful poor little children in your school felt de same way, an' felt it awful much, if dey's got such almost noffin' as you say dey has."

Evidently this child knew nothing of class distinctions and the grovelling tastes of the children of the slums. Probably her father was one of the ranting, enthusiastic fellows who imagine every one to be of like feelings and aspirations with themselves. I remembered Frank Wayne once speaking of a school-room—just such a one as I afterwards controlled—that he had accidentally visited, and how he believed its walls should be covered with pictures and its windows filled with flowers. I remembered, too, that when I told him the pupils would quickly disfigure the pictures and destroy the flowers so as to throw them at one another, he retorted that he had seen more flowers blooming in the windows of one block of tenement-houses than in all the windows on Fifth Avenue. This reply made me indignant. It never is pleasant to have one's cherished theories upset by a lot of facts; in such cases one doesn't know what to say.

"I guess," said Alice Hope, with earnest accent upon the last word, "I guess dis paper doll ain't good for much 'xcept to start a hospital wiff. Don't matter, dough; guess we couldn't be happy if we didn't have nobody to be sorry for. I don't want to spoil any more; but say,—if we do, den dis one will have somebody to keep it company."

For a few moments the work of shaping and decorating semblances of humanity continued; I was busy with my thoughts, and the child, I supposed, was giving her entire mind to scissors and paper. When, however, as I finished a doll and a day-dream at the same time and then impatiently threw the doll upon the floor, the child stooped and picked up the discarded scrap of paper, giving me a childish warning at the same time against wastefulness. Suddenly, however, she looked at the recovered doll intently, burst out laughing, and pressed it to her lips.

"You silly child!" said I, smiling at her.

"I ain't silly," she replied, holding the bit of paper at arm's length, and contemplating it with a face full of smiles, "but I never saw any-fin' so funny in all my life! Does you know what? You's gone an' made dat doll look just like my fahver!" Then she kissed the daub again and again.

I rose hastily and took the scrap of paper from her hand; as I did so it seemed to me that my face was ablaze. I knew that I had sketched on it, in neutral tints, my recollection of Frank Wayne: that was the reason I had thrown it away. The Hopes and the Waynes were not related, or I should have known it during my acquaintance with Frank; but there is a facial resemblance, I suppose, among men who think alike, and by what the child had for several days been saying about her father I had frequently been reminded of my recreant lover's mental peculiarities.

"I didn't know dat you knew my fahver," said the child, standing very close to me as I looked again at the picture I had thrown away.

"I don't know him. I never saw him in my life," said I.

"Den of course you doesn't," said she, looking depressed; "but when I shows him dat paper doll, he'll fink it's awful funny dat somebody else can be just like him."

"Will he?" thought I. "Not unless my right hand has lost its cunning." Then I said to the child, "The picture isn't done, dear, and I threw it away rather than waste time on it; but I suppose I may as well finish it." Seizing my brush, I quickly made the head bald, covered the eyes with large spectacles, and slightly lengthened the ears.

"You's spoiled my fahver!" exclaimed the child.

"'Twasn't meant for your father, dear," said I, kindly: having destroyed the supposed resemblance, I could afford to be consolatory to any extent. "Don't you see? The man I meant to draw was a man who is so smart that he knows everything, or——"

"Den why didn't you leave it like it was?—'cause dat's just de kind of man my fahver is. Can't you make him back again like he was?"

"Perhaps so, when it becomes entirely dry," said I, with a mental reservation that by that time it should be reduced to indistinguishable fragments. That it should not again fall into the youngster's hands, I placed it between the leaves of a sketch-book which I was using on a table. After this the work of making paper dolls continued with industry and interest; to divert the child's thoughts from the unfortunate picture which resembled her father, I devoted myself to brilliant and tasteful coloring, and, remembering that I once had taken lessons in figure-drawing, I outlined men, women, and children with my pencil, and the little fingers guided the scissors over the lines with more or less success until the dinner-bell rang.

"Come on," shouted Miss Alice Hope, as the cheering jingle reached our ears. "I's 'most starved." She slid down the stair-rail, thus gaining some steps on me, and as I approached the dining-room door I heard her exclaim,—

"Say, Mistress Drusilla an' Miss Dorcas, what do you fink? Why, teacher made a paper doll look just exactly like my fahver! Did you ever hear of such a funny fing as dat?"

The old women were exchanging odd smiles as I entered the room, but the exchanges were broken abruptly as I appeared.

"Say,—did you?" the child repeated.

"There's nothing very strange about it, pet, I'm sure," said Mistress Drusilla.

"Nothing at all, darling," said Miss Dorcas.

"There are so many men in the world who look alike," said Mistress Drusilla, "that I sometimes wonder how people can tell men apart. 'Twasn't so in my day."

"No, indeed," said Miss Dorcas. "In our time, when we were young, each man had his own style of face and clothes; but now it does seem as if all the men that go to the city have their clothes cut from the same goods and according to the same pattern, and they all wear moustaches turned up at the ends in just the same way. Why, goodness me, last time I was down to the railroad dépôt in the village, and a lot of the young fellows that were summer boarders got off the train, it made me think of war times, when nearly everybody was in uniforms just exactly alike. For the life of me, I couldn't see how gals could tell whether they kissed their own sweethearts or somebody else's."

"You could," said Mistress Drusilla, with a far-away look, "if you'd ever——"

"To be sure,—of course," said Miss Dorcas, hastily rising and helping her sister to potatoes so that she might have an excuse to give the old woman a sly squeeze.

"Well," said Alice Hope, who during these explanations had been stowing away bread and gravy as industriously as if she had no mind for anything else, "I never saw anybody else dat looked like my fahver; an' if dere is a lot of uvver men dat looks dat way I fink dis world is a good deal nicer place dan I ever heard it was before."

"How is the kitten, little Samaritan?" I asked, in order to change the subject. "I'm afraid you've left her entirely to the hotel-keeper, without even paying a penny for her board."

A spoonful of bread and gravy stopped half-way between plate and mouth, but it soon resumed its journey as the child said,—

"I'll give Mistress Drusilla an' Miss Dorcas lots of kisses after dinner; dey often give me pennies for kisses, so it'll be all right."

"To be sure it will, pet."

"Certainly, darling."

"Dat's all fixed, den," said the child, redoubling for a little while her attentions to her plate; then she said, between mouthfuls, "When you see dat picture you'll fink it's like my fahver, too."

"Oh," exclaimed Mistress Drusilla, "I'll be real glad. I always did say that the picture your grandmother has doesn't do your father justice. There's so much in his face that men don't seem to see: it takes a woman's eye to understand all that's good in a man of that kind."

"Little girls' eyes can do it pretty well, I fink," remarked Alice Hope, as she passed her plate for more dinner.

"So they can, pet," said Mistress Drusilla.

"Indeed yes," assented Miss Dorcas. "You'll show us the picture right after dinner, won't you?"

"The silly child," said I, "found a fancied resemblance to her father in a wretched daub of a paper doll, which I afterwards changed to make it look as I wanted it."

"Yes, but you's goin' to make it back again de way it was, don't you 'member, when it gets dry?"

"If I can, dear," said I, controlling by a violent effort my impulse to speak in my severest class-room tone and refuse entirely to touch that detested daub again. Then I mentally informed myself that if I were not wise enough to make away with that scrap of paper before it could make more trouble I was not worthy of my old self.

The meal proceeded without further disturbing remarks; and as after dinner little Alice was invited to the kitchen to feed the kitten while the hostesses cleared the table, I had time to go to my room, lock the door, and apply a match to the picture which resembled two different men. I even softly crumbled the charred remains into a tiny heap of ashes, and, provokingly enough, dropped a tear upon them. I am sure I did not mean to cry over a lost love,—the memory of a man who had for years been another woman's husband,—yet somehow it happened. Tears are most unreasoning things: they persist in following one another even when they can't help knowing they are not wanted, and the more unconscious one tries to be of their presence the more they persist in reddening the eyes. Fortunately, a child as young as Alice would not notice that I had been crying: so I hastened to wipe my eyes and cool them with a damp handkerchief, and as soon as I heard little footsteps on the floor below I hastened to hum a tune and to begin a water-color sketch of the scene from the window in front of me. It was not difficult work at the start, for a single tone of green answered for the mass of old spruces which shut out everything else but blue sky. As the child bounced into the room and saw what I was doing, she uttered a long-drawn "Oh-h!" and stood motionless, though she broke the silence every two or three moments by softly murmuring, "Dear me!" "Gracious!" "Well, I never!" or some similar expression of wonder. When finally I stopped a moment to contemplate the sketch, she said,—

"Dat's just too lovely for anyfin'. I fink you might let me bring up Mistress Drusilla and Miss Dorcas to look at it. Dey don't have lots to make 'em happy, you know: dey don't have noffin' but me."

"They shall see it, dear, when it is done. You shall give it to them."

"Oh, you dear, good old fink!" the child exclaimed, throwing her arms around me. "But don't you fink 'twould make 'em happier to see it growin'? It's so perfectly wonderful to see a lot of out-doors grow on a piece of paper dat way."

"Very well, dear: you may ask them to come up if you like."

"Goody, goody, goody!" Away went little Alice, and several minutes afterwards the two old sisters came in as softly as if they feared they might break the picture if they made a noise. They were as much pleased as any artist could have hoped: so what I had begun in desperation I began to finish with extreme care. A ring at the door

called them away suddenly, and no sooner had they departed than the child said, timidly,—

"Don't it need to get dry before you finish it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Den let it rest a little while, can't you, an' make my fahver's picture back right again."

"I'm very sorry, dear" (I really was sorry for her sake), "but—I began doing something to it as soon as I came up, and somehow I spoiled it entirely."

"So it can't be fixed, nohow?"

"Nohow, dear."

"Dat's too bad," she said, gravely, as she seated herself on the bed. I was greatly relieved at finding her take the announcement so calmly, and told myself, as I went on with my sketch, that I might have expected as much; children's thoughts are short-lived. Soon, however, a strange sound from the bed made me turn quickly and behold little Alice crying as if her heart would break. Seeing that I noticed her, she sobbed,—

"I ain't seen my fahver in—four whole days, an'—dat picture was 'most as good as seein' him again, an'—I's been finkin' about it ever since you said you could make it over again, an'—an' I can't! Oh, dear, dear!"

"You poor, dear child," said I, hastening to comfort her; "it is too bad; but just think how you'll see your father himself pretty soon, instead of an old piece of paper."

"I know it; but I did—oh, I did want to see dat picture again,—so much!" Then came a fresh flood of tears.

"Alice, dear," I whispered, in desperation, fearing my landladies might return, "if I try to make a picture just like it again, will you promise not to talk about it,—to anybody? I don't like to have my pictures talked about,—by any one."

"I'll promise," she exclaimed, springing up. "I'll promise, certain sure."

I reseated myself quickly, and began to draw. It was not difficult to outline the face I remembered so well, yet I did it with a feeling of savage desperation, wishing heartily that there was no such thing as resemblance in the world. As I dropped my pencil to take a softer one for shading, a little hand stole in front of me, took the paper, and kissed it repeatedly. I attempted to take it back, saying,—

"It isn't finished yet, dear."

"It's finished enough for me," the child replied, still retaining the picture. "Dear old fahver! Don't you fink he's lovely?"

"I think he—the picture—is fine-looking," I admitted.

"Den why don't you kiss it?" she asked. "I don't see how you can help it?"

Then, suiting the action to the thought, she held the picture in front of me, while with one chubby hand she pressed it to my lips.

John Habberton.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

VI.

36. *Whence the expression "take the cake"?*

A common feature of the dances, or "balls," given by our colored brethren is the *cake-walk*. This is a sort of march, generally at the beginning of the entertainment, at the end of which the couple whose carriage and appearance are adjudged by the umpire to be best—who are, if one may say it, the best steppers—receive as a prize a large cake, and they are said by the others to "take the cake." There can be little doubt, I think, that this is the origin of our slang phrase. And yet that a respectable antiquity might be claimed for the expression is shown by the following stanza from "A Pleasant Grove of New Fancies," 1657:

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar, cakes, and wine,
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss be mine or thine.

From "Gerard's Herball," 1633, we learn that "In the spring-time are made with the leaves hereof newly sprung up, and with eggs, *cakes*, or tansies, which be pleasant in taste, and good for the stomacke;" and another old writer, speaking of the tenets of the Puritans, says, "All games where there is any hazard of loss are strictly forbidden; not so much as a game of stool-ball for a tansay." And Brand quotes Aubanus as saying that at the Easter season there were foot-courses in the meadows in which the victors carried off each a cake, given to be run for by some better sort of person in the neighborhood.—OWEGO.

This expression comes from a ceremony, very popular among the negroes of this country, called a "*cake-walk*," in which a prize consisting of an elaborately frosted cake is presented to the successful competitors. A few years ago I had the pleasure of witnessing one of these performances, and found it diverting in the extreme. A large space having been cleared on the lawn, a circular track was marked out, which was to be traversed by the walkers. In the centre of this circle, on a raised stand which was profusely decorated with greens and festoons of colored tissue-paper, reposed the cake: it resembled a cart-wheel in its dimensions, and was the joint production of several of the participants. The walking was done in couples, and each damsel drew her companion (of the opposite sex) by lot. The cake was to be bestowed upon the pair of pedestrians who, because of their graceful carriage and pleasing attire, should be deemed the most worthy of the reward. Each maid hung coquettishly upon the arm of her fate-elected swain, endeavoring to tread with dignity and grace; not forgetting, meanwhile, to display the splendors of her raiment. As three unhappy umpires took their positions, about a dozen couples started on their excursion around the cake, accompanied by the music of two fiddles and the sound of their own voices lifted in the strains of a familiar negro melody. Round and round they went, until they and their judges were weary; then, at a given signal, the procession halted, and the umpires, removing the cake from its eminence, presented it, with a few remarks, to the successful candidates, who were then publicly acknowledged, by reason of their superior grace and taste, to have won or *taken the cake*.—DAVUS.

37. *What is the London Stone?*

London Stone is, at present, "a cubic foot of oolite" which is built into a niche in the outside of the wall of the Church of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw, in Cannon Street, London. During most of the year a fruiterer's booth stands in front of it, and the grating which protects it is hung with bunches of

twine, while the stone itself is made the receptacle for a pile of paper bags. The stone is of interest because of its place in history and for the mass of tradition which gathers round it. The pillar, of which there now remains only this fragment, formerly stood in Cannon Street, on what was, before the fire, the highest ground within the walls of London. Stowe describes it as "pitched upright, a great stone fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and so strongly set that if carts do run against it through negligence, the wheels be broken and the stone itself be unshaken."

Down to the middle of the eighteenth century it stood on the south side of the street (according to some, this would have been the middle of the Roman "Watling Street"), when it was removed to the north side, near the curb. After fifty years of wear and tear in this spot, it was condemned as "a nuisance and obstruction," and it was then set against the wall of the church above-mentioned, its top encased in another stone. It is said that it was saved from destruction at this time only by the exertions of a printer of Sherburne, named Th. Maiden. But it was still thought to be an obstruction, and the remaining fragment was finally built into its present position,—an ignominious end for a monument once held in great veneration.

As to where the stone came from, or for what purpose it was set up, history is silent. The earliest mention of it is, perhaps, in the Saxon charters. The manuscript gospel book given to Christ's Church, Canterbury, by Athelstan, refers to it as a well-known landmark. The chroniclers say of the great fire of Stephen's time that it broke out near London Stone; and Fitz-Alwyne, the first mayor of London, was called "the Draper of London Stone."

As to the purpose for which the stone was set, there has been much speculation. Brewer, following some of the old authorities, confidently affirms that it was a Roman milliary, and that from it all the roads of the province were measured; but, even if this be true, there is evidence that the Romans thus made use of a monument that they found already standing. King, in his *"Munimenta Antiqua,"* says that it "was plainly deemed a record of the highest antiquity," and that it evidently "had some more ancient and peculiar designation than that of having been a Roman milliary, even if it ever were used for that purpose afterwards." When Sir Christopher Wren changed the grade of the streets, after the great fire, he found the foundations so extensive that he was convinced that it must have once been enclosed in, or a part of, some large building. There is a tradition that the British kings took their oaths here on their accession; and the truth of it is borne out by the fact that Jack Cade is said to have advanced to it and, striking his sword upon it, said, "Now is Mortimer Lord of the city." The following extracts from "Pasquill and Marforius" (London, 1589) point to the same thing: "*Set up this bill at London Stone.* Let it be doone solemnly with drum and trumpet, and looke you advance my collours on the top of the steeple right over against it." "If it please them these dark winter nights to stick uppe their papers upon London Stone."

One tradition says that it was brought from the walls of Troy by Brutus, the grandson of Æneas and founder of the British nation, and laid on the altar of the temple of Diana which stood at this spot.

That the stone was anciently considered the palladium of London is shown by the following old saying:

"So long as the stone of Brutus is safe, so long shall London flourish."—OWEGO.

38. Whence the expression "where the shoe pinches"?

In Plutarch's *Life of Paulus Æmilius* is the following (Langhorne's translation, 1822): "His first wife was Papiria, the daughter of Papirius Maso, a man of consular dignity. After he had lived with her a long time in wedlock, he divorced her, though she had brought him very fine children; for she was mother to the illustrious Scipio, and to Fabius Maximus. The reason of this separation history does not record; but with respect to divorces in general, the account which a certain Roman, who put away his wife, gave of his own case seems to have been a just one. When his friends remonstrated and asked him, 'Was she not fair? Was she not chaste? Was she not fruitful?' he held out his shoe,

and said, 'Is it not handsome? Is it not new?' Yet none knows where it pinches, but he that wears it.'"

Langhorne adds in a note, "M. Ricard, with some others, thinks it not improbable that the author of this observation was Paulus Æmilius himself."

The Spanish proverb is,—

"Cada uno sabe adonde lo aprieta el zapato." "The wearer best knows where the shoe wrings him."—*Bohn's "Handbook of Proverbs,"* 1855, reprinted from Ray's "Collection," 1670.

Chaucer says ("Canterbury Tales," 6074),—

"For, God it wot, he sat ful still and song,
When that his scho ful bitterly him wrong."

"I wot weel where my ain shoe binds me."—*Scotch.*

Erakine used to say that when the hour came for all secrets to be revealed, we should know why shoes are always too tight.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

39. *Who is said to have been the original of Thackeray's Blanche Amory?*

Olive Oldschool's answer contains about all that is known authoritatively on this subject. But the extracts from Miss Thackeray's letter, quoted in connection with the answer to our first question, should also be referred to.

A Miss Blanche Stanley [says Olive Oldschool] is supposed to have been the original of this character.

She is alluded to in one of Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield as "Poor little B——! does anybody suppose I should be such an idiot as to write verses to her? I never wrote her a line; I once drew a picture in her music-book, a caricature of a spooney song, in which I laughed at her, as has been my practice, alas!"

Mrs. Carlyle also alludes to this "poor little B——," in a letter addressed to her uncle written later, thus,—

"Have you been reading Thackeray's Pendennis? If so, you have made acquaintance with Blanche Amory; and when I tell you that my young lady of last week is the original of that portrait, you will give me joy that she, lady's maid, and infinite baggage are all gone. Not that the poor little—— is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented; but the looks, the manners, the wiles, the *larmes*, and all that sort of thing, are a perfect likeness."

In another letter written by Thackeray, he says,—

"At the train whom do you think I found? Miss G——, who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory,—amiable at times, amusing, clever, and depraved. We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love; such a wicked, false, humbugging London love as two *blasé* London people might act, and half deceive themselves that they were in earnest."

This "Miss G——" was another person altogether, but in some ways, evidently, so like "poor little Blanche" that she discovered the resemblance herself.

Most persons agree in saying that Thackeray usually had more than one original for a character, and in this instance he has given Miss G—— one chapter as Blanche Amory. But "poor little Blanche" Stanley is undoubtedly the original of the character.—OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

40. *What is a Bezant, and what ceremony is associated with it?*

Bezants were gold coins struck at Byzantium by Constantine. They, or the gold circles representing them, were introduced into Europe by the Crusaders, and were current there from the ninth century, and in England until superseded by the gold noble of Edward III. They varied in value from about

fifteen pounds at first, to the worth of an English sovereign or half-sovereign or even less. There were also silver bezants. The offering of gold made by the English king at the altar when he received the sacrament or at festivals—sometimes a wedge valued at thirty pounds—was also called a "bezant" so late as 1762.

But the Bezant of the question, no doubt, concerns the ceremony growing out of the method by which, from time immemorial down to so late a period as 1830, the town of Shaftesbury, in Dorset, England, was compelled to supply itself with water.

This town stands on a high hill, and until a comparatively recent period all the water was brought on horseback from Motcombe Manor, at Enmore Green, a hamlet in the valley. The "bezant" was the tribute or acknowledgment paid for this privilege to the lord of the manor, and the custom reached back far beyond any record of it. The first written authority occurs in 1527, when some detail of its observance is given. The ceremony of its presentation formerly took place in May, on Holy-Cross Day, but in 1662 the time was altered to the Monday in Rogation Week. At one o'clock the villagers assembled on Enmore Green and amused themselves with sports and dancing until two o'clock, the hour for the presentation. Meanwhile, the mayor of Shaftesbury had prepared the "bezant," which was a kind of trophy, somewhat resembling a palm-tree in shape, surmounted by a gold crown, and by the arms of the town and corporation, —the first a lion rampant, pawing a tree with a dove in its top, and the last a cross between two fleurs-de-lis and two leopards' faces. This trophy was gay with ribbons and peacocks' feathers, and to it were fastened rings, medals, plate, jewels, coins, etc., often of great value, that were loaned for the occasion by the gentry of the neighborhood. There was also provided a penny loaf, a gallon of ale, a pair of gloves, and a calf's head, uncooked.

The mayor and aldermen of Shaftesbury formed in procession, attended by music and mace-bearers, and accompanied by a man and woman fantastically dressed, chosen to represent a lord and lady. On their way these last personages danced to the sound of the pipe and the tabor. Thus the bezant and its appurtenances were carried to Enmore Green and there presented to the steward of Motcombe Manor, acting in behalf of his lord, with the request that Shaftesbury might use the wells for another year. The steward accepted the gifts, and, granting the request in his lord's name, returned the bezant, while keeping the other things for his own use. Usually he added a donation of bread and beer for the people, and then the procession returned to the town hall.

Probably this tribute or trophy received its name from the earlier custom of paying (or offering) a gold coin of that name for the water-privilege to the Lord of Motcombe. In 1830 the manor and the town came under the same proprietor, making the tribute unnecessary. Moreover, the town is now well supplied with water from an artesian well, through the liberality of the Marquis of Westminster, its present owner.—McNOLX.

41. What event is celebrated in Longfellow's "*Hymn of the Moravian Nuns*"?

The consecration of Pulaski's Banner is said in the title to be the occasion of the poem, but the incident present to the imagination of the young collegian and poet was quite different from the real one, and was evoked by a mistake, or slip of the pen.

Reading one day in the *North American Review* the statement that "the standard of Count Casimir Pulaski's legion was formed of a piece of silk embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania," Longfellow saw in poetic vision and reproduced in verse the scene described in the "*Hymn*."

The word "nuns," however, should have been "sisters," for the Moravians at Bethlehem are Protestants of the simplest faith and plainest religious service; and the real transaction was a very simple affair. Count Pulaski, the brave Polish officer who came to aid our cause in the Revolutionary War, recruited a body of cavalry, called Pulaski's Legion, in the summer of 1778, partly in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, and while there employed some of the good Moravian Sisters, who were in the habit of adding to their frugal income by needle-

work, to make for him a small flag or pennon, to be attached to a lance. With his troop he was ordered the next year to South Carolina, and fell at the siege of Savannah.

The making of the flag was not a matter of sentiment, but of practical need on both sides. There was no choral service, no censor, or altar, or dim, mysterious aisle,—no consecration of the flag at all,—nor was it large enough to drape the bier or be “the martial cloak and shroud” of the warrior fallen in battle.—McNox.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

By this time it is probable that all election-bets have been settled and the carnival of folly which winds up a Presidential campaign is over. Never before has so large a number of odd and absurd wagers been laid, and never before has the public taken so much interest in them. The citizens of Philadelphia were for two days kept in a state of anxious suspense as to whether a certain supporter of Cleveland would or would not live up to agreement,—shave one-half of his face and appear in public with only one of a beautiful pair of whiskers. There were interviews a column long with himself and his wife, with the victorious better and his wife. Finally it was announced that the victor had generously absolved his friend, and the matter was allowed to drop. In Trenton, New Jersey, on November 27, twenty-five hundred people gathered at Taylor's Opera-House to see “Ben” Walton, a prominent contractor, pay an election-bet. In case of Cleveland's defeat he had agreed to play a hand-organ in the Opera-House in the dress of an Italian brigand. Tickets were sold, and the proceeds went to charity. “The uproar,” says the local report, “was so great that the music could not be heard half the time. It was increased when the crowds in the boxes began to throw nickels and quarters at the organist, and a perfect shower of the pieces descended from the galleries.” It is pleasant to note that “Mr. Walton has rendered himself so popular by the manly way in which he paid the election-bet that he can have any office he wants here.”

The wagering of money has been a favorite pastime with the English-speaking races from the time of William III., when it suddenly became the rage. It is in full accord with the Anglo-Saxon temperament, stubborn and impatient of contradiction, anxious to cut argument short, and ready to punish the holder of erroneous opinions. The rapid rise of the London clubs which in the reign of George III. had superseded the old coffee-houses was largely due to the fact that they provided the world of fashion with a central office for making wagers and a registry for recording them. The betting-books still in existence at Brooks's club form a volume of unequalled interest. Fifty guineas that Lord Ilchester gives his first vote in opposition and hits eight out of his first ten pheasants; three hundred to fifty from a bachelor nobleman that four persons named are married before he is; a hundred guineas on the Duke of Queensberry's life against Lord Palmerston's. The betting was hottest in war-time and during the trial of some noted criminal. The old yellow leaves are scored thick with bets that one of the Perreaus would be hanged; that neither of them would be hanged; that Dr. Dodd would be executed within two months; that he would

cheat the gallows by suicide; that if he killed himself it would be by pistol and not by poison.

A favorite form of betting was the offering of large odds on some very improbable contingency. Thus, Fitzgerald laid five hundred guineas to ten that none of the cabinet would be beheaded by that day three years. Such bets often involved the passing of ready money to the person who took the odds. Thus, "Lord Clermont has given Mr. Crawford ten guineas upon condition of receiving five hundred from him whenever Mr. Charles Fox shall be worth £100,000, clear of debts." Mr. Charles Fox, himself, gives a guinea to Mr. Croft on condition of receiving fifty "whenever Mr. Croft forgets two by honors in Mr. Fox's presence." During Fox's lifetime no name was so frequent as his both as the subject and the maker of bets. He was especially fond of wagers whose settlement depended upon an antecedent condition. "Mr. E. Foley bets Mr. Charles Fox fifty guineas England is at war with France this day two years, supposing Louis XV. dead." "Lord Ossory bets Mr. Charles Fox one hundred guineas to ten that Dr. North is not Bishop of Durham this day two months, provided the present bishop dies within that time."

There was no event or experience in the whole compass of human existence which was too delicate or sacred for speculation. It was in allusion to quite the most innocent class of such wagers that Lord Mountford, when asked whether his daughter was going to present him with a grandchild, replied, "Upon my word I do not know. I have no bet upon it." But the law, which previous to 1845 recognized the validity of wagers, refused to countenance them if against the principles of morality, public decency, or sound policy. A wager as to the time when the Emperor Napoleon would die was set aside as illegal, on the ground that it gave one of the parties an interest in the speedy death of a man much exposed to hazard. So likewise was a wager between two coach-proprietors whether or not a particular person would go by one of their coaches, because it might expose that person to inconvenience. In Pennsylvania it was laid down as a common-law rule that bets are illegal if they concern the age, height, weight, circumstances, or situation of any person, married or single, native or foreigner, in this country or abroad.

Many odd bets have been made as to the possibility of certain feats. In the early part of the reign of George III. a gentleman wagered that he could jump into water seven feet deep with all his usual clothing on and undress himself completely. He won his wager. A butcher, in the same reign, undertook to cross the Thames in his wooden tray. Using his hands as paddles, he made the passage from Somerset Stairs to the Surrey side. The chroniclers record that seventy boat-loads of spectators were present, and bets to the aggregate amount of more than one thousand guineas depended on the event. A gentleman undertook to stand a whole day on London Bridge with a tray full of sterling sovereigns and fail to find customers for them at a penny apiece. He won the wager, the passers-by believing that he was trying to cheat them with brass imitations. At five o'clock on a June morning in 1811 two Southdown sheep were shorn; the wool was washed, carded, slubbed, roved, spun, and woven; the cloth was scoured, fulled, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed; and at half-past six the same evening the wool which had clad the sheep in the morning was worn as a dress-suit at his own dinner-table by Sir John Throckmorton, who must have eaten his dinner with a light heart and a brisk appetite, for he had won a thousand guineas on a wager.

A curious bet, exemplifying the thoroughness and efficiency of our postal service, was recently recorded in the *Boston Courier*. A New York caller told the editor that he had bet he would receive a letter posted in Paris and addressed simply with his name and America. He laid fifty dollars to twenty dollars on this, and twenty dollars to fifty dollars that it would be delivered to him as a first trial on the part of the post-office authorities. His name was not an unusual one, nor was he acquainted with the postal clerks in New York or elsewhere. But the explanation was simple enough: "The European mails naturally come to New York, and the post-office people try the directory before they send a letter to the Dead-Letter Office. My name happens to stand at the head of the list in the directory, and so they tried me first, just as I supposed they would. I took my chances, of course, but I won all the same."

WHAT was the "Thundering Legion"?

A. S. K.

According to a popular legend, the name of Thundering Legion (L. *Legio Fulminata*) was given to the Twelfth Legion of the Roman army under Marcus Aurelius, in a campaign against the Quadi in A.D. 174. The army was shut up in a defile, where it suffered greatly for want of water. In this extremity the Twelfth Legion, composed entirely of Christian soldiers, fell on their knees. Their prayer was followed by a refreshing shower, at the same time that a storm of thunder and lightning fell upon the enemy and dispersed them. In commemoration of the event the Emperor gave those soldiers the name of the "Thundering Legion" and at the same time ceased to persecute the Christians. The story gained wide credence in the earlier part of the third century, chiefly through the writings of Tertullian, who refers to a letter of Marcus Aurelius, as then extant, in which the facts were all given. And indeed it is more than likely that it has a certain basis of truth (see Merivale, vol. vii. p. 467), susceptible, if the reader chooses, of a purely natural explanation; but the story errs in this at least, that the *Legio Fulminata* enjoyed its title long before the reign of Marcus Aurelius, from the days of Nero even.

WHO was Kaiser Heraclius?

A. M. M.

Heraclius, according to a German legend dating back to the twelfth century, was the son of a rich widow who, with his consent, gave away all her goods to the poor, and so reduced them both to penury. Heraclius became a slave in the service of an imperial chamberlain. Now from his birth he possessed the faculty of discerning the hidden worth of stones and of horses, and the secret thoughts of women. He gave proofs of his powers before the emperor Phocas. Selecting what appeared to be the most worthless stone and horse in a number of both, he made them enact marvels. As a bride for the Emperor he chose a low-born damsel named Athenais, passing over all the proud ladies of the court, for well he knew there was no chaste one among them. The Emperor lived happily with his spouse for some years, and was then called off to battle. Contrary to Heraclius's advice, he immured Athenais in a tower, so that she might not be tempted to sin in his absence; but this overcarefulness piqued her pride, and she dishonored her husband through the aid of an old woman named Morphea. Heraclius discovered the truth as soon as he laid eyes on her again, and by his advice the Emperor divorced her and married her to her lover. Phocas soon after died, and Heraclius was made Emperor in his stead, recovering in a great war the Holy Rood which had been carried off by the Persians. This legend is preserved in a poem of the thirteenth century called "Kaiser Heraclius."

BOOK-TALK.

THE Germans make a nice distinction between *Mann* and *Mensch*, the former meaning the male human being and the latter the species, which includes both sexes. In English the one word *man* has to serve a double purpose: it may apply either to the sex or to the race. Were it not for this want of precision in English speech, carping critics would not have rendered necessary the following letter from the author of the noble series of sonnets "To All Women" which were printed in our December number:

"CASTLE HILL, COBHAM, ALBEMARLE CO., VIRGINIA.

"28th of November, 1888.

"MY DEAR MR. WALSH,—

"I have never taken any notice of the assaults upon myself, but the papers have attacked the two last lines in my sonnets 'To All Women,' in a manner which leads me to believe that they consider me to have been deliberately blasphemous for the sake of what they term 'a play upon words.' This I must answer and correct if possible. So anxious am I that no human creature shall think that I used that sacred name lightly, that I desire to change the last two lines to the following form:

'Christ, Thou didst die for women and for men,
Let me but live for women, die for Thee.'

I have never made a concession to carping critics save in this one instance, but I trust that you will do me the great service to correct these lines, as I have suggested, in 'Book-Talk,' and in the next edition of the December number.

"Believe me

"Yours most sincerely,

"AMÉLIE RIVES."

At various times, in this or other departments of the magazine, allusion has been made to the sudden resuscitation of books that had originally dropped still-born from the press and for months or years had apparently been buried from public view. Sometimes this resuscitation has been effected by the fame which the author has happened to win by some succeeding work. Thus, Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" had only a *succès d'estime* and his "Condensed Novels" had been consigned to oblivion, when the "Heathen Chinee" suddenly made his name a magic talisman that awakened the dead books to a new and vigorous existence. Henry James was unknown to the great public long after "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Roderick Hudson," and "The American" had won him the esteem of the literary few, until the popularity of "Daisy Miller" roused the Philistine to the knowledge that a new genius had arisen. Mallock's "New Republic" was not even deemed worthy the compliment of republication in this country until his amusing little skit "The New Paul and Virginia" set all the publishers upon the traces of his past work. Prosper Mérimé's "Colomba," a literary gem, proved a failure until "Mateo Falcone," an unpleasant but rather startling little sketch, caught the fancy of the groundlings.

Other works have failed to attract attention at first on account of the medium in which they were published. In February, 1874, Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane" disappeared in the pages of the *New York Ledger*, and was only brought to light a few months later by Sidney Woollett, the elocutionist, who read it as a "new poem by Longfellow" before a cultivated Boston audience. In 1880 the publishers of *The Century* decided that a serial story which had just run its course through *Peterson's Magazine* was still as good as manuscript, and surprised the public with Mrs. Burnett's "A Fair Barbarian." In some cases, books which at first had a languid circulation have been braced into vigorous life by the tonic influence of criticism. The criticism need not be flattering: bitterness is often as effective in a book-notice as in a medicine. To call a book immoral in these days is often to insure its speedy sale. The public buys a book that is vigorously abused, though it may feel righteously aggrieved when the abuse proves undeserved. But even favorable criticism has been known to help a book, if the criticism comes from some unusual and therefore interesting source. The astounding popularity of "Robert Elsmere" (astounding in view of the fact that the book deserves success and does not attempt the lesser feat of commanding it),—the astounding popularity of "Robert Elsmere" was due more largely to the public notice taken of it by Gladstone than to the fact that it was denounced from the pulpit. Carlyle found his first hearty admirers in America, and it was the echoes of trans-Atlantic praise that, reaching his countrymen's ears, taught them a prophet was living unhonored in his own country. Ruskin and Mallock have also owed part of their English fame to American recognition. On the other hand, Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller were made popular in America by British praise. A curious case in point is furnished by "Democracy." That extremely clever book attracted little attention on its first appearance. It was praised by some critics and damned by others, little read by the American public, and entirely overlooked by the British pirate. Some years after, an English critic, evidently imbued with dislike of the Americans, happened upon the book. He may have been attracted by its savage denunciations of American politics and politicians; he was evidently sensible to its many merits. He expressed his appreciation in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Other British journals took up the chorus of praise. The British pirates rushed in to claim the prize which they had formerly overlooked; a dozen rival editions were placed upon the market by as many publishers. The excitement reached this country; people were eager to see what it was that the British lion was devouring with so much gusto; the book was bought and read and discussed, and the poor critics were forced to refurbish their old opinions.

The temporary failure and the ultimate success of some other famous books are less easily explainable. There is "Ben-Hur," for instance, whose annual sales at present probably exceed those of any books but Shakespeare and the Bible. The first year after publication it sold only about fifteen hundred copies. Then suddenly and without any warning the sales bounded upward, and have continued their upward course ever since. "Lorna Doone" is another example. And still another is "John Inglesant." These books at first were failures, in spite of, it may be because of, their immediate acceptance by the critics. They were both unknown in America for many months after their issue. No Yankee publishers would run the risk of republishing. As with "Ben-Hur," they climbed slowly into popular favor. Then the non-literary world began to talk of them, and, what is

more gratifying to the sordid publisher's soul, to buy them. They were reprinted in this country in many forms, and reached enormous sales. Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat" had to wait thirty years, had to wait until after the author's death, before it received the recognition it deserved. The first edition was welcomed by a few choice spirits, Thackeray among the number, but the public failed to appreciate it, and the larger moiety of the published copies found their way into the junk-shop. In 1883 it was revived in England, was reprinted in Boston, and made Fitzgerald's name known to two continents. It still remains a monumental example of how a translator can improve upon even a great original, for Fitzgerald is preferred by many Oriental scholars to Omar Khayyam himself, and certainly other translations, which profess to be more literal, lose the nameless fragrance, the overwhelming power, of Fitzgerald's verse. That marvellously passionate drama the "Joseph and his Brethren" of Charles Wells dropped dead from the press in 1880, and was revived into immortality by Swinburne in 1883.

Here is "The Story of an African Farm." It was first published in 1883. It was not a failure, for most critics praised it, and the public did not absolutely ignore it. But it is only within the last few months that people have begun to speak of it as a really great book. Perhaps "Robert Elsmere" helped to bring it into prominence,—“Robert Elsmere,” which has also done something for “John Ward, Preacher,” from the fancied resemblance between them. When the query “Have you read ‘Robert Elsmere?’” began to acquire a flavor which the Oriental language of the street Arab would condemn as chestnuty, the query “Have you read ‘The Story of an African Farm?’” still held the mystic charm of esoteric knowledge, of recondite learning, and the questioned felt humbled as before a superior if compelled to answer in the negative.

Not that the two books are at all alike, except that both deal with modern agnosticism. Mrs. Ward's book is a literary work of high rank, written thoughtfully, wisely, carefully,—preserving the aroma of the midnight oil. Miss Schreiner's is essentially non-literary, it is crude, misshapen, inchoate, but it is written with passion, with tears, with a pen that burns the paper. Mrs. Ward will write other books. Miss Schreiner may never do so, or if she does they may be failures. It is a trite saying that every man has it in him to write one book. For every man's life is a romance if properly related, if he could only throw the light of art upon the awful silence which all of us—even the frivolous, the garrulous, the worldly-minded—carry about with us. The theologians say that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and in poet and clown, in saint and sinner, alike that Presence remains, and neither poet nor saint can more than dimly utter what clown and sinner feel with all the poignancy of their being. Genius! quotha! What does the greatest genius know about you or me, or about the world which is the aggregate you and me? No more than you or I know, only he has the gift of expression which you and I lack. But sometimes an inarticulate cry out of the depths is more potent and searching than poet's song. “The Story of an African Farm” is that inarticulate cry.

It is surprising to know that this book was written by a woman, for women rarely unveil themselves as men do. Most of the famous “Confessions” were written by men. If it is true that Miss Schreiner was only eighteen when she

produced it, then the book is not only a wonder, but a phenomenon. And yet, indeed, why should it be a phenomenon? In early youth, when the eye is bright, the senses fresh, the pulse bounding, and the vigorous blood surging and rushing as liquid fire through our veins, we see and feel and sorrow and joy with most acuteness. It is then that we pass through the most terrible crises of our life, through the cataclysms that are to make or mar us. We may not express ourselves so perfectly, for the gift of expression comes with years and reflection. "That which would become immortal in art must first perish out of life." But if we only can cry out, our cry will be louder and more piercing then than later.

Mrs. Ward's book describes the passage of a soul from the gladness of faith to the blackness of unfaith; Miss Schreiner's, its passage from the blackness of faith to the blackness of unfaith. All the interest of the book is centred in the struggles of that soul. The scene, to be sure, is laid in South Africa; it might almost as well have been laid in New England. There are other characters, unsuccessful caricatures like Bonaparte Blenkins, loving and tender or purely humorous delineations like the child-like old German overseer, the bovinely patient Em, or the coarse and practical and self-sufficing Boer woman Tant' Sannie. But these would never arrest the attention; they do not make the book great; they are only accessories or foils, or, to run our metaphor perhaps into the ground, they are reverberators to echo and prolong the agonized cry of the struggling soul. That soul is sometimes called Waldo, sometimes Lyndall, sometimes Waldo's Stranger: it is always the soul of the author crying through these transparent masks. And the soul that listens says, "Lo! it is the voice of my soul that I hear."

Another example of buried books, and we have done. Here is an author who has written a number of excellent novels, published ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, and received not without praise, indeed, yet without any general recognition, who is now just coming into her own. The Messrs. Cassell & Company are doing a good work in republishing the novels of Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard. "Temple House" and "Two Men" are excellent and readable: they live in the memory after you have read them. The quotation from Lowell which the authoress has prefixed to "Temple House" is singularly adequate. "The sunset is original every evening, though for thousands of years it has built out of the same light and vapor its visionary cities with domes and pinnacles and its delectable mountains which night shall abase and destroy." These books are essentially realistic, they deal with things familiar, with the men and women around us. Everything is as ordinary as a sunset, and as original, and the charm of a poetical imagination suffuses the whole with glory.

W. H. Harrison, Jr., Publishing Co., send us "Practical Orthoëpy and Critique," by E. B. Warman, A.M., which gives a good dictionary of difficult words and their pronunciation, compiled from the best authorities, with a lot of introductory nonsense, including a very poor wood-cut of the author, and "How to get Rich in the South, telling What to do, How to do it, and the Profits to be realized from it," by William H. Harrison, Jr. The author, we notice, is pursuing his fortunes in Chicago.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

JANUARY.

THE ancient Roman year, ascribed to Romulus, is said to have had but ten months, there being sixty-one days left, of whose disposal we are ignorant. Numa Pompilius, the second king, is credited with adding two months, January at the beginning and February at the end of the year, this order being changed and February made the second month in 452 B.C. January was named in honor of Janus, the deity presiding over doors, and hence appropriately giving title to the opening period of the year. In the more ancient calendars the year did not begin in mid-winter, as at present, but at various later dates, the Jewish year beginning on March 25. In Christian communities several New-Year dates were adopted, Christmas, Easter, etc., the English year beginning on Christmas till the accession of William the Conqueror, when its date was changed to January 1. But this was the popular year only. The legal year began on March 25 in most of the nations of Christendom until recently, the change to January 1 having been made in France in 1564, in Scotland in 1600, in Holland, Germany, and Russia in 1700, and in England not until 1752. Before that time dates were so given as to recognize both years, as, for instance, January 10, 1727-8, the popular year being 1728, the legal 1727.

Our Saxon ancestors gave to January in their heathen days the name of *Wolf-monat* (wolf-month), on account of its being the period of greatest danger from wolves, whom hunger then drove down into the settlements. At a later period they called it *Aefter Fule* (After Christmas).

With the coming of January we find ourselves in the very heart of the winter. The occasional charitable mildness of December is at an end; there is no trace as yet of the February presage of spring; frost and snow hold high carnival, and

the streams are bound in crystal fetters which it seems as if all the cunning of the solar rays could never unlock. Outdoors the wanderer envelopes himself in a double thickness of clothing, and shivers under all his woollen safeguards as he ploughs his way through knee-deep snows. In-doors the fires are kept at full blaze, and winter is laughed at in those happy homes which have well-filled coal-bins and ample furnaces. This season, indeed, is the paradise of the book-lover. Lounging, book in hand, in a cosy corner of his well-warmed library, the roar of the winter blast is but as distant music to his ear, and the richness of prose and rhythmic charm of poetry flow into his mind with a fullness and depth of meaning which no man can extract from them in the tropic midsummer days.

Nor is out-door January all bleakness and barrenness. The marrow-freezing blast does not forever blow, nor the dull snows forever fall. The sun has his days of lordship, in which his light, though cold, is crystal clear, and the snow-clad earth and steel-blue skies possess a beauty of their own that rivals the summer's more varied charm. Now is the time when with bounding pulse and blooming cheek man and maiden go abroad, their cheery voices and musical laughter full of thanksgiving even for the winter. The ice-bound streams ring with the clear clang of the skater's steel as he cuts the line of beauty with multitudinous repetition into the polished surface. The mellow jingle of bells fills the frosty air as the light sleighs glide rapidly by, their fur-clad occupants laughing with merry defiance in winter's white-bearded face. And the happy children with their sleds, coasting down snow-covered slopes, are so brimful of joyful glee that for their sakes, if not for our own, we cannot but feel that even January has its share of saving grace.

EVENTS.

January 1.

New Year's Day. This has been from a very ancient date a day of social festivities and merry-making. In England and Scotland the drinking of the wassail-bowl of spiced ale was of old a favorite custom, the word "wassail" arising from the *wass hæl* greeting of the ancient Saxon revellers. The practice of New-Year presents, once so prevalent, was common in ancient Rome, and is supposed to have been of a very remote origin. It is yet a favorite custom in Paris, but elsewhere Christmas has largely replaced New Year as the gift-season. In this country New York still keeps up the old system of New-Year greetings, though the Christmas observances elsewhere have prevented this custom from becoming general. In China it is said that New Year's Day is a season for the general paying of debts, no Chinaman wishing to enter the new year with a load on his shoulders or on his memory.

1752. By act of Parliament it was decreed that the new year should hereafter begin on January 1. Previously, in all the British dominions, it had legally begun on March 25. In the previous year (1751) the New Style was adopted in Great Britain, to begin on January 1 of this year. This left eleven days out of the calendar, that number of days having been added to the true year by the imperfection of the Julian Calendar. New Style had been adopted in most European countries between 1582 and 1587. Old Style is still retained in Russia, whose reckoning is at present twelve days behind the true time.

1777. The *Journal de Paris*, said to be the first French daily newspaper, began publication.

1788. The *London Times*, which had been published since January 18, 1785, as the *Daily Universal Register*, adopted its present name, under which it has entered its second century of existence. John Walter was its first publisher, and it still remains in the hands of his descendants.

1808. The importation of slaves into the United States was abolished, in pursuance of an act of Congress passed in 1806.

1833. The *New York Morning Post*, the first of American penny papers, was issued this day. Two cents a copy was at

first charged for it, then one cent. It died in three weeks.

1855. Extremely cold weather in the United States in January and February of this and the succeeding winter. Mercury congealed in certain localities. The cold extended to Europe, the rivers of England being generally frozen up.

1863. West Virginia, which had been separated from the old State of Virginia as a loyal section, was admitted as a State into the American Union.

1863. President Lincoln proclaimed the freedom of the slaves in the seceded States, except in such parts as were held by the Union army.

1876. The Centennial year opened in the United States with great rejoicings. In Philadelphia the demonstrations were particularly enthusiastic, in view of its being the seat of the Declaration of Independence, and of the coming Centennial Exposition.

1881. William Gale, an English pedestrian, had attempted the great feat of walking two thousand five hundred miles in one thousand hours. The time expired on January 1, he having walked but two thousand four hundred and five and one-half miles, and therefore failed.

1883. Gambetta, one of the most prominent of recent French statesmen, died. He had made himself a popular favorite before the war with Germany, and was one of the first to proclaim a republic after the battle of Sedan, becoming a leading spirit in the subsequent resistance to the German army. He continued highly popular, and did much to defeat the royalist intrigues and force MacMahon to resign. His funeral was celebrated on the 8th with great pomp and popular demonstrations.

1885. A severe earthquake in Spain began December 30, and continued, at intervals, throughout January, the districts of Granada and Malaga suffering great injuries. About two thousand lives were lost, the official reports showing that in Granada alone six hundred and ninety-five were killed and one thousand four hundred and eighty injured.

1886. The annexation of Burmah to the British Empire was formally announced. This added a great district to the enormous British possessions in Asia, and one which has so far not been held without difficulty.

1886. A serious fire broke out in Detroit, a large theatre, numerous warehouses, and other buildings being destroyed, with a loss of over one million dollars. One fireman was killed and several were seriously injured.

1887. The eightieth anniversary of the entrance of Emperor William into the army was celebrated in Germany. Eighty years' continuous army service is an event probably without precedent.

January 2.

18. Ovid, a celebrated Roman poet, died. Of his many works he is best known by the "Metamorphoses," or poetical renditions of mythological legends. He offended Augustus, and was banished to Tomi, a bleak region near the mouth of the Danube, where he died.

1788. Georgia ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1844. The steamboat *Shepherdess* struck on a snag in the Mississippi near St. Louis. She filled with such rapidity that the sleeping passengers were drowned in their berths, more than forty lives being lost.

1861. William I. became King of Prussia. He was the son of Frederick William III. Soon after his accession he appointed Bismarck minister of foreign affairs, to whose statesmanship Prussia owes much of its rapid increase in power and territory.

1879. A thirty-eight-ton gun exploded on the *Thunderer*, an English turret-ship, while being practised with, ten men being killed and over thirty injured. A boiler-explosion had taken place on the same vessel in 1876, killing forty-five and wounding fifty.

1883. Disastrous floods occurred in various parts of central Europe. The Rhine swept away its banks in many places, making a lake five miles wide in one locality. Many villages were submerged. The Danube overflowed the lower portions of Vienna, and did great damage elsewhere. In France the Seine, Saône, and Doubs rose to an extraordinary height and did enormous damage.

1884. A collision took place on the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada, near Toronto. Twenty-two workmen, on their way to work, were killed, and about thirty seriously injured.

1885. An explosion of dynamite occurred in the tunnel of the Metropolitan underground railway of London. A passing train suffered severely from the explosion, but no important injury was done to the tunnel.

1886. Fox-hunting was discontinued in Limerick county, Ireland, in consequence of the persistent poisoning of

foxes and hounds by unknown persons opposed to the hunt.

January 3.

1777. The battle of Princeton took place. This conflict, in which the Americans were victorious, and which quickly followed the victory at Trenton, aided in restoring the confidence of the colonists in the ultimate success of their cause.

1816. *The Boston Recorder*, the second religious newspaper in the United States, was issued at Boston. The first was *The Recorder*, issued at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1814.

1870. Work began on the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, by the sinking of a huge caisson or coffer-dam at the site of the Brooklyn tower. This great bridge was completed and opened for travel May 24, 1883. It cost sixteen millions of dollars, and is upheld by four huge cables, each of which contains five thousand two hundred and ninety-six steel wires. Twenty persons were killed, in various ways, during its construction.

1883. A singular accident, that threatened disastrous consequences, happened in France, at a point where the Rhone River runs through a narrow gorge. A land-slip hurled a large mass of earth into this gorge, completely blocking up the stream, whose waters rose behind the dam with dangerous rapidity. Fortunately, after a few hours the river burst through the dam, and the peril was averted.

1886. An earthquake, attended with violent atmospheric disturbances, occurred in the Argentine Republic.

1886. Emperor William of Germany celebrated the silver jubilee (the twenty-fifth anniversary) of his accession to the throne of Prussia.

January 4.

1642. Charles I. of England attempted to arrest the five members of Parliament, Hampden, Pym, Hazelig, Holles, and Strode, who had opposed his arbitrary actions. They escaped, and the king's unwise effort went far to precipitate the revolution that brought him to the scaffold.

1858. Rachel, one of the most famous of modern *tragédiennes*, died near Cannes, France. With a simple and natural manner she combined a power of voice, gesture, and attitude that produced great effects on her audiences and gave her an exalted position as an actress. She visited America in 1855, and performed in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

1875. Political disturbances took place in New Orleans, government troops ejecting several members from the Legislature as not properly elected. Serious political disturbances had taken place in

the same city in January, 1872; and in February, 1878, fighting occurred and a state of civil war for a time prevailed.

1882. J. W. Draper, a distinguished American scientist and historian, died. He was born in Liverpool, but spent most of his life in connection with the University of New York. In addition to his scientific works, he wrote "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," a work which, while it has been severely criticised, is so interesting in style as to have become very popular. He was the author of several other historical works.

1886. Women voted for the first time in the city of Toronto, Canada.

1887. The Housac Tunnel was sold to the Fitchburg Railroad for ten million dollars. This tunnel, four and three-quarter miles long through the mountains of Massachusetts, is the longest in the United States. It cost more than fourteen millions of dollars.

January 5.

1589. Catherine de Médicis died. This woman, who rendered herself infamous by her perfidy and cruelty, was the daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the wife of Henry II. of France. After the death of her husband she was for a while regent of the kingdom. She corrupted the morals of her sons, stirred up civil war among her subjects, and instigated the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, one of the most terrible events known in French history.

1857. The Northern Belle, an American vessel, was wrecked near Broadstairs. In recognition of the heroism of the brave boatmen who saved the crew, the United States government sent twenty-one silver medals and thirteen hundred and fifty dollars to be distributed among them.

1884. A convent was burned in Belleville, Illinois, twenty-seven lives being lost.

1886. Destructive floods occurred in the Pennsylvania coal-region, Williamsport, Pottsville, Shenandoah, and other places being overflowed, with heavy loss.

January 6.

813. Twelfth Day, or the feast of the Epiphany, was instituted. It celebrates the appearance of the star which conducted the Magi to the place where the infant Christ was to be found, and received its popular name from its being the twelfth day after Christmas, to which the holiday observances were extended in old times. One of the principal features of the Twelfth-Day merrymakings was the cutting of a large cake in which a bean had been inserted. Whoever got the piece containing the bean became "King of the Bean" and leader in the day's fe-

tivities. At one time there was a queen as well as a king of the Twelfth-Day festival.

1786. The Halsewell, an East Indian, was wrecked, three hundred and eighty-six persons being drowned.

1839. A terrible hurricane raged on the west coast of England and Ireland, the coasts and harbors being covered with wrecks. Dublin suffered dreadfully, and more than two hundred houses were blown down in other Irish towns. In Liverpool twenty persons were killed by falling buildings, and one hundred were drowned.

1840. Madame D'Arblay, the earliest of celebrated women novelists, died. Her novel of "Evelina," issued in 1778, made a remarkable sensation, which was increased by her second book, "Cecilia." These books have been highly lauded by critics, but are little read at present.

January 7.

St. Distaff's Day, or the first working day after the Christmas festival season. The maids now returned to the distaff, and the men to the plough, but it was the old custom in rural England for the men to set fire to the flax which the women were preparing to spin, which pleasantry the latter requited by dashing buckets of water over the ploughmen.

1715. Fénelon, the author of "The Adventures of Telemachus," died. He was the preceptor of the grandson of Louis XIV., presumptive heir to the throne, and a prince of violent temper. The work above named was written for the instruction of this prince, whose character changed greatly under Fénelon's teachings. Unfortunately, he died young, and failed to come to the throne.

1883. A collision took place between the Kirby Hall and the Inman line steamer City of Brussels at the mouth of the Mersey. The City of Brussels sank in twenty minutes, with a loss of ten lives.

1885. The government of Guatemala, desiring to build an important railroad from the capital to the port of St. Thomas, on the Caribbean Sea, took the following unusual means to raise the necessary money. Every adult member of the population was made a compulsory shareholder to the extent of at least one share, at a nominal value of forty dollars. In case of proved poverty ten years were given in which to make the payments.

January 8.

1642. Galileo, the celebrated natural philosopher of Italy, died at Florence. His contributions to physical science were many and of great value, among them being the construction of the first tele-

scope, with which he made important discoveries. He was severely treated by the Inquisition for advancing the doctrine that the earth moves round the sun, instead of the sun round the earth as previously held. He appeared to retract this opinion, but quietly whispered to a friend, "It moves, nevertheless," his retraction, as is generally the case with forced opinions, being lip-service only.

1731. The first number of the *South Carolina Gazette*, the pioneer newspaper of South Carolina, was issued at Charleston on this day.

1815. The battle of New Orleans was fought. A treaty of peace had been signed two weeks before, but this was unknown to the combatants, and the British army of twelve thousand men attacked the intrenchments defended by six thousand men under General Jackson. They were defeated with immense slaughter, the Americans scarcely losing a man. General Pakenham, the British commander, was killed, and the army hastened to embark and sail away from that dangerous locality.

1885. The will of George Gardener, of Boston, read this day, contained the odd provision that the trustees of his property should pay his widow annually eleven hundred and sixty-one ounces of pure gold, this being her exact weight (ninety-six and three-quarter pounds) at the time the will was made.

1886. A fire in Philadelphia destroyed cotton-, woollen-, and gingham-mills, with other property, to the value of over one million dollars.

1886. The New York Board of Aldermen were charged with having received bribes to the extent of three hundred thousand dollars for granting the franchise to the Broadway street-railway. The result of the subsequent trial was the sending of several of them to prison and the flight of others, while Jacob Sharp, the briber, was punished with fine and imprisonment.

1887. The German ship *Elizabeth* went ashore near Cape Henry, and became a total wreck, thirty-seven lives being lost, among them five of the life-saving crew.

January 9.

1788. Connecticut ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1854. The Astor Library was opened in New York. This valuable institution was established by John Jacob Astor, who left four hundred thousand dollars by will for the building and endowment of a free library in that city. His son, William B. Astor, subsequently added nearly as much more, so that the institution is very liberally endowed.

1861. The first shot in the American

civil war was fired on this day, at the steamer *Star* of the West, which had been sent to Charleston harbor with provisions for the garrison in Fort Sumter. As she moved up the bay, a cannon-ball was fired into her from Fort Moultrie. The steamer turned and left the harbor, without trying to carry out her errand.

1861. The State of Mississippi followed the example of South Carolina in seceding from the Union. The other Southern States seceded on the following dates: Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 26; North Carolina, January 30; Texas, February 1; Virginia, April 17; Arkansas, May 6.

1873. Napoleon III. died. He had lost the empire of France as a consequence of the battle of Sedan, and his misfortunes and the state of exile in which he subsequently lived probably hastened his death.

1878. Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, died. His career was a remarkable one, he having been the first ruler over all Italy since the days of ancient Rome. He began life as King of Sardinia, but by skilful movements, aided by the brilliant diplomacy of Count Cavour and the fact that Italy was now ready for unity of government, he brought the whole peninsula under his control, making Rome the capital of the new kingdom.

1886. A destructive storm raged over all the United States and Canada, many lives being lost by wrecks and otherwise.

1887. The Alcazar Palace at Toledo, Spain, was totally destroyed by fire, causing a loss of one million dollars.

January 10.

1840. The penny post was established in England. Previous to this time letters had been charged for according to distance, penny postage for all distances within the United Kingdom being first proposed by Rowland Hill in 1837. Under the new law, postage was fixed at the rate of one penny for letters of half-ounce weight.

1853. Madame Sontag, the celebrated singer, made her first appearance in this country at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York. She afterwards sang in the principal cities of the country, and went to Mexico, where she was attacked with cholera and died at Vera Cruz in 1864.

1860. A serious disaster happened at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in the fall of the Pemberton Cotton-Mills, one of the largest factory-buildings in the country. While the machinery was in full motion and all the hands at work, the building suddenly collapsed and fell, without warning. Several hundred operatives were

buried in the ruins, and, fire starting from the accidental breaking of a lantern in the hands of one of the searchers, many of the survivors were burned to death. The loss of life was over two hundred, while several hundred others were injured.

1883. The Newhall House, a Milwaukee hotel, took fire and burned to the ground, nearly a hundred persons losing their lives in the conflagration, some being burned, others killed by leaping from the windows.

1886. A destructive fire broke out in Philadelphia, the loss being estimated at a million and a half of dollars.

January 11.

1612. The Great Mogul, the ruler of the Tartar empire in India, authorized the English to establish factories at Surat, Ahmedabad, and other places. This was the entering wedge to the English conquest of that country, in which the Moguls were driven from their throne, which they had gained by a previous invasion.

1785. The United States Congress assembled in New York. The sessions of Congress continued there till 1790, when Philadelphia was made the Federal capital for ten years. In 1800 Congress met in Washington.

1805. Michigan Territory was formed. Previous to this date this region had formed a portion of Indiana.

1820. Half the city of Savannah was destroyed by a conflagration. Four hundred and sixty-three buildings were burned, with a loss of four millions of dollars.

1839. A severe earthquake at Martinique did immense damage to the island. Nearly half of Port Royal was destroyed, and about seven hundred persons were killed.

1866. The steamer London, bound to Melbourne, foundered in the Bay of Biscay. About two hundred and twenty persons perished, among them G. V. Brooke, the popular tragedian, and Dr. Woolley, principal of the University of Sydney. About the same time the steamer Amalia foundered, with a cargo valued at one million dollars.

1883. The foreign control in Egypt was abolished, and that country left to the government of her own rulers. France protested against the withdrawal of the foreign troops, which had held the country since the defeat of Arabi Pacha.

1884. Serious floods took place in Ohio, the flood-height of the river at Cincinnati being higher than in the great flood of 1832. Thousands of dwellings were submerged, and twenty thousand people driven from their homes. The Mississippi

from Cairo to New Orleans rose to a great height.

1886. A terrific storm prevailed along the Atlantic coast of the United States from Cape Hatteras to Labrador. An immense amount of property in shipping, houses, etc., was destroyed, and many lives were lost. The storm was followed by a spell of very cold weather.

January 12.

1582. The Duke of Alva died. This celebrated Spanish general, who had fought in most of the campaigns of Charles V., was sent by Philip II. to subdue the revolt in the Netherlands. Here he displayed great ability as a general; but the cruelty with which he treated the people and the captured cities did much to make the Netherlands resolute in their resistance to Spanish domination. He boasted that in the space of four years he had brought eighteen thousand persons to the scaffold.

1801. Lavater, a celebrated writer on physiognomy, died. He was a Protestant minister at Zurich, and the author of many works, religious and poetic. His work on physiognomy is entitled "Physiognomic Fragments for the Promotion of the Knowledge and Love of Mankind," and contains much interesting material. Lavater was shot by a French soldier at the capture of Zurich in 1799. He suffered more than a year from the wound, and died from it in 1801.

1837. The British emigrant-ship Kapunda was sunk by collision with the bark Ada Melmore off the Brazilian coast. Three hundred persons lost their lives by this disaster.

January 13.

1690. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers as they were called in derision by their opponents, died in London on this day. He was of humble birth, and religiously inclined from youth, though he joined in the drinking-habits of his associates. At nineteen years of age began that change of life, and intense conception of his sinfulness, with which his mission as a religious leader began. In his conception all men were equal before God, and deference or show of respect to those in authority was improper, complimentary forms and ceremonies being opposed to Christian simplicity and rectitude. He opposed also a hireling ministry, holding that no man is called upon to exhort his fellows except in response to spiritual prompting from within. Though much persecuted and often imprisoned, he continued his ministrations, gaining many followers, and giving rise to a religious

society which has exercised an important influence on the moral and political conditions of England and the United States.

1842. The terrible massacre of the English army on its retreat from Cabul took place. This army, which was being withdrawn from the British occupation of Afghanistan, consisted of three thousand eight hundred and forty-nine soldiers and twelve thousand camp-followers, and began its retreat on January 6. It was attacked in the Khyber Pass by a swarm of Afghans, and of the whole army only one Englishman, Dr. Brydone, with a few natives, escaped. The doctor came into Jellalabad on the 18th, clinging in utter exhaustion to the neck of a wretched little pony, as the sole representative of the army.

1886. An explosion occurred in a coal-mine at Evanston, Iowa, thirteen miners being killed.

January 14.

1696. Madame de Sévigné died. She was an admired French beauty of her day, but her celebrity arose from her letters, which for graceful vivacity and charm of style have hardly an equal in the whole range of epistolary literature.

1800. The Queen, an English transport, was wrecked on Trefusis Point, three hundred and sixty-nine lives being lost. On the same day of the year 1871, the T. L. McGill, a steamboat, was burned on the Mississippi River, with a loss of fifty-eight lives.

1843. The city of Cincinnati was lighted with gas for the first time on the evening of this day.

January 15.

1865. Fort Fisher was stormed and taken by the force under General Terry. This closed the last Confederate port, and the fugitives blew up two Confederate cruisers, the Tallahassee and the Chickamauga, which during the preceding year had done much damage to the shipping along the Atlantic coast.

1876. The invention of the telephone was completed, the first public experiments with it being made at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. In February of the next year successful experiments were made with it from Boston to Salem, eighteen miles apart. Telephones of imperfect character had been made fifteen years before, but the Bell telephone was the first to work satisfactorily. This remarkable method of conveying the sound of the voice by electricity has made extraordinary progress within the past ten years, and is now very commonly employed for conversation at a distance in

all our large cities, and between the cities of Philadelphia and New York.

1886. An explosion took place in a colliery at Almy, Wyoming, as a train was entering the shaft of the mine. The trucks, with thirteen men upon them, were blown out in fragments as if from a cannon, and the country desolated for seven hundred yards around the mine-entrance.

January 16.

1599. Edmund Spenser, one of the most illustrious of English poets, died. His great poem is "The Faerie Queene," an extended allegorical epic, containing numerous passages of poetic excellence, though too long and involved to be much read at the present day. He wrote several other poems of great beauty. He had been given an estate in Ireland, but was driven from it during a rebellion, his house being plundered and burned, with, it is said, an infant child in it. Spenser died soon after this calamity, in great destitution.

1707. The Act of Union, which made one kingdom of England and Scotland, was passed by the Scottish Parliament. It was passed by the English Parliament on March 6, and became operative on June 1.

1778. The independence of the United States was recognized by France. A treaty of alliance was entered into on February 6, which declared that if war broke out between England and France it should be made a common cause between the two countries, and that neither should conclude peace without the consent of the other.

1794. Gibbon, the distinguished historian, died. He was of English birth, but spent much of his life abroad, and, as he tells us, during a visit to Rome, "as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to his mind." This work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," occupies a very high rank among English classics. It is the outcome of an extraordinary amount of research, and covers periods and fields of history with which few other writers have dealt, yielding us, within comparatively limited space, a panoramic view of the history of Europe and Asia for more than a thousand years.

1809. Sir John Moore was killed at the battle of Corunna, which took place on this day. He was a British general of renown, who had been sent into Spain to unite with the Spanish forces against the French. The Spaniards were defeated,

and the British forced to make a winter retreat, in which great suffering was experienced. The death of their leader was commemorated by the poet Charles Wolfe in a beautiful elegy, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," which was pronounced by Byron the most perfect in the English language.

1872. A general amnesty bill was passed by Congress, which formed the concluding act in the reconstruction of the Union after the war.

January 17.

1781. The battle of the Cowpens was fought in South Carolina, in which General Greene gained an important victory over the British, more than three hundred of whom were killed and wounded, and five hundred taken prisoners. A large quantity of arms and military stores was captured.

1854. The Great Western Railroad of Canada was completed and opened for travel. It ran from Detroit to Niagara Falls.

1863. Horace Vernet, a celebrated French painter of battle-scenes, died. He painted numerous pictures of battles, among the chief of which are the "Siege of Constantine" and the "Battle of Isly." His pictures are of large dimensions, there being many of them in the Versailles galleries. One of his important pictures is the "Meeting of Raphael with Michael Angelo." At the 1865 Exposition a jury of painters from various nations awarded him a grand medal of honor.

1873. The Modoc Indians defeated the troops sent to expel them from their old possessions, to which they had returned from their reservation. Negotiations for a peaceful settlement were entered into, during which they treacherously massacred the United States commissioners. They retired to the "lava-beds," where they held out for a long time, but were eventually vanquished and their leader hung.

1885. A fire broke out in the insane asylum at Kankakee, Illinois, resulting in the death of seventeen of the inmates.

1885. A severe battle took place near Abou Klea, in the Soudan, between the English force of fifteen hundred men under Sir Herbert Stewart, which was marching to the relief of Khartoum, and about ten thousand Arabs. The conflict was long and desperate, the Arabs breaking the English square. It was reformed, however, and the assailants driven back, with nearly one thousand loss. Colonel Frederick Burnaby, author of "Ride to Khiva" and other books of travel, was killed.

January 18.

1873. Bulwer, one of the most voluminous and versatile of English novelists, died, at sixty-seven years of age. He was made a baronet in 1838, and in 1866 was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. Bulwer was an active writer, and left a considerable number of novels, many of them marked by great ability, and of great variety of style and incident. One of the most popular of them is the classic study entitled "The Last Days of Pompeii." In addition to his novels he wrote several extended poems, of no great merit, a liberal political pamphlet called "The Crisis," which had immense success, and two plays whose popularity remains undiminished, "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu."

1879. E. P. Weston started to walk over England, with the design of accomplishing two thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours, Sundays excepted. He failed by twenty-two and a half hours.

1881. Extremely cold weather occurred in England, continuing from the 12th to the 18th. On the 14th the temperature in London fell to 10°. At Chester it reached 2° below zero. There was a severe snow-storm on the 17th, with a terrific gale of wind, the roads being snowed up. The cold spell was followed by another heavy snow-fall on the 19th, the severest experienced for years, by which all the railroads leading into London were made impassable.

1884. The steamer City of Columbus was wrecked on the coast of Massachusetts, ninety-seven lives being lost.

1888. The Amu-Daria bridge, on the line of the Trans-Caspian railway between Merv and Bokhara, Asia, was first crossed by a train. This bridge is sixty-eight hundred and four feet long. It is one of the important links in that chain of railway communication which is opening up the long-sealed regions of central Asia to civilization.

January 19.

1812. Wellington took Ciudad Rodrigo by storm from the French, during the Peninsular War against Napoleon. The story of this event is told in a most graphic and interesting manner in Lever's "Charles O'Malley."

1848. Gold was discovered in California at some time between this date and the 24th. James W. Marshall, who was erecting a saw-mill for a settler named Sutter, found in the bottom of the mill-race some yellow shining particles which proved to be gold. A feeble effort was made to keep this discovery secret, but it soon got abroad, and within three months

four thousand persons were digging successfully for gold. It was not long before gold-seekers were pouring into California by thousands, it proving one of the most prolific gold-fields ever discovered.

1862. The battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, was fought. General Thomas attacked here the Confederate force under General Zollicoffer, who was killed and his army severely punished.

1884. A terrific cyclone blew over portions of Georgia and Alabama, causing great damage and loss of life. It is estimated that in the line of the storm three hundred persons were killed and five thousand houses wrecked.

1885. A heavy fall of snow on the Alps was followed by the descent of an immense avalanche, which did serious injury. Two townships were completely desolated, and in two districts alone two hundred lives were estimated to be lost.

January 20.

St. Agnes' Eve. This date is observed as a period of divination by maidens who desire to gain knowledge of their future husbands. Various means to attain this desirable end are practised, with what success we are not prepared to say. These divining practices gave occasion to Keats's beautiful poem of "St. Agnes' Eve," which for harmony of versification and beauty of imagery has few equals in the English language.

1779. David Garrick, one of the most eminent of English actors, died. He is said to have had remarkable power of imitating the facial expression of others and of indicating the various emotions. He did much towards driving the licentious drama of earlier years from the stage, and himself wrote numerous comedies, among them "High Life Below-Stairs" and "The Clandestine Marriage."

1783. The first step was taken towards a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain by an agreement for the cessation of hostilities. On the 11th of April Congress proclaimed that all hostile acts should cease, and on the 8d of September following the treaty of peace was signed, thus ending the struggle for the independence of the United States.

1838. This is spoken of as the coldest day that had been known in England during the century, the thermometer registering 4° below zero at sunrise, a degree of cold that would not be considered in any way extraordinary in the Northern States of this country, though very unusual for England.

1852. The East River between New York and Brooklyn was frozen over, and a considerable number of people crossed on the ice. In 1780 New York harbor

was frozen so firmly that teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island. In 1821 it was again frozen over. In 1856 the East River was similarly frozen, and in 1867 was frozen on January 23 so firmly that, as was estimated, five thousand persons crossed on the ice.

1854. The Tayleur, an emigrant-ship, was driven on the rocks off Lambay Island, north of Howth, England, and about three hundred and eighty persons perished in the sea.

1883. A South Pacific Railroad train, from San Francisco to New York, when near the summit of the Sierra Nevada, began to back, and could not be stopped, the brakes failing to hold. The train ran down the track till a great speed was acquired, when it jumped an embankment. The wrecked cars caught fire, and nearly thirty persons were burned to death.

1885. Severe avalanches descended on the province of Cuneo, Italy, devastating several villages, while many lives were lost beneath the snow.

1886. The Mersey Tunnel under the river from Birkenhead to Liverpool was formally opened by the Prince of Wales. This tunnel was excavated through solid rock, many feet below the river-bed. It forms a brick-lined tube, twelve hundred and sixty feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and nineteen feet high.

January 21.

1793. Louis XVI. of France was executed by the guillotine on this day. He had been on the throne since 1774, and, though a man of probity and good intentions, he aided greatly by his weakness and vacillation in bringing on the revolution which so disastrously terminated his reign. He found the finances in great disorder, and they continued so in spite of every effort at reform, so that he was obliged to call a session of the Third Estate for the purpose of providing money to carry on the government. The parliament quickly decided that other things besides the finances needed reforming, took the power in its own hands, and rapidly moved on from reform to revolution. Louis attempted to fly from France, was arrested, imprisoned, tried for treason, and executed, meeting his death with great calmness and fortitude.

1859. Hallam, the historian, died. He was the author of several historical works of great value, comprising "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," "The Constitutional History of England," and "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries." All these works show deep research, and are indispensable to students of history.

1874. Parepa-Rosa, a distinguished singer and operatic actress, died. She was born in Edinburgh in 1836, and made her first appearance in opera at Malta, when sixteen years of age. She appeared in London in 1857, and afterwards sang for many years in the United States. Her voice had extraordinary compass and power, and in these respects has perhaps never been excelled.

1886. An explosion of fire-damp in a coal-mine at Newburg, West Virginia, caused the death of thirty-nine miners.

January 22.

1720. The famous "South Sea Bubble," which was inaugurated by the formation of the South Sea Company for the purpose of speculative investments in Pacific island lands, received an important impetus by the favorable action of the House of Commons. It attracted a vast quantity of capital, but was unwisely and in the end dishonestly managed, and exploded in September, 1720, ruining thousands of families. The shares, originally one hundred pounds, had been raised to one thousand pounds, and nearly all the wealthy persons in England were interested. The estates of the directors, to the value of two million pounds, were seized and sold.

1873. The Northfleet, a vessel loaded with railroad-iron and railway-workmen for Tasmania, was run into by an unknown steamer off Dungeness and sunk, about three hundred lives being lost. The Murillo, a Spanish steamer which was supposed to have caused the disaster, was afterwards seized and sold, the officers being severely censured.

January 23.

1806. William Pitt, a celebrated English statesman, died. He was the great-grandson of Thomas Pitt, who brought from India the famous Pitt diamond, afterwards esteemed the most precious of the crown jewels of France; and son of the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who played such a leading part in English politics of the eighteenth century. He entered Parliament at the age of twenty-two, became prime minister in 1783, and in 1784, when but twenty-five years old, had become a national favorite and the most powerful subject in Europe. The first eight years of his administration were peaceful and prosperous, but then came the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, in which Pitt gained little credit by his management of the difficult interests committed to his care. He was an orator of fine powers, and almost unequalled in his command of sarcasm.

1856. The Pacific, a steamer of the

Collins line, left Liverpool for New York, and was never afterwards heard of. It is supposed that she struck on an iceberg. There were in all one hundred and eighty-six persons on board.

1886. The poor-house at Jackson, Michigan, was burned down during a very cold night, the temperature being 10° below zero. No water was to be had, in consequence of the cold, and forty of the inmates (five of them being blind, deaf, or insane) were burned. Those that escaped were half dressed, and suffered terribly from the intense cold.

January 24.

1870. The United States corvette Oneida was sunk by collision with the British Peninsular and Oriental steamer Bombay, near Yokohama, Japan, one hundred and twelve lives being lost. The captain of the Bombay was severely censured and suspended for six months for not waiting to give succor.

1884. An explosion of fire-damp in a Colorado mine caused the death of fifty-seven operatives.

1885. A desperate attempt was made to blow up the English House of Parliament and the Tower of London with dynamite. A suspicious package was seen by a constable in the crypt of Westminster Hall, and picked up by him, but dropped before he reached the entrance. It exploded with a terrific report, tearing a hole six feet wide in the pavement and another in the roof of the hall. Another explosion took place a few minutes afterwards, the building being greatly damaged, and the western extremity of the House of Commons badly wrecked. About the same time an explosion occurred in the White Tower of the Tower of London, which injured sixteen persons, but did little damage to the building. This was one of the boldest and best managed of the several efforts (supposed to be due to Irish revolutionists) to injure London by dynamite. The practical failure of all these efforts, and their lack of influence upon political action, speak unfavorably for the value of this destructive substance as a revolutionary agent.

January 25.

1327. Edward II., King of England, was deposed and imprisoned by an uprising of the barons, with the queen at their head. Edward III., a minor, was proclaimed king, with the queen as regent. It is singular that this ruler, one of the weakest of English kings, was the son of one and the father of another of the most vigorous of English monarchs. His reign of twenty years was little

more than a wrangle between his worthless favorites. His only warlike action was his invasion of Scotland, in 1814, with a large army, which was completely routed by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, and the independence of Scotland secured. Edward was murdered in prison, under circumstances of great atrocity, in 1827, the crime being charged on Roger de Mortimer, the queen's favorite.

1791. George Selwyn, one of the most famous of English wits, died. For a record of his life and witty sayings, see "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," by J. H. Jesse, 1843.

1861. The suit of Jerome Bonaparte to establish his legitimate rights as a revisionary claimant to the French throne began. He was the son of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, and Elizabeth Patterson, an American lady, whom he married December 24, 1808. This marriage was annulled, and Jerome afterwards married the princess Catherine of Würtemberg, their children being the prince Napoleon and the princess Mathilde. The effort of the younger Jerome to establish his legitimacy failed, his case being non-suited.

January 26.

1837. Michigan was admitted as a State of the American Union.

1850. Francis, Lord Jeffrey, the distinguished editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, died. This famous review was projected by Sydney Smith, Lord Brougham, Jeffrey, and some others, the first number appearing in October, 1803. After the first three numbers, which were edited by Smith, Jeffrey became editor, and held the editorship for twenty-six years, and by his many caustic, though often unjust, criticisms brought the *Review* into great celebrity. Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Moore were among the distinguished authors who felt the sting of his severe pen. He was also a lawyer of great ability, and in fluent eloquence had no equal at the Scottish bar.

1852. The Forrest divorce case (Catherine N. Forrest against Edwin Forrest) was concluded, Mrs. Forrest gaining divorce and alimony. Forrest's celebrity as an actor, and the scandals exposed in the conduct of the case, excited great public attention, and entitle it to rank with famous American trials.

1859. Daniel E. Sickles, a New York lawyer and member of Congress, killed Philip Barton Key for criminal intercourse with his wife. He was tried for murder and acquitted, with the approval of public sentiment. He became a major-general in the civil war, and lost a

leg at Gettysburg. In 1869 he was appointed American minister to Spain.

1871. George Ticknor, author of "History of Spanish Literature," died. This work has been very highly eulogized, and takes rank among the ablest of histories of literature.

1885. General Gordon, who had acquired the pseudonyme of "Chinese Gordon" for his brilliant services in suppressing the Taeping rebellion in China, was killed at Khartoum. He had previously gained great influence over the native tribes of the Soudan, and in 1884 went alone to Khartoum and took command of the Egyptian forces there. Here he was besieged by the Mahdi, an Arabian religious fanatic. The siege was continued for ten months, the English government making strenuous efforts to relieve Gordon from his dangerous situation, which attempts the difficulty of leading an army across the desert rendered unavailing. A military expedition came within a mile of the city on January 27, but only to find it in the hands of the Arabs. On the previous day a gate had been opened by a traitor within the city, and the Arabs swarmed in, killing all before them. The circumstances of Gordon's death were never clearly known, and many believed he had escaped, but there is no reason to accept any such theory.

January 27.

1649. One of the most famous trials on record, that of Charles I. of England, ended on this day in his condemnation. The royal army had been defeated at Marston Moor in 1644 and at Naseby in 1645, and in 1646 the king gave himself up to the Scottish army, which surrendered him to the English Parliament in 1647. The trial for treason began on January 20, 1649, and was concluded in a week. The execution immediately followed, Charles being beheaded on January 30. He was a man by no means destitute of good qualities, but his determined effort to subject England to absolute rule led to the revolt of his subjects, and the fall of the axe that beheaded him dealt a fatal blow to all hopes of absolute monarchy in England.

1822. The independence of Greece was proclaimed. The war for independence began in 1821, but was strongly and brutally contested by Turkey, and final success was not accomplished till 1829, when the Porte acknowledged Grecian independence.

1851. A fatal accident occurred on the Ohio River. The steamer John Adams struck on a snag and sunk immediately, carrying down one hundred and twenty-

three persons. On the same day of January, 1871, the steamer H. R. Arthur exploded her boilers on the Mississippi, above Memphis. The boat caught fire, eighty-seven lives being lost in the double disaster.

1851. Audubon, the most famous of American ornithologists, died in New York. He was a native of Louisiana, having been born there of French parents in 1780. His passion for observing the habits of birds was early displayed, and about 1810 he began a series of solitary excursions through the primeval forests, which he continued for many years. The colored drawings of birds, which were the result of his explorations, formed the basis of a great work on ornithology, "The Birds of America," whose publication began in London in 1826, the price being fixed at one thousand dollars a copy. He afterwards published "The Quadrupeds of North America." The descriptive passages of these works are excellently written, and they rank among the greatest of monuments to science.

January 28.

814. Charlemagne, the greatest monarch of the "dark ages" of European history, died at Aix-la-Chapelle, the capital of the great kingdom he had formed. His life was one continued series of conflicts with the semi-barbarous surrounding peoples, which ended in his extending his rule over Germany and northern Italy and in repressing the invasive proclivities of the Saracens of Spain. His empire was of enormous extent, and was governed throughout with a vigorous hand, he being as great in statesmanship as in war, and in every respect one of the most remarkable characters of history.

1547. Henry VIII., one of the most famous kings of England, died. The events of his reign were calculated to give him an unusual prominence in history, in particular his divorce of his queen, Catherine of Aragon, and the summary manner in which he disposed of all who interfered with his purposes or his pleasures. The opposition of the Pope to this divorce was the main instigation to Henry's cutting loose from Catholicism and establishing the Church of England. Of his six wives, two were divorced, two beheaded, one died a natural death, and the sixth outlived him. Henry, in his religious revolution, was as bitter against those who went too far as against those who did not go far enough, and many Protestants who refused to conform to his proposed dogmas fell victims to his wrath.

1807. Pall Mall, London, was lighted with gas, being the first street in any city

to be so illuminated. The slow progress which gas made in public estimation and the strong opposition which it encountered are in singular contrast with the rapidity with which any great public improvement now makes its way throughout Christendom.

1840. A disastrous fire broke out in South Street, New York, destroying public storehouses with twenty thousand chests of tea. The loss was estimated at one and a half millions of dollars.

1859. William H. Prescott, a favorite American historian, died. Though nearly blind, he by undaunted perseverance made the necessary studies and wrote several histories of great literary merit and historical value, including the "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and "History of the Reign of Philip II. of Spain," which latter he did not live to complete. There is no instance on record of greater success in contending against depressing circumstances than in the story of his life.

1868. A destructive fire broke out in Chicago, burning up an entire block, and parts of others, with a loss of three million dollars. It was the severest fire the city had experienced up to that time.

1871. The city of Paris capitulated to the German army, thus ending the hopeless resistance which had been carried on in a desultory manner since the battle of Sedan.

January 29.

1696. The Royal Sovereign, a hundred-gun ship, and a giant of the British navy at that period, took fire in the Medway and was totally destroyed.

1853. The marriage of Louis Napoleon to Eugénie Marie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, took place. Eugénie was of Spanish birth, and celebrated for her grace and beauty, and for many years ruled the world of fashion as imperiously as her husband did the realm of France. On the downfall of the empire she retired to England and took up her residence at Chiselmurst.

January 30.

1816. The Seahorse, a British transport, was wrecked near Tramore Bay, three hundred and sixty-five persons, mostly soldiers of the 69th regiment, being drowned. On the same day of January in 1881, the Lady Sherbrooke, from Londonderry to Quebec, was wrecked near Cape Race, only thirty-two being saved of three hundred and five persons on board.

1836. The trial of Fieschi for attempting the life of Louis Philippe began. This assassin had arranged what

has been called an infernal machine in a room overlooking the Boulevard du Temple, where the king and his sons were to review the imperial guard. It consisted of twenty-five musket-barrels, heavily loaded, and arranged so as to sweep the street. They were fired simultaneously by a train of gunpowder as the king and his train rode past. Louis escaped with scarcely a scratch, but Marshal Mortier and other officers were shot dead, there being more than forty persons killed or injured. Fieschi was proved guilty and executed.

1861. Kansas was admitted as a State of the American Union, with a Constitution which prohibited slavery within its limits. The struggle between settlers and in the halls of Congress as to whether this territory should be admitted as a slave or a free State had disturbed the country for several years, and civil war existed within its borders before it broke out in the country at large.

1866. The steamer *Miami* exploded her boilers and sank in the Mississippi River, one hundred and fifty lives being lost by the disaster.

1877. The Electoral Tribunal to settle the disputed Presidential election of Hayes and Tilden was chosen in Congress. There was a controversy as to the electoral votes of Florida and Louisiana, and to one from Oregon, these being claimed by both parties, while difference of opinion existed as to the vote of South Carolina. Congress, finding itself unable to decide the dispute, appointed a commission composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Judges of the Supreme Court. The Commission decided by a majority of one that Congress was bound to accept the official returns as final, and in consequence Rutherford B. Hayes, the Republican candidate, was declared President.

1885. An Australian railroad bridge, near the city of Sydney, New South Wales, gave way under a passing train, precipitating it into the ravine, with a loss of forty lives.

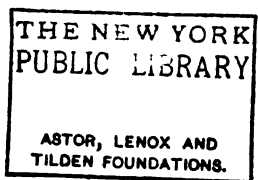
January 31.

1655. Cromwell dissolved Parliament, and resolved to govern by himself. He had dissolved the "Long Parliament" two years before, but called another which met in September, 1654. This body at once began business by questioning the validity of the power which had called it together, and occupied itself in interposing as many checks to Cromwell's influence as it could. Its arbitrary dissolution left him dictator of the kingdom. He called another Parliament, which met January 20, 1658, but with the same result, and this body was dissolved on February 4. Cromwell's sole rule, however, did not last long, as he died in the following September.

1788. Charles Edward Stuart, "the Young Pretender," died. He was a grandson of James II., whose son James Francis Edward, the first Pretender, had inherited a claim to the throne of England from his father. Failing in his efforts to obtain it through the aid of Scottish partisans, he resigned his claim to his son Charles, who entered Scotland with a few attendants in July, 1745. An army of Highlanders was raised, which invaded England, but was totally defeated at the battle of Culloden in April, 1746. After many adventures, Charles escaped to France. The latter part of his life was spent at Rome, where he became very intemperate. His widow, the celebrated Countess of Albany, afterwards married the Italian tragic poet Alfieri.

1878. The steamer *Metropolis*, bound from Philadelphia to Brazil with a cargo of railroad-material, went ashore on the coast of North Carolina in a violent gale and was totally wrecked. Nearly one hundred lives were lost by this disaster.

1885. An explosion of natural gas took place near Pittsburg, many persons being injured by the disaster. The in-odorous character of this gas renders it peculiarly liable to such explosions, there being no warning by odor of its escape as in the case of ordinary illuminating gas.





*Yours always
Edgar Salting*

A
TRANSACTION IN HEARTS.

AN EPISODE.

BY
EDGAR SALTUS,
AUTHOR OF "EDEN," &c.

"Pour estre bien aimé,
Il faut aimer bien peu."
RONSARD.

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A TRANSACTION IN HEARTS.

I.

THE quiet of the morning was punctuated by a housemaid who, aware that the master was astir, was singing, for his benefit, "Jesus loves me," in a treble of irritating insistence. Already the carriage had arrived, and as Gonfallon drew on his gloves he wondered by what token he should recognize the sister of his wife. He had the vaguest memory of her, a slip of a girl who years before had sat opposite him at dinner, the eyes lowered, the hair in pendent plaits. And as his thoughts went back to earlier days, Ruth called to him from the floor above, "If you don't see her at once, ask the captain: she is in his charge."

Gonfallon was not a whit more unselfish than the best of us, yet that morning, his routine upset, his coffee undigested, the paper barely skimmed, and, paramount of all, Ruth's neuralgia which forced him to the wharf alone, made him conscious that, momentarily, for all of him, in the captain's charge the girl might remain.

But he assented smilingly, as was his wont; and when, after a long sweep down the Avenue and a brisk drive through hideous little streets, he caught a sniff of salt water, his equanimity returned, and as the carriage rolled into the domed and creaking peninsula the momentary annoyance was forgot.

Already the Bourgogne was in the offing, and Gonfallon had but a few moments in which to kick his heels before the great ship was moored and the gang-plank let down. As the vessel swung round he had gazed up at the faces that lined the rail, trusting to his own intuition to recognize the girl unprompted; but as yet among the passengers he saw no one that in any way resembled the shy little maid whom he had come to meet.

"H'm," he mused, "I dare say she has recognized me and is too timid to make a sign." And, reflecting that after all, in view of his

cloth, it would be more dignified to make inquiry of some one than to stand staring women out of countenance, he descended in the caverns of memory and recovered a sentence in French.

"Where is the purser to be found?" he asked of an official at his side.

"*Le voilà*," the man answered, not over-suavely, and nodded towards an individual bebraided with gold who stood within hailing-distance.

Gonfallon turned to the person thus designated, and presently succeeded in catching his eye. "Would you be good enough——" he began, and, as the purser leaned forward the better to catch his speech, Gonfallon added, "I am looking for Miss Bucholz."

The purser lifted his arms and assumed an expression of the civilest and most amiable perplexity. "Really, sir, I regret, perhaps——" And as he shrugged his shoulders and bowed, as who should say, "It is a grief that I cannot serve you," a young man dressed Piccadilly-fashion touched him on the arm.

"I beg pardon: Dr. Gonfallon, I believe. My name is Mr. Yarde. Miss Bucholz is yonder."

And as Gonfallon, in obedience to the summons, turned again, he heard the purser, presumably to a sympathetic ear, exclaim, "Ah, ça ! Does he think I have his Miss Bucholz in my pocket?"

But Gonfallon had no opportunity of meditating on the variation of demeanor which is peculiar to the French: a moment or two later the guide which Providence or his sister-in-law had sent, had led him through coils of descending passengers to a corner of the deck, which, so nearly as his vision permitted him to discern, was occupied by but one person, a pouting, good-looking lad, such as one may see any day at Eton during term-time, who stood leaning against the back of a steamer-chair in such a manner that only the head and shoulders were visible.

"Here," said the guide, greatly to Gonfallon's astonishment, "here is your quest.—Miss Bucholz, can I be of further assistance?"

Immediately the pout disappeared, and a hand gloved in *Suède* was extended. "Is Ruth not with you?"

And then for the first time Gonfallon realized that he was in the presence of her whom he sought.

"Yes," he answered,—"no, I mean. She is at the house——" In amusement at his own surprise, he smiled a little. "I have a carriage, though——"

The girl turned to the young man who had introduced himself as Mr. Yarde. "You may go," she said, abruptly, and to her lips the pout returned.

The young man made as would he speak, but evidently he thought better of it, and, raising his hat, took himself off. As he moved away, Gonfallon glanced at him, and as he glanced there bubbled within him that unmotivated, instinctive dislike of which antipathy is born.

"Detestable little cad!" the girl muttered, and issued from her barricade.

Gonfallon eyed her curiously. Whatever manner of gown she wore was covered by an ulster. On her head was a sailor-hat, about her neck was a high white collar, the ends bent, and beneath it was a scarf such as is worn by men. She was worse than pretty. In her skin was the hue of that white rose which has a sulphur heart. Her features had the surety of an intaglio, her head was small, the brow low; in her hair, which was short and curled, was the glisten of gold-leaf shown to the sun. Her eyes were of porcelain-blue, the under lids retreating and shorter than the upper. The effect of her mouth, now that the pout had gone, was that of lips untouched and unaware of love. In height she was a trifle taller than the average New York girl. She held herself with the erectness of one accustomed to the saddle. And when again she spoke, Gonfallon felt the charm of that undulant intonation which is the sweetest heritage of English speech.

"Father, I suppose, was too busy to meet me, was he not?" she asked.

Too busy, indeed! Gonfallon thought of the sodden mortal he had seen the week before ambling down a side-street, the estray of millions and of health, and then, remembering that Claire was as yet uninformed of the successive disasters in which he had foundered, he nodded cheerily and smiled.

"Yes, yes, of course. Ruth would have come too, but she is a martyr—no, but really a martyr, you know." For a second he paused, as though in some dumb fashion he might console the girl for the absence of those she loved. "You had a pleasant trip, I hope?" he added. "If you will come with me I will put you in the carriage and see to your traps. Have you the keys?"

An hour later, without further incident necessary of record, the house was reached, and Gonfallon, leaving the girl to her sister's ministrations, went to his study to sandpaper an address for the morrow. But, whether because his routine had been disturbed, or because he was personally out of trim, certain it is that he felt in no mood for the chastening of homilies that noon. For a little while he still fingered the manuscript, striving to coerce his thoughts, until, conscious of the futility of the endeavor, he abandoned further effort and lounged back into the past.

At the time contemporaneous to the episodes with which these pages have to deal, Christopher Gonfallon was in his fortieth year. Across his forehead was a sabre-cut which thought had dealt, near the temples was a suspicion of gray, on either side of his nostrils were the beginnings of furrows, but otherwise the years had been gentle. In his face and bearing was the fragrance of the fields. He wore no beard, his lip was unmoustached. His eyes were of that green-black which is noticeable in dysodile coal. His profile suggested sensitiveness, the full-face strength. Lavater would not have praised his chin. At first sight you would have taken him for a maker of songs and of laws, but his coat betrayed him. By profession he was an ecclesiastic, a priest of the Episcopal Church.

On the conferment of orders he had accepted a call at Bronx, a somnolent New England hamlet, and there during an entire decade he

had wasted his fervors on a collection of cattle, surreptitiously beloved the while by a procession of parochial maids.

Throughout the parish, however, there was at most but one person capable of appreciating the imageries of his speech, and that person, the Countess of Cinq-Cygne, was deaf. To this lady his subsequent and metropolitan success was indirectly due.

The countess, born a Chisolm-Jones, lived in a great stone house that overlooked the village and patches of the surrounding country as well. And this stone house each summer and autumn she was accustomed to populate with detachments and reinforcements of guests. The winter she passed in meditation, though not, presumably, of the count. For de Cinq-Cygne, who had enjoyed the formidable reputation of being the handsomest member of the Jockey, had, after marrying the heiress of Bronx, as the countess was known in her youth, and promoting her through the Tuileries, returned with her to the New England hamlet from which he one day disappeared companioned by his wife's nearest friend. It was rumored that he had returned to the Tuileries and the Jockey Club. But from the countess no mention of him could be wrung. After Sedan she put on black, and it was taken for granted that the count had fallen with the eagle and the imperial bees. Of the fate of the companion of his flight her kinsfolk never asked.

During the last months of winter Gouffallon was a frequent guest at the house on the hill. The countess was too infirm to attend services with any satisfaction to herself, but she was devout, and the visits of the pastor were grateful to her. She was appreciative, and, despite her encroaching deafness, pleasant and intelligent of speech. She had a smile of singular indulgence, and, though her beauty was that of a city raised from the ground, still, you divined among the vestiges the seductions of earlier charm. By repute she had been indeed a belle; and as for her manner, time had coped with it in vain: she was still the high-bred woman who had shown the pinchbeck *maréchaux* and *marchionesses* of the Tuileries how to walk, and who, when the Emperor on learning that her baptismal name was Helen had exclaimed, "Ah that I were Paris!" had answered, "Sire, you are France."

Of connections she had many, yet of relations but one,—a nephew, Mr. A. B. Fenwick Chisolm-Jones by name, familiarly known as Alphabet, a young gentleman of literary promise which thus far he had failed to fulfil. To the aunt in the sultriness of the summer months the nephew came, and with him any one else who could be lured that way. But in the winter the great house was almost uninhabited; and so it came about that in the soundless dusks the one man in the village who could speak English correctly was made welcome there and at home.

The countess, as has been intimated, was devout. In the old cosmogony she had the amplest faith. To her, heaven was just beyond the stars, and hell beneath the ferrule of her crutch. To the truth of any miracle she would have testified on oath. Had any one so much as hinted before her that the precepts of the synoptic gospels were due

to Socrates and the Socratics, she would have routed the blasphemer with the sign of the cross. It was rumored that in youth she had been less orthodox. But with age religion held her like a vice; it was her ultimate refuge; and as Gonfallon penetrated its abysses he fell to wondering whether his own creed might not be as futile as was hers. Yet to argue with her would have been profitable as the chiding of a river. As a consequence, he held his peace, perplexed at times, but endeavoring in the saddle, in long stretches over bleak, unfrequented roads, to starve his thoughts into submission and sponge his mind of doubt.

Meanwhile, the tenor of his discourses remained unchanged. Long since he had discovered that to move his congregation he needed not spirituality of metaphor, but powder and shot; and yet, through that obstinacy which inhibits the poet from writing to the crowd, he continued to preach, not to his listeners, but to the lintels above. And to them his lessons bore no trace of the dogmatic. Now and then would come a warning, but the detached and terrible maledictions in which the provincial divine delights were never voiced by him. It was to souls he did not see he spoke, and in his speech were exhortations to virtue and pictures of the perfect peace of conscience at rest. His weapons were parables; the ground-work of his instruction was built on compassion. Did he plead, it was for patience, for abnegation of self; did he exhort, it was to charity, to forgiveness of sin.

Christopher Gonfallon did not preach to the lintels wholly in vain. One green afternoon in June, while he was engaged with the litany, a little man, rather stout, rather pompous, yet shrewd of eye, an individual unknown to the villagers, entered the church and dropped into the first convenient pew, the which, thereupon, apparently interested him no further. During the services he remained apathetic; during the sermon that followed he did not once take his eyes from the preacher. And when, to the accompaniment of the usual "Let your light so shine," the warden handed him, tentative fashion, the plate, that gentleman was bewildered at the receipt, not of the fraction of a dollar which he had expected, but of the most majestic contribution which he had as yet borne to the rail.

In a village a bit of gossip seems rather to permeate the air than to circulate from mouth to mouth: it reaches the sojourner whether he will it or not. Before tea-time that evening every one in Bronx knew that the little man was Bucholz the monopolist, a visitor, with his daughters, at the house on the hill, piloted there, it was rumored, by the countess's nephew, Alphabet Jones.

To the house on the hill that evening Christopher Gonfallon was bidden. In summer it was the custom of the countess not to sup, but to dine; and when the doors of the semi-baronial hall were thrown open and a servant announced that her ladyship was served, Gonfallon discovered that it was his privilege to lead to the repast one of the two daughters of the monopolist alluded to. She was, he presently observed, a very fetching young woman. Her skin was eburnean in its clarity, her eyes of iserine, and in her features something there was that suggested a pastel of a politer age, an Eve on a fan. Across the table

her sister sat, an undeveloped slip of a girl, at whom Gonfallon glanced but once. It was to the elder that he gave his attention, and it took him but a moment to perceive that that attention was not thrown away. She was breezy of speech, though not of manner, and she was garmented in a mode and texture which her neighbor did not remember to have remarked before. When he addressed her, he detected her thought running just in advance of his own, completing it as it were with little embroideries of home manufacture; and when in turn she led the talk, she seemed, in comparison to his parochial dames and damsels, the visitant from a larger world. Beside her he felt himself the rustic: for a little space he fancied that he must seem awkward, a fancy which did not tend to an increase of confidence, and when, later on, he journeyed over the yellow road to the parsonage, he noted with a pang of mortification that unconsciously he had been envying the easy assurance of Alphabet Jones.

The Bucholz family disappeared noiselessly as they had arrived; and when the stifle of summer disappeared as well, one of that family was still remembered in Bronx. Now and then, in some leaf-bound quietude that was stirred if at all but by the call of some ruffian bawling to the cows, Gonfallon had caught himself wishing for the wider spheres that lay beyond the hills and musing through fringes of melancholy on the desolateness of his life. Thus far the feminine had been apart from his existence. In the first fervors of the calling which he had adopted, the celibacy of the priesthood in the Mother Church had seemed to him obligatory on whomso devoted his energies to Christ, and unprompted he had paraphrased a familiar dictum,—a cleric married is a cleric marred. As an adolescent he had been of too shy and vibrant a nature to consort in comfort with the combustible maidens of the Massachusettsian town in which his boyhood had been passed, and at the university the mysticism of the spirit had dulled the virility of the flesh. But now the first fervors had gone. He had weighed the Mother Church; her laws had no hold on him. The mysticism with which he had spurned the earth had faded like spilt wine; while of his energies, nothing, apparently, had resulted. In his pastorate he was not disliked, but he was not appreciated. His predecessor had been oafish as his charges, and by that very oafishness the good will of the parish had been won,—he had been of themselves; whereas Gonfallon was of a clay so fine that they felt him above them, a fact which in itself was a reproach. Moreover, he was a bachelor: save his mother, their women-folk had no one to receive them did they perpetrate a contribution-party, and about the stove in the village store the misdeeds of unmarried divines to which the press gave prominence had been chuckled over with envious and suspicious glee.

Presently the summer spent itself, the stifle departed; but before the earliest frost had used its palette on the leaves there came an invitation from the metropolis beyond. The Church of Gethsemane,—nick-named that of the Holy Bilk,—that edifice which from the corner of Fifty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue projects sheer up into carolling azure the brownest and steepest of steeples, was in need of a new incumbent. The former rector—an exegete and eschatologist of more

than passing note, a scholar possessed of rare controversial ability, and, parenthetically, English by birth, a man whose mere attitude and manner were pervasive with a seduction so alluring that through it depopulated pews had been repeopled and filled—suddenly had come to grief. In spite of the wage, ten thousand a year paid quarterly and in advance, he had managed to run up a hillock of debts which if not fabulous in size had been noisy and unseemly of utterance. At the initial clamor there had been a hush, then a murmur and an effort to suffocate the scandal in its cradle, but inarticulate whispers floated the facts abroad, the rector vanished, and Gethsemane, dubbed there and then the Church of the Holy Bilk, witnessed a procession of clerics ascending and descending the pulpit stair. But apparently no one of them had more than momentarily pleased. Then a call, prompted by Bucholz, had been voiced in Gonfallon's ears. If he hesitated, not even his mother knew it. The dust of Bronx he shook from him. He came, he preached, and when the benediction was given, the rectorship was his.

At the hour when that intelligence was conveyed to him he escaped into solitude and with a finger beat a tattoo on his teeth. During that tattoo his thoughts went forward and back. He reviewed the negligent years, he interrogated the future. Behind him were bundles of baseless appearances, the mysticism which had shrouded his youth, the akosmism into which Berkeley had led him, then the long halt, the lintels of the village church; but now Fifth Avenue lay at his feet, beyond were the insignia of the episcopate, while in him pulsed that strength which brings the strophium to the conqueror. And as he peered at the stranger that was himself, any one who had chanced that way would have discerned, not a man, but an aim. That day he called on Bucholz, and, not finding him at home, gave an hour to his daughter Ruth.

Gonfallon's metropolitan success was immediate. He made no attempt to theorize with history; he did not meddle with Paul; the expounding of the gospels he left to others. With a set of people that fancied themselves in possession of advanced views and were still in the Middle Ages, he achieved the impossible: he not only consoled, he flattered, he persuaded and fascinated as well. In a word, he detained attention, not with home truths, however, but with issues and questions which few have energy enough to probe for themselves, and of which every one wishes to be informed. And therewith he could be austere, stern even, and he could wield an epigram like a glaive. He was in earnest, too.

It was towards the close of a political contest that he first donned the rector's gown. On that occasion the President happened to be in the middle aisle. Gonfallon, however, with an apposite text for foreword, took up the question at once. For three-quarters of an hour he held the most indifferent congregation in New York with the topic for which they cared the least. And at the close, with a gesture that swept the church, "Not politics," he cried, "but religion is the nation's soul." It was in this wise that the congregation was won.

Incidentally he did not neglect Bucholz, nor yet Bucholz' daughter. The girl was shyly willing; as for Gonfallon, he was wholly in love.

The dream of celibacy faded, as dreams ever do. He asked, and with sweet reluctance it was given. His mother, who had migrated with him from Bronx, departed to the Massachusettsian homestead; and after the brief honeymoon he settled down to his pastorate charge.

Meanwhile, Bucholz' younger daughter, Claire, had been sent abroad in search of masters of foreign arts and tongues; and abroad for four years she remained,—in fact, until Bucholz, caught in a mouse-trap which that arch-hunter Jerolomon had set for him, saw the amassments of his own booty, twenty million at least, evaporate in a night. Six weeks later Claire landed in New York.

And now, the morning of her arrival, as Gonfallon lounged back through the past, the episodes of his career paraded unsummoned before him. He saw himself on the singing sands of the Beverly coast, he saw the elms of the village street, he heard the unprompted prayers of his youth and the sound of his own voice vibrating for the first time through the aisles of Gethsemane. Faces long forgotten returned to him and smiled. Incidents that were trivial ousted others that were grave,—the trick the countess had of polishing the handle of her crutch, the vividness of certain dreams, one in particular that had haunted him, sporadically, for years,—the idea that he had ascended the pulpit in pajamas and was unable to hide,—the tennis-match in which Ruth had played, and which, a sunstroke and a check of perspiration aiding, had resulted in the neuralgia which kept her to her room.

At the thought of her he drew a breath that resembled a sigh. For Ruth, in her enforced seclusion, seemed to have resigned herself to invalidism and the matter-of-fact. The breeziness which had won him to her had gone, gone too the impromptu of her speech, the savors that had so allured. Three years of marriage, and in place of the sensitive, high-strung girl there was a languid woman who each day at stated intervals consumed a furtive pill. His love for her, that love which he had accounted measureless, and which in the earliest transports of the unexpected had thrown him at her feet, impelling him in the belief there was none that could fill his life as she, and prompting him in the utterance, *Non hodie solum, sed in æternum te adorabo*,—that love which in the possibilities of its expansion had seemed a contingent of the infinite had narrowed into an unsuggestive bond. Where is the Vandal that invented marriage? Gonfallon put to himself no such query. Unquestionably he was happy in his household; but to the happiest of households there comes a moment of regret.

II.

Claire transplanted took root at once. It was only now and then, in a bow not from the neck but from the waist, in an intonation, in a hap-hazard phrase, that you divined the foreign-bred girl. A month had not spent itself before she was in possession of a list. Each day was marked by scrawls from people she had met no one knew how or when. In the evening and in the late afternoons the sitting-room of the rectory, a room which Gonfallon in the earliest awkwardness of pros-

perity had fitted in that lovable Latin fashion which excludes everything but the necessary and inhibits every adornment introduced for ornament's sake,—the bare tableless sitting-room, with its infrequent chairs and pedestalled lamps, was peopled with guests astonished enough to find themselves in so sedate a home. Mrs. Manhattan, on the wing from Newport to New Jersey, had happened in twice, a signal mark of favor from one as socially occupied as she. And with her, or without her, yet inevitably in her train, were other ladies of lesser note,—Miss Nevers, for instance, a young woman who had preferences for everybody and attractions for none; Miss Pickett, whom Claire had encountered in that vague region which is known as Abroad; Mrs. Useleux, a parishioner of Gonfallon's, the bride of a year, more familiarly known as Eden; the Pondirs, *mère et fille*, recruiting, as usual, for their musicales; Miss Raritan, with whom scandal had been busy and who ignored that scandal as only the virtuous may; the Duchesse de la Dèche, born a Wainwaring, very fetching in her widow's weeds, now courted, it was rumored, by Mr. Incoul. And with these ladies there was a contingent of men,—Dugald Maule, a young lawyer who dreamed of the bench, famous for the art with which he abandoned a sweetheart and preserved her good will; Harry Tandem, a youth of such lively taste in dress that the previous winter on asking Nicholas Manhattan to suggest a costume that he might wear to the Amsterdams' fancy-ball he had been answered, "Go as you are, Harry; you are fancy enough as it is;" George Rerick, a young man so vacuous of expression that he had been nicknamed *It*; Tremont Yarde, Claire's fellow-passenger on the voyage over, a scion of the house of Yarde and Company, bankers; and, last and least, Alphabet Jones the novelist.

The sudden infatuation of these people for his sister-in-law was a phenomenon which Christopher Gonfallon was at a loss to explain. Everything about her, the innocence of her eyes, the purity of her lips, the atmosphere which she exhaled, everything, even to the ripple of her laugh, seemed at variance with such as they. That she should be admired was a thing which he accepted as a matter of course: she was, he had already discovered, admirable in manifold respects. But she was not a catch; the recent disasters of her father must have bespattered her not a little; she was not, never had been, and in all probability never would be, in what is colloquially known as the swim; and yet, seemingly, without an effort on her part, a bouquet of the flowers of the upper four was claiming her as its own. Truly he could not make it clear. Now and then on returning to the rectory he had loitered a second at the sitting-room door, surprised at the murmur of voices, the hum of a conversation that seemed to flutter from ear to ear, interrupted, if at all, by a laugh, or the click of a fan furling suddenly; and through it he would catch Claire's intonation, undulatory yet vibrant as a child's, and he would see her, behind the teacups, in her face the flush of the rose, in her expression the guilelessness of one too young to be aware of wrong.

Once only, on the impulse of the moment, he had ventured in, but his cloth must have jarred, for immediately there had been an escape, delayed only by Mrs. Manhattan's superior tact, which had led him into

a corner and forced him into platitudes on the subject of the Bond of Hope, a benevolent institution for deserving poor, over which as rector he presided.

Ah, yes, the Bond of Hope was doing famous work. And even as he asserted it he remembered a smothered scandal of the month before— Ah, yes, the Bond of Hope indeed! But as he smiled assuringly he caught in Mrs. Manhattan's congratulations an inflection which told him she was not the fool she looked; and when Mrs. Manhattan had taken her Directoire coat away and the other visitors had departed, he himself had lingered, refreshed by Claire's limpid smile, the guilelessness of her face.

Guileless she was,—so guileless, so pure and chaste of face and way, that a day or two later, when Gonfallon, outwearied with the effort of setting new thoughts into archaic frames, dropped his pen, determining, if need were, that he would exhume a sermon from the package he had brought from Bronx, the charm was upon him. Already he had discerned in her something of the confidence of a flower, a flexibility which a passing wind might disarray, that innocence which a breath will tarnish and which it was for him who stood quasily *in loco parentis* to preserve unsullied by the world. For a moment he pondered on the possibility of mating her to some earnest young cleric, Mr. Qualms, for instance, one of his own assistants, a recent graduate of Trinity, a sturdy servant of Christ who possessed a look of feverish determination and trousers that bagged at the knee. Yet, somehow, the idea seemed incongruous and unpleasant; this thought took a tangential flight, and he fell to musing as to what Claire could have in common with her guests and they with her.

So far as the feminine element was concerned, little there was to be said. Mrs. Manhattan was indeed a butterfly of fashion,—rather mature and stout, but still a butterfly,—yet did she not each Sunday occupy a pew that fronted the pulpit, under the very drippings of the sanctuary as it were, and was not her husband warden of the church? Miss Nevers, he understood, had been taxed with inconsequences; but society he knew to be censorious. Besides, was she not the originator of the Girls' Friendly Aid Association?—and, moreover, when after some sudden peroration he had extended his arm, with that gesture with which all New York was familiar, and asked the congregation, as though it embodied a unit, Are *you* one of those miserable sinners? he had watched Miss Nevers and marked that not so much as an eyelid had quivered at the taunt. With Miss Pickett no fault whatever could be found: her attendance at communion had the exactitude of an eclipse. And so far as the duchess was concerned, albeit on marrying a Frenchman she had renounced the Episcopal Church, was there not, poor, errant lamb, a chance of winning her back to the fold?

But of the men he was by no means so sure. Jones, certainly, apart from the ribaldry of his fiction and a mania he had for collecting plots, was harmless as a strawberry festival, and an old friend to boot. Maule was of a different class: he had a coarse mouth, and his reputation was sour. Rerick was not a bit better. Tandem he dismissed with an epithet,—popinjay. But Yarde detained his thoughts. Concerning him he

had obtained information,—information which the young man's appearance refuted, for he was fragrant, colorful, and grateful to the eye, evidence, however, which Gonfallon was not inclined to accept in his favor. And in declining he was logical; for if Satan be not seductive how can he ever enthrall?

As he thought of Yarde his perplexity increased. He was welcomed from one end of Fifth Avenue to the other. Outwardly he was not ill-behaved, a little effeminate perhaps, but not actually offensive, and yet about him was an atmosphere which Gonfallon could not breathe. It seemed to him that beneath the affectations of a peacock he concealed the beak and talons of a bird of prey,—the sort of man that ought to have the danger-signal hoisted wheresoever he went. But still, if Claire chose to receive him, what manner of complaint could be made? Because he himself happened to be of the cloth there was little reason why he should expect his wife's sister to be exclusive as a nun. Were the girl under any other roof than his own, no form of remonstrance could be voiced. Nevertheless he felt that some remonstrance should be forthcoming. That afternoon he had seen Yarde's brougham at the door; he had seen it there the day previous, and the day before that. He felt vexed at Claire, at himself,—the more so, perhaps, in that he was unable to put his finger on the exact cause of the vexation and display it guardian-wise to her. The only plank that drifted to him seemed to inhibit speech. Claire was so evidently innocent-minded that did he venture to warn her, either she would not understand, in which case explanations would be impossible, or in comprehending she might feel herself aggrieved. In consequence, but one course seemed open to him,—to speak to Ruth and ask her to catechise the girl in his stead.

Despite the lancinating neuralgia which imprisoned her for days at a stretch, Ruth preserved the disposition of a sundial: it was only serene hours of which she took count. There was nothing dolent in her tone; her manner, if languider than before, was unwarped by pain. About her husband, the parish, everything in fact, down to the minutiae of domestic economy, she was still alert. The servants adored her. In moments when the agony of her temples was acute enough to turn each individual hair above them red, when a pang would scatter through the cheek-bones, loiter under the teeth, and then distend in zigzags and spirals through every nerve of the face, a moan might come from her, but never a complaint. Dr. McMasters, who attended her,—a physician who had passed his prime among the poor, and whom the resuscitation of a stock-jobber encountered by chance had lifted from the purlieus of Abingdon Square to the precincts of Fifth Avenue,—expressed full confidence in her recovery; but meanwhile he marvelled not alone at her self-control, but at the solicitude which she was able to maintain in those of his indigent patients whom he had not the heart to abandon, and whose sufferings, if less acute than her own, poverty rendered more poignant. In these, as in many others, Ruth's interest was unre-laxing, and her assistance life. While as to her pleasures, the which indeed had become scanty of late, the greatest, the unique of all was the touch of her husband's hand. To her he was always the perfect lover whose charm had won her heart and the attention of all New

York. She was proud of him as only a woman can be whose love has idealized a man into something more than flesh. And when, with the selfishness of those who know themselves adored, he would come to her in some momentary depression, it was joy to her to encourage him anew. To her individualism rarely an allusion did she make, and then so casually that you would have thought her discussing the momentary malaise of some stranger whose indisposition rumor had brought to her, or else so hopefully that you expected on the morrow to find her with health restored. Indeed, she was self-abnegatory, fretting only at the imprisonment which kept her from her husband's side, supervising from her chair everything, even to the coal in the cellar, and in her darkened room clairvoyant as a nyctalope and weariless in thoughts and devices for him.

And this evening as he entered the room, "Chris!" she murmured, "it is so good of you!"

In her smile, in her gesture, in the expression which her lips took on, there was an ambient gratitude, a welcome, and a delight.

"You are better, are you not?"

"All day I thought if I could only get away from the pain; but see, you come, and the wish is fulfilled. Yes, I am better now. And you? Were you at the Bond to-day?"

"I was; and as I came from it I saw Yarde's brougham at the door. What does Claire have him for?"

"Really, Chris, it is not her fault. He insists on coming. But if you object I will speak to her."

"It is she that should object, not you, nor I."

"Yes, Chris, it is for us. Claire!—why, she is a child yet: any one can see that. Besides, she does not like him: she told me so."

"H'm! she has an odd way of showing it, then."

"Do you know, Chris, she really does dislike him? When she met him in Paris, she was taken, oh! just a little, as a girl might be,—it appears that there are no young men in Paris,—and so, as he seemed nice and agreeable, she was a little flattered, and, I suppose, just a little bit pleased as well. It is so easy to please a young girl! Well, from what she told me, he did not act right. He met Miss Pickett, Claire even introduced him, and then, how ever it came about I don't know, but the attention which he had previously given to Claire he bestowed on her friend. He sees his mistake now, that is evident; but Claire will have none of him."

"She has him here every day."

"Chris, really, I think she hates him. She admitted as much the other night. When he comes here she snubs him. On the ship she was barely civil."

"He hasn't enough reputation to last over-night. Jones told me any number of things about him. It is an outrage that he should pursue her here. As for hating him, that's all stuff and nonsense: she is too sweet-tempered to hate any one. Besides, even if she did, it would only show that she was dead in love with him."

"That is not like you, to be cynical!" And into Ruth's face a sudden sadness came.

"There, sweetheart, forgive me. I am irritated to-day. I would not vex you : you know that. I will speak to Claire myself." As he spoke, he took her hand in his, and Ruth, comforted by the caress and by the title, smiled anew.

"Yes, Chris, speak to her ; and I will speak to her too."

For a while husband and wife sat together, discussing matters of common interest,—the illness of the bishop, the condition of Ruth's father, the possibility that before the winter set in she herself would be able to assume the duties in the sphere to which she had been called ; and when at last he rose to go, she declared that every ill had vanished. When a woman loves a man, his mere presence is a tonic.

As Gonfallon descended the stair, however, his thoughts were not of his wife. The brougham which had stood before the rectory that afternoon had in departing carried his fancy afar. It had roamed in and out of the possibilities of that young man's career, and it had not roamed with approval.

According to Jones, Tremont Yarde was hardly such an one as a young girl should know. Among women he had the reputation of a freebooter ; the men, Jones asserted, were more lenient. But, then, are not men always that ? Provided their own family be secure from attack, at deeds of a certain kind they were apt to wink, and approvingly too. Moreover, though the young man had a number of zeros behind him, those zeros were fronted with figures. The house of Yarde and Co. was, with that of Usselex, foremost in the Street. Of course the men were lenient,—and the women as well. Gonfallon was not a fool. He knew that everything, virtue, genius, beauty,—everything can be talked away, but never wealth. He had not lived under the shadow of the Bleeckers for nothing. But now, as he descended the stair, even that was forgot. One thing was present with him,—his antipathy to Yarde, and the warning he must give. That young man, he decided, might disport himself wheresoever he listed, but Claire he should not approach. And with this decision, to which, since his conversation with Ruth, he made certain the girl would concur, he entered the room where she sat.

Claire was lounging on one of those sofas in which the occupant can fall asleep without being preached to. At Gonfallon's entrance she looked up, and a book which she held fell from her. Her head was on one cushion and her feet on another.

Leilah swinging in a hammock in a garden of Ispahan was less clothed, perhaps, but not more indolent, than she. At sight of her he seemed to catch some echo of ghuzlas and cithars. From above the lamp-light shuttled her curls. On one ankle which the negligent fold of her frock disclosed, glittered a gold thread, the clock-work of the stocking. As he approached there came to greet him the clean odor of acorns and of pines.

Suddenly the curtain must have claimed his attention, for for a moment he busied himself with it. Then he turned again to where she lay.

"Did you ride this morning ?" he asked, and, without waiting for

an answer, he added at once, "You don't get this Indian summer over there, do you? H'm. Rather close, though, don't you think? By the way,"—he had been talking at the wall, but now he looked at her,— "by the way, Claire, whose trap was that at the door this afternoon? Rather neat, I thought."

And Claire, with that inappositeness which constitutes one of the crimes which the law cannot reach, murmured from the tips of her lips, "I say, would you mind lowering that wick?"

Gonfallon did as he was bidden, adding, as he moved to the lamp, "That brougham, I mean. The man on the box had two pair of reins; I counted them."

"Is Ruth coming down?"

"I think not. She is expecting McMasters. Whose affair did you say it was?"

"The brougham, you mean?—bottle-green, with yellow wheels? Yarde's, I fancy."

"Ah, yes,—that young fellow that crossed in the steamer with you. I thought—h'm—however—Claire, do you know he is not at all the kind of a man for you to know? Some one happened to speak of him the other day. To oblige Ruth and myself, I wish the next time he calls you would send word you are not visible. You see——"

The girl interrupted him with a yawn: "It was that lamp over there I meant." And as she spoke she covered her mouth with her hand.

"You see, Claire," Gonfallon continued, after he had attended to her behest,— "you see, while I presume that this young man is not in any way personally offensive, yet, er—well, he is not of a class that we care to have you associate with."

"Ah?"

"Not of that class at all."

Claire raised herself a little on the lounge and looked up at Gonfallon. "And what class is it that you prefer?" she asked.

"H'm. Well, Claire, this Mr. Yarde is notoriously a loose fish. It is unnecessary that I should particularize; but we prefer that you only see men whose intentions are honorable."

Claire laughed. "There aren't any," she answered, and let her head fall back on the cushion.

III.

For a moment Gonfallon stared, open-mouthed, astonished as a yokel at a thimble-rigger. And as Claire picked up the book which she had dropped at his entrance, he stood quite still, groping among the obscurities of her speech. But it was impossible, he told himself, that a girl so fragrant of innocence should wittingly make a remark as paradoxically unanswerable as was that. It was a mistake; he had not heard her words aright, or else she had uttered them as a child utters hap-hazard a phrase caught up and retained. But something in her attitude, the manner in which she turned the page, the carriage of her head, the abandonment of the body, the indiscretion of a foot uptilted on a cushion, the contraction of the under lip betokening a smile suppressed

and suggestive of merriment aroused not by the book she held but by some picture which memory had just disclosed,—these things, intercepted in a glance, revealed a Claire unknown and wholly undivined.

Noiselessly as he had entered he turned and left the room. Across the hall was his study; and as he sank on the ample lap of an easy-chair in which it was his custom to scaffold his homilies, suddenly his pulse was stirred. At the moment he made no attempt to dominate, he sat in wonder at himself, the will refractory and perverse. But presently he was on his feet again, his teeth set, and in his eyes that expression which the horseman has when he masters with curb and with knee.

On the mantel before him was a mirror, a convenience serviceable on those occasions when, surprised by some unawaited visit, it was necessary to filch a reflection for the adjustment of neckcloth or of hair. But now in the surprise at a visitant such as he had never encountered before he fronted the mirror, his teeth still set, the jaw unrelaxed; and as he stood the rumor of the inward conflict moved his lips. "Ah, Tartufe!" he muttered, "is it for this you toiled?"

In his ears a ripple of laughter still rang, a laugh that was sylvan, the laugh of a young faun made merry by the sorceries of spring. "Ah, Tartufe!" he repeated. And still the ripple continued, insistent, insinuating, jubilant in wantonness, clear and heady as the upper notes of a flute. "Is it for this?"

With the grimace of a hound at a vagabond he glared at his image. He was angered and distraught at the intussusception of a presence more terrible than that which Luther outfaced in his cell. "Do you think," he cried in menace at himself, "do you think that I have fear of you?" At the unanswering mirror he raised his hand. "What have you to do with her, or she with you?" And as his arm fell again to his side some fume of disgust must have mounted to his brain, for he added, in a murmur, "I am as a Jesuit: I argue with myself."

"Did you call, Chris?"

Gonfallon turned with a start of a subject awakening from a trance. In the door-way was Ruth.

"Did you call?" she repeated.

He blinked, but made no answer. And Ruth, gazing at him from the door-way, one hand on the wood-work, the other upholding the curtain, her eyes full of interrogations, her lips just parted, her head nimbused with the jonquil of her hair, had about her a suggestion of that grace with which Boucher pleased the Pompadour. To one as myope as her husband, the lines that extended from the edge of the nostril, the circles that shadowed the cheek-bones like inverted circumflexes over an *i*, were unperceived. Through the saffron shade of the lamp she appeared younger, more tentative, than she had for months, and in her voice which now seemed to reach him across inordinate distances was the caress he had loved so well. But he was still imprisoned in himself. He shook his head and blinked as one does who passes from darkness into light.

"No," he said, at last, "no——"

"Oh, Chris, you are composing your sermon! Forgive me: I did not mean to interrupt."

With a finger she threw him an apology and a kiss. The curtain fell again, and she was gone.

Sermon, indeed! The sermon was in that patient face that just had disappeared. He sat down again on the chair, and let his thoughts roam back again to Bronx and the wooing of his wife. When first she had put her hand in his it was as though life were fulfilled to its tips: he had conceived no greater earthly joy than the possibility of calling her his own, to his after-days she had brought the blithest airs, and now, after three years of marriage, if nothing remained save that friendship which is born of love and which the fabulist has declared to be better than love itself, if of the ardors which he had believed inextinguishable only cinders remained, was the fault his own? Surely he had been sincere. It is a maxim in law that against a promise to do something in the future no charge of fraud can lie. And if the maxim hold good in law, why not in love as well? When before God and man he had promised to love her always, had he not as fully intended to keep that promise as the honest trader does who makes a note? If bankruptcy intervene and the note be protested, it is humiliating, no doubt, but conscience at least is undisturbed. And yet an elenchicism such as this one with which, as was his duty, he would have dulled the remorse of any parishioner who had come to him in similar strait, left him rudderless and derelict. Truly the advice we give is rarely that to which we hold. Gonfallon sounded its sophistry with a sneer. He would have given hope itself to be able to touch Ruth's hand and feel again the electricity which it had once communicated, that spasm which in days gone by had seized him between the shoulder-blades and gone pulsing down the spinal cord, leaving him during the moment that followed quasi-dumb, and ineffectual of speech; indeed he would have given much could the old thrill have outlasted satiety, and, though it were through the very force of love that satiety had been begot, he wondered could the fault be nature's, not his own.

To Ruth he had brought his first-fruits, and in the bringing he had deemed them imperishable as the apples of the Hesperides. He had revelled in the offering of them; he had laid them glistening at her feet; he had marvelled at the blossoms with which she crowned the gift; he had thought them both enduring as the stars; he would have staked his soul that their twin hearts made one would mount, inseparate, into those realms no eye has scanned, but which the gracious Christ, his Master, has vouchsafed to whomso does believe in Him. These things had been the securest tenets of his marriage-pact. And then, as sometimes happens with those mated over-hastily, he awoke one day to the knowledge that it was the woman he had loved, not the individual,—the bottle, not the wine.

Of sweeter than she, one fairer and more gentle, a woman kindlier, juster, yet more debonair, it was not within his power to conceive. She was still to him admirable in each respect, a woman whom as sister he would have adored, as another's sister he would have envied, but who as wife left him as marble is, unmalleable, and chilling to the touch. Where had the emotions gone? Where were the roses of the yesteryear? Where was the vision he had sought to clasp? Though the

flutter of her kiss still hovered, ambient, in the air, he told himself that her love had departed like his own, that between them but one thing subsisted,—the sanctity of the marriage-vow, unbreakable by either. Of her, in that regard, he had, of course, no fear. And it was perhaps that very confidence, that security and facility in love, that had brought him to his present pass. Whoso has nothing to desire has nothing left to dread. But for himself he had trembled indeed. Claire had exhaled an atmosphere headier than the headiest breath of spring. There was about her an attraction, undiscovered till that night, but which, latent perhaps for days gone by, had suddenly enveloped and coerced him with its force. But now that too was gone.

Ah, yes, it was gone indeed; and he cracked the joints of his fingers in testimony to his deliverance from its spell. For a second he had been weaker, more unstable than water; and now, as he smiled a trifle grimly at the remembrance, he bethought him of the legends of the saints, of Saint Anthony, Saint Dominick, Saint Maur. It was a disaster which overtook all men. But it needed strength to combat,—he would have added faith, but something choked the utterance down,—it needed strength; and that strength was his. Again he smiled. He would have no need to cope again. Yet, for the moment, he wondered what sudden invocation of the flesh could have oppressed him so. Nothing, he could have sworn, in connection with that girl that lay sprawled on the sofa across the hall. No, it was not that: it was one of those ills which had afflicted and would continue to afflict many another more steadfast than he. Besides, independent of that, what had he of all men to do with such a thing? aside from his cloth, were not his temples gray? and, save spectacles, what better guarantee against love can there be?

In thought he had really tried to trick himself, but in an instant he was at the mirror again. At school, at the seminary, even so-recently as the preceding summer, he had been spoken of as That Handsome Gonfallon. And as he sprang from his seat he remembered a bit of gossip that had been brought him, an anecdote culled in the vestibule of the church, a conversation overheard and apposite to the infatuation of his parishioners, in which the first speaker was reported to have said something about Dr. Gonfallon's congregation, while the second, interrupting, had interjected a remark unreportable here.

But now, as he stood again before the glass, it was as though it pictured not the present alone but the past as well. He saw a lithe, dark-eyed lad, clear of feature and of mind, hurrying to some distant goal, arrested by a mirror that showed him back not youth, but age.

Through the window a moon luminous as sulphur shone. Beyond, the spires of Gethsemane pierced the night. The street was quiet. From afar came the accent of the Elevated, rushing, dragon-wise, in mid-air, lulling the neighborhood with the strain of its incessant surge. After a dusk in dead rose, the sky had become visibly blue.

And as he stood, interviewing the night, determining that the pulses should subside with years, from the hall came the rustle of a dress. For a second's space he clutched at the wainscot. The glass

gave him forty years, his blood nineteen. Then at once he was at the door, drawing the curtain on its rings aside.

"H'm,"—he affected a little cough, and held himself as though an accident had brought him there,—“h'm, Claire, is that you? I thought you had gone to bed.”

“Going,” the girl answered, negligently, and yawned as she spoke. “One has to come to New York to go to bed early.”

Then, something that he could not afterwards explain, some one of those unanalyzed causes that transform the gentle to the brute, claimed him as its own. His cloth, his vows, the rectory itself, everything, even to the presence of Ruth on the floor above, vanished as had they never been. With a spring his arm was about her neck, his lips were on hers, the odor of her hair, of her face, the moisture of her mouth, were his, and just as he strove to clasp her closer yet, with an undulant movement the girl slipped from his embrace.

“There, don’t hurt a fellow,” she exclaimed; and as she retreated, smiling yet breathless, to a step beyond his reach, she added, with her faun-like ripple, “I say, Chris, you seem to like the breed.”

From strength to weakness there is but a kiss. During the moments that followed, Gonfallon felt as were he astride a runaway horse. At first, as he plunged through unimagined thickets, striving as best he could with knee and curb to stay the flight, a stirrup went, then another; the beast had got its head, and as with ever-increasing speed it bore him over quagmires, obstacles, and intervalles, at last his own brain caught fire, and he urged with incitements of spur and of whip. In the distance was everything he had held most dear, the route was strewn with his illusions, gone were his unprompted vows, the truths that had been saviors of life unto life fell from him undetained, the white assumptions of conscience at rest vanished with retiring landmarks. And, still in fancy propelled, suddenly he discerned a sense of that freedom which is the synonyme of joy. It was good to feel one’s self untrammelled, delivered of the compunctions of the herd; with every breath he drew came a foretaste of larger life, his lungs expanded with fresh odors, beyond was a new horizon, brutally beautiful, wholly solid, dreamless and real, and in it, fairer than the desire of a fallen god, was Claire, her arms outstretched.

IV.

The morrow was a blank. Gonfallon attended to his duties with the air of a somnambulist. In the morning at the meeting of the Church-Workers, in the afternoon at the Friendly Aid, the echo of Claire’s laughter rippled through the tidings which it was his office to proclaim; and when the last rite had been performed he shook from him a young licentiate who fain would have passed a moment in Christian converse, and strode out into the gathering dusk and on to the outlying regions of the Park.

Above him was a sky of zinc. Beyond, to the west, the sun had slashed the horizon with belts of amber and agonizing green. The air was chill: he raised the collar of his coat, and as he hurried on unim-

pressed, unobservant even of the salutations of acquaintances whom he chanced to encounter, never yet had he felt more averse to his cloth. Yet did he relinquish it, what was there left? He was too old to begin life afresh: he lacked that energy which permits and even forces some men to turn from one calling to another; he had a wife to support, and down in a Massachusettsian village was his mother dependent on his wage. Truly it was easier to keep up a brave face and draw ten thousand per annum than to pull a wry one and advertise in the papers for an occupation suited to a man of scholarly attainments. If Bucholz had not gone under, there, indeed, would be a different guitar: he could have leaned on him, he could have entered, if need were, into his employ. As it was, instead of the opulence which Ruth might one day have inherited, it seemed not improbable that he would be called upon to contribute to Bucholz' support. Not later than the previous day a whisper, a breeze that loiters, had told him that his father-in-law passed his hours in extracting, and not painlessly, either, small loans from former companions of his banditti-days.

No, that dream had gone. There was no one to whom he could turn. However unfitted he might be, the pastorate was a refuge still. Yet, even supposing, for argument's sake, he relinquished it and another cleric mounted the pulpit in his stead, would the congregation be bettered by the change? He knew his parishioners through and through. Half of them were superstitious as ballads, the other half sceptical as himself. There were those who sat very erect and said "Amen" to impress their neighbors, and there were those who allowed themselves to be impressed thereby; there was a collection of boys and girls to whom the church was indeed a meeting-house, there was also an assortment of neurotheses; and did he leave these people, in what manner would their salvation be affected?

The mere query was puerile. He shrugged his shoulders in annoyance at himself. Eastward, a splatter of stars, some livid, some as lights seen through canvas slit, betokened the advance of night. He turned, and, musing still, retraced his steps. When he reached the rectory his eyes were eager and his face was flushed.

The hall was silent, the sitting-room untenanted. He put his hat and coat aside, and ascended the stair. To the left was Claire's room, the door ajar. At the threshold he lingered a moment and listened. Then, hearing no sound, he pushed the door and entered in.

On the sofa some raiment was strewn,—a gown, a petticoat, a corset; from the latter a white string hung pendent, the steel tip idling on the floor. At his feet a rose had fallen. On a table beneath the gas-jets utensils were scattered, instruments for the hands in stained ivory, brushes with silver backs, quaint little boxes, curious of form, a rumpled sachet, stamped Cordova leather, four bonnet-pins, a curling-iron, and a collar. In the air was the aroma which women exhale.

Beyond was a bed, the coverlet smooth as an anapest, surmounted by monogrammed pillows. It was white, virginal as its owner, alluring as spring; and as Gonfallon gazed at it the flush on his face increased. "What am I doing here?" he mused, and held his head as one who listens, fearful of surprise. From afar came the rumble of the

Elevated, but the house itself was dumb. For a moment he loitered, his eyes fumbling the counterpane, his pulse fluttering like a bird ensnared, and presently, as he stole from the room, he was conscious of that elation of spirit which had visited him in his youth when on the Beverly sands he had crouched close, yet never close enough, to the swoon and the surge of the sea.

That evening Gonfallon broke bread in solitude. Claire had been bidden somewhere,—to Miss Pickett's, the housemaid thought; and Ruth, whom neuralgia had seized again, was lying in darkness, waiting the release of sleep. By his plate was a telegram, which he pushed aside, his thoughts occupied with other things; but when the maid removed the dishes he opened it and read the message it contained:

"We are sorely visited," it ran. "The Bishop entered into rest this noon. Your brother in Christ,
JABEZ FOAN."

The yellow slip fell from him undetained. It was so pregnant with intimations that the restless current of his thought was changed. For the time being he forgot all things, even to Claire, and sat, one finger just separating the lips, staring after the retreating past and far out into the chartless morrow. The bishop he had known well. He was one of the few whom he had really revered, a man simple and sincere, earnest for the best, indulgent to the worst, a man who had but one creed, Charity, but one text, Good-will,—a man whose face was so luminous with spiritual reflections that whoso saw him thought he truly walked with God. And now he was gone. The grave would open and close again: to-morrow he would be forgot.

"I wonder," mused Gonfallon, "that He who made space for the infinite and eternity for time should not have created a being capable of mounting sheerly to some fringe of His mantle of stars, instead of a groping phantom incompetent to leave behind so much as a shadow on a wall. I wonder——"

And as he mused he was visited by an idea which at first he repulsed and then beckoned back. It was that however ephemeral life might be, it was yet clothed with radiant possibilities. Throughout the length and breadth of the diocese there was no ecclesiastic more prominent than himself: it was he who would be nominated for the bishopric.

While he still mused, the door opened, and Claire appeared.

"Did you miss me, Chris?"

She was in street-costume, a trim skirt, a cloth jacket descending to her waist, her hands cased in *Suède*, her face unveiled, and on her head a low-crowned hat of felt.

"Did you miss me, Chris?"

As she spoke, her lips parted as a flower opens to the sun: he could see the edges of her teeth, and in the lamp-light they seemed to reflect the rose of her mouth and tongue.

"And Ruth? Is she no better?"

Her hat she removed and tossed pin-pierced aside. Her jacket she had already unbuttoned, and as she raised her arm to divest herself of it Gonfallon sprang to her aid.

"There, let me help you," he said.

As he caught at the sleeve, he touched her wrist. From her hair came the clean smell of acorns and of pines that had greeted him the night before; and as he bent to aid her, there was a cleft in her neck which might have tempted a saint.

"I didn't hear you come in," he added.

"Thanks, put it anywhere. Oh, didn't you? I have a key, you know. Pickett came in this afternoon and wanted me to dine with her: her people have gone to Lakewood, and she was alone. What of Ruth?"

She had turned to Gonfallon, who stood, her jacket in his hand. At the question he made a gesture indicative of discouragement.

"Give it me," she continued. "I will go to her now." And as she stretched her hand, Gonfallon caught it in his own.

"Sit with me a moment, Claire."

"I might have a cigarette, don't you think? Pickett,"—and she ushered a memory with the ripple of her laugh,—“Pickett was afraid to have me smoke, on account of the servants.”

She moved from him and drew out a case, a toy of fair gold, on the mirror-like surface of which she glanced at her own reflection.

"Try one," she added, and extended the case.

"No, Claire, I do not smoke, nor should you. But there," he continued, hastily, for on the girl's lips a sudden pout had appeared. "Do as you will."

"What's gone wrong? The ten commandments are gayer than you, sir." And to her lips, from which the pout had retreated, a smile returned.

"You were not annoyed at me last night, were you, Claire?" And as the girl, answering nothing, stood gazing at him, her virginal eyes a trifle dilated, her lips just parted, her head drawn back, he added, huskily, "You know I love you," and hesitated,—for encouragement, perhaps, or else rebuke.

Then, as she seemed about to move from him, he detained her with a gesture that was at once an apology and a plea, the gesture of a mendicant accustomed to rebuff. "Claire, let me tell you. I know, none better, that it is wrong for me to speak to you as I do. I have no excuse. Yet when you came—see, it is but a month ago—you brought a gladness and a sorcery. At first I did not understand, but last night it was as a sense recovered: I knew that all my life I had hungered for you. You were the odor of a feast at which I had longed to sit, the shadow of a hope which I had dreamed to claim. Claire, listen to me. It is not years that make our age: I was old at twenty, I am young to-day, and it is youth that loves best and most. Let me love you. There, I will ask nothing in return, but I have such need of you! Each emotion I compressed expands to you, every illusion that I lost you can restore. You are to me the fulfilment of an anterior promise, the requital of an earlier mistake. Were I free I would speak to you less gravely, but I am bound as never Tantalus was. I can ask nothing, I can take nothing, I can only give. And there the misery of it is; for my power of giving is slight indeed. Were I master of fate instead of slave, and had you a wish, like a spaniel that wish

should nestle at your feet. But this is idle speech; forgive it me. The fact remains, I love you, not alone with all my heart, but as no other has loved you yet, as no other can love you now."

The initial phrases of this address had come from Gonfallon haltingly, but as he warmed to the work they fell from him in rounded periods, as they were wont to when he preached. And that magnetism which was in him, the electricity which he diffused and which had made him what he was, the foremost ecclesiastic in the largest of provincial cities, seemed now to be coercing the girl, despite herself, to his mood. Her eyes drooped, her lips were compressed, in her cheeks the color rose and subsided, vacillating as it were with retroacting and contending currents. And Gonfallon, as he scanned her face, felt an exultant throb. With a movement of the arm that would have encircled an oak he caught her in his embrace. The jacket had gone from her, the gold toy had disappeared. For a second that was an eternity he was conscious of her emollient mouth on his, his fingers intertwined with her own. In that second he really lived,—perhaps he really loved.

Undulantly she disengaged and freed herself. She stooped for her jacket, and when she stood up again there was no sign of vacillation in her face. The back of her hand she drew across her lips, but whether to brush away the kiss that had been placed on them, or the smile that hovered in their moisture, Gonfallon was unable to decide. She had retreated a little, and he made a step to her, but as he moved she retreated yet farther away.

"Claire——" he murmured.

"Oh, I say, Chris," she interrupted, "drop all that." The curtain parted, and she had gone.

In a second he was in the hall, but already she had reached the floor above, and, foreseeing the futility of pursuit, he entered his study and threw himself on a chair.

For a while he sat palpitant in alternations of elation and remorse. His path, doubtless, was straight, but it was by no means clear. The mystic penumbra of accepted tenets was still about him, yet through them shone the wonder of landscapes undivined. He was as one who awakes at dawn and finds the night still there. And as he alternately detained and dismissed now elation, now regret, he was aware of that confusion of purpose which visits those that puzzle over a problem they are in haste to solve. The signification of his own attitude was that which stirred him most. At the moment it seemed to him impossible that he should have acted to the girl as he had, and not impossible alone, but cowardly as well. Of the two, was not he the stronger? was it not for him to guide, to protect her, if need be, even from herself? And yet, without even the excuse of celibacy, without receiving from her so much of an invitation as can be conveyed in the quiver of an eyelid, he had performed the most ignoble rôle that man can play. Had it been love that had impelled him, some excuse might there be. But it was not that. Love would have slit his lips to the ears rather than let him touch her own. There would have been no elation then, no remorse, only an abandonment in spirit, the escape of a dream that might have come true, and then oblivion which is the novitiate of death. But

no; it was not that. He needed no one to prompt him that in his heart were none of those choirs which love awakes; not a hymn had been summoned, not a harmony evoked. No, it was not that; it was the beast that is in us all, lashed down, kept cowering and hidden in the deepest cavern of our being, till in the inadvertent moment it leaps into light and claims its prey at last.

Through the silence of the house he heard a door open and another shut. From above, overhead, came the faint fall of moving feet. She had left Ruth, he knew; she had gone to her room. Now she had latched the door; now she was at the window, he heard the shutters close. The footfalls seemed to cross the room, and for the moment he pictured her standing as he had seen her once, before the glass, her arms raised, the fingers interlocked behind her head. What was it, after all, he wondered, that had impressed him so? It was not the refinement of her nature: there were times when he thought her almost coarse. Her mind was a rendezvous of platitudes; and as for her beauty, he could have sent a prayer-book skimming from the pulpit and in whatever aisle of Gethsemane it chanced to fall would be a girl fairer, more feminine, more appetizing yet, than she. But would there, though?

An almost imperceptible footfall from the room above aroused him from his reverie. The sound was fainter than before; the feet that stirred were unshod, stockingless perhaps. Their faint tinkle ushered a fresh vision into the chambers of his mind: he saw her in a fabric so delicate of texture that it could be drawn through a ring, a garment immaterial as a moonbeam, her neck uncovered, and about her half-closed eyes and red moist lips the subtle smile of a faun.

In anger at himself he sprang to his feet. On the table before him was a heap of the manufactures of rationalist, of sophist, and of sage. Every one of those who have taken the nimbus from a god and pointed to an eternal grave had left a text-book there. For some time they had been accumulating on back book-shelves; but the day before, with some sermon in view, he had got them within reach. It is good to be valiant in the pulpit, it is good to confute; and the privilege of demolishing any doctrine that conflicts with Christianity, particularly when there is not the slightest danger of being answered back, is a pleasure in itself. But each time Gonfallon had handled a materialist, zest in his own creed declined. An Englishman, Clifford, who described the universe as an immense *Sir Roger de Coverley*, in which the dancers were atoms and the ball-room space, had the power to take him into an abyss so dank that the candle of faith was snuffed. A Frenchman, Flavet, had shown him the provenance of the parables. In Assyro-Accadian myth, Schrader, a German, had displayed to him the fabric of the *Pentateuch*.

An idle task, *Voltaire* has said, an idle task it is, this pulling down of enchanted castles. It is better far to examine truths than lies. But where are the truths? Gonfallon had asked himself the same thing not once, but many times. As yet no answer had been vouchsafed.

And now, in anger at himself, in an effort to banish *Claire*, he picked up the book that lay nearest to his hand. "*Comprends*," it shouted at him, "*comprends que tu portes ton paradis et ton enfer en toi-même.*"

"Perhaps," he muttered.

He put the book down and took another. It happened to be one of Renan's melodious fumisteries; and as he opened it a phrase jumped out and stabbed him in the eyes: "*La vertu est une suprême illusion.*"

"Perhaps," he repeated.

A third volume, a summary of German metaphysics, lay within reach. "The heavens are void," it insisted. "There has been nothing, there is nothing, there will be nothing, save a constant evolution, a continuous development, with death for a goal."

"Nothing?"

He left the table and its blasphemies, and turned to the window. His anger had gone, his thoughts of Claire as well; and in their train seemed to have departed the strength—or the weakness, was it?—which had visited him the preceding night. Yet as he looked up into the taciturn sky, something must have rebelled within him; for he groaned to the stars, "O Chaos, take that Nothing back and give us Satan in its stead!"

V.

Decidedly the days were shorter. As Gonfallon let himself in with a latch-key, it was barely five, yet already night had come. The hall was dark; and as he drew off his gloves, straightening and folding them methodically as was his custom, he told himself that Jane must have forgotten the gas.

From the sitting-room came a murmur, and through the portière a thread of light. "It is Ruth," he reflected. For that morning she had appeared at breakfast, declaring that she had rested well, and that for the time being at least she was free of pain. "It is Ruth and some visitor," he reflected,—Mr. Qualms, perhaps,—and he made to enter the room, but at once he drew back. The glimpse which he caught had shown him not Ruth, but Claire, and at her side Tremont Yarde. They were standing a little apart from each other, their backs turned to the door, and for a moment Gonfallon hesitated, his hand on the curtain's fringe.

Since the preceding night he had not seen the girl. She had breakfasted, as she usually did, in her room, and, shortly after the morning meal, matters connected with the bishop's decease had demanded his presence abroad, detaining him until now.

And as he hesitated, Yarde, who had been speaking in a monotone, pitched his voice in higher keys. Gonfallon's fingers tightened on the fringe. He hated the man, he hated his looks, the cut of his coat, his intonation, everything, even to his manner and the trick he had of contemplating his finger-nails.

"This is the third time I have asked you," Gonfallon heard him say.

"If it is the last," Claire answered, "there must be luck in odd numbers, after all."

"You are decided, then?"

"Fully."

"Very good. It remains to me—there, listen a moment, won't you?"

During the pause that followed Gonfallon fancied the young man eying the polished tips of his fingers.

"It is this. Some day you may be in need of assistance. If you are, believe me, there is no one to whom you can turn more readily than to me. You know where I live, and, parenthetically, I can assure you that the walls of my apartment are dumb——"

"Leave the room."

The command reached Gonfallon with the resonance of a bell.

"Certainly, since you wish it. In fact, I was on the point of doing so. Save at your invitation, I will not venture to enter it again."

It was evident that Yarde had turned. Gonfallon dropped the fringe, and groped back into the shadows.

"I am sorry to have annoyed you," the young man added. He had reached the threshold, and Gonfallon moved yet farther away.

"If you do not leave I will ring."

"And I must assure you," he continued, "that I would not have made this suggestion had I not——unless, h'm, well—I saw my father this afternoon. He is in Wall Street, you know. Good-night, Miss Bucholz."

There was a rush of light, the curtain fell again, the front door opened and closed.

Gonfallon still stood in the darkness, one arm extended along the wall, the other pendent at his side. His head was bent, his eyes fixed on the stair. From the adjoining room came the sound of Claire's uneasy tread: she seemed to be pacing the room, restless as a panther is, lashing the furniture with her skirt.

What manner of girl was she, that Yarde should permit himself such a speech? And what manner of man was he, that he should suffer such a speech to pass unpunished? Gonfallon's hand clinched, and the arm which had extended along the wall he raised in anger. But it was himself he could have struck: he was humiliated at his own attitude. He knew, none better, that it had been his duty to interrupt, to protect, and to force that libertine from the door.

And Claire! He heard her cross the room again, and felt that the indignity was smarting still. If she had repulsed the man at first, might it not be because of him?

He left the shadows; in a moment he was with her. The promenade had ceased: she had thrown herself on a lounge, and sat, her feet crossed, her virginal eyes upturned and pensive.

"I saw that man Yarde go out," he began, abruptly. "What was he doing here?"

Claire lowered her eyes from the ceiling to the wall. "Really," she answered, "I took no note of his action. He spoke of the weather, I believe, and—let me see; oh, yes, he quoted a passage from Horace, which if I understood I would repeat, and—and asked after you. Ruth seems better to-day, doesn't she?"

Gonfallon's breath came quicker. The change in Claire, a change which since the preceding night was greater than that of an August displaced by March, the flippancy of her indifference, the enervations of the day, the conflicts with himself, the conversation overheard and

uninterpreted, the unexplained presence of a man whom he loathed and whom he could give himself no valid reason for loathing,—these things had put him in a state of irritation which is comparable only to that which comes of a sudden depletion of force. But of the inward ferment there was little if any outward show. He eyed her narrowly, his lip austere.

“At your age, Ruth would have felt herself contaminated by such a man,” he said, at last, and paused expectant of some reply.

But Claire answered nothing. Her eyes had gone up again to the ceiling. From beneath her skirt a patent-leather shoe, narrow and pointed, moved in and out.

“Did you not hear me?” he asked.

“Yes,” she answered, with her negligent drawl,—“yes, I heard; but you see, Chris, customs have changed since the fall of Troy.”

To this Gonfallon feigned assent, his lip austerer than before.

“Very true,” he said. “Yet, if I may not admonish you, it is at least my duty to inform your father that you receive a ruffian to insult you in my house.”

“Ah!” As though battle were imminent, she straightened herself. Her expression had lost its flippancy; it had become frosty and brilliant. “Do you know, I thought you were listening? In regard to father, do as you like; only don’t tell him you mistook his daughter for——”

The speech unfinished was like a bugle blown through the crimson of an autumn eve. It was harmonious, it was inspiring, but it jarred. It awoke Gonfallon from a trance. Claire’s eyes were no longer pensive; they had the chill and glitter of steel. And now as she laughed her voice was hard and metallic as her eyes.

“There, Chris,” she added, in lighter tone; “I am not one of your congregation yet.”

She had arisen, and was about to pass him by, but something in his face seemed to detain her steps. Through one of those influences occult yet recognized, her lips took on their former sweetness, her eyes glowed, and she smiled.

“Claire——” he murmured, and would have caught and held her, perhaps, but a voice in the hall, unheard by him, must have alarmed her: she eluded him, and disappeared in the dining-room beyond.

“Mr. Bucholz, sir, and can he see you?” It was Jane the housemaid, angular as a hendecagon and prim as a Puritan Sunday.

Gonfallon started. He was as an aeronaut dropped from colorless ether into some dank moraine.

“He says it’s most important,” the woman added, and patted her apron flat.

As yet he was not wholly himself; the variety and multiplicity of emotions had not had the effect of a sedative; but he nodded gravely enough, and presently he caught a whiff of alcohol: Mr. Bucholz was before him.

“Take a seat,” said Gonfallon, mechanically.

“Thanks, I’ve just had one.”

The tone in which he spoke arrested attention. For a second Gon-

fallon eyed him suspiciously. Could it be that Claire—— But no; such a supposition was absurd.

"Gonfallon, I want a moment with you. Are you busy?" Mr. Bucholz spoke with the air of one to whom the possible occupation of his host was a matter of no importance.

To Gonfallon's hands came a sudden moisture. "No," he replied.

Mr. Bucholz had a forehead that was wide yet low, the forehead of a murderer. His face was thin, his body obese. Since his disasters his complexion had assumed the hue of a brandied cherry. He looked shabby, and he was unshorn. His manner was a compound of alternate pompousness and jocularly. To Gonfallon he was revolting. To Jane, and possibly to others, it was a matter of wonder that such a man could be the father of a girl like Claire.

"You are well, I hope?" Gonfallon added.

At this Mr. Bucholz laughed aloud; but his laugh was nervous, yet unsonorous as a muffled bell,—a laugh that came wholly from within, a laugh which frightened and which chilled.

"See here, parson, I want you to do something for me,—something—how shall I put it? Well, let us call it *ad majorem Dei gratiam*. That is technical, is it not?"

"And concise."

"And concise, as you say. By the way, I think I will change my mind. Suppose you sit down too."

Mr. Bucholz found a seat, and Gonfallon, relieved of his sudden panic, followed suit.

"You remember," Mr. Bucholz continued, "that when Jerolomon got me in that corner everything went. Twenty million; not a penny less. The place at Irvington, the house on Fifth Avenue, the yacht, the stable, stocks, bonds, all the tra-la-la of wealth, evaporated in a night. I lost my grip. The few hundred thousand that remained followed in a fortnight. The last fifty-dollar bill I could call my own I dropped in a bucket-shop. Curious, isn't it?" And Mr. Bucholz put his hand to his head and for the moment seemed to lose himself in thought.

"Well?"

"Ah, yes." And Mr. Bucholz looked up again. "Well, after that, as you know, Usselex gave me his gold-business. It was good of Usselex, for I had squeezed him once myself. Jerolomon, I have reason to believe, suggested it to him. However, it was four thousand a year,—just the salary I paid the gardener who did picturesque geometry for me at Irvington: why, you get almost three times as much yourself. Or rather," he added, in an undertone, as though reflecting on the point of the speech, "or rather I got it for you. But that's as may be. A week ago I learned, accidentally as I then thought, that Jerolomon was engineering another corner in wheat. I went to him and asked a loan. He laughed at me. I told him he had taken everything I had. 'Bucholz,' he answered, 'I took back at compound interest what you once took from me. I am not lending money to-day: I am paying off old scores. Good-morning to you.' And he turned on his heel. In the course of the afternoon I got ten thousand dollars:

I went in and bought. Yesterday the market fell: the ten thousand were wiped out."

"Dear me!"

"And now," continued Bucholz, "that ten thousand must be repaid."

"Of course it must be. Only——"

"Only you haven't got it, I suppose. Not even *ad majorem Dei gratiam*. Well, sir, you have got to get it."

As he spoke, he rose from his seat and fronted his host. His face had changed. Up to this it had conveyed the varying shades of indifference, apathy, and disgust, but now it was resolute, it expressed a determination menacing and inflexible as a bayonet, and of which Gonfallon seemed to feel the point and the chill.

"You have got to get it," he repeated, "and before Saturday at that."

And as Gonfallon made no answer, Bucholz bent over him until his face almost touched his listener's ear. "I put Usselex' name on the check," he whispered, and drew himself up.

"You—you say you put Usselex' name on the check?"

And as Bucholz nodded encouragingly, invitingly even, to the dawn of understanding which he discerned breaking in Gonfallon's eyes, the latter cowered in his chair. "Why, that is forgery!" he gasped.

"Be still," hissed Bucholz; "be still." Then, seeing that the shot had told, he nodded again, and added, with a negligent, musing air, "Yes, that, I believe, is what it is called." He laughed a little,—or was it a laugh?—a sound that had in it the ghoulish mock of the graphophone, a tone that runs cracked and thin, like a man's laughter, as Swinburne puts it, heard in hell, far down.

Gonfallon still cowered in his chair. Bucholz assumed a graver mien, and, affecting to ignore his son-in-law's attitude, monologued at the wall. "There was a time," he said,—“but bah! what is the use? Why, I couldn't turn a block that some one didn't rush to me with hands outstretched: 'Oh, my dear Mr. Bucholz, how are you?' To-day the same people,—and to every man jack of them I have been of use,—the very same ones, people whom I lifted not out of the dust alone, but out of the mud, will not loan me a dollar. After all, they are only human, I suppose. What is that line in the catechism? However, that is not to the point. I am sorry about it all, but it was not for myself I worked, it was for Ruth and for Claire. It was for them I made myself rich, respected, famous even. It was for them I got into that trap of Jerolomon's. It was for them I did this thing. Ruth you can always look after, but Claire—well, I used to think she would be the richest girl in the land. The hope of a *parvenu*, you will say. I grant it; but it was for her I cared, for her and for Ruth, not for myself."

"I can do nothing," said Gonfallon. In his eyes was the look of one who has sounded an abyss. "No, nothing. The very utmost I could raise would not cover a quarter of the—the——"

"Forgery is the word, but theft will do."

"Of the amount," he continued, in a dogged effort to pass the interruption unheeded. "And there is no one to whom I could go," he

added, reflectively, "save perhaps to Nicholas Manhattan. And if I went to him I would have to explain; which of course is impossible."

"Not impossible in the least," said Bucholz, very gravely; "not impossible in the least. I don't see at all why you should say so. Nothing could be more proper. Mr. Manhattan is your parishioner; he is even a warden, isn't he? I haven't the pleasure of knowing him personally, and yet I am quite sure that he wouldn't let a trifle like ten thousand weigh with him if he knew your good repute and that of Gethsemane was concerned."

"My good repute! My good repute has nothing to do in the matter."

"You are mistaken, dear boy; it has. When I am promenading a striped suit through the corridors of Sing-Sing, it were facetious indeed did my son-in-law continue to officiate in the Church of the Holy Bilk—I mean Gethsemane. Your parishioners in whom you have instilled so well all the beautiful precepts of Christian charity will show you the difference between theory and practice. Not an atom of charity will you get from them. Why, dear boy, you might just as well begin to pack up at once. If this thing gets out, never will they let you preach again. Really they won't. I think you can take my word for that—Why, Claire, where did you spring from?"

Unobserved by either, the girl had entered the room. To her father's query she made no direct answer; she hastened towards him and gave him a fleeting caress.

Then, turning to Gonfallon, "Ruth wants you," she explained.

"Can she have heard?" he wondered. He scanned her face; it was untroubled, and as she spoke, her voice assured.

"She has not heard," he decided, and, waving at Bucholz, "I will be back presently," he said.

"Saturday is the first of the month," that gentleman announced. "The bank-account will be balanced then."

But Gonfallon had already left the room. As he ascended the stair, he felt as though it were giving way beneath him. On each side were threatening hands. Yet above no haven was discernible, while below was an abyss.

"Of us two," he muttered, "the nobler still is he;" and then, mentally, he bolted at the eccentricity of his own thought. "I am daft," he told himself.

The stair, however, did not give way beneath him, the threatening hands did not detain his steps; he reached his wife in safety and sank in a chair at her side.

"Were you busy, Chris?" she asked. "I could have waited. It is merely a line from Mrs. Manhattan: she wants us all to dine with her on the 12th. I, of course, cannot go. But you will take Claire, will you not?"

"No, no," he answered, impatiently. The 12th, indeed! He would be in little mood for dining then. "No," he repeated. "Send a regret."

"But, Chris, Claire will want to go. Do——"

"Then let her go alone: as for me——" He halted abruptly: an expression in Ruth's face warned him that he was betraying an obses-

sion of which no sign should be conveyed. "I am tired," he added, inconsequently.

"Chris, you work so hard——"

To this, with a despondent air, he assented remotely.

"And a little gayety will do you good. Besides——"

"If I could only get away," he thought. "Is there no place where I can hide?"

"It is one of your duties to go about among your parishioners. I believe it is even a canon in ecclesiastical law." Ruth laughed as she spoke, and gave her husband a look in which pride and love commingled.

"There," he said, "do as you will."

After all, what did it matter? When the time came, Mrs. Manhattan would expect neither him nor Claire. And through his thoughts but one thing fluttered,—the longing for a place to hide.

"That is sweet of you, Chris. I will write to Mrs. Manhattan at once.—Come in."

Some one had rapped on the door, and in a moment Jane entered. "A letter for you, sir," she said, and extended a note on a salver.

Instinctively he shuddered. It was about that accursed check, he knew. But the superscription reassured him. "It's from Jones," he mumbled, and tore the envelope apart.

"DEAR GONFALLON," it ran,—*"I have just received a telegram from Bronx. My aunt is dying. She begs you to come to her. I go down in the eight-o'clock train. Will you not meet me at the Grand Central? In haste, yours always, A. B. FENWICK CHISOLM-JONES."*

"It is there," thought Gonfallon, "there that I can hide." He turned to the servant and handed the note to Ruth.

"Is any one waiting? Very good. Tell him to say to Mr. Jones that I will be there."

He stood up, and added, in an undertone, "Tell Mr. Bucholz——" But whatever message he had wished to send was lost.

"He's gone, sir," the woman interrupted.

And Ruth, intent on the note, murmured, as Jane withdrew, "To think that it was in her house we met! It seems but yesterday to me."

"I must hurry," said Gonfallon: "it is seven now."

VI.

It was midnight when the train halted at Bronx. During the journey Jones had been loquacious and Gonfallon dumb. To the one the illness of the countess represented an eternal farewell to the exigencies of syndicates and publishers; to the other, a refuge from the scandal with which New York would presently resound.

Jones, enveloped in an Inverness, wandered out into voluptuous anticipations of wealth to be. "I can go to Constantinople," he confided to his companion, "or, like Stevenson, I can sail the Southern seas. I can lounge in Quaritch's, or on the Grand Canal. I can go

to Ecuador and foment a revolution. I can turn Buddhist and penetrate Thibet. From an editor's chair I can bombard my friends and caress my enemies. I will have time to be noble, to be just, and to forgive. I can disappear as though the earth had swallowed me, or I can write a book to please myself. I can live, as Baudelaire wanted to, in a grot of basalt surrounded by slaves whose sole duty it will be to discover the secret of my immense ennui. Like Flaubert, I can call to a chimera to lift me on its wings. Like the Chimera, I can whisper to the Sphinx, 'O Unknown, I am amorous of thine eyes.' On the fingers of my sweethearts I can put the crystallized essence of bank-notes. I can even pay my debts,—some of them, at least. I can——"

And while Jones rambled on, discounting his inheritance in advance, Gonfallon's thoughts had also taken him afar. In the abruptness of the departure he had no time to make so much as an effort to stay the approaching joust; and now, as he tormented himself with its possibilities, some breath of the philosophies to which the preceding night had been given rose to him, graciously as a balm. "Whatever will be, is," he mused. "No one can combat the inevitable. If it is written that Bucholz is to founder in the mire and bespatter us all with the mud, no act of mine can prevent it." But, even as his fancy was comforted, abruptly before him the reef to which he was veering loomed, and in the wreck which it menaced he saw the bishopric gone forever, Gethsemane lost as well. He saw himself a wanderer in unfamiliar parishes, the pulpit loaned on trial, the subsidence in some Western town, and then that most terrible trial of all, the attempt to begin life anew.

In his misery he moaned, dumbly and vaguely afflicted. In an effort to console himself he reflected that Jesus had been a vagabond too,—one who had not where to lay his head. Yet Jesus, he instantly remembered, had conquered the world, while he could not conquer himself.

Presently his thoughts deserted father for daughter, and as the train flashed through the night, something in the roll of the car seemed to echo the music of her voice. The irritation which had visited him in the afternoon faded, as irritation ever does. He closed his eyes: he was alone with her again, in his ears was the bubbling ripple of her laugh, his lips were on hers, his were the savors of her skin, his the wonders and caresses of her hair.

Yes, the poets were right: nothing in all the world imitated happiness more perfectly than did love. And if only that nightmare would disappear! If the memory of Bucholz and of his visit would vanish, life, full surely, would be a pleasant gift. But Bucholz declined to be dismissed. He surged like a partition between happiness and Claire. He dominated and appalled. It was all very well to rememorate the precepts of the masters, yet in the rememoration Gonfallon recalled that speech of the warrior Frederick, "Against the ills of the past or of the future philosophy is the best of remedies, but against the ills of the present it is without effect." And as the train cleft the darkness he blamed himself for his cowardice, for his haste, for the weakness which had made him accept the first excuse for flight, and wished himself

back in town, imploring aid there of Usselex, of Manhattan, of Jerolomon even, of any one who had the power to throttle this thing at its birth. Again he groaned and writhed as Laocoön did.

"It is Wednesday," he told himself: "by to-morrow noon I can be back in town. Cost what it may, I will get that money, and everything may yet be well. Surely Manhattan will not refuse; and if he does, and Jerolomon declines, then will I mortgage the homestead. H'm, it is odd I should have thought of that last. Meanwhile——"

"Bronx!" The door before him had opened, and a brakeman was bawling in his face.

"We are punctual as a comet," he heard Jones exclaim.

Gathering their traps, they descended into the night. At the station but one vehicle was discernible, and that, from a loutish driver who stood dandling his whip, they presently discovered was for them. "You ought to have come earlier," he remarked, with the affectionate familiarity which is peculiar to the New-Englander. "It was sun-down when she died."

"Well," said Jones, when they had seated themselves in the carriage, "she was a good woman, and a Christian. It's deuced rough I couldn't have got here in time. I was her favorite relative," he added, meditatively. And with that he drew out a large cigar, which he lighted with infinite care.

Through the window Gonfallon gazed at the frost-bitten road which he knew so well. Over there, to the right, was the parsonage he had occupied. And here, to the right, was Sever's house. How small it looked! And as the carriage rattled over the ruts one after another, he recalled the names of retreating structures.

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "yes, indeed."

"A woman," Jones continued, "who may have been misunderstood, as good women often are, but who was never the subject of gossip. I was in knickerbockers when her husband ran off, but I can see him now. He looked like a young emperor of old Rome. And from her never a murmur could be wrung. She did not so much as mention him, or her friend, even, who disappeared at the same time,—Mira Wheat her name was, the Admirable Miranda I remember she was called, a famous beauty, and a catch to boot. The count went down at Gravelotte, but what ever became of his travelling companion no one ever heard. It's odd, those abrupt disappearances. You knew of the Besaluls, didn't you? There's a case in point. Besalul married a girl,—a Miss Forbush, I think: to all intents and purposes they were dead in love with each other. Two months afterwards, when Besalul, after bringing his wife home from some reception, was sitting in the parlor over the *Post*, the butler announced dinner. 'Go up-stairs,' said Besalul, 'and tell my wife.' The butler went up and came down: Mrs. Besalul was undiscoverable. They searched the house. In her room were the mantle and bonnet which she had worn at the reception, but of the lady herself not a trace. The night changed to morning, and morning into noon, and still no sign of the absentee. No one had heard her leave the house, and it seemed impossible for her to have done so unobserved. Detectives were summoned, rewards were offered,

but all in vain. Three or four years later, when she was practically forgotten, a friend of Besalul's happened in journeying through France to stop at Toulouse, and while wandering about the town recognized my lady in a rose-garden. She had run off with a man with whom no one knew she was even acquainted."

And Jones, flicking the ashes from his cigar, added, "I would have worked it up into a novel, but somehow it lacked the dramatic. I never seemed to get a climax. Ah! here we are."

A servant, a pensioner rather, Rebecca Hays by name, a woman white of face and of hair, whom Gonfallon remembered well, met and led them into the hall. Grief or excitement seemed to have made her vague of speech. The lids of her eyes were watery and pink, her lips twitched spasmodically.

"*Elle est devenue idiote*," Jones remarked. "I suppose we had better go up."

And, motioning to the woman to precede them, the novelist, followed by the clergyman, mounted the creaking stair.

It was a large room which they presently entered, a room that leaned to the south. Across one wall was a stretch of tapestry, not Gobelins, but Gothic, and pictorial of the visit of the Magi. The angle was bare, the other walls cut by windows that gave on the valley below. The floor was of lacquered wood, the centre protected by a rug. Between the rug and the tapestry was a bed draped with curtains that fell from a panoply affixed to the ceiling above. On either side of the bed was a chest of oak. And on these chests candles had been placed.

Very reverently Gonfallon drew one of the curtains aside, and then, as he took one of the candles and held it aloft that he might see the better, Jones peered over his shoulder.

Death had dealt gently with the occupant of that bed. The hue of the skin was little different from what it had been, the folded hands not a whit more transparent than before. Even the expression of the face had not altered: in the elevation of the brow which death had not lowered, in the resignation of the mouth which it had been impotent to distort, the countess looked in the shroud as she had looked in life,—as though under her something had been killed, a hope, an illusion, or a dream.

"'I am the resurrection and the life,'" Gonfallon through sheer force of habit repeated, and turned to his companion; but Jones had already left him; he stood a little beyond, reading some paper which the white-haired woman who hovered in the door-way presumably had brought.

Ah, yes, the resurrection and the life! He let the curtain fall, and moved to a window. Save for the uncertain rustle of the paper which Jones was reading, the house was so still that one might have thought the countess had already elected it for her tomb. The air, too, was still. Gonfallon looked out into the shadows. To the left some leafless trees crossed their arms, beyond them others, blurred by the night, seemed to crouch in suspense, while beneath in the valley was the shimmer of a lake in which the hill-side had turned upside down and the moonbeams danced with the ripples.

"The resurrection and the life, indeed! Where is the faith to which I clung? Gone are its flowers," he mused, and with a finger beat a muffled tattoo on the window-pane. "Well do I remember the days when death to me was an illusion, a mask of the continuity of life. Now, what is it? At most a chasm into which the stars fall and nations disappear, a depth from which no spar returns, a silence from which no cry ascends. Is there in its darkness a flicker, an intimation even other than that of the ephemerality of man? There may be. Yes, there may be, but to me no sign is vouchsafed. The countess who died steadfast in the unalterableness of her perfect faith must at the last have caught the flutter of angels' wings. The grace which —eh?"

"Read that." And Jones, who had approached him, thrust a letter in his hand.

Gonfallon crossed the room to the candles and leaned on one of the chests. The paper which Jones had given him was undated, but evidently it was old: the ink had faded a little, the writing was not wholly legible, and from the paper itself came a faint odor of must and of decay. So nearly as Gonfallon could discern, it ran as follows:

"Should you, my dear nephew, survive me, as I trust you may, you will find by my will that your wants are provided for. In return for this, I wish to ask of you a last favor. In my bedroom, where this letter, should you ever receive it, will be given you, are two chests clamped with iron. These chests I beg you to carry, with Rebecca's aid, to the dining-hall below. They contain nothing of value; merely a few odds and ends, mementos of my late husband, that are of interest to no one but myself. When I die, they can be burned, and no one will be the poorer. Take them, then, unopened, to the dining-hall: they are not too large to go in the fireplace, and by putting in one at a time they can be easily destroyed. I rely on you, Fenwick, to do as I bid.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"LAURA OF CINQ-CYGNE."

And beneath, by way of postscriptum, though evidently of more recent date, was written,—

"Rebecca seems to be failing. If possible, get Dr. Gonfallon to assist."

"Well?" said Jones.

Gonfallon had read the letter, and stood eying the superscription. "Well," he answered, "there is a law, whether common or statute I am uncertain, but there is a law which inhibits just such a thing as this. To oblige your aunt is an easy matter. The question is——"

"The law be blowed! The question is whether you will assist me. Whether or not the mementos consist in the frippery of a dead soldier, what does it matter, after all? My aunt speaks of her late husband: who knows what she meant? Women have odd circumlocutions. It is my duty to do as she bids, and do it I will."

As he spoke he turned to one of the chests, and, removing the candles, drew it to the centre of the room. "See," he added, "if it were packed with tracts it couldn't be lighter." And the gesture which he made was so cynical yet so sincere that Gonfallon, divining the uselessness of argument, nodded his assent.

"Now," continued Jones, "if you will take one end I will take the other. Yet wait a second." He left the room, and presently returned. "The way is clear. The sooner we get them down, the better."

At once then, the chest between them, they moved out into the hall. From the floor above came the faint waver of a light. Beneath, a lamp was burning. As they moved, the flooring creaked; the great house was alive with echoes.

On the landing Jones stopped and lowered his end of the chest. "I will get a candle," he said, as he did so. But his movement must have been ill calculated or over-abrupt,—both, perhaps,—for the added and unexpected weight which Gonfallon was then called upon to maintain found his fingers unprepared; the chest slipped from him and with the reverberation of thunder bounded down the giant stair. Barely had it started in its tumultuous descent before it seemed to leap sheer into the air and fall with a final crash on the floor below. Yet even in that infinitesimal space of time, above the reverberations soared the anguish of a woman's cry; and for one second, leaning on the banister above them, in the uncertain flicker, both caught a glimpse of the white-haired retainer, her eyes dilated and mouth agape. Then, at once, you could have heard a lizard move.

"H'm," muttered Jones, with an uncomfortable shrug; "let's ask the other chest to be good enough not to be in such a hurry."

"Look!" Gonfallon exclaimed; "it has either split in two or the lid has been wrenched open."

The novelist extracted a monocle from his waistcoat and gazed into the shadows.

"Serves it right," he answered, and leisurely descended the stair. "'And of the remnants——'" he continued, but midway in the quotation he halted. On the floor at his feet was something that sent a thrill down his spine, an object but a trifle larger than a Dutch cheese, one that had ossified and turned from dull red to dingy white, an unpleasant thing that had no business there.

He stooped and eyed it. Near the base was the rictus which the New-England lad cuts in the face of a pumpkin, and above it near the top was a fissure that resembled the signature of an axe. By it a scrap of paper had fluttered, and just beyond, the chest lay yawning and empty.

When Jones stood up again the paper was in his hand,—a square bit of parchment stamped with ensigns armorial, under which for legend ran the splendid device, *Malgré tout*. Beneath, three or four lines had been written.

"'This,'" he read aloud, "'This is the head of Jean-Renest-Marie, Count of Cinq-Cygne, Seigneur of Dol, at one time second lieutenant in the 19th Dragoons. May God have mercy on his soul!'"

He tossed the paper in the chest, and turned to Gonfallon. The latter was livid. "What do you say to that?" he asked. And then, as his friend steadied himself against the wall, "I will wager," he continued, "that a companion-piece is in the other chest, another memento like that on the floor, and another document couched perhaps somewhat as follows: 'This is the head of Mira Almer Wheat, daughter of Arthur Percy Wheat, of New York, esquire;' and for epitaph, 'Wheat is not quickened except it die.'"

"Hush! for heaven's sake, hush! Some one may hear you."

"Bah! The servants sleep in the wing; in this part of the house there is no one but Rebecca,—an accomplice I presume, an imbecile I am sure. And to think," Jones added, after a moment, "to think that for twenty years that aunt of mine should not only have jockeyed the world, but that each night of those twenty years those chests should have been on either side of her, the last things she saw before closing her eyes, the first she saw on awakening! Why, Gonfallon, they were with her sleeping or waking; they were in her dreams, in her nightmares; she had made the dead her life, revenge a sustenance. What a plot! Shade of Balzac, what a plot!"

"Jones," expostulated Gonfallon, "you are indecent."

"Ah! I am indecent, am I? Well, perhaps,—perhaps. But if you knew what a trade fiction is! Whoso enters there leaves every blush behind."

He picked up the skull, and, turning it in his hand, half to it half to his shuddering companion, he continued in a lower tone, "I am not a whit worse than another, and yet the desire for exact representation is such that if I hold a girl in my arms I study her abandonment; does she weep, I seek a simile in her tears; in her smile is the possibility of a metaphor; I even count my own pulse. To one in my trade nothing imaginable comes amiss. When a fellow adopts letters he must analyze his own sensations. Has he an emotion, he detains it; a grief, he enjoys it; a pleasure, he torments it into a phrase. He lives not alone in his own individual skin, but in that of every one he encounters. The expression of a face is significant as a panic on the Exchange. A bow in the street will tell him as much as a page of Montaigne. He is in pursuit of the evanescent, a seeker after the key of the little dramas we all of us live and all of us conceal. If need be, he will hold his own linen to the cackle of the public. He is the comedian of the pen: it is his duty to amuse, to entertain,—or else to hold his peace. No wonder the critics bark; though, to be sure, they have nothing better to do. No, a viler profession never was. I hate it, I love it. It sends you rummaging where you have no business to be, it burns your fingers, it destroys your eyesight, alienates your friends, bars you from the sunlight, and for reward it offers—what? A back book-shelf and a reproach. Ah, Gonfallon, preach to your congregation, but not to me. No sermon ever delivered is worth one of my aspirations. Yet see, I am indecent no longer." And, shoving the skull back in the chest, he murmured, with the grimace of an East-Side actor, "Alas! poor Yorick!"

"And now," he added, "let us get these odds and ends away."

VII.

At the breakfast-table on the morrow Jones was taciturn and Gonfallon white. When a little before in the dim baronial hall the flames had lapped at the climax of three lives, there had come to them un-awares one of those emotions that are as potent for good as the conglomerate precepts of sayers of sooth. It was not that sin had appalled, for that it always does: it was that forgiveness had been impossible to one they deemed a saint. And before their vision, as the drama unrolled, each had pictured it according to his nature, but both had dreamed.

To Gonfallon it had displayed another of the uncircuitable labyrinths of the human heart. To Jones it had been a document. Gonfallon had imagined the countess pleading with her husband, pleading with her friend, until forbearance had been warped and the deed was done. Jones had evoked the jealousy of a woman accustomed to reign; he had seen, as in a glass, the first suspicion, the affected cecity, the studied calm, the uncertainty, the vigilance, yet still the smile, the laughing yet observant eyes, then the accumulating trifles, some partial evidence, the lure, the surprise, the axe, and death.

Where Gonfallon had been perplexed at the absence of a tenet which he strove to hold paramount, that tenet which the Christ instilled, which turned the pagan into the knight, founded courtesy and banished the boor, charity to the failings of others and abnegation of self, where he had been perplexed at the absence of this sweetest virtue in one whom he thought little short of perfection itself, Jones had seen the artist in life, one who, having tried every means to retain supremacy and failing, had not hesitated to crush. And as both pondered on the two decenniums in which the countess, with her skulls in her bedchamber and her skeletons in the cellar, had fronted the world without once betraying her secret,—that secret which now was theirs,—“It is hideous,” thought Gonfallon: “It is great,” thought Jones. And both were wrong, and both were right.

And now, as they sat together, one was taciturn and the other white. Gonfallon broke his bread absently. Into the horrors through which he had strayed, there surged the lancinating dread of the scandal at home, and by way of accompaniment to his thoughts was the memory of Claire. Already he meditated some plan of escape. Truly the office for which he had been summoned was fulfilled, and was he not free to go?

“Jones,” he ventured, at last, “it is the same to you, is it not, if I leave to-day?”

At this the novelist started with the air of a man awakened abruptly, and Gonfallon felt himself called upon to address the question again.

“Absolutely,” Jones answered, as its meaning reached him, and at once relapsed into dream. Apparently, to him, everything had ceased to be.

Gonfallon left the room and interviewed the coachman. Then, his valise repacked, his preparations completed, he descended the stair and rejoined his host. But during his absence a mourner had come, a little

old lady, her face full of wrinkles and benevolence, a friend of the deceased, and a former parishioner of his own. Jones, seemingly, was annoyed at the intrusion, for he sat gnawing his thumb, his face one great scowl.

"Oh, doctor!" the lady exclaimed, as Gonfallon entered, "is it not sad? What shall we ever do without her? And Mr. Jones! Oh, doctor, don't let him sit there eating his tears; tell him that in the midst of life we are in death, tell him he should not grieve, tell him his dear aunt has gone to a better world, tell him——"

"Gag that woman, can't you?" Jones muttered in an aside to his friend; and, rising from his seat, he nervously paced the room.

At this the poor lady, anxious only to console, nay, even to distract, waded through the feeble channels of her thought till she encountered her son, a young man who was endeavoring to become one of the ten thousand lawyers with whom New York is blessed.

"And Alfred!—Mr. Jones, the countess always liked him so much: she even promised to give him a case,—one of her tenants who kept sending her bills for repairs. Do you ever see him, Mr. Jones? He is very studious; he works I forget how many hours. But the law is slow, is it not?"

"And so is the turtle," snarled Jones, "but it gets in the soup all the same."

"Oh, Mr. Jones, you do say such encouraging things! I must write that to Alfred. He will value it coming from you. You know he is a great admirer of yours, Alfred is. I haven't read any of your works myself, but he says they are great. Tell me, Mr. Jones, do you write, as he does, with a quill?"

And Jones, almost brutally, with a shrug of the shoulders that was tantamount to a slap in the face, answered, "No, madam, I write with my nerves," and stalked from the room.

Gonfallon lingered a moment with the benevolent lady, and then, with a murmured apology, followed his host. Already the carriage had arrived, and on the porch was Jones.

"You will be back for the funeral, will you not?" he asked. "I would rather you officiated than the ignoramus that is here. Besides," he added, "it would be more becoming."

Gonfallon flicked from his sleeve a speck of dust. To the sensitive there are few things as contagious as irritation, and the irritation which Jones exhaled had not left him unruffled. But immediately he recovered himself. Because Jones happened to be vicious there was little reason why he should imitate him.

"I will be back, of course," he answered, sedately. "But, Jones, if I were you I wouldn't let this thing—h'm, you know what I mean: it's bad enough, in all conscience, and I can understand that you are upset, but——"

"Upset? You think I am upset? Is that what you call it? I am in a rage beside which the anger of Achilles was a fleeting annoyance. Upset, indeed! Gonfallon, this morning—no, let me begin aright, last night I was imbecile enough to build the usual castle in Castile: I had a right to, hadn't I? I was my aunt's favorite relative.

She had forty—fifty thousand a year. With an income like that, and strict economy, a man can go far. I intended to. I saw myself in Tahiti, in Japan, at the same time even. There is not an inviting shore in the world that I did not propose to visit,—in my own yacht at that, and with a picked orchestra in the fore-castle. And this morning, before I was so much as able to get the taste of last night out of my mouth, Tapling turned up——”

“The attorney, you mean?”

“Yes, the attorney; and, from what I could squeeze out of him, that dear aunt of mine, for whom I am guilty of compounding a felony, has left me this—this cemetery and eighteen hundred a year to keep it up with. Eighteen hundred a year, Gonfallon; fancy the infamy of that!”

“And the rest?”

Jones gave his head the shake which a bull gives at a *toreador*. “To the devil,—to some other Jones,—to you, perhaps. As if I cared. It’s gone: that’s the end of it.”

“I am sorry; really I am. I can understand——”

“Yes,” replied Jones, “I am sorry too.” He paused and gazed at the points of his patent-leather shoes. His anger seemed to have spent itself.

“You have no plans, have you?” Gonfallon asked, as a servant appeared with his valise.

“No,” Jones answered, pensively. “No; for the moment, none at all. I may stay in the country and raise hexameters, or return to town and dabble in experimental physiology. But as for Tahiti and Japan, I must give them up. Hereafter I can travel, as I have hitherto, on the map.—Well, I am sorry you have to go. Remember me to your wife.”

“And now,” murmured Gonfallon, as the carriage swept down the hill, “to the rescue.”

VIII.

But for that day the rescue was of necessity postponed. Shortly after leaving Bronx the train in which Gonfallon was seated hesitated and halted, barricaded by the derailment of the Boston Express. And there between open fields for four mortal hours Gonfallon sat and twirled his thumbs. Instead of arriving in town at noon, the encroachments of dusk had begun before the station was reached.

As he drove to the rectory he weighed the feasibility of bearding Usselex in his house or of waylaying Manhattan at his club. On Jerolomon no attempt could be made, for that vulture took wing each night to an eyry on the Palisades whither pursuit were futile. The cab moved slowly; a stream of carriages was descending from the Park, and suddenly the rumble of the Avenue was punctuated by a stroke of brass, the trailing cry of a horn, and a coach swept by displaying for a second’s space a panorama of high hats, smart bonnets, and grooms the arms folded, impassible, correct. In its wake came a landau, the panel decorated with a coat of arms that was haughtier than a closed crown, and for occupant a brewer’s mistress. And behind it, interrupted by

drays and hansoms, came traps from the stables of Robinson, of Madden, Dunwoodie, Forbush, and Attersol, men whose signatures could ransom popes, to whose daughters princes offered their hands, not the left either, but both, and whose wives could not find houses large enough for the plenitude and atrocities of their taste.

These people Gonfallon passed on his way to the rectory, and as the cab turned into Fifty-Second Street an omnibus lumbered by, and in it he caught a glimpse of Bleeker Bleeker, the richest man out of mythology, who sat caressing his chin, his coat-collar turned up, and in his face that vacuity which only omnipotence can bring.

It was to these people that each Sunday he spoke. At their marriages he officiated; when death came among them, so did he. It was he that baptized their children, it was he that gave them Bread and Wine at the Supper of Our Lord, it was he that counselled and that warned. He was their spiritual guide, their friend as well, one whom they welcomed and feasted and in whose converse they took delight. Yet did he in the direness of his distress go to any one of them now, what metamorphoses might he not encounter, interest changed to apathy, cordiality to rebuff, and, for climax, the door! As he stepped from the cab there came to him the giddiness of a sudden fall. On one side he saw the frayed coat of the mendicant priest, and in it an outcast that was himself; on the other gleamed the rochet, the satin robe, the insignia of the episcopate. It was for him to choose; and as he let himself into the rectory, about the muscles of his jaw there seemed to rise the stamp of that force which is known as Will.

"That money shall be got," he muttered, "ay, though I dig it from the earth with my teeth." And as he threw his coat from him, raging at the pusillanimity which had sent him careering over the country, losing him hours of which each moment was a treasure, and determining that, however late it might be, he would not sit himself down until the means of intercepting that forgery were obtained, his eye fell on a telegram that lay awaiting him on the table. "More about the bishop, I suppose." And thereat he opened it with a stab of the thumb.

"God will reward you," it ran. "I have only thanks." And for signature,—BUCHOLZ.

Gonfallon read the message twice, gazing at it the while with the air and attitude of a lunatic who thinks himself the proprietor of the asylum in which he dwells. For the moment it even occurred to him that Bucholz through some sympathetic intussusception might have divined the current of his thought and was expressing in advance his gratitude for the effort about to be made in his behalf.

"He is mad," he muttered. "What can he mean?"

"Chris!"

Rumpling the telegram, he turned.

"Chris!" From the floor above, Ruth's voice descended, and as he looked he saw the jonquil of her hair.

"Yes," he answered, "in a moment." And presently, the telegram in his pocket, his gloves withdrawn and folded, he mounted, still perplexed, to where she stood. "He is mad," he kept repeating.

"Oh, Chris, I am so glad you are come! I hardly expected you

to-day." As she spoke, her voice wavered, as though she too were thinking of other things.

"Your father has been here, has he not?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," she replied; "no one has been here. Is she better?"

Evidently she was referring to the countess, and by way of answer Gonfallon made a vague gesture. But the question seemed to have slipped from her, and to the gesture she gave no heed. She turned and appeared to listen.

"What can he mean?" he repeated to himself. "What new abomination is he at?"

"Come with me," she continued, and motioned him to her room.

"I must go to him," he thought, "or I must write." But he followed her, and when he found a seat he added, aloud, "She died before we got there."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and I must get back for the funeral,—that is, if I can manage it. How is your head?"

"Oh, as for my head——?" And she made a movement as though her head and she were separate, as were it a thing that existed only when other things ceased to be. She went to the door and closed it, and then at once, still standing, she turned to where he sat.

In her attitude, in the expression of her eyes, was a fixidity so unusual that mentally Gonfallon gasped. For the time being Bucholz passed from his thoughts and the telegram was forgot. "She knows all," he reflected. "Claire has confessed." But of the inward perturbation his face gave no sign, and for the moment, as the earlier danger sank in sight of this newer one, he told himself, "If she believes it, she will leave me."

"Yes," he repeated, "she died before we got there. I suppose I should have remained; but the bishop, you know——" and thereat he nodded, as though the death of that prelate had absolved him from every tie. And as he nodded he eyed her, prepared at the first accusation to affect an appearance of speechless indignation under cover of which he could not only stalk from the room but slam the door as well.

Her lips trembled; she shook her head, almost absently it seemed to him, and one hand which had detained the fold of her gown she now raised, and, drawing it palm foremost across her brow, let it fall again to her side.

"Chris, listen to me. Last evening—you had barely gone—Claire rang for a messenger—she often does, you know—and sent some note. I thought nothing of it, and asked no questions. For a while she sat here talking about a habit she was trying to get, and a little later, it was barely ten o'clock, she said something about being tired, and went to her room. H'm. I think I must have fallen asleep. In any event, I heard a noise such as the front door makes. At first I thought you might have returned. I listened a moment, and then went out in the hall. There was no sound. I went to Claire's room and tapped: she did not answer. I tried the door: it was locked. 'She is asleep,' I told myself, and listened again; but I heard nothing more, and, deciding that I had been mistaken, I came back here and tried to read.

But I must have dozed off; for suddenly I awoke again with a start: I was sure I had heard that noise a second time. In a moment I was in the hall, and there, on the stairs, was Claire."

"Claire!"

"Yes, Claire; it was then after one. She had been out at least two hours,—perhaps even three."

"But where? Where had she been?"

"I asked her, and she said she had been to Miss Pickett's."

"But she is often there. She was there only the other night."

"Yes, I know. She told me that Miss Pickett was having a dance, and that she thought she might as well go. The messenger, she explained, was for the cab."

"Really, Ruth, it was unconventional, I admit, and you must tell her not to go out in that way again, but, aside from that—no, really, I see no cause for anxiety."

As his wife had spoken, a great load had been lifted from him,—one, however, that was immediately replaced by another. "I must attend to Bucholz at once," he decided.

"No, perhaps not," Ruth answered, pensively. "Only she did not seem to be in ball-dress, and——"

But Gonfallon had no time to listen further. "Ruth," he exclaimed, "I have many things to attend to. If you don't mind, I will get Jane to give me a bite, and then I must go. Don't sit up for me; and there," he added, "I will see that the front door does not creak."

She had fallen on a lounge, and, bending to her, he brushed her forehead with his lips and left the room.

IX.

"Did you ever see a ventriloquist? The ventriloquist speaks, a manikin answers. The questions are so adroit, the answers so natural, that every one, even to the manikin, thinks that the dialogue is real. Such, Miss Raritan, is love,—a duo in which one of the vocalists grimaces while the other sings for two."

"Mr. Jones, I knew your wit was copyrighted, I did not know it was profound."

For centre-piece that evening the dinner-table had blue lilies afloat in a silver pond. About it were a handful of people, a dozen or fourteen at most, who had assembled at the bidding of Mrs. Manhattan partly to greet Mrs. Jerold Fox, a lady who some years before had deserted New York for the allurements of Paris and the Mediterranean coast, and partly to enjoy the *primeur* of a bishop *en herbe*. Mrs. Manhattan, be it said, was just the person to do things by halves.

And there, at the hostess's right, as Gonfallon, expressing in eye and in mien the indulgence which comes of dishes perfectly served, sat listening to the conversation that fluttered about him, attentive the while to Mrs. Manhattan, affecting even to chide her for a jest which she had invented for the evening and which consisted in bestowing on him the title of Lord which the English give to their bishops, it was apparent that he was at peace with the world.

The episcopate, indeed, was not yet his, but during the fortnight that had elapsed since the terrible journey from Bronx, many things had happened which pointed directly to him as its future possessor. Moreover, the nightmare which Bucholz induced had vanished as abruptly as it had come. An anonymous benefactor, one whom Bucholz fancied to be none other than Gonfallon, had sent him the amount in time. And that anonymous benefactor, whom, in the earliest perplexity which beset them when Gonfallon on the evening of his return from Bronx learned from Bucholz' own lips that the money had been brought to him and Bucholz learned from Gonfallon that he knew nothing of the sender, that anonymous benefactor, at first unimaginable as Abistek, they ultimately decided must surely be Jerolomon, and, presto! in the eyes of both, the vampire changed to a dove.

Relieved of this burden, Gonfallon had returned to Bronx, departing only when the grave had closed and the last rite had been performed, but not, however, before his old parishioners, radiating in the presence of the now famous cleric who once had been their own, had insisted on his delivering one of his spiritual harangues again. Then, the dust of Bronx barely shaken from him, his mother had been taken ill, and he had been forced to journey to the prim Massachusettsian village in which she dwelt, and to linger there until through an unexpected turn in the malady his mother had been declared out of danger and he was suffered to return to his pastorate in town. Meanwhile, he had caught but infrequent glimpses of Claire; indeed, during his absence such a mass of duties had accumulated, so many parochial matters demanded his attention, that until this evening he had had barely a moment which he could call his own.

But now as he sat at his hostess's right, interrupting the conversation that fluttered about him now with one of those pleasantries which the popular divine can permit himself, now interjecting some apposite sally,—sounding as he did so that resonant accent with which his famous phrase, "Religion, not politics, is the nation's soul," had been fired point-blank at the President,—he looked once again a maker of songs and of laws and every inch a prelate. With Bucholz inoffensive and the bishopric full in sight, he could well afford to be himself. It was good to smile, and his smile was contagious. There was but one thing that jarred.

On the opposite side of the table, at the farther end, between Mrs. Fox and Miss Raritan, Jones was seated, his recent mourning noticeable only in two microscopic studs of onyx, or of sapphire, the which, parenthetically, give the same effect. On the other side of Miss Raritan was Tremont Yarde, and next to him was Claire. To Nicholas Manhattan, the gentlest yet the most easily bored of men,—and to whomsoever else would listen,—Mrs. Fox was relating a few of her triumphs. Her conversation, such of it at least as reached Gonfallon's ear, was a glittering spangle of noble names. During her sojourn abroad, seemingly with no one of lesser degree than a baronet had she ever exchanged a word. Her speech was striated with foreign idioms, and occasionally she lapsed wholly into French.

But it was not Mrs. Fox that jarred on Gonfallon: it was Claire

and Yarde. From the first, through one of those illogical processes which often hold the core of logic itself, Gonfallon had detested the young fellow; everything about him, from the part of his hair to the soles of his St. James Street shoes,—everything, even to the trick he had of contemplating his finger-tips, was antipathetic in the extreme. Later, when Yarde had become a visitor at the rectory, haunting it as it were with his unwelcome presence, the antipathy had changed to detestation; and now that he was talking to Claire, and talking to her moreover in a voice so modulated that no one save the girl herself could hear him, Gonfallon's detestation addled into rage. For the moment he pitied the girl, and sorrowed for her that she should have for neighbor a man she loathed. But suddenly his pity was shot with wonder, his anger with surprise. During the early part of the meal Claire had chatted amiably enough to the man seated between Mrs. Manhattan and herself, and Yarde had delivered himself up to the fascinations of Miss Raritan. But now the conversation had changed, and Yarde was devoting himself to Claire.

That the former should address the girl whom he had taken in to dinner was a thing which, however objectionable in the abstract, was in the circumstances perfectly proper. Indeed, Gonfallon told himself that although Claire in that conversation which he had overheard had snubbed the fellow right roundly, still the dinner-table of a third person must and should interrupt the continuity of a quarrel subsisting between a man and a woman whom the hostess has placed side by side. And now, in spite of that snubbing, did Yarde not address Claire, and did Claire not respond, it would be unmannerly of the one and unseemly of the other. Platitudes are easy of utterance, and the weather, however beastly, has never caused a shipwreck yet.

But as Gonfallon watched them it was clear to him that no exchange of commonplaces was taking place. When he had last seen the two together, Claire's attitude had been that of an insulted princess, in her voice had been a threat; now disdain had vanished, where the menace had been was now a smile. On her part the transformation was greater than any regard for the proprieties demanded; while as for Yarde, in place of the sulk of a whipped spaniel there had come an air of confidence which was insolent to a degree. Through some jugglery which Gonfallon felt himself incompetent to fathom, he seemed to be engaged in filching from him a thing which after—nay, with—the episcopate was more precious than all things else. And at this jugglery, at this open pillage of his own chattels, conventionality compelled him to assist, inhibiting him even from so much as warning the marauder off, and demanding that he should laugh, that he should jest, that his flow of small-talk should not tarry.

"Don't you agree with me, doctor?"

In the little drama Gonfallon played the hero's *rôle*. Of the jealousy which had sprung into being within him, that jealousy which spends itself not in a scene but in a crime, of the revulsion of feeling, of the anger and surprise, he gave no outward sign; not an eyelid had twitched, not a muscle of his face had altered. His observations, however long in the telling, had in reality not outlasted a

moment; and Mrs. Manhattan, who had been expressing her views on some subject which was doubtless of importance, never dreamed that the guest who appeared to be giving her his fullest attention had in that moment traversed the world, unconscious of her presence, deaf to her speech.

"Perfectly, my dear Mrs. Manhattan," he answered. "I agree with you in every respect."

From the other end of the table came the falsetto laugh which Mrs. Fox used as fanfare to sound the retreat of some noble personage from her speech. She was in great good spirits, and looked around, for admiration perhaps, at Jones. Presumably she had been informed of his calling, one which doubtless was to her incompatible with the usages of the selectest set, for over the oysters she had ignored him entirely, over the roast she had given him a glance which she was prepared on the instant to bestow on some one else. But with the sweets she was surprised into remarking that he looked enough like the secretary of the Austrian Legation to be that gentleman's brother.

"Who did you say he was?" she asked of her host.

"I call him Alphabet," Manhattan answered, "but his name is Chisolm-Jones."

"Not a nephew of Madame de Cinq-Cygne?"

"Her nephew."

The questions and answers Gonfallon garnered unconsciously. He was in the cerebral condition of a chess-player whom the remark of a by-stander addressed during the absorption of the game reaches only when the move is made. Do what he might, his attention was centred on Claire; and through that attention filtered the conversation of the other guests.

Miss Raritan was talking across the table, praising Massenet and the inspiration which that composer displays. Mrs. Manhattan had turned to the man on her left. For the moment both Claire and Yarde were silent. Mrs. Fox was captivating Jones.

"And that dear countess! How is she?"

"Better than she has been for some time," Jones answered. "She is dead."

"I am so glad," Mrs. Fox rejoined: it was evident that only the initial sentence had reached her. "I am so glad. There are few whom I have known—among my own compatriots, of course—who speak French as well as she. Do you know, it is really difficult for me now to accustom myself to my own tongue? You must have experienced the same thing yourself."

"Often, Mrs. Fox."

"I was sure of it. *Nous autres, n'est-ce pas? Mais tout le monde parle Français maintenant. Figurez-vous qu'à Cannes, l'hiver passé, j'étais vraiment étonnée de trouver ma langue dans la bouche du Prince de Galles!*"

"Son Altesse aussi sans doute," Jones answered, with a sniff.

"What do you think of her?" asked Miss Raritan, in a whisper.

"Fox et præterea nihil," he replied; a jest which the young lady

did not wholly grasp, but at which, as was her wont, she smiled approvingly.

"And now, do tell me," Mrs. Fox continued,—“you know I have been away so long,—what is the last scandal?”

"The last scandal? Let me see." And the novelist seemed to meditate. "Ah, yes. You remember Mrs. Gwathmeys, don't you?"

"Cynthia Van Dam that was?"

"Exactly. Well, the other day her husband picked her pocket."

"Mr. Chisolm-Jones!"

"You don't understand. It was a pleasantry on his part. He saw a bit of paper peeping out of her bodice, and snatched it from her."

"You said her pocket."

"Isn't a bodice a woman's pocket? However, Gwathmeys seized the paper, and suddenly he cried, 'What is this? *My love, my chosen, but not mine, I send my whole heart to you in these words I write.*—Who is it wrote that?' 'Owen Meredith,' his wife answered."

"The shameless thing!" interjected Mrs. Fox.

"'I will kill him!' shouted Gwathmeys." As Jones spoke he imitated the voice of an ogre in a fairy-tale.

"And quite right, too."

"As you say."

"And did he?"

But Jones's answer was lost. Mrs. Manhattan had moved, and at that signal her guests rose from the table. When the men, after accompanying the women-folk into the drawing-room, returned for coffee and liqueurs, the novelist seemed absorbed. He took little part in the conversation, and, until his host suggested that it might be well to join the ladies, he sat now puffing at a huge cigar, now flicking the ashes on the floor.

The drawing-room which they then entered, the smallest of the three which the house contained, was so cunningly furnished with everything that you would have expected most, that it was even comfortable and unsuggestive of a sheriff's sale. At one end a screen served as a partition between two sofas. Near to one of the sofas was a mantel, near to the other a piano. Throughout the room other nooks had been arranged. It was one of the few places where a *tête-à-tête* can be enjoyed in a crowd.

When the men entered, Miss Raritan was at the piano. On the sofa nearest the mantel Claire had just seated herself. The other women were in a group. Gonfallon at once took up a position by the mantel, on which he leaned, his back turned to his sister-in-law; Manhattan lounged near the piano; and Tremont Yarde sat himself next to Claire.

For a moment the room was resonant with that accent which is peculiar to the after-dinner speech. Then, as Miss Raritan's fingers strayed over the keys, there was a lull. Presently the girl's voice sounded, low as yet, for she was heating her throat; then suddenly it rose, and dilating filled the room, and, as she sang, each note was evocative of fancies, each word clear as the token on a coin.

Baise-moy, mignonne, cent fois rebaise-moy.

The refrain of her song drifted from her in a murmur of applause. When she had finished, Jones crossed the room to where Gonfallon stood, and, leaning against the mantel, for a moment he gazed at Claire, still seated with Yarde on the sofa just beyond, and plucked at his yellow beard.

With an effort Gonfallon roused himself from a reverie into which he had sunk. "She sings well, does she not?" he remarked. "I wish I could induce her to join the choir." And, as Jones answered nothing, he added, after a moment, "You are the last person I expected to meet to-night."

"Because of my aunt? What nonsense! Though, to be sure, after the manner in which I was treated one might easily expect me to be in sackcloth. No, Mrs. Manhattan asked me before the Bronx episode occurred, and, having accepted her invitation, I saw no reason to back out. Yesterday I got together a change of linen and a metaphysical theory, and here I am. It is ghastly in the country. If it were not for my man, I give you my word, I believe I would keep myself full as a harvest-moon."

"Your man?"

Jones had been speaking in the leisurely growl that was usual to him, in a voice in which a drawl and a snarl seemed to struggle for prominence. But now his face lit up, he straightened himself, and, with a glance at the sofa as though to assure himself of the inattention of its occupants, he plucked again at his beard and continued in a clearer key:

"Yes, the one luxury that my aunt's munificence has permitted me. I have only had the beggar a week, but I have told him that if he behaves himself I will promote him from valet to secretary. His life has been a magic-lantern: he has visited all sorts of impossible places; he has been to Bokhara, to Quito, to Boston,—to Mars, for all I know. If I had had a fraction of his adventures I could busy a room-full of stenographers with the dictation of plots. He keeps me in a fever with his anecdotes; he——"

"Is he an Englishman?"

"No; he is a Swiss, or a Pole,—both, perhaps. However, I wouldn't rely on his veracity. He tells me he has only been in this country a few weeks, two of which he passed as servant to some young man here who sent him adrift because he couldn't marrow-bone his boots."

"H'm."

"Yes, so he said. He told me something odd about him, too,—rather typical, I thought. The substance of it, I fancy, he must have obtained through the keyhole and his master's correspondence,—a supposition which may account for his dismissal. But to come to the point. It appears that the young man, after the fashion of his kind, was smitten in a certain quarter. The object of his affections, poor, parenthetically, but presumably virtuous, would have none of him. In fact, she detested him as only a girl can who has nothing better to do. It may be——"

Gonfallon had ceased to listen; his thoughts had wandered to the

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dinner-table, and then, returning, settled on the occupants of the sofa at his back. At the earliest possible moment he determined to take Claire and go.

"It may be," Jones continued, "that the young fellow, in the vivacity which youth will cause, had played some little trick on her which she resented. Joseph—my man—described her as haughty as a Wittelsbach, and of course, as such, not one to take things lightly. Be that as it may, one afternoon our hero sauntered forth, his boots radiant though unboned, a flower in his coat, and the smell of iris on his linen. It was evident to Joseph that he intended to conquer or to die. An hour or so later our hero—h'm, his name was—er—no, Joseph told me, but I have forgotten,—however, our hero returned, looking blacker than Cain, abused Joseph about the first thing that came in his head, and shut himself up in his room. Joseph, as a good servant should, loitered within call. Presently, a ring at the bell, a messenger and a note. No sooner did our hero read it than his face changed from Cain's to Abel's. It was then eight o'clock. Ten minutes later he was in evening dress. 'I will dine at the Club,' he said: 'meanwhile, do you go to Klunder's and get all the flowers he has in his shop: cover the room with them, cover the carpet, fill the vestibule if you can.' Joseph did as he was bid. He secured a hundred dozen roses, a basket of mignonette, and yards of smilax. When his master returned, the apartment had the breath of the Fortunate Isles. I mentioned that he lived in an apartment, didn't I?"

At the question Gonfallon looked up. Jones seemed to be speaking less to him than to an audience behind his back. Mechanically he turned: apparently Claire and Yarde were talked out, for they sat as though listening to the novelist. Gonfallon felt for his watch and consulted it furtively: five minutes more and his cab would be at the door. "Yes, yes, of course," he answered, absently. "Well, what then?"

"Then our hero dismissed Joseph for the night; but Joseph must have preferred to await developments. He declares that he had some brushing up to attend to, over which he fell asleep, and on awakening did not wish to make his presence known. But my own opinion is that during his master's absence he found the note that had been brought, and that that note so piqued his curiosity that he hid in some closet in the hall. However, to make a long story short, just before midnight he heard the bell ring, and presently the sound of a girl's voice. It was evident that she was excited. She entered the apartment like a tempest, and as she spoke her words came from her by jerks, as though wrenched by the effort of one whose patience or whose breath is gone. 'See,' said our hero, attempting to soothe her, 'these roses are in welcome of you.' 'It is not for roses I come, but for money,—I am here.' Then the door of the room which they entered was closed. For a moment there was a murmur, then an exclamation. Immediately the door reopened, and Joseph heard them pass out. This time the girl's voice was assured. 'Will you ever forgive me?' she asked. 'Will you think better of me than before?' he answered. Seemingly——"

Gonfallon, weary of Jones and of his tiresome tale, consulted his

watch again. Down the room some of the guests had encircled Mrs. Fox. At the piano Miss Raritan was still seated, her exquisite face upturned to some man who was fingering a sheet of music. From behind, Gonfallon heard a rustle, Jones ceased speaking, and abruptly the room was in commotion.

Miss Raritan, rising from her seat, hurried forward, followed by Mrs. Manhattan, and in a moment by the other guests.

Gonfallon started and turned. On the sofa, Claire, her eyes closed, her head on her shoulder, her face but little less white than her frock, seemed to have sunk into a heap. "She's fainted," he heard Miss Raritan exclaim, and saw Mrs. Manhattan raise the girl up and beat her small hands with her own. Almost immediately the girl opened her eyes, and Gonfallon rushed to her aid. Yarde, who had stood up, glanced down at her and then over at Jones.

"There, I am right enough," she lisped.

Again Yarde glanced at her, and then, as though assured of her well-being, he moved to where the novelist stood and looked him in the face. "You brute——"

Jones caught him by the arm. "Listen to me, Tremont. There, don't struggle: she's over it already. Besides, Gonfallon has his eye on you. Did you ever hear of Balzac? Of course not. Well, Balzac was a machine that blackened paper. One day, or rather one night, some one said to him, 'There's a pretty girl.' He answered, 'You mean a plot.' Not a novel did he write that he had not dug from a woman's heart. For a week I have been hunting for a climax. This evening I tried an experiment; it succeeded. I have my climax now. Call me a brute if you care to, but be good enough to understand that I am perfectly domesticated and thoroughly well trained. I always mask my heroine. There, Miss Bucholz is motioning to you."

And with that Jones turned on his heel and adjusted his cravat. "I wonder," he mused, "I wonder what that little imbecile would think of Vernet, who lashed himself to a mast-head that he might study a storm?"

X.

The drive from Mrs. Manhattan's to the rectory was always a short one, but on this occasion it was brief indeed. The noise of the wheels brought to Gonfallon the echo of Miss Raritan's song; and as in a constant resummons of the same refrain it beset and pursued him, forcing him whether he willed it or not into a lunatic duo with the vehicle in which he sat, a disorganized lamp-post caught and detained the obsession, and he fell to wondering whether electricity was preferable to gas.

Then at once the query departed of itself. Jones was standing opposite, relating less to him than to an audience behind his back some endless story of nothing at all. And that story, to which five minutes before he had accorded only the show of interest which civility exacts, suddenly became poignant and fraught with interest.

At Mrs. Manhattan's, in the earliest surprise at the unexpected, he had attributed Claire's collapse to fatigue, to the heat of the room and

the strain of her stays; but now, in fumbling about for the logic of Jones's anecdote, he recalled the novelist's significant forgetfulness of his hero's name, the manner in which he had talked at the occupants of the sofa recurred to him, he remembered the epithet which Yarde had blurted out, and at once a panorama unrolled. He had not been the auditor of a pointless tale; he had assisted at the fabulization of a masquerade; but the clock had struck, the dominos had fallen, the masks were raised.

In a confusion of visions he saw Claire dismissing her suitor like a lackey, the interview between Bucholz and himself, interrupted by her and indubitably overheard; he divined the conflict within her, the remembrance of Yarde's offer, the knowledge of her father's guilt. Then one after another he comprehended the first incitement, the inward revolt, the renewed assault, the rebellion in her of all that was best, the martyrdom that ensued, the self-crucifixion, the tension of nerves, the defeat that was a victory, the agony over the wording of the note, the despatch of the message, the comedy played for Ruth, the suffocation hid with a smile, the anguish of the preparation, the dread, perhaps the hope, of detention, the horror of the unlighted stairs, the tragedy of the cab that waited there, the agony of her thoughts as she was driven away, her hysterical entrance into Yarde's apartment, and then, to the man she loathed, her offer in payment of her father's shame. No, it was more than noble; it was Greek.

Of her possible contempt of him, Gonfallon gave no thought. And as his fancy veered from Claire to Yarde it was with a little undercurrent of applause. Truly he had misjudged the man, not much perhaps, but still misjudgment there had been. He could have throttled him on that afternoon when he had heard him, in anger at his rejection, make that offer which he had coupled with the insulting assurance that the walls of his rooms were dumb. Yes, he could have throttled him then with delight. And yet, when Claire, in her haste to rescue her father, had in her helplessness knocked at his door, he had been better than his word: assistance had been accorded unexactly, and so soon as rendered, immediately he had let her go. However the episode might be viewed, in this respect at least Yarde's conduct had in it a dash of the *talon rouge*. No wonder Claire's attitude had changed: it were ungracious of her had it not. But there the matter should rest. Claire should be under no further obligation to smile at this subtler Lovelace. The money he would find means of repaying. As for Jones, he could be hushed with a word.

The cab had stopped, but it needed a movement from his companion to remind him that the journey was done. He got out, aided her to alight, and unlatched the door. As yet, neither had spoken. On entering the house Claire made directly for the stairs.

"Don't go up yet; I want a word with you," he muttered, and glanced at the banisters above.

"What is it?" She halted and turned. The cheeks were still pale, and the white fur of her wrap increased the pallor of her face.

He put his hat and coat aside, and, raising the curtain of the sitting-room, motioned her to enter.

For a second she hesitated and looked at him inquisitorially, the brow contracted; then, gathering a fold of her frock, she obeyed the gesture, and, entering the room, she stood, her wrap drawn about her, her head thrown back, one foot beating a measure impatiently on the floor.

Gonfallon glanced again at the banisters and let the curtain fall. "Claire," he began, "there is but one explanation of what occurred this evening. The fault, perhaps, is partly mine. I had intended on my return from Bronx to take immediate action in regard to your father, but you forestalled me. You forestalled me, moreover, in a manner which—which—well, of which the least said the better. Fortunately, matters are not as bad as they might be. You have been exceedingly imprudent, and I have been remiss. As for that young man, his mere presence is sufficient to tarnish a dawn. From your own demeanor, from things which Ruth has let fall, I understand that he is as objectionable to you as he is to me. The obligation which he has placed us all under must of course be cancelled, and to that I will attend; but hereafter it is impossible for you to see him again. You agree with me, do you not?"

In and about the girl's mobile lips a sneer hovered like a bee on a rose. Leisurely she undid her cloak. "Not in the least," she answered.

"But you know I dislike him; you know——"

"And why should you?" Her head, which had been thrown back, she now held a trifle to one side. "And why should you? Has he ever done you a kindness?" She paused a second, and added, "You dislike my father too, don't you?"

The thrust was keen and venomous as the tooth of a rat. But on her mouth the sneer was so quickly effaced by a smile that one might have thought that in her heart a bird had suddenly burst into song.

At the change in her expression Gonfallon forgot to heed the taunt. "He is unprincipled, Claire——"

"Ah! He is unprincipled, is he? And what of it? You have no principles of your own to boast of. No, Chris, you have none."

She pointed at him. On the end of her finger were all sorts of pretty gestures, and in her face, to which some trace of color had returned, was the mimic of a child saying, Fi! "You must find a better reason than that."

At the movement of her hand the wrap fell from her. She was bare of neck and of arm. Her frock was after that English model which gives some freedom to the limbs yet keeps the waist well girt. It was colorless yet scintillant, and in it, with the white of the fur at her feet, it needed little imagination to fancy her a statue of Injustice vacating its niche.

The slender finger still extended seemed to pierce him like a gibe. "You must find a better reason than that," she repeated; "you must, indeed." Her smile had bubbled into a ripple, her eyes laughed, and she flushed.

Gonfallon's breath came faster. He had been staring at her. "It is because I love you, Claire," he whispered. And in a moment he

caught her to him and pressed her lips of silk to his. At their emollient touch his anger evaporated as utterly as had it never been. "Sweetheart," he murmured, "it is because you are more than all the world to me."

He gazed into her deep eyes' depth. Instead of an answering gleam, there was in them an apathy, stagnant and unmoved. "Sweetheart," he repeated, and as he did so the eyes into which he gazed dilated as at some sudden dread. From behind him came a smothered cry. His arms fell again to his side, and he wheeled about. In the door-way Ruth stood, her face barred by a shadow. Claire stooped for her cloak, and Gonfallon bit his lip.

Ruth advanced to where they stood. Her face now they could see had on it the stamp of unvanquishable pain, seared in, immutable and already cold. She glanced from one to the other.

"Claire," she said, and as she spoke her words fell from her very swiftly, unseparated by intervals, as though in speech relief might be,— "Claire, our mother died when you were born. The first thought I ever had was of your good. The earliest effort I ever made I made for you. I tried to be not a sister alone, I tried to replace the mother you had lost. I have failed."

Claire made as though to speak, but already Ruth had turned to Gonfallon.

"Christopher, the first dream of my girlhood belonged to you. The only thoughts I did not give to Claire were those I gave to you. You took so many, Christopher! I gave you my whole heart; I thought you gave me yours. I was wrong."

"Wrong?" cried Claire; "you are stark, staring mad, that is what is the matter with you, Mrs. Gonfallon."

"I am sure," Gonfallon hazarded, "I don't see——"

"I did," said his wife. The monosyllables fell like a sentence.

"Well, Ruth," Claire broke in, "if you object to Chris kissing me on an occasion like this——"

"Like this? What occasion can it be?"

"Why, Chris was congratulating me on my engagement. Don't you think you are absurd?"

A light as from some new dawn seemed to break in Ruth's eyes. She turned to Claire again.

"I am engaged to Trement Yarde," the girl added.

Gonfallon felt the blood mount to his temples. "It is a lie," he told himself. "Or if by chance she is telling the truth, then——"

"He asked me again to-night," Claire continued. "It was the fourth time; I was afraid he might not ask again——"

"Is this true, Christopher?" Ruth's voice was almost joyous.

"It is true," he answered, and ground his nails into his flesh.

"But you don't love him!" And already Ruth's arm had wound itself about her sister's waist.

Claire nodded eagerly. "Oh, but I do, though,—lots and lots, —corner lots."

"Claire, dear," expostulated Ruth, "you said you hated him."

"H'm, perhaps. It's the same thing, isn't it?"

Ruth turned again from her sister to her husband. "Chris, Claire has forgiven me: will not you?"

Gonfallon answered nothing. He tried to give his face some suitable expression, and evidently he succeeded, for Ruth, with the dawn still in her eyes, led her sister away.

When they had gone, Gonfallon dropped on a chair and mopped his forehead. "Hatred, indeed?" he muttered. "It is I that hate." It was monstrous, he told himself, that she should treat him as she had. From a delight she had changed into a reproach. The desire which she had inspired, and against which he had struggled with all the feebleness of his strength, the hope unformulated yet sentient which she had evoked and against whose luminousness he had hid his eyes, these things had passed, the one into a mockery, the other into a taunt. The innocence which she exhaled, the guilelessness which she displayed, that savor and fragrance of youth which in alluring him despite himself had made him forget his office and his vows, was an acquired, a premeditated trick. Everything about her, even to the serpentine movement of her neck, was the understudy of a lie. And it was such an one as she that had the power to stir his pulse and leave him for hours after to dally with the protocols and uselessness of regret! It was she who had brought him visions of larger life, of new horizons and fresher creeds; it was she with whom he had seen himself straying beyond the conventional, far out of reach of the matter-of-fact to that ultimate meadow where the flowers distil the reason of love! And this was she! Full surely then he had been bereft.

He raised his hand to his head and let his head fall back. He was tired, outwearied by the emotions of the night, and for a little while he toyed absently with a handkerchief, rumpling it into a ball and moulding it with forefinger and with thumb. "I am no longer a lover," he mused, "I am a judge." His eyelids drooped, he sank yet farther in the chair, and sighed. "Of heart," he continued, "she has none. Beneath her stays is some flesh on a stone."

A little longer he rested, then, slowly, with the hesitant air of one perplexed, he rose from his seat, the handkerchief still rumpled in his hold. "She is an adder?" he exclaimed, and, throwing the bit of cambric from him, he repeated, in yet louder tone, "An adder,—that I will fang."

The next moment, without conscious effort on his part, he found himself at her door. Should he knock? he wondered. But no; the time for ceremony was gone. With a wrench at the knob and a blow at the panel he entered in. Claire was before the mirror. She had removed her frock, but her arms and neck were no longer bare: she had some loose wrapper on, and in it all trace of the mannishness which she affected disappeared. At the sudden noise she started and turned. Gonfallon was livid. As she stared at him he gazed at her, and in that gaze he put something that was like a knee pressed on a breast.

"Wanton!" he hissed.

The girl's hands fluttered like falling leaves. "Christopher," she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Wait; you shall see."

He made towards her, and as he approached the girl drew back.

"Christopher," she moaned, "you frighten me."

"Is it my face that frightens? Could you see my heart?"

And still the girl retreated. Her back now was against the wall, her eyes agonized with fear. With a bound he was upon her, and, catching her wrist in his hand, he threw her on the floor. Vainly she struggled; the grip on her wrist was a vice.

"What are you going to do?" she gasped.

And Gonfallon, still holding her down, turned his head towards the table and across the room as though seeking for something of which he had immediate need.

"I do not know," he answered; "but say your prayers."

"Help!" she cried, her voice soaring to its uttermost tension. "Help!"

And as Gonfallon placed his hand over her mouth to hush the cry, the crouching form faded from before him. He felt an undefinable sensation of discomfort. In his ears was the roar of water displaced. With an effort he looked about him. He was still in the chair in which he had dropped asleep, and through rifts of returning consciousness he heard a loving voice: "Chris, are you not coming up? See, it is after one."

It was Ruth, bending over him, entreating him to rise.

XI.

Already a handful of guests had filled the sitting-room. In the study, across the hall, Gonfallon, robed in full canonicals, stood motionless and alone. Once only at the champing of bits and the noise of hoofs he had turned to the window. It was Miss Pickett, garmented in that terra-cotta which affects the eye as a pistol-shot affects the ear. He had heard her rustle past the door and her laugh mingle with Mrs. Manhattan's. Then a brougham had stopped, and Tandem, in a cut-away coat, a flower in his button-hole, had alighted and loitered an instant until Yarde had alighted too. For the moment, Gonfallon, at the possibility of their entering the room where he stood, had knit his brow; but Tandem, in his quality of best man, had convoyed the groom to some other refuge. From above came the sound of hurrying feet. The rectory was articulate, its quiet stirred with vocables. In the room overhead he pictured Claire standing before the glass, her head held sidewise, eying the last touches to her gown. Beyond, somewhere, through the walls he saw Yarde contemplating his finger-tips, and to the prayer-book which he held Gonfallon gave a tighter clasp.

Since the dinner and its epilogue Gonfallon had barely seen his sister-in-law. The day after she had gone with the Picketts to Washington, and before returning to New York had managed to pass a full month with Yarde's relatives in the South. Since then her hours had been given to the trousseau. To-day she was to be married, and at the ceremony, at her mating to that man, instead of forbidding the banns he was to officiate. It was through him the Church was to sanction a thing against which every fibre of his being rebelled. In an effort to

gain some mastery over the expression of his face, he turned again to the street.

There had been a flurry of snow an hour before, but now in the sunlight high noon rang everywhere. On the pavement was an eager glitter like that of broken glass, and at the corner the spires of Gethsemane pointed to a gulf of blue.

"And not a reason for refusing," he muttered,—"not one." During the preceding weeks he had told himself that this thing should never be. The touch of her lips had sealed her to him. He had felt the willingness, the courage even, to abandon the rochet already in his grasp, his high estate, his reputation, his cloth, Ruth, everything, even to honor, and carry the girl to some one of those lovely lands to which we never go, but which beckon to us, ceaselessly, from afar. In conflicts with himself conscience vanquished had been impotent to coerce. His ordinary duties he had performed with the perfunctoriness of a somnambulist. In his eyes but one light shone, and that light was Claire. And in that light all else slipped by, and he had relied now on the girl herself, now on a whim of chance, and again on some effort of his own, on something, he knew not what, but still on something that should happen in the nick of time and sunder this hateful pact.

In more rational moments he had reflected that, distasteful as the engagement was, it was rendered doubly so by the fact that the other contracting party was one whom of all others in the world he loathed the most; and into that loathing, as though to mock him, there would creep at times the knowledge—banished again and again, but ever returning—that between him and Yarde a girl such as Claire would not hesitate for a second's space. What chance have forty years, however well carried they may be, against the fragrance and seductions of youth?

And as Gonfallon had thought of this, he would have, had he dared, clapped there and then on that fragrance some one of those masks which disfigure and distort. He would have corroded and blasted. And instead of that he was called upon to stand, the sacerdos, and consecrate his nuptials with Claire. Instead of maiming he was to marry, instead of cursing he was to bless. Could this cup pass from him! But he had no excuse,—not one. It was for him to deliver the girl he loved into the arms of the man he loathed. And as he gazed down at the eager glitter of the street there came to his face an expression which Goya would have given to a gibbeted fiend. Was it not a woman that changed into Satan the angel that was Lucifer?

"Doctor, the bride is coming down."

It was Tandem hailing him from the door-way. Gonfallon drew one long breath and turned; and as he turned he thrust his hate back in him as a soldier sheathes his sword.

"I am ready," he answered; and to himself he added, "Calvary was easy of ascent."

Tandem had already gone. Gonfallon drew the portière aside, and, crossing the hall, his head bent, the prayer-book in his hand, he entered the sitting-room beyond. At his entrance the voices subsided and ceased. The guests parted into twin rows, and between them Gonfallon advanced to a mirror, before which two cushions had been placed. There he

turned and stood, his head still lowered, waiting the coming of the bride.

Presently, in the lull, Yarde entered, led by Tandem, and, bowing to Gonfallon,—a salute which, parenthetically, was not returned,—he took up a position on the right. From beneath his lowered eyelids Gonfallon saw him fumble at a pocket. "He is feeling for the ring," he reflected, and straightened himself just a little. Then came a rustle, a murmur, and Claire entered, leaning on her father's arm. Gonfallon raised his eyes, Yarde stepped forward to greet, Bucholz in a worthy parental manner dropped his daughter's arm, and the two young people stood before him who was to make them one.

"'Dearly beloved,'" began Gonfallon, in that voice which those present knew so well,—"'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God.'"

And as he repeated from memory the subsequent phrases of the opening formula, he looked down at the bride. In her cheeks that hue of the white rose which has the sulphur heart was untouched by the faintest flush. The porcelain blue of her eyes was untroubled, and her mouth still looked inviolate and unaware of love. From the tangles of her curls came the breath of brooks. She was in street-dress, but unbonneted and ungloved.

"'I require and charge you both, as you will answer at the dreadful day of judgment——'"

His eyes were still on hers, but as he delivered the warning which is customary he lowered his own beneath the directness of her gaze.

"Trement," he continued, "wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live——"

"I will," the young man interjected, and flushed at his precipitance.

"Together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her——" And as the questions fell from him, Gonfallon, outwardly impassible, clutched tighter at the book he held. For a second his voice wavered, and, turning to the bride,—

"Claire," he continued, "wilt thou take this man?"

Again his eyes were on her, and so convulsed were they that to a weaker than she, dismay would have come. He paused, and Claire, as though her thoughts had preceded and interpreted his own, in a voice quasily defiant, her head held like a challenge, her eyes a trifle contracted, and fixed maliciously on his own, made the conventional response.

"Who giveth this woman——"

In speaking he caught an expression in Yarde's face, a look of smothered mirth as though the mute dialogue had been intercepted and enjoyed. Willingly would he have hurled the prayer-book at his teeth and with his two hands about his throat crushed out his hated life. He bit his lip until it bled, and with an effort dominated himself again.

Bucholz had stepped forward, and, after making a gesture, moved back. He seemed so pompous, so spruce, and yet so unnecessary, that Gonfallon, detecting another quiver in Yarde's expression, understood his mirth, and in his semi-hysterical condition felt his own lips twitch with a smile.

The troth then plighted, bride and groom kneeled on the cushions at his feet, and, the prayer delivered, rose up again.

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. For inasmuch——" he continued, and, mumbling the archaic phrases that follow, he added, with a gasp, "Amen."

The next moment Claire was in her sister's arms and Tandem was shaking Yarde energetically by the hand. The twin ranks of the company fused into a solid square that bore down on bride and groom. Gonfallon watched his opportunity, and escaped to the study beyond.

Thus far he had held himself well. Not one of those present had divined the rebellion that was in him. But now the farce was done, and, tearing the canonicals from him, he rumbled and tossed them in a heap on the floor. The prayer-book which he had held fell from him, and he sank on a chair. Into his mouth had come a sour taste. He raised his handkerchief to his lips, and, looking at it, saw that it was flecked with red. He passed his hand across his eyes; they were dry and hot; and, suddenly, remembering Bucholz, he chuckled and tried to laugh.

The hubbub of sixty people talking at once came to him from across the hall. For a fraction of an hour he listened unhearingly. But presently something stirred him from his mental swoon. He had heard Claire's voice, he was sure. He started and moved to the door: yes, it was she. He drew the portière ever so little and peered into the hall. Before him the bride stood exchanging a farewell with Miss Pickett. Then the two separated, Miss Pickett turning to the sitting-room and Claire to the stairs. For a moment he waited; then, seeing that he could leave the study unobserved, he hurried out into the hall. Already the girl had reached the floor above, but he called to her, and she stopped.

"What is it?" she asked, and looked down at him from over the rail. Without a word he mounted to where she stood. "Claire," he whispered, and strove to take her hand, "tell me, you do love me, do you not?"

And the girl, drawing from him, answered almost sadly, with a gesture that was pathetic in the sorrow it conveyed, "Love you, Gonfallon? It is not I that love you; it is Ruth."

A door closed, and she was gone.

Gonfallon steadied himself and gazed blankly enough at the door which had shut in his face. "And it was for this I toiled," he mused. For the moment everything seemed to disappear; then, mindful as he always was of Form, and arguing with himself as to what he was doing there, he got into his study again, and roamed about it, likening his restlessness to that of a gyrfalcon in a cage; striving not only to forget, but to cease to think as well.

Beyond, the hubbub still continued. A luncheon was in progress, and he knew that his absence would be remarked. Yet still he could make no effort to leave the room. From time to time he passed his hand across his face and let it fall again to his side. And presently the voices approached: it was evident that the guests were assembling in the hall. From the window he could see a trim brougham, bottle-green, the straw-colored wheels picked out with black, and by it a

miniature groom, in his lapel a bunch of white flowers, while at the ear of the horse nearest the rectory Gonfallon noticed that a similar bunch had been placed.

"Chris, where are you?"

It was Ruth calling to him, as Tandem had done, from the uplifted fringe of the curtain.

"Chris! They are coming. Hurry!"

Again he moved out into the hall, bowing this time right and left to the guests that had assembled there. Mrs. Manhattan was prompt at nabbing, and she had him at once.

"How sweet Claire looked!" she murmured.

"Very," Gonfallon answered, and smilingly caressed his chin.

"Such a good match, too," she added. "You ought to be tickled to death."

"Yes, yes, he is a splendid young fellow."

"Just the man for her. Nicholas was so sorry he couldn't come. Trement, you know, is a connection of ours. I even had a hand in his bringing up."

"I was sure of it."

"And how impressive you did make the service! Ah! here they are."

About the corner bride and groom had turned. The face of the latter was flushed as were he the sacrifiant; the former held her head erect, and her mouth seemed at the slightest provocation prepared to bubble into laugh.

There was a gurgle, a hum, an undulant shout, and they had gone. Through the open door-way Miss Pickett threw a slipper which hit the coachman on the cheek. Tandem had obtained a handful of rice, which he scattered lavishly in the air. And as the brougham drove off, Yarde was seen, his head bent, fumbling at the nape of his neck for a furtive grain that had lodged in his collar.

For a while yet the guests lingered, companioned by Gonfallon and Ruth. Then, little by little, the handful diminished and shrunk, until husband and wife were alone.

"It will be dreary without Claire, will it not?" Ruth remarked as the ultimate loiterer passed from the house. There was no doubt about it,—Dr. McMasters was not only a physician, but a sorcerer as well. The neuralgia which had fed upon her had been exorcised long since.

In the adjoining room the maid was busy with the detritus of the wedding-feast.

"Will it not?" she repeated, and, without waiting for an answer, suddenly her arm had wound about him, and for a moment her head rested on his breast. Then, conscious, seemingly, of the presence of the maid, she moved from him, and Gonfallon, turning on his heel, entered the study again.

On the floor before him the prayer-book lay, and he stooped to pick it up. It was not large,—hardly bigger than a good resolution,—but as prayer-books go it was a gem. The text was illuminated, and for binding it had tortoise-shell clamped with gold. In the morning Ruth had brought it to him with the request that he would use it at the

service which was to be. And now as he raised it from the floor it opened in his hand. On the fly-leaf was an inscription in characters thin as hair: "To Ruth, from her loving sister. Christmas, 1879." And as he read it he understood why the request had been made.

Idly he turned the pages. Between the covenants of the marriage-pact a blue flower had been pressed. During the agitations of the ceremony it had been unnoticed, but now something about it seemed to evoke a memory, and he went back again to the slopes and intervalles of Bronx. Idly still he turned the leaves. Before the psalm "With my whole heart thy praise I will proclaim" another flower had been placed, but this one was yellow, as though the hope of the first betokened had mellowed with fulfilment. And as he turned again, facing the collect for Ash-Wednesday he found a clipping from some Poets' Corner, a bit of school-girl verse:

I wait for the story: the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree,
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh, bring it,
Such as I wish it to be.

He read it twice, and very gently, almost reverently, he put the book aside. Anger seemed to take itself visibly away; he saw it leaving him, and made no effort to detain. Already hatred was departing, and in its train an illusion had unmasked. "It is not I that love you," some one was saying; "it is Ruth."

He had fallen in a chair, and sat, his face buried in his hands. Back again from the past one memory after another came to him un-reproached: first his wooing of her, her shy willingness, the sweet profanation, the earliest reluctant kiss, then the altar-rail, the blush of girlhood abandoned, the wifely solicitude, the unalterable charm with which illness had coped in vain, the tenderness of her nature, the un-wavering allegiance, the trust, the belief, the pride in him.

"It is I," he mused, "with whom she covenanted, it is I whose praise she proclaimed. I am the story she waited." And, raising his face from his hands, he added, "If that story were only true!"

Already the afternoon had taken itself off. And as the light decomposed and decreased, something that was like to weariness seemed to fill the room. On the ceiling an uncertain dimness gathered. Here and there a gilt nail on the wood-work detained as with a pin a fringe of the mantle of day, but in the background was a somnolence in which objects disappeared mysteriously, one by one. In the corners shadows came and crouched. Under the chairs pits had formed, and out of them crept an obscurity which effaced and devoured the floor. On the ceiling the dimness deepened, the crouching shadows elongated and lapped the walls. A rumble from the street put an accent on the gloom, and presently, by way of vespers, the voice of the housemaid chanting "Jesus loves me" climbed on a treble from the regions below.

For a little space Gonfallon moved uneasily. Then, when night had wholly come, he found his way from the study, and groped through the darkness to Ruth.

THE END.

NEW YORK, October-December, 1888.

MIZPAH.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—GENESIS xxxi. 49.

I KISSED your lips, and held your hands,
And said, "Farewell," and went away,
Well knowing that another day
Would speed you forth to other lands.
And down the summer-scented street
I heard your echoing voice repeat
The Hebrew motto, quaint and sweet,—
"Mizpah."

A thousand miles between us lay
When Autumn passed, in lingering flight,
And drenched with fragrant dew at night
The woodland fires he lit by day;
But, all the golden distance through,
From you to me and me to you
Went out the tender prayer and true,—
"Mizpah."

The winter night falls cold and bleak;
I sit, in saddened mood, alone,
And listen to the wind's low moan,
And hide a fear I dare not speak.
For you are far, so far away,
And younger lips have turned to clay:
Dear love! I tremble while I pray,
"Mizpah."

But spring shall blossom up the plain,
And Easter lilies scent the air,
And song-birds riot everywhere,
And heart and hope grow glad again.
Yet still my nightly prayer shall be,
Though swallows build or swallows flee,
Until my love come back to me,
"Mizpah."

And when, with flowers of June, you come,
And face to face again we stand,
And heart to heart and hand to hand,
O love! within the one dear home,
We shall not need to say again,
In winter's snow or summer's rain,
Till death shall come to part us twain,
"Mizpah."

Homer Greene.

'THE DAYS WHEN I WENT JOURNALING.

WHETHER—as my friend Quillit, himself a veteran journalist, insists—I was “born with printer’s ink on my fingers,” I shall not undertake to say. I only know that I took to the press as naturally as a duck takes to the water. I was hardly past the melancholy Jaques’s first stage of human life when I issued a family paper, each copy transcribed by my own hand, to which every member of the household (including, of course, the young gentlemen who wished to stand well in my sister’s eyes) was constrained to subscribe, and pay in advance. Whatever honors I failed to secure in school and college through the obtuseness and partiality of teachers, I easily carried off a “double first” as editor and contributor to such brilliant periodicals as the *Boys’ Boomerang*, the *Sophomore Swaggerer*, the *Iota Omikron Secret Dispatch*, and the *University Quarterer*.

The papers and magazines which came into my father’s house were few and feeble, compared to those which heap up my own library table; but they had a fascination to me which could only have arisen from some such latent consciousness as that which led Correggio to cry, as he stood before a painting of Raphael, “I too am a painter!” I almost learned by heart Willis’s *New Mirror*, Lewis Gaylord Clarke’s *Knickerbocker*, and Horace Greeley’s *New Yorker*. The religious paper was dry enough in those days, when the editor had not learned to spice his theological and ecclesiastical weekly ration with a judicious admixture of secularities, but my journalistic appetite lubricated even this to the bolting-point. An Editor was a more interesting, if not a more awful and majestic, being than a President. What was Polk or Tyler or Fillmore or Pierce beside the shambling moon-faced Greeley, the courtly and chivalric Watson Webb, or the Little Corporal of the press, Henry J. Raymond? Even a rather disreputable friendship which I contracted at an early age with an Irish reporter was a source of pride to me. I took keen satisfaction in acting as his deputy, and thus securing admission to places and privileges as “a member of the press.” This freedom of the city could hardly be classed among “stolen waters,” but it was vastly sweeter than if “purchased with a large sum.” A famous magazinist lived on the next block, and as he walked slowly past our house (for he was then beginning to break in health) he was to me a creature of another sphere and mould. These mighty men had actually the unrestricted right to print whatever came into their heads, and held the keys which admitted others into their locked “forms”!

For a good while, however, I dared not dream that those doors would open to me. And when at last I “tried my luck,” the selection was made of a little handkerchief sheet published in an obscure village under the shadow of the Shawangunk Mountains. The editor, who printed his own paper on a hand-press, was glad to get anything: I do not think that “the outside” of the rural press was then obtained ready-printed by a syndicate arrangement, as now. So I wrote him letters

from New York, tales, essays, and poems, which lie pressed like withered flowers of the spring, in their blurred type and stained paper, in certain old scrap-books yonder. The intensity with which I hung over those printed words, and read and re-read them, and wondered whether they would not make me famous, has had no parallel since, certainly none as respects the last particular.

I shall not detain my readers with the old story, how the bucolic press ere long began to pall upon my ambition, and I ventured into fresh fields and pastures new. I tried a struggling literary weekly with a "short story," and in the next number saw it accepted in the "Notices to Correspondents" with a complimentary word:—in those days this was the almost exclusive coin in which contributors were paid. I flew higher. I got two fantastic stories into a *Ladies' Book*, and an eloquent essay into the *Knickerbocker* itself. Above all, I found that I could furnish the religious papers with acceptable matter, written from what was to me, alas! at that time a dramatically religious standpoint. With entire guilelessness I wrote imaginary experiences and narratives, till I was startled to find one of the latter going over the world as a genuine statement of facts in a published sermon of Mr. Spurgeon.

General George P. Morris was then the managing editor of the *Home Journal*, and was known to be a most kindly gentleman, and, like his partner, Mr. N. P. Willis, to have lent a friendly hand to many a literary aspirant. I was now bold enough even to address him, asking for advice in respect to a journalistic career, and received an immediate reply inviting me to call at his office. I went in fear and trembling, but not without hope that the great man might open up some royal road to the editorial Olympus, and (I confess it) secretly flattering myself that perhaps he might instate me at once in the sanctum of the *Home Journal*. He received me in what seemed rather an unexcited way, and proceeded straight to business, putting me through a brief catechism, and then giving me advice, which I suspect he administered according to a formula to a continuous procession of press-bitten youths. It was, that if I was determined to be a journalist I must be willing to "begin at the bottom," and "take hold anywhere." It was sound advice, as I have since found when looking at the matter from his stand-point for the benefit of ingenious youths who occupied what had once been my own. The prescription was an effectual one, as many a doctor's is, by not being taken. I went out *minus* one more dream of my young life, and soon had left it in the dim background for other work, whose "bottom," though I had to begin there, did not look quite so underground and grimy.

Of course my fingers kept rubbing off their printer's ink on the white sheets of the press, and I tasted the sweets of journalism as a recreation without feeling the pressure of its drudgery. And by and by the unexpected call came, as it sometimes will, to begin at the top, and to take hold at a definite somewhere. It was not a very brilliant offer, nor did it promise to raise me among the Olympians of the press. But I was just then changing my residence and occupation for sanitary reasons, and the invitation stirred up the embers which had slumbered

since General Morris threw that painful of ashes over them. Why not have an editorial episode in my somewhat miscellaneous life? Why not follow this unlooked-for opening into that alluring wonder-world, on whose outside I had stood so wistfully in youth, and see for myself what it was like? Besides, this was one of the papers which I used to see, and try to read, at my father's house from earliest boyhood. I had a peculiar veneration and affection for the sturdy old sheet, and had been brought up to look upon its editors as the most favored of men, so that it awakened a childlike pride to think of myself as occupying the same lofty tripod.

And thus it was that, "as I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den," as old Bunyan might still have written if he had been called to write an Editor's Progress. For, though a *sanctum* to the outside world, to the editorial mind his room will present itself in the mystic and miscellaneous significance of that word "den." It is anything except a sanctuary from the world to the average editor, but rather a sally-port for daily, weekly, or monthly raids upon it. Of course I am not thinking of those majestic and shadowy personages who direct by telephone, from the depths of softly-lighted and perfumed chambers, the movements of great dailies, —prophets of Khorassan who are chiefly awful because they keep their faces veiled. The ordinary work-a-day editor, of all men in the world, feels himself in the world, and his office is where the world-surf breaks all about his feet. The word "den," too, suggests a place where the conventionalities of life may be relaxed to a degree not applicable to an "office," and the slight difference between literary and littery can be ignored. Or, if the idea of a retreat is still maintained, it is in the sense of a "growlery," where one can betake his wounded spirit from the combined assaults of publisher and public.

We are all familiar with the symbolical figure in the old almanacs, representing a man's body as dominated by the twelve constellations according to the astrologers. The poor fellow stands in the centre of what look like elongated needles diverging from a dozen tormentors to every section of his anatomy. The Archer is shooting him in the thighs, the Bull is goring him in the neck, the Lion is thrusting a lance into his heart, the Goat is prancing for a dash at his legs, the Crab is sidling towards his breast, the Scales are hanging beside his "reins," like Shylock's beside Antonio's, and a forlorn Virgin is seated in determined siege on the other side. The Waterman is apparently tapping him for dropsy, the Ram is leaping over his head, the Fishes are floundering under his feet, and the Twins seem to be wrestling as to which shall first get on his shoulder. In this zodiacal aspect and dilemma does the Editor loom before my retrospective mind, as the cushion of innumerable pins, and as the objective point of a round robin of general antagonism. I do not undertake to locate the constellations of the editorial firmament, nor to say which one hits him hardest in the heart or the arms or the knees or the digestive organs, which tramples most upon his brain, and which muddies his feet. But as he withdraws to his den I think I can hear him, after the manner of David Copperfield's old-clo' dealer, crying out, "Oh my eyes and limbs!" and at another time,

"Oh my lungs and liver!" and at still another, "Oh my heart on fire!" and sometimes in a general way, "Oh goroo, goroo!" But if you were to follow these converging lines, I am quite sure that one would lead up to the publisher and another to the printer, one to the contributor and another to the advertiser, while, like a second Winkelried, he gathers a whole sheaf of lances into his breast from the hands of the public and "esteemed contemporaries."

At any rate, I do not know that I can "rightly divide" my subject better than by taking a glance of retrospection along those various lines.

The relation of the editor to his "proprietor" is not essentially different from that of any other business agent, for instance, that of a clergyman to the trustees who have called him to minister to their souls. First of all, he must make the business a financial success. He must pay expenses. Not only cannot the pastor "eat souls," but the trustees do not find that souls are legal tender in the exchanges of an unspiritual world. The question of dividends is ever before the editor, staring upon him like an interrogation-point in the face of every stockholder and director. If he maintains his independence and integrity under this silent siege, he does well. If he comes out with a shred of his chivalric ideal, he is one of the race of heroes, or perhaps martyrs,—or else has lighted on one of the few places in this world which are impervious to the philosopher's stone that would turn all things into gold.

Nowhere does the stockholder's arrow touch the editor in a tenderer place than in his relations with the Advertiser. To secure this personage is as much a question of life and death as for the Homeric heroes to secure the patronage of the gods. In the business manager's eye the subscriber is all very well, but he "cottons" to the advertiser. There are journals of high pretension, whose lavish outlay of money for contributions (or, rather, for contributors) is simply calculated with a view to providing a subscription-list as a basis for a lucrative advertising patronage. Thus the "ads" are apt to become little "silver shrines," and the business manager to be a Demetrius who is very jealous of any interference with "the craft by which he gets his gain;" and the editor will be apt to hear an Ephesian "uproar" if he prove uncomfortably scrupulous. Even if he is able personally to resist this particular serpent which assails journalistic virtue, he will not fail to have his knowledge of good and evil considerably enlarged when he comes to see the journalistic Eden from the inside, and to "read between the lines," and to detect the "reading notice" in its varied and subtle forms. If he once yields, he will find the advertiser to be the original of that fabled camel at the little tailor's shop-window, whose nose was the entering wedge of his whole body, hump and hind legs included.

He will become cognizant, also, of that unique and mysterious power, the advertising agent, whose picturesque varieties of personality are paralleled only by the legislative lobbyist,—from the suave and cultivated negotiator between the press and the book-trade or the large mercantile houses, to the seedy and needy dealer in magical proposals for making everybody healthy or for making everybody rich. For the most part, these men are exceptionally quiet and insinuating. But I

recall one phenomenal individual, whose first advent into the outer office brought me out in alarm lest I should find my employees taken by the throat. And I never could get over the impression that a small riot, or anarchist demonstration, must be going on there. He was a veritable Boythorn in his stentorian tones and exaggerated language and in the tempestuous atmosphere which seemed to attend him. One would suppose that everybody was an unmitigated scoundrel, that all businessmen were on the verge of bankruptcy, that trade was invariably dull, and that he had come to the conclusion to give the whole thing up and abandon the world in disgust. A novice would have been apt to think also that he was revealing the secrets of his employers right and left and was a most unsafe and injudicious go-between. But I was obliged to accept the testimony that he was not only a jolly good fellow, but one of the shrewdest and most successful men in his line.

I suppose it is only in small establishments, like that of the *Enlightener*, that the editor feels the jar and trample of the printing-press, or is conscious of any malign influence upon him of that great nineteenth-century constellation. But I found myself in the position of a literary stoker, with the jaws of an insatiable engine always gaping red-mouthed for my scraps of copy. At first it was a source of nervous anxiety, which affected my dreams at night, lest I should not have enough to feed its ravenous maw. But I soon learned that the only trouble was quite the other way,—how to dispose of my accumulated fuel and fodder, and how to stuff a quart of copy into a pint measure of space.

I had no experience of strikes, and "the walking delegate" was not yet stepping westward. It never occurred to me that my printers might be knights, and that to every one who doeth not well the boycott lieth at the door. Perhaps our establishment was too insignificant for the typographical chivalry to break a lance over. Probably my leading printers, composed of a single family, which had printed the *Enlightener* for two or three generations, were too old-fashioned to know or care about these foreign and new-fangled notions. The intense conservatism of the paper had rubbed itself into their very blood. My foreman was a veritable Tim Linkinwater, in his fidelity to the concern. There was, however, a small and shifting force of journeymen and apprentices, who afforded interesting studies of the typical type-setter. I used sometimes, in hot weather, to move my writing-materials from my stifling den to a retired and breezy corner of the printing-room, where I could look over the roofs and chimney-pots of the city, and at the same time watch the busy, clicking scene around me.

I doubt whether human nature differentiates anywhere into as original and Bohemian forms as among the inky tribe. The printer who shall be available for head-work as well as finger-work must have considerable intelligence, and one finds no lack of incipient Greeleys and Howellses and Mark Twains at the cases. I remember a little Jew, apparently of good family, who was taking a turn at the craft, very much as a German prince might, to complete his education. Others, who by brains and cultivation were competent for a less mechanical occupation, seemed to have drifted into this as a semi-literary vaga-

bondage, the printer's life being a sort of centaur link between letters and mechanics. Alas! thereby usually hung a tale, whose record was scored at the dram-shop. For the walking delegate whose visits to the press-room are most to be feared is the demijohn, especially after holidays and Sundays.

For the most part, however, my connection with the printing-office was through the "devil," as he scuttled to and fro with proof and copy, as sublimely indifferent to the contents of either as if they were coals for the stove. For that matter, the whole establishment was. I never got over the superb impassiveness of the type-setter's mind to the quality of the matter which passed so nimbly through his fingers and yet so numbly through his brain. An oration which had moved thousands, or an editorial which its author felt ought to do so, a story of "Haggard" sensationality, the most melting verses, the most startling announcements of world-upsetting news, seemed to turn to dust under his impartial and disenchanting fingers, and to cause no more ripple on his stolid face than the latest insurance advertisement, the weekly column of industrial statistics, or Miss Lydia Pinkham's immemorial smile and story. It is rather chilling for the able editor to overhear the passionless and undeviating monotone with which the proof-reader mumbles his choicest periods, with a total ignoring of sense or inflection or connection or transition. Well if it teaches him a lesson of humility, and reminds him that all these mica-heaps of journalism are but "words, words, words," now, and must soon be only heaps of indistinguishable dust.

The small editor's relation to the proof-reader, by the way, is not without acuteness to a sensitive mind. There are plenty of approved manuals and undoubted rules of punctuation, but it still holds true that in this fine art every man is a law unto himself. Every editor will have his pet "points," and every printer will have his incorrigible habits,—perhaps we may say the former will have his sins of commission, and the latter his sins of omission. And there is not likely to be peace, except by a compromise. The fact is, that the modern printer will not put in one jot or tittle more of punctuation than he is forced to. The consequence is, that the nice distinctions of colon and semicolon have almost disappeared. It is hard to get in a suggestive dash any more, even in place of the nearly obsolete parenthesis. Periods and commas have it all to themselves, which is very much as if the chess-board were restricted to kings and pawns. And as journalism grows older, even the commas are dropping out, like an old man's teeth. A sentence in my daily paper will sometimes wind me up so that I have to go back and unravel it, or will put me so out of breath that I am fain to rest before attacking the next. Happy the writer, if he be at once accurate and sensitive, who may see the last revision of his proof. The sense of the irretrievable nowhere comes over the soul, this side of the grave, so overwhelmingly as when one sees a "not" left out, or a carefully-chosen word twisted into a ludicrous ineptitude, on the morning after publication. The long lists of *errata* which used to form so prominent a feature of the press would be of no more use in this flying age than a detachment of French troops after Waterloo.

And yet the trouble is not all on one side. I remember sitting one evening at a table in the Union League Club, where Horace Greeley was writing an editorial. As he finished the pages, he pushed them just where they fell under my eye. Long and despairingly did I scan those rudimentary hints of English words, those misleading trails of letters, that phantasmagory of impish and crazy chirography. And I sighed in pity for the Champollion of the printing-room, who must decipher the hieroglyphics in time for the next morning's *Tribune*. Moreover, the late Richard Grant White was led to coin a new word—"heterophony"—to describe the tendency of the most wide-awake writers to put down words quite different from those which are in their minds. An intelligent printer has testified that authors have come to him ready to make affidavit that they had not written a certain word, or written it in a certain way, and were completely "crushed" by being shown their own manuscript. I speak of this as only a single, and perhaps an extreme, illustration of the "slips of the pen" which a competent proof-reader will detect, and for whose correction a writer (who is generally unconscious of his obligation) cannot be too grateful.

But I have forgotten my printer's devil, or have left him shivering in the lobby. By the way, all may not know the origin of this ill-omened name, which has probably been responsible for more execrable jokes and damnable puns than any other member of the lingual family. The famous old Aldus Manutius, the Venetian printer, took into his employment a little blackamoor, left behind by a merchant-vessel. Whereupon there went forth a report in the city that this disciple of Faust was aided by a familiar imp. To save himself, "printer to the Holy Church," Aldus brought out the boy and bade the superstitious citizens take a good look at "the printer's devil," and pinch him if they doubted his flesh-and-blood reality. Thenceforth the name attached itself to this position, irrespective of color,—I may say, too, irrespective of age, or of any other distinguishing quality than the mere function of printing-office fag and go-between.

My brief editorial experience brought me in contact with a heterogeneous assortment, a Falstaff's regiment, of these intermediaries, following one another almost as rapidly as a procession, and yet with such marked variations and personalities that they would alone furnish material for a magazine article. Most of them were small boys in the very babyhood of the profession,—some of them as thoroughly typical boys as Daniel Quilp's sub-devil, to whom it was more natural to stand on his head than on his feet,—whose safe transmission of proof and manuscript was a perpetual miracle. There was one whom I sometimes watched from the window, in a mingled agony of apprehension lest his precious freight should miscarry, and of curious conjecture as to the devious paths by which he would ultimately reach the neighboring printer's door. The small fortune which some of these boys must have invested at the apple-woman's and the peanut-man's, whose stands waylaid them on the route, was a key to many a profound problem of labor and capital. Some form of refreshment and confection seemed to be necessary to sustain their weary limbs from morning till night, un-

less when the ill-concealed cigarette revealed a still higher flight of the refreshment ambition.

There was one Irish boy, named Duffy, whom I found to be not so much young as stunted. I recall vividly the utterly green and apologetic way in which he sidled into my office and asked in his pathetic little brogue, "Hev yiz ony proof, zur?" He never seemed to be sure that I would not box him on the ears, or kick him out of the room, or at least swear at him. It told a sorrowful tale of a joyless and boyless youth. One day I discovered the poor fellow bleeding at the nose like a hydrant. He told me that he sometimes bled so two or three times a day. Happening to have a magic remedy (this is not an advertisement, but my doctor's prescription for my own boy), I gave him some, and thought no more of it, for just at that time he was promoted to the case. Going into the printing-room some time after, I hardly recognized the little fellow. He had actually begun to grow, he had a color in his face, and a fine down was appearing on his cheek and upper lip. He told me that the remedy had proved instantly and permanently effectual. The child had actually been bleeding to death.

My devils were of assorted ages. One shaky and blossom-faced Hibernian was old enough to be my father. Another was a mere baby. There was a deliberate youth with considerable shirt-collar, who came in the intervals of educational type-setting, with whom I had many a little chat on literary topics. He was, I think, a graduate of the City College, and had read quite extensively and critically in English literature. But the most interesting of these "familiaris" was a pale, pathetic man of about thirty, who came in like a ghost and vanished as silently,—while there, sitting on the edge of his chair so still that I would be apt to forget his presence. There were marks of a finer feeling in him than in any of the goblin procession. He was very seedy, though not untidy, and looked poor and sickly. He was evidently a man "with a history." But I never succeeded in drawing him out till one day I discovered, accidentally, that he was a man of family. At least, he had been. But, in a weary way, the poor fellow confessed that his wife had left him,—whether on account of the drinking-habits whose ruinous traces were unmistakable in his appearance, I did not inquire, or whether her previous conduct had been the cause of his taking to drink. But she had left a little daughter with him, and it was for her sake that he was struggling to overcome his weakness, and was glad to take a boy's work and wages to keep the wee thing from absolute want. As soon as he began to speak of her his tongue became loosed, his countenance lighted up, and his whole manner changed. One day he drew out his shabby pocket-book and showed me her picture, the only treasure it contained. He thenceforth took an interest in me because I was interested in her, and a single inquiry about her was sufficient to brighten his whole day. It made me realize what tender spots and better aspirations may be lying *perdu* in the unlikeliest breast, and what gentle lights may be playing on the hidden background of the most impassive, and even the sternest, countenance. Perhaps what I took for vacancy in the expression of my "poor devil," as he sat waiting for copy, really arose from the fact that his thoughts were

far away in that dingy room, with the one ray of sunshine which relieved his chilled and eclipsed existence. And many a vision I had of his return at night to the bright little being to whom he was, doubtless, not only the dearest and best but the grandest of fathers.

This leads me to speak of an experience of mine which perhaps is common to others who are suddenly drawn from obscurity into a position where their name and address become widely known as men who are getting on in the world. My office door for a time admitted another, and a still less reputable, procession. It seemed as if all my dead-beat and demoralized friends of former years were finding me out and were bent on renewing the acquaintance. I was a "fresh field and pasture new" for their industrious laziness, with the advantage of a claim on the score of old associations. It was quite a revelation to find how many of the "old boys" had gone to the bad, and how many were moved to step in and congratulate me on my position, suddenly recollecting, as they were leaving, that I could greatly accommodate them with a small loan just then,—which, of course, they never remembered to return and pay. I never failed to recognize their object at a glance, and was willing to pay toll to Auld Lang Syne for once, and as the surest way to see their faces no more.

And yet it was sometimes very, very sad. There was one with whom I had played as a boy in the sweet fields of the country, though he himself was a city boy, the pet and prospective heir of well-to-do relations. In later years he had developed into a conspicuous "ladies' man," always to be seen dangling at the side of the Broadway belles, when the fashionable thing was to promenade and flirt upon that pave in the afternoons. One day he entered my office. If his hair and shape had not been unmistakable, I should not have believed that this dissipated and dilapidated figure, though bearing itself with some of the old jaunty and cavalier air, was really the remains of W——. It was plain that he was already of the tramp, trampish.

But all my experiences of this kind were as nothing to one brief interview, which has left the world darker, and life sadder, ever since. The door opened one day and admitted a man who had "tramp" written upon every line of his pock-marked face and on every thread of his glossy and discolored clothes. The unequivocal smell of the tramp was upon him, as of the odors of whiskey-dives and old-clo'-shops mingled with those of station-houses and old barns, and of everything except clean water. And yet even he made a pretence of wearing gloves, and retained a shabby-genteel trace of better days. He stepped nimbly up to me, calling me by my first name in its most familiar form, and offered to shake my hand. On my not appearing to notice the overture, he smilingly remarked that perhaps I did not recollect him, pulling out a dirty card from a still more forbidding wallet. But my attention was fully fixed on him now, and I did not need to look at the name. I sat in a sort of a dream, the old looks and tones and a score of little personal traits coming back to me as through a mist, while the bitter truth forced itself upon my mind that my old college mate George D—— stood before me. He was in those days one of the youngest, most blithesome, and most popular of the boys, a splendid

musician, the wit of our circle, to whom I was drawn by congenial literary tastes and turn of mind.

He went on, of course, with a story of "bad luck," and of sickness from which he was just recovering, having thereby lost his fine position on the *Herald* staff; but he was expecting to resume work on another paper in a day or two, and in the mean while would be "pretty hard up" till his pay began to come in, etc., etc. I gave little attention to the old story, and at last stopped him by saying, "Yes, George, I know you; and, what is more, I know how you forged your father's name just after Commencement, and how you swindled our old mathematical professor of a handsome sum in later years, and how your career has been one great fraud, rendering you a fugitive from place to place, and making you what I now see,—a vagabond." I shall never forget the ghastly look which passed over his debauched and scarred face, as he caught a momentary glimpse of himself through my eyes. And then I went on in a different tone, to plead with the man for his own soul. God had sent him once more across my path in the eternities, and I must make one desperate effort to awaken any yet unkilld germ of manhood. I need not tell what I said; I hardly knew myself, nor could I distinctly recall it now: only, I wanted to make him understand how far, far down in the abyss he was, and yet how there was a return even for him, because there was One who was mighty to save, and who could both lift and hold him up. I let him know how it broke my very heart to see him,—and how much more must that Great Heart yearn over him! Of course I did not withhold money, for the sake of old fraternity, and as a pledge that my advice was not meant to be a cheap substitute for the help of which, God knows, he was in sore enough need. During all this time he stood like one who had been stunned, and yet was intently listening and thinking. The whole scene was probably as strange and unexpected to him as to myself. Then he turned silently upon his heel, and walked out with a far different step and mood from the "confidence" manner in which he had entered. It were difficult to hope that he turned his footsteps into a better way. But for once the murky atmosphere in which he had enveloped his soul was riven, and there had been set before him hell and heaven.

The editor's relations with the Contributor make up a large part of the lights and shadows of editorial life. The discovery that there is ever so small a market for literary wares is sufficient to insure an immediate and steady set of the inky current. The whole army of Unsuccess will turn as one man to this new possibility. I received manuscripts already yellowed by time, and bearing the marks of having "swung around the circle" of journalism. It does not do for an editor to have much imagination, and he must sternly repress his sympathies if he would live, either personally or officially. Perhaps his first crucial test of fitness to survive is, whether he has the capability of saying "no." His weakness in this direction came near to wrecking the "cynical" Thackeray. He used to call the little notes and personal appeals and touching stories which accompanied articles "the thorns in his editorial cushion." It is not so hard to decline the overtures of the seedy bore, who lays before you a pile of time-stained manuscript

smelling villanously of stale tobacco, or even the pompous and verbose communications of distinguished personages, whose very success in other directions has unfitted them to write for the press. But what can you do when a sickly and threadbare young woman, with innutrition and weariness in her face and thin voice, modestly but eagerly submits her "unavailable" poems and sketches? What but to do as Thackeray almost ruined himself by doing, and as the more opulent Dickens was able to do without bankruptcy,—buy the manuscripts and lay them tenderly away in the waste-basket? It will be long enough before President Cleveland will succeed in convincing his constituency that "it is for the people to support the government, and not for the government to support the people." But it will be longer before the public comprehends that a periodical cannot be conducted on the principle of a charitable society. Its own buyers deal with it on the commercial basis of *quid pro quo*, and accordingly its purchases must be regulated by the same tried and unsentimental method.

The editor will learn a good deal about woman,—her needs and wrongs, if not her rights. He will not always see her on her most amiable side, and will sometimes find himself at a disadvantage when exposed at close quarters to the bare bodkin of her tongue. The gifted authoress of the sweetest and womanliest prose or poetry may unexpectedly develop into a virago, threatening him with lawsuits and the visits of her gentlemen friends. He will be amazed at the Bohemian capabilities of the female of this age, her capacity to take care of herself, to live anywhere, and to turn her hand to anything. I recall a typical instance of a mysterious woman, who was always ready to do hack-work of any kind, but who never seemed to have any fixed address, hailing now from a district post-office in New York, and now from an out-of-town village, and again from Washington or some other remote city. It was only the other day that I heard of her living alone by herself in an obscure suburb, where the tramps locked her into her own coal-hole, ate her breakfast, and carried off what little she had of worldly store.

This woman, of course, was a "Mrs." The editor soon marvels to find in how large a proportion of cases the literary woman is the evolution of unfortunate matrimony. Sometimes there has been an early widowhood, and the young mother is left to struggle for the life of her little ones, and so she falls back upon her early tastes and studies, and perhaps develops a latent vein of available literary talent. But more often the husband has not died, but has turned out a good-for-nothing. Well for her if he has disappeared, or deserted her, or if she has shaken him off in the divorce courts. But I fear that the cases are too many where the heroic woman has to support him in his sloth or dissipation, or thinks she must. The truth is that she loves him, and is either blind to his faults, or insists upon regarding them as she would a hump-backed or epileptic child. One dapper little "gent" whom I remember, with a slight moustache and a dudish cane, seemed to have no business except to call at the treasurer's desk and draw his wife's balances. How much of them ever went into her hands was always a debatable question in my own and the book-keeper's mind.

The term "editing" has come to have a special and technical sense, somewhat equivalent to "doctoring," from the rareness with which an article reaches an editor's hands in the condition, or anything like the condition, adapted to his purposes. In these days, when writing for the press has grown to be a trained profession, there is an increasing number of persons who have learned how to make manuscript, and to spell, and to observe proportion,—in a word, who know not only what they want to say, but what a practical editor and an exacting public want of them. But the "gentle reader" of almost any periodical would develop ungentle moods and speech, if his favorite paper were to be printed as it came from the pens of contributors. And probably some of the most excited readers would be the authors themselves. And yet this most wearisome of editorial tasks is, at the same time, the most thankless. The reader, of course, does not dream of his indebtedness. And where one writer, even, submits to your ploughshare and pruning-hook, there are more who resent every comma and grammatical correction as an insult, and every excision as a robbery.

And yet I do not think that authors are a more "irritable race," or more vain, than other people. But, somehow, those qualities are brought to a head, so to speak, in their dealings with the poor editor. But the latter cannot help it. He must "boil down" if he would keep his own pot boiling. He must assert his autocracy, or he will go down under the heels of a mob. He must "doctor" the weak or maimed or dropsical manuscript, or he will soon be beyond medicine himself. The editor stands between antagonistic fires. He must mediate between the interests of the reader on the one hand and those of the writer on the other, so as, if possible, to satisfy both; and he must remember that there is a point where the interests of reader and advertiser cease to be one. And yet nearly every one thinks he could edit a paper, and that the editor's life is the meeting-place of ease and dignity!

His relations with the Contributor, however, are not all to be classed among the shadows of editorial life. He will find in them some of the softest and sunniest lights of his experience. It is not my own impression that the literary *gens*, as a whole, is either unreasonable or impudent. I think, on the other hand, that their weakness is rather a lack of push, and a disposition to succumb too readily to editorial rebuffs. I cannot now think of a single successful writer who had not his share of "respectfully declineds" at the outset, and who did not owe his ultimate triumph to the Disraelitish spirit which enabled him to shake his fist in the face of the journalistic parliament and cry, "You shall hear me!" Thousands of good writers would have been lost to the press, if they had not studied the secret of their early failures and risen on the ladder-rungs of their rejected communications. Instead of either raving at editors as conspirators or fools, or of accepting their decisions as infallible, they have made a study of the literary market, its latest styles, its seasons, and its law of supply and demand. Above all, they have not expected the fruiterer to buy their calves, nor the flower-stall to want their fish.

No editor is bound to give reasons for his rejection of manuscripts, beyond the comprehensive one of unavailability; and an overworked

editor (that is to say, nine out of ten of the fraternity) cannot be expected to yield very often to his kindly impulses, as Dickens did, by writing words of encouragement and suggestion to young and promising writers. But, so far as he can do it, he will find that he has opened a sunny little window in his "den," whose light shall not fade in after-years. I could mention several successful authors whose earlier attempts were thus recognized by me, and to whom I was able to do more good by declining their contributions, with appreciative but faithful criticism, than if I had accepted them. These fledglings are so apt to mistake their own turn of mind and their proper line of authorship. They may even totally miss their true, because their natural, style,—like Miss Alcott, who told me that she only found hers by accident in writing hospital letters to her family. They, at least, almost invariably need to have their attention called to a number of "mickles" which make the "muckle" of availability, even down to the minutiae observed by the "man in our town" who was so "wondrous wise" that "when he wrote the printer-man he dotted all his i's," etc. It is my experience that, unless it be the relation of a Christian pastor to his young converts, there is no pleasanter and closer tie of discipleship than that which binds the literary neophyte to the friendly and judicious editor.

Altogether, I owe to my brief excursion in journaling some of my most interesting associations with some of the most charming people. There are scenes painted on that rather dull background which are full of sunny and vivid memories, episodes in my little life-episode which are the pearl in the oyster. And to-day I am the richer in friendship, as well as experience, in my share in the kindly thought of true manly and womanly hearts, as well as in my enlarged confidence that the world is fuller of such than we sometimes think.

Have I any lessons from these random recollections? Yes, just one. The secret of the editorial art is simply this all around: "Put yourself in his place." The mysterious, yet intensely practical, thing which we call "the editorial instinct" is merely the capacity, the imagination, and the self-abnegation, to put one's self in the reader's place, and to edit with reference to his tastes and needs, and not one's own.

And it did me a world of good, as a whilom reader and contributor, to put myself for a while in the editor's place and to see things from the inside. I learned to look back upon my hasty and unsympathetic judgments of other editors with no little surprise and remorse, and to be ashamed of myself for certain things which, in my times of ignorance, I said and did anent them.

An Ex-Editor.

WITH GAUGE & SWALLOW.*

IX.—"MISSIONARY JOE."

IT was at the little country inn at Moccason Gap, where the discomforts of life were distributed with the utmost partiality to all, that I met "Missionary Joe." I had gone South to represent Gauge & Swallow in the trial of *Burrill vs. the Railroad Company*. Every one in the office supposed that Mr. Burrill would prefer to look after this case himself, but at the last moment it was discovered that the high-minded old gentleman felt an unconquerable aversion for even witnessing the trial of a cause in which he appeared as a party, and I was sent in his stead. The facts of the case were not supposed to be at all complicated, but, as it was thought that some of the law-points raised might receive the attention even of the court of last resort, it was desirable to exercise the utmost care in the trial below, in order that the facts might be fully ascertained and the points fairly presented. As usual, the brief of Mr. Burrill was exhaustive. Armed with that, I should have been ready to try the case on my arrival, almost without consultation with my able associate, Colonel Baylor.

Burrill vs. The Railroad was one of that most interesting class of cases which the lawyer meets, depending on the construction of a written instrument, and involving numerous subordinate issues, both of law and fact. Stated in brief, the case was this. The heirs of Holt had conveyed to the plaintiff certain lands, which had previously been aliened by the ancestor to the defendant corporation in a deed of gift, the conditions of which, it was alleged, had been broken, whereby the title had reverted to the heir. These conditions were that the "shops of the company" should be built on the lands in question, and "no store for the sale of dry-goods, groceries, or supplies should be opened on the said lands." Our claim was that these conditions ran with the lands, and a violation of either, by the donors or those holding under them, invalidated the defendants' title. The defendants alleged *estoppel in pais*, the statute of limitation, and that the conditions themselves were in contravention of public policy. The professional man will have no difficulty in gathering from this syllabus the probability that a wealthy corporation might be able to make good some of its defences, and the important consequences that resulted from my accidental acquaintance with "Missionary Joe."

The life of Moccason Gap, so far as I could see, was dependent chiefly on the terms of court, that were held four times a year in the little squat brick edifice that stood upon the public square, with its opposite doors looking up and down the big road, the respective ends of which led to the neighboring hamlets, known in common parlance by the euphonious names of Shake Rag and Slick Tail. A little beyond flowed the streams humorously christened Polecat and Stinking

Quarter, with a post-office appropriately named Hartshorn situated midway between them. During court-week the little town was populous and prosperous, the inn, of course, being the centre of population, if not the chief recipient of this recurrent prosperity; but the lawyers, officers of the court, and even the merchants, as well as the landlord, looked forward to the coming of the judge as an epoch when prosperity should wipe out the memory of the dull and profitless interval since his last departure. On such occasions "Missionary Joe" was certain to be among the first arrivals, having long been regarded as a "stated supply" by the successive proprietors who had made the Moccason Gap Hotel a temporary stopping-place on the road from official affluence to disappointed poverty. The place had often changed owners, but the sign, the fare, and "Missionary Joe" remained permanent attractions from term to term, as if they had been judicially recognized for their appearance under a statutory penalty "to be levied of their goods and chattels, lands and tenements," in case of failure.

"Missionary Joe" was a negro, or, as it is called in that region, a "nigger," but of so "likely" a character that jurors, witnesses, lawyers, and even the judge greeted him not only with apparent satisfaction, but with evident respect. He was indeed, as I soon learned, the reliable guarantor of the inn's character. No matter whose name was on the sign, all the guests looked to "Missionary Joe" for the supply of their creature comforts. Morning and evening, day and night, calls for "Joe" echoed almost constantly along the corridors of the old inn, but they were universally good-natured, and, if coupled sometimes with profanity, it was sure to be of that kindly sort which is intended as a compliment rather than a rebuke. How he managed to attend to them all I could not imagine; but after two weeks' experience of his administrations during a term of the circuit court I could well appreciate his modest boast that "de gen'lemen wouldn't know how ter git along widout ole Joe."

From scraps of conversation I learned that, boy and man, he had attended every term of court for nearly half a century, except during an absence to which everybody referred as a matter of almost as much public notoriety as the fact that a part of the inn dated back to pre-Revolutionary times, when Cornwallis slept a night in the "judge's room," while the muskets of his men were stacked about the oak which yet dropped its acorns on the moss-grown roof, as if to call the startled sleeper's attention to the reverence due to its fruitful age and notable experience. It had shadowed three flags in its time and seen one of them drive both the others from the land.

And for half its life "Missionary Joe" had been a familiar presence in its *ménage*, first as a bright boy, who came riding behind his master, old Colonel Hoyt, the magnate of the county, who owned more "land and niggers" than any other whose name was on the tax-list in the sheriff's office, but who was so wild in his young days that it was said of his wife, whose maiden name was Susan Holt, that she had exemplified the old saw,—

Change the name, but not the letter;
Change for worse and not for better.

He was a man of unsullied honor, given to gaming and sport, and of already failing fortunes, when he first brought Joe to court to wait especially on himself and such of his friends as he might be directed to serve. His wife, Miss Susan, had been in delicate health ever since the birth of their only child, Tom, then a lad a few years older than the boy Joe.

Negro as he was, "Missionary Joe" somehow impressed me with a sense of self-respectfulness not often seen in one of any race or condition. He was a born servitor. Call him when you might, and for what purpose, when he had taken your orders he was sure to give a touch to the fire in the wide fireplace and brush up the hearth with the waving sedge-grass broom that always stood beside the jamb. Yet it seemed as if he ought not to have been a negro. Though dark enough to make his race unmistakable, he was not exactly black, his complexion having a sort of grayish cast, like the seams of an ancient coat from which the color has worn away by long exposure; rather below the medium height, of slender build, yet showing great activity, and somehow giving the impression of strength and endurance. His features were regular, mouth firm, chin square, with eyes quick-moving and so hidden under overhanging brows that I do not even now know their color. I can only remember their bright flashing which gave his countenance a look of unusual alertness. A bit of gray whisker just before each ear, and a skirt of white hair fringing the faded black tonsure which time had marked upon his poll, complete the picture of "Missionary Joe."

Though well past middle life at emancipation, he was owner of a snug homestead, and had managed to acquire what for one in his station was even more than a competence. "Needn't work a lick ef he don' want ter," was the verdict of one of his fellow-servants. He came to the hotel during court-week to carve, black boots, build fires, and wait upon the guests generally, both because he found it pleasant and profitable, no doubt, and also because no one else could do so many things, and do them all so well, and thereby save the proprietor so much money and so much blame.

This much I had learned of "Missionary Joe" during the two weeks I waited for our case to be called. The defendants were not foolish enough to press for trial where they had everything to lose and nothing to gain. It was almost Christmas, and judge and lawyers were all anxious to be at home. At the last minute, therefore, our case was put over until the next term, and before night judge, lawyers, and witnesses had disappeared and Moccason Gap had fallen back to the dead level of its ordinary loneliness. As I did not care to brave the fatigues of a ride of twenty miles at night in order to reach the station, I concluded to wait until the next day, and as a matter of special favor was installed in the "judge's room" after his departure. The night was cold and rainy, and the deserted inn seemed lonely enough.

"Get old Joe to tell you his story. You will find it well worth waiting for," had been the hurried greeting of my associate, as he gathered up the reins for his homeward drive.

But Joe's duties in "setting things to rights" about the inn had apparently left that worthy in no mood for conversation, for, beyond

one or two hasty visits to look after the fire and inquire about my wants, I saw nothing of him that night. I went to sleep listening to the groaning and creaking of the old oak, heartily sick of my experience.

The next morning a wonderful sight presented itself to my view. One of the terrible sleet-storms to which the region is subject had come in the night, and everything was coated with crystal. The sun shone dazzlingly, but the wind blew, and the air was vocal with the groans of overloaded trees and the crash of broken limbs. It was a rare sight, but I did not enjoy it. All nature was encased in a glittering diamond mail, and I hardly needed the assurance of the landlord to know that the roads were impassable. Leading as they did through miles of unbroken forest, I well knew that the weight of sleet which bent the glittering arms of the great oak until they rested on the roof or barred the passage along the sidewalk would render travel along them not only uncertain but perilous. As the next day was Sunday, when the trains did not run, I concluded to make the best of the situation and remain a prisoner at the inn until Monday, my only consolation being the assurance of "Missionary Joe" that, "ef 'twould be agreeable," he would "come an' set a spell with me" that night.

It was a clear, cold night that followed. The moon lit up the icy coating of the trees, whose flashing branches the wind tossed about, making hideous moanings which mocked the universal adornment. The frost crept sharply in at the joints of the old hostel. In this very room, Joe said, Cornwallis had once slept. The warm yellow-pine ceiling was of later date, but it was mellowed by smoke and age until, with the uncertain glimmering of the lamp and firelight, it was not hard to imagine that the great splint-bottomed rocker in which I sat had held the leaguered general whose furious dash for safety had only led him into the infrangible toils of disaster. The hundred years that had elapsed since the historic event seemed to spread themselves out before me as I watched the flaring light-wood fire and listened to the whistling wind, the creaking limbs, and the icicles falling on the low roof. Somehow Joe and I seemed types of two contrasted products of the New World's newest life. Without solicitation, he had brought me the crowning evidence of hospitality in that region, a bottle of peach brandy, with its peculiar fragrance, which calls up at once thoughts of the orchard and the grave,—that faint odor of bitter almonds which marks the distilled product of the peach through every stage until its potency informs the body of the victim with a pungent testimony which makes the knife of the surgeon unnecessary in determining the cause of death. More because it seemed to please him to prepare it than from any desire to imbibe the deceptive mixture, I sipped the amber fluid, of such exquisite flavor but direful effects, known to the countryside as "peach and honey." Upon asking the old man to partake of the beverage he had provided for me, he modestly declined :

"'Scuse me, sah ; I neber tastes nothin' o' dat sort when I's well, 'cept one glass o' nog uv a Chris'mus mornin'. Yer don't fin' sech tipples ez dat in de Norf, sah,—leastwise, not much ob it. Yer see, hit needs ter be made in th' ole plantation way, 'thout breakin' de pits,

so's ter git the pizen out; an' den, ter be rale fus'-rate, hit do need 'e genuwine sour-wood honey like that thar, cut outen a poplar limb widout no smokin' er smudgin' ter kill de bees. No mistake, hit do hev a better flaver'n one can ever git outen a comb dat's made in a gum settin' on a bench inside de yard gate. Ain't no doubt 'bout dat."

"Ever been at the North, Joe?" I asked, glad of an opportunity to turn the conversation into the channel I desired.

"La, yes, Mistah Fontaine, you knows dat. I 'low de mistis tole you 'fore you got so you could tell me from ary other nigger 'bout de house. Dey's allus sure ter do dat when ennybody's here from de Norf. I can't object, 'kase hit's 'mos' always wuth as much as one day's wuk, an' sometimes more, ter me; an' ole Joe ain't a bit above takin' a gen'leman's money, long's it's his own an' given uv his 'own free will an' accord,' as the Masons say."

A smile flickered about the thin lips, lifting the corners of the gray moustache as he glanced sharply at me to see if I comprehended this irregular hailing-sign of the craft.

"I presume, then, you are a Mason?" I inquired.

His face lighted up as he saw that I understood his sly allusion, and he replied, blandly,—

"Wal, ob co'se I's what you'd call a 'clan *destin*,' but all de same we understan's each other. Yeh see, a niggah hez ter take his Masonry an' his religion wid a tech of bitter in 'em, fer fear he should fergit they warn't made fer him, an' he ain't 'lowed ter take the bes' part, but must be content wid the white man's leavin's and scrapin's. I wouldn't mention sech a thing to a South'n gen'leman,—like ez not hit mought anger him, yer know; an' I wouldn't 'spect you to recognize me,—Masonically, I mean. I knows yer can't, 'kase I warn't 'free-born,' yer see, though the Gran' Lodge of Englan' managed to git over dat, an', so fur ez I kin see, the ancient York rite hez come down ter us jest 'bout ez straight ez hit hez ter you. In fac', I'm 'clined ter think you white folks are de rale 'clan *destins*,' a'ter all."

The old man chuckled, evidently glad to talk about the lodge of which he was the Master, he said, but I recalled him with a reference to an incident in his life of which I had received more than one hint and was anxious to have fuller information:

"It would have been a good thing for you, Joe, if you had been a Mason when you went to California, wouldn't it?"

"Hush!" said the old man, with a startled look. He rose, and, opening the door, peered out into the dark hall. "I thought I done heard some one gwine 'long dat entry-way: I did, shore. Hit's a good thing ter be well tiled when we talk 'bout secrets, marster. What made you ax dat question, sah?"

"Oh, I don't know: naturally enough, I suppose."

"Do you know, boss, I ain't hed sech a start ez dat give me in many a day? Yer see, I hain't neber da'st breathe a word 'bout the matter, but hit's so long ago thet nobody can't be hurt now, an' ef you'll receive it—I won't say 'on the squar', fer dat 'ud be *un-Masonic* fer *you*—but ez ef hit *was* 'on the squar',—I don' min'

tellin' you a Masonic secret, the like uv which I reckon you neber heerd afore."

I satisfied the old man's scruples, and he went on, lowering his voice almost to a whisper and bending close to my ear as I leaned back in the great rocker he had braced up with a stick of wood:

"The fact is, marster, *I wuz a Mason when I went to Californy!*"

If the old man calculated on producing a sensation, he succeeded admirably. A Mason will readily understand the effect of such a declaration upon one familiar with the traditions of the craft. I was aware that clandestine Masonry existed among the freedmen, and had heard the tales which float among the brethren of the mystic tie, of Washington sitting in a lodge tiled by a colored man, one of his own soldiers, who had been "made," "passed," and "raised" in a lodge which existed among the white slaves of the Barbadoes. I had heard, too, of colored slaves, imported from Africa, appealing to loyal craftsmen with the hailing-sign of a brother and being released from bondage by virtue of the "obligation." Was I about to strike another phase of this mysterious and world-wide fact witnessed by the level and the square? Had this man gotten the mysteries from dark-skinned ancestors who had received the mystic rites on some foreign strand? As soon as I could recover from my amazement, therefore, I said,—

"But you were a slave then?"

"Ob co'se; an' ef it hed been known, I reckon I'd been wuss off 'n what they tell about Morgin."

"But how did it happen?"

"Wal, sah," replied Joe, seating himself upon the pile of wood prepared for the night's consumption, "you know my ole Marster were a gret man in these parts. I wuz his head-man, an' they do say. I hed ez good right ez some others ter claim kin with him. But dat's nuther here ner thar. He wuz allers good enuff ter me, an' mighty few white folks hed so many privileges er got 'long ez easy ez Joe. I jest nater'ly tuk ter management, an' nothin' suited me better'n ter run a big plantation an' turn off a big crap. From de time he fus' gin me a chance, I made money fer ole Marster, an' every Chris'mus he useter give me a present an' tell me he was sure gwine ter set me free ez soon ez he got outer debt, so't the law couldn't take hol' on him fer doin' it. 'Twuz 'gin the law then, yer know, fer a man ter set a niggah free ez long as he owed ennybody. But, do the best I would, we couldn't keep up with the int'rust, an' young Marse Torm—thar never was the beat o' dat boy fer spendin' money—tuk it from his father, ye see, the ole kunnel, who never thought 'bout savin', till he hedn't nothin' more ter spend, an' hit didn't seem ez ef I were ever gwine ter git free; but I 'lowed dat ef I kep' on layin' by a leetle every year I mought git 'nuff hid away, yer know, ter git somebody ter buy me an' my wife when the kunnel wuz sold out, ez hit seemed a sartin thing he would be, when the mo'gage fell in,—fer we wuz all mo'gaged, yer know, plantation, stock, niggers, 'n' all.

"Hit were 'long 'bout dis time, when young Marse Torm were makin' ducks an' drakes outen every crap 'fore it was cured, an' the int'rust were gittin' funder an' funder behin', 'at de 'citement come up

'bout Californy, an' the gold there wuz to be hed dar jes' fer the diggin' on't. Ob co'se my ole Marster were jes' in de condition ter be all tuk up wid sech things. A man that's close on ter drownin's sure ter grab at all de straws an' trash that floats ennywhars nigh him. 'Sides, that wuz allus his way,—allus a-strainin' fer somethin' he couldn't reach, an' lettin' go what he might hev held on ter.

"One day he sez ter me, 'Joe, ef I could go ter Californy I could get holt of enuff in six months ter wipe out every dollar I owe.'

"'Quite likely yer might, marster,' sez I, not a-thinkin' so at all, yer know, but jes' 'lowin ter humor his whim.

"'Ob co'se I could,' sez he. 'Don't yer know how lucky I allus wuz at keerds, when I useter play?' Which wuz true enuff: he warn't like Marse Torm, who, he useter say, would beat hisself outen a hundred dollars enny day bettin' ag'in' hisself at *solitaire*.

"'You wuz allus lucky too, Joe,' sez he, 'when you an' Torm useter play ag'in' each other; yer allus won everythin' he hed.'

"That wuz true too," said the old man, modestly, "but Marster he put a stop ter thet soon's he foun' hit out. A'ter this he didn't say no mo' fer a long time, an' I 'lowed he'd done fergot all 'bout it. Seems he hadn't, though, an' one day he sed,—

"'Joe, why couldn't you go out thar ter Californy an' git money 'nuff fer both on us?'

"'Shore 'nuff,' sez I, all of a tremble at the very idee. I 'spects he see what wuz in my min'. He were a powerful sharp man in that er way, ole Marster was, an' he knew how sot I was on gittin' my freedom. I wuz a-thinkin' right then thet ef I ever got up Norf I could run away an' be my own man.

"'Yer won't do thet, Joe,' says ole Marster, jes' so, 'fer I shan't let yer go till you've sworn an oath ter come back, an' I shell keep Elsie an' the chillen ter make yer keep yer promise, too.'

"A'ter that we talked about hit times widout number. I reckon hit must hev been nigh 'bout a month that ole Marster wuz with me 'mos' everywhere I went, a-talkin' all de time, when thar wuz nobody else roun', 'bout my goin' ter Californy ter dig gold an' pay off the mo'gage an' git my freedom.

"Wal, the end on it all wuz thet I 'greed ter go an' wuk faithful fer two year, an' bring back what I made ter be divided 'twixt us, sheer an' sheer alike; an' I wuz ter hev my freedom besides. The thing ter be done wuz ter fix hit so thet his creditors couldn't foller me an' bring me back. We wuz all mo'gaged, yer see, an' hit wouldn't do ter sen' a likely nigger like me outen the State with a mo'gage on his back. A'ter studyin' hit all out, ole Marster 'lowed de bes' way would be fer him ter sell me an' Elsie an' little Torm ter Marse Hamlin, who hed the mo'gage, hev him credit it on the mo'gage, an' then pay him ter quit-claim us back ter Mis' Susan,—she were my ole Mistis, yer know, an' I reckon 'bout the mos' piousest woman in the kentry. I b'lieved in religion then, an' hedn't any doubt but everythin' would be all right an' fa'r, jes' as she promised."

"I hope you haven't lost your belief in religion since?" I hastened to say, rebukingly.

"I don't know," said the old man, sententiously. "I b'lieve in a God,—I couldn't be even a 'clan *destin*' Mason ef I didn't, yer know,—an' I guess I b'lieve in a devil, too. Ef enny nigger pretends ter b'lieve in anythin' more, he's a hypocrite an' a liar. 'Tain't possible fer a sensible man thet's been a slave ter b'lieve in what white folks call religion. That's my notion."

He spoke bitterly, but somehow I did not think it wise to contradict him: so I merely said,—

"There seem to be a good many colored Christians, nevertheless."

"That's what puzzles me," said Joe. "I can't understand hit. Ef there ever were a miracle on earth, it is that the nigger—the man who's been a slave, and much more the slave-woman—should be willin' to worship a white man's God. I'd ruther—but never min' dat, Mistuh Fontaine. Ole Marster an' Mistis an' me all swore with our han's on the Bible! They swore Elsie, too, and scart her nigh 'bout to death. Pore gal! pore gal! she'd 'a' been alive to-day ef they'd kep' their oaths!"

"A'ter it were all settled, Marster tuk me aside one day in de big room up-stairs whar dey hel' de lodge sometimes, an' tole me, what I knew before, dat he were the Gran' Marster o' Masons for the State. An' he tole me dat because he war Gran' Marster he hed the right ter make any man a Mason 'at sight,' an' he was goin' ter make me one. He said it would be all his life was wuth ef hit war known, but he was goin' to do it, 'kase it would be a great advantage to me out in Californy. An' sure 'nough hit was. He give me a paper when I started, certifyin' that I was a free man, an' signed it with a Masonic mark, namin' himself as Gran' Marster."

"He told me never to let on that I was a Mason till I got up Norf, and then to say I was 'made' in the West Injes. He said the Northern Masons probably would not recognize me, but they would likely help me if I needed help. So they did, an' when they organized a lodge out in the 'diggins' they not only 'lowed me to sit with 'em, but made me ther tiler."

"Did you have good luck out there?" I asked.

"Plenty on't. Afore I had been thar more'n a month, I took two thousand dollars of 'dust' to the commandant of the military post, an' hed hit sent back to ole Marster. I knew he'd need hit 'bout the time it would git roun' to pay the int'rurst on the mo'gage. A'ter that I mined some, an' finally opened a resta'rant. Yer see, I knew how to do good South'n cookin', an' could serve a dinner so't a hungry man wouldn't lose his appetite at sight on't. That's what they wanted out thar, an' they war willin' ter pay for it, too. Lo'd, what prices they did pay! Every now an' then, too, I took a share in with somebody, an' got a name fer bein' lucky: so I hedn't any difficulty in gittin' pardners. I didn't make ez much ez some, but when I come roun' the Isthmus an' hed paid my way up by New Orleans an' got home, I had a leetle better'n twenty thousan' dollars."

"And you gave all this to your master?"

"No, not ezactly. Ob co'se I was so glad ter git home an' see Elsie an' the chillen an' think I was free, an' they too, thet I acted

like a fool. I know that now. I ought ter hev gone on ter New Yo'k, put the money in good han's, an' sent fer Marster ter bring on my wife an' chillen an' settle wid me thar. He'd 'a' done hit in a minnit. He warn't mean, ole Marster warn't,—only weak an' shackly like.

"Hit warn't so easy totin' money roun' then as hit is now, an' I've often wondered how I did manage ter git through wid dat ole pa'r o' raw-hide saddle-bags wid de deer-skin cover that I brought all the way from Frisco. When I begun to git close home an' th' ole 'nigger' feelin' begun to creep over me, I couldn't help bein' afraid ole Marster mightn't tote fa'r wid me; so I lef' de stage—I hed been ridin' wid de driver—befo' we got ter town, an' went up de creek to a deep hole I knew, an' tuk half uv de money out an' sunk hit whar de watah wuz 'bout waist-deep. I knew de creek never went dry, an' the' wuzn't any danger uv hits washin' away er uv me forgettin' where hit wuz.

"When I got into town, I found ole Marster here in dis same room. He hed been 'rested on a sci. fa., an' he wuz a-tryin' ter git security ter prevent his bein' tuk ter jail. Hit were hard wuk, fer he'd run through nigh 'bout everythin'. You may guess he were mighty glad ter see me. The money I brought paid off his mos' pressin' debts, but hit wuzn't long before I foun' thar wuz another mo'gage. Mis' Susan she hed j'ined in that, an' all her niggers as well as ole Marster's wuz boun' by hit: me an' Elsie an' the chillen 'mong de res', so the lawyers sed. The only way outen hit were to pay off thet mo'gage too. But I wuzn't sure I'd git my freedom even then, an' I made up my min' I wouldn't be swindled out o' the rest o' my money. Ole Marster wuz good 'nuff ter me, but Mis' Susan seemed ter take a spite at me, an' Marse Torm 'lowed he'd beat me ter death ef I didn't tell whar that money wuz. He hed me tied up ter do it, too, one day, an' were 'bout ter begin, when ole Marster came out, an' I give him, as well as I could fer my arms bein' tied, the hailin'-sign uv a Marster Mason. He tu'ned ez pale ez a sheet, an' rushed in 'twixt me an' de overseer an' bid 'em tu'n me loose. Nobody ever argued with my ole Marster when he spoke like dat. Th' overseer was a Mason too, an' so was Marse Torm, but they didn't notice what I done. They warn't lookin' fer hit, ye see. A'ter that ole Marster tu'ned off the overseer, an' put me an' Elsie in his house, an' 'lowed ef anybody meddled wid us dey'd hev to 'count ter him fer hit.

"You wonder I didn't run away? Hit do seem strange; but, ef you look at hit once, 'twarn't an easy thing ter do. Ye see, all de roads wuz patrolled, an' a nigger hed ter hev his pass wid him ter go 'long de highway er git 'board a train. The chances were ag'in' my gittin' through ef I tried. I knew dat, an' I hed a pull on ole Marster I hoped ter be able ter wuk. He was mortuall'y 'feared I'd let hit be known he'd made me a Mason. I reckon he wouldn't hev lived long ef hit hed come out thet he'd done hit fa'r an' squar' fer his own benefit. I was well lectured, though,—ther' ain't no doubt but Marster were a bright Mason,—an' I could hev proved up 'fore ennybody thet sot out ter examine me. The only trouble wuz, I war jes' ez 'feared ez he.

Years a'terward the Gran' Marster made a respectable white man a Mason in the same way, an' hit made a great row. Ole Marster sed hit hed been a hundred years, ur sech a matter, sence hit hed been done befo'. Ef I hed been free an' white I reckon he'd been willin' to face hit; but, bein' a slave, he knew he would be forever disgraced ef hit ever got out. So he kep' beggin' me not ter tell on him, an' swearin' thet ez soon ez he got outen under his load o' debt he'd set us all free. At las' he giv' me a paper-writin', signed, sealed, an' witnessed,—an' I've got it yet,—thet ef I'd raise the money ter lift de second mo'gage he'd set us all free an' hev the mo'gage signed over ter me fer security fer my debt.

"A'ter a heap o' persuadin', I consented; an', shore 'nuff, ole Marster give us all free papers an' had 'em registered at the co't-house, all proper. I reckon he'd done forgot 'bout our bein' sold ter Marse Hamlin, spechily as hit were kind uv a secret, an' Mis' Susan herself didn't know nothin' 'bout hit till a'ter hit were done.

"I 'lowed ter git right away a'ter that, but ole Marster importuned me ter stay an' manage fer him a few years ennyhow, an' so I did. Hit were mighty foolish, but what could you expect? Ef a nigger ain't ez good ez a white man, you can't spect him ter do enny better. I liked ter oversee,—ther' ain't no doubt uv that. I hed my own way, an' liked ter show thet I could make money where a white man hed failed. Things went on this way till ole Marster died. He lef' everythin' ter Mis' Susan, with a 'power uv app'intment,' as the lawyers call hit, on condition thet she'd keep me ez long ez I would stay, an' do the right thing by us when she died.

"Two years a'ter thet ole Mistis died, an' then I foun' out I wuzn't free at all an' never hed been. All de res' uv de prop'ity wuz lef' ter Marse Torm, but we wuz lef' ter the trustees of the 'chu'ch, ter be used ez the trustees see fit, fer the glory o' God an' the spread of his holy word.' That's what the will said which Mis' Susan made accordin' to her 'power uv app'intment.' I spect she meant us ter be free, but the law hed been changed a'ter the will was writ an' befo' it came ter be read out, so that hit wuzn't lawful enny mo' ter leave slaves 'ter be used fer the glory of God,'—so the lawyers sed; and they sed, too, that the only way ter keep us from fallin' into Marse Torm's hands wuz ter put us up an' sell us *bony fide* fer the benefit of de chu'ch. An' thet's jes' what they done. Ole Marse Hamlin, who wuzn't enny sort of a chu'ch man,—he sed it were a damn shame ter put up a nigger thet hed paid fer hisself twice over an' sell him fer the benefit of the chu'ch; so he bid twelve hundred dollars for the lot, an' tole me thet I might hire myself out, an' ez soon ez I handed him back the money, widout int'rurst, ef hit wuzn't fer twenty years, he'd give me a pass ter go where the' wuzn't enny sech Christians ez I'd been a-dealin' wid. He sed he warn't quite ez high-toned ez ole Marster, an' hadn't eber been Gran' Marster, but he could keep his word even wid a nigger.

"The matter made a good deal o' talk, an' folks said hard things 'bout ole Marster and ole Mistis too. Ob co'se I felt powerful bad den. I hadn't only toted fa'r wid ole Marster, an' holped him outen

his trouble, but he wouldn't never hev lef' the estate he did ef I hadn't persuaded him ter give the railroad thet piece o' lan' whar th' 'Shops' be. They hadn't more'n got de track down 'fore all de res' ob his lan' nigh 'bout doubled in value, an' afore Mis' Susan died de fambly wuz richer'n hit ever hed been. I hain't a doubt she meant ter do right by us. She didn't b'lieve in freein' niggers an' sendin' 'em away. She thought God hed brought 'em into this country so't they mought be saved. I hain't nothin' ter say ag'in' Mis' Susan,—ther' ain't no better woman ever lived hereabouts,—but I do think bein' put up an' sold 'fer the glory of God an' the spread of his word' was what killed my Elsie. She warn't ever very strong, an' she was that 'feared she'd fall inter bad han's thet she warn't sca'cely able ter stan' up at the sale, an' a'ter that she jes' run down till ther' warn't nothin' lef'. The worl' hain't ever been de same sence she lef' it,—not ter me, thet is,—an' I hain't never took no stock in religion sence."

The old man was silent. The wind moaned without, and the frozen branches creaked above us. After a while I asked,—

"You married again?"

"A'ter de wah, sah,—yes. An' I hain't ary word to say ag'in' Axlone; she ce'tin are a good wife; but, a'ter all, a second wife ain't no ways like de wife one hes in his young days, when dey live on hope ez well ez what dey hev in han'. Yer see, I allus hoped ter make her free,—that was what I'd set my min' on,—an' *I didn't do hit!* It were all my fault. Ef I hedn't been a fool, Elsie would hev been alive ter-day, or at least would hev died free."

To rouse the old man from his sad retrospect, I asked,—

"Where did you get the name 'Missionary Joe'?"

"Oh, dat's jes' a nickname. Yer see, a'ter Marse Hamlin paid more'n a thousan' dollars fer me an' my fambly, the chu'ch didn't know what ter do wid de money. Some on 'em wanted ter han' hit over ter me ter pay ter Marse Hamlin, but they all wuz afraid 'twould invalidate the sale an' Marse Torm would git holt on us spite ob ev'ythin'. They hadn't no use fer hit, though, an' a'ter a while it was voted to take hit an' sen' a missionary to furrin lan's. An' so dey did; an' when hit were reported about at the nex' co't, Marse Jeems Alexander he tuk ter callin' me 'Missionary Joe,' an' hit's stuck ter me eber sence. I reckon," the old man added, shyly, "I'm 'bout de only man thet hain't got enny too much religion hisself thet ever owned a whole missionary all to hisself. I hope he's done somebody some good," he added, with a quiet chuckle.

The wind moaned, and the sheeted branches of the old oak snapped and crackled without, as the old man concluded his story. The fire-light threw its comforting glow over the room. Old Joe sat upon the wood, gazing quietly into the light-wood blaze that swept up the chimney. I had smoked out my cigar, lighted another, and emptied the glass of "peach and honey," during the recital. Somehow I had never understood before the essential injustice of a system which but a few years ago represented the religious ideal of a whole people. I had never realized how entirely slavery was bottomed on one fact,—power. I had never understood that service, intelligence, merit of any sort, did

not affect the fact of proprietorship and its incidents. I wondered, as I looked at the old man, how he could speak so calmly of what seemed to me unpardonable wrongs.

"It seems to me, uncle," I said, after a while, "that yours is about the hardest case I ever heard of."

"Wal, sah," answered the old man, still gazing into the firelight, "that depends. I useter think so; but I've come ter see thet my case warn't any harder'n the rest. That's what Elsie allus said,—till we wuz sold,—she never hed no sperrit a'ter dat,—but she wuz allus a-sayin', 'fore dat, thet hit warn't enny wuss ter lose what we hed, then never hev nothin' ter lose."

"I don't know about that," I said.

"Wal, thet ain't exactly the way on't. What she meant wuz thet it warn't enny wuss ter take away from me what I hed, than from another the chance ter make sunthin' fer hisself. That's where the wrong wuz. It warn't ole Marster's wrong, ner old Mistis's. One meant ter do right, an' t'other thought she hed done right. It wuz the whole thing thet wuz wrong,—from beginning ter end. That's why I can't understan' how enny nigger *can* be a Christian. That's what I useter tell Elsie."

"What did she say to that?"

"'Oh, you will, Joe, you will.' She wouldn't eber give up. 'You'll forgive 'em all, Joe, jes' as I do,' she'd say. But I hain't eber done it, an' I can't eber do hit, sah. Ef I hed my way, I'd take from 'em now every cent they eber made offen the colored man's wuk,—every cent, sah,—an' then what would be lef'? And I shan't eber b'lieve what they say 'bout the Lord till hit's done, sah,—neber! Jestice is jestice! Ther' ain't enny other name fer hit, an', so fer ez I've eber heerd, nothin' ter take the place on't."

"If you owned your old master's plantation, would you turn off all those who are on it?"

"Ole Mistis's folks? I don't know ez I would, sah. Hit wouldn't do me enny good."

"But it would be justice, you know."

"Wal, no, sah: two wrongs don't make one right. Elsie's dead an' gone now," said the old man, thoughtfully. "I hain't got no no' ambition."

"But it was your money,—not Elsie's."

"Don' try ter bother me, sah. Hit were ole Marster's money 'cordin' ter de law. I b'longed ter him, an' all I got b'longed ter him too. Ther's only this diff'rence, sah. I wouldn't neber hev got that money ef he hadn't promised me half'n hit an' my freedom; an' I wouldn't hev done hit then ef hit hadn't been fer the sake o' seein' Elsie free."

"When did you leave California, Joe?"

"In 'fifty-two, sah."

"And you had been there—how long?"

"Two year an' betteh, sah."

"With your master's consent?"

"Ob co'se, sah: I's got the paper he gimme 'fore I went away."

"I think you said you had the mortgage Hamlin assigned to you, too?"

"Sartin, sah: got 'em all here."

He took out an old pocket-book as he spoke, and handed me a bundle of papers.

"Marse Tom tried ag'in an' ag'in ter git hol' o' dese yere, but I kep' 'em hid away so he neber lay han's on 'em."

I was running through the papers with professional interest by this time.

"Marse Tom is dead, I think you said?"

"Died in de wah, sah. He ce't'nly were brave, ef there warn't nothin' else good 'bout him."

"The deed to the railroad company was made after the assignment of the mortgage to you?"

"Sartin, sah."

"Did you ever assent to a cancellation or entry of satisfaction of this mortgage?"

"No, sah. Nobody eber axed me to. 'Twuz all a make-b'lieve, you see; thet's what the lawyers tole me. I wuz a slave, an' couldn't 'take,' they said. I spec' old Marster done forgot I'd been quit-claimed."

"Did your old mistress consent to your stay in California?"

"Done wrote me a letter herse'f a'ter I sent the money: it's dar, too."

"What'll you take for that mortgage, Joe?"

"'Clar', I don' know, sah. What's hit wuth?"

"I wouldn't like to say, Joe, but I think it might be made worth the full amount. In other words, I think you were a free man when it was made, and, if the statute of limitations has not barred it, the whole estate is liable for the amount, with interest."

"Yeh don't say so?" exclaimed the old man, springing to his feet. "Why, that would break up all of old Mistis's folks,—every one on 'em!"

"Very likely."

"I wouldn't want ter do dat, sah."

"You were talking about justice a little while ago," I said, with a smile.

"Dat's all done an' gone by. I don' want ter do nobody no harm. I couldn't turn 'em out, nohow. 'Twouldn't be right: would it, now?"

"I can't advise you, Joe. I'll give you a thousand dollars for the mortgage and take the risk."

"What you want of hit?" he asked, with quick suspicion, reaching out his hand for the paper.

"It will strengthen our case against the railroad."

"An' you won't pester old Mistis's folks?"

"Not one of them. Indeed, I should insist upon your giving them a quit-claim to settle the title."

"You think I wuz free, then, an' no mistake?"

"Yes. By sending you into a free State your master lost his right. You remained there long enough to become a citizen, and ignorance of your rights did not work a forfeiture."

"An' Elsie?"

"She was free when you paid Hamlin, or rather she belonged to you."

"Den she *wuz* free, shore 'nuff!" Tears ran down the old man's face.

"Mister Fontaine," he said, after a while, "ef you keep in de same min' to-morrer, an' hit ain't gwine ter hu't ole Mistis's folks, I reckon I'll take that offer o' yourn."

"All right. We'll see Colonel Baylor on Monday and talk it over."

"Dat's all right."

He rose hastily, put more wood on the fire, brushed up the hearth, took his hat from the floor, and said good-night.

The matter was concluded during the next week. My associate fully approved what had been done, and when the railroad company saw how we had strengthened our case it was easy to make a compromise with them. The heirs of Holt were greatly alarmed at the turn things had taken; but when deeds of release had been executed to each, they were loud in their praise of "Missionary Joe," whom they jocularly declared to have been rightly named, after all.

Before the deeds were delivered, I asked the old man if he was sure he wished to release them all.

"Ob co'se, sah. Dey never done me no harm."

"But I thought you said you did not believe in religion, Joe?"

"Wal, sah, what's dat ter do wid it?"

"Nothing; only your words and acts don't seem to match very well."

"You thinks so, sah? Wal, I hope it's so: hit shorely would do Elsie good ter know I misspoke myself in dat."

Albion W. Tourgee.

TO SLEEP.

ALL slumb'rous images that be, combined,
To this white couch and cool shall woo thee, Sleep!
First will I think on fields of grasses deep
In gray-green flower, o'er which the transient wind
Runs like a smile; and next will call to mind
How glistening poplar-tops, when breezes creep
Among their leaves, a tender motion keep,
Stroking the sky, like touch of lovers kind.

Ah, having felt thy calm kiss on mine eyes,
All night inspiring thy divine pure breath,
I shall awake as into godhood born,
And with a fresh undaunted soul arise,
Clear as the blue convolvulus at morn.
—Dear bedfellow, deals thus thy brother, Death?

Helen Gray Cone.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IF my recollections of forty years are to be depended upon, the first book of Hawthorne which I read was "Mosses from an Old Manse." I must have met with earlier writings of his in stray numbers of *The Democratic Review*, but, if so, I had forgotten it when he led me across the threshold of the time-worn parsonage wherein Emerson had thought out those lay sermons which, under the titles of "Essays," have borne his name into the hearts of all urbane and serious thinkers,—a name which is second only to that of Montaigne, who, wiser in a worldly sense, was less wise in all that concerns the noblest characteristics of the race.

Since penning the words above, I have remembered that I once knew a gentleman who, in a circuitous way, may be said to have known Hawthorne. Firstly, he was a friend of Peter Parley, and, secondly, through him was introduced to his fellow men of letters. He lived in Boston when Mr. Goodrich was projecting his "Token," which was so delightful to its readers, and in which Hawthorne wrote the earliest of his "Twice-Told Tales." This gentleman, whom I shall call Colonel Lincoln, when a lad went to the same school as Hawthorne's father, and, if I am not mistaken, was present at the christening of his famous son. When I first met him he lived at the North End, somewhere between Copp's Hill and what is now the Chelsea Ferry. He told me that he remembered seeing me when I was a boy. But when he mentioned the date I concluded that he had confounded me with some other beautiful boy; for, to tell the truth, I was not born until several years later. When I met our great romancer in the summer of 1852, he declared that my Colonel Lincoln had taken the wind out of his sails as a novelist; for he had never known, met, or heard of that master of mendacity. The Autocrat repeated the same tale, which was soon more than twice told, and so also did Mr. Willis, and finally the veracious Peter Parley himself.

The hour came when Mr. Goodrich conceived his "Annual," and with it the man—Hawthorne. He had already, I believe, performed some historical hack-work for that gentleman for the scanty pittance that was doled out to our authors, and will be, I fear, until they are able to ride in their own coaches. He had published his story of "Fanshawe," which he soon sought to suppress, and was living with his widowed mother and orphan sister in Salem. His first master I take to have been Charles Brockden Brown, his second the author of "Peter Rugg," his third the German Hoffmann, and his last and best master was himself. But he was even then what he remained all his days,—the sweetest, finest, most perfect master of English prose. He had no predecessor, and he has left no successor. It was not long before the "Twice-Told Tales" began to be talked about and widely copied in this country and also in England, where their surprising excellence was discovered and proclaimed by Henry Chorley, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*.

But, instead of repeating this old, old story, I entreat the readers of this rambling paper to read once more the Preface to the "Twice-Told Tales" and enjoy it as I have always done and hope to do until the sleep of death has closed my eyes forever. Was there ever such a writer as Hawthorne? No: not since Shakespeare shut the great book of his song with the last line of "The Tempest." Why, once living, do such men ever die?

But before this I should have mentioned the names of some of the fellow-workers with Hawthorne on the "Token." The list of these embraced nearly all the well-known reputations of the period, and certainly included all the unknown names of the first half of our present and much-scribbling century,—statesmen, politicians, divines, historians, critics, novelists, and poets who had been, were, or were to be famous. Looking over this roll-call of honor, we find the names John Quincy Adams and Edward Everett, Caleb Cushing and Horace Greeley, Bishop Doane, Orville Dewey, and Timothy Flint, Nathaniel Greene, Gulian C. Verplanck, Henry T. Tuckerman, Theodore S. Fay, and John Neal, and, enlivening this array of gentlemen with twinkles of song, Lydia Huntley Sigourney, Hannah F. Gould, Frances Sargent Osgood, and other celebrities whom time has unkindly forgotten. But greater than all was Nathaniel Hawthorne.

It was one of the many weaknesses of Poe, as I may have observed before, to dispraise most of our high-minded and stout-hearted men and women of letters. He was unjust to Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Bryant, but more than just to Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Mrs. Oakes-Smith, and to Mr. Richard Henry Wilde, Mr. John C. Kennedy, and Mr. Thomas,—in short, to the whole band of Southern and Western authors, who, not born in Boston (as he was), were necessarily immortal.

On the forenoon of a pleasant day in summer, thirty-six years ago, I found myself at a well-known book-store in Boston. One of its three proprietors was known among his acquaintances as the American Moxon. Beside him stood a critical person who was distinguished as the American Macaulay. They were about to visit Hawthorne at Concord, and they invited me to accompany them. I accepted their invitation, and we were soon on our way to the station, where we met a military gentleman who went with us by rail to The Wayside. Hawthorne had undertaken to write a life of Franklin Pierce, and our soldierly friend, who had served on the staff of General Pierce in Mexico, was *en route* with personal recollections in order to render the forthcoming memoir as accurate as possible. We reached Hawthorne's modest cottage shortly before noon. He met us at the gate, was courteous to my three companions, and more than cordial to myself. I had lately published a revised version of a certain descriptive poem of mine entitled "The Castle in the Air," with which Hawthorne, as he told me later, was much pleased. He led us into his house, and soon disappeared with our colonel, who, I am happy to say, was *not* a relative of Colonel Lincoln. We stayed in-doors a few minutes, and, coming out, wandered around the grounds, which had formerly belonged to Mr. Alcott and consisted of a little slope of valley and hill, at the bottom of which, facing the village street, was The Wayside, which

had been built a few years before by Mr. Alcott. Behind this dwelling, on top of the hill, was a tiny rustic summer-house, gradually falling into decay. From this outlook one could see over meadows and between fields the sluggish flow of the river, with occasional glimpses of the old battle-ground so nobly celebrated by Emerson.

Speedily joined by Hawthorne on the hill-top, we descended with him and strolled under his trees and about his garden until dinner was ready. The dining-room on the left of the entry was hung with several masterly engravings, among which I saw for the first time one of the Madonnas of Raphael or Murillo standing on a thin crescent surrounded by cherubic faces. While we were waiting, Mrs. Hawthorne entered, with her daughter Rose, a babe in arms, and we seated ourselves at table,—the stately head of the household at one end, and opposite him his gracious wife. The dinner was a light one, consisting of the ordinary New England dishes, with a bottle of claret. We chatted, I have forgotten about what, but certainly not “of fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,” but most likely about books and men. Dinner over, we sauntered out into the long and winding road, passing the “Old Manse,” on which the mosses of half a century were still clinging, and talking pleasantly about the old Revolutionary days.

We were suddenly stopped and wheeled about to the right by the command of our colonel, whom we followed in file until we found ourselves at the station, where we saluted him and took our seats in the cars which were just starting for Boston. The next day I returned to my lodgings in New York, the East Side of which I had learned to know better than I had ever known the old North End. Here I dreamed many foolish dreams and wasted much paper in the manufacture of unsalable melodies. About this time I had determined, with the decision that characterizes the penniless, to engage myself to a young gentlewoman of my native State. Remembering, from what I had been told, that Hawthorne had served as a weigher in the Boston Custom-House, and, later, as the Surveyor at Salem, I saw no reason why I should not honor my poor country at the receipt of customs in New York. I mentioned this trifling intention to two or three personal friends, who derided the notion that I could ever become a man of business. Their derision did not dishearten me; for, as they learned afterwards, though a placable man, I am somewhat obstinate. I expressed my wish to Hawthorne, who promised to assist me towards its fulfilment. A few months before, the Methodist Book Concern started a periodical here, with the hope of seducing their brothers and sisters from *Harper's Magazine*. Among the properties of which they were possessed was a number of American authors, portraits of whom, drawn on the block, had formerly belonged to the *International Magazine*. One of them was a head of Hawthorne. I reported this fact to him by letter, and asked him to be good enough to furnish me, at his leisure, with a few facts which I might interweave into a biography. He answered at once, his answer covering four closely-written pages of long foolscap. It was the most interesting letter I ever read,—so interesting, in fact, that after making a copy of it I immediately gave

it away. I have often regretted this precipitate extravagance of mine, which, I fear, benefited nobody. Nevertheless, I do not really regret it as much as I supposed, for it was given to a gentleman who bestowed upon me my first Shakespeare, and whose bones are now whitening in some deep Atlantic cavern in the stormy neighborhood of Cape Horn. The memoir to which I have referred appeared in January, 1853, and was not, as I remember, much discommended. How could it have been, since all that was valuable in it flowed from the magic pen of Hawthorne? I have not read this hasty sketch since it was printed, and probably shall not do so until this paper is completed, though a copy of it is within reach. After writing it, and before its publication, the young gentleman of whom I have spoken was rash enough to be married by an elderly to a younger poet.

Towards the close of November or early in December I made my second visit to Hawthorne. It was a rainy, snowy, blustering day: the street was sodden with mud and plashy with melting snow. He met me at his door, and led me into the well-known dining-room. He, I, Mrs. Hawthorne, and baby Rose were soon seated at dinner: there was no wine this time, but instead a leg of mutton, potatoes, and bread and butter. We chatted as before, and Hawthorne and I soon adjourned to his writing-room on the opposite side of the entry. Following us was Master Julian, then some seven or eight years old, who, while his father and I were smoking cigars, was perpetually meddling with the inkstand. He was ordered to desist, but of course he did not do so. The elderly romancer questioned his younger visitor of the books, the habits and manners of our common friends, associates of his at Brook Farm. I had little to tell him, but that little amused him greatly. It was concerning the gentleman who has since occupied the Easy Chair, who was then a Howadji on the Nile, and whose sole desire then was to be recognized as a poet. We smoked, and our cigars were so strong that I was glad to leave the room, where Master Julian had by this time upset the inkstand, and ramble up and down the windy road of Concord. When I returned I betook myself to the station, whence, reeking with tobacco, I was slowly borne back to Boston, and later, I know, to sleep. About this time one chilly day in December I found myself walking up Broadway. I halted opposite the City Hall, and, seeing across the street the well-known book-shop of the Francis Brothers, an early and time-honored firm, I strolled therein and purchased several volumes of fairy-lore. A reader from childhood of this charming literature, I naturally selected the wonderful tales of Madame D'Aulnoy and Charles Perrault, who were in their day what Andersen was in ours, and Shakespeare long before, the laureate of Fairy-Land. I bought these glorious trifles in order to make a few dollars by any suggestions I might derive from them. The suggestions were abundant, the dollars scanty. Meanwhile, I had received from Hawthorne, either from his hand or through the post, the letter of introduction which was to make my fortune. It was not addressed personally to President Pierce, who was now in the White House, but to one of his most trusted and valued advisers and counsellors,—the Hon. Charles G. Atherton, of New Hampshire. I met this gentleman during my first visit to Washington,

and was most kindly received. The large tavern at which I was stopping, and which a few years later enjoyed an unenviable reputation on account of its defective sewage, that caused the death of several members of Congress and increased the imbecility of a Presidential candidate, was crowded with visitors from all parts of the Union. Among them was a gentleman from the interior of one of the Northern States, who, having narrowly escaped impeachment for malfeasance in a petty office, was naturally anxious to serve his country in a lucrative position abroad. With him were his rustic wife and two or three fair daughters, who were bedizened with ribbons and laces and resplendent with what have since been termed Parisian diamonds. Their languishing glances were directed towards all who had or were supposed to have access to the private ear of His Excellency. Besides this distinguished family, there was a newly-married couple who were endeavoring to turn their bridal tour to political account. The groom had filled two or three legal offices in our metropolis, and was speeding along the path of notoriety, which soon deviated into a dastardly assassination in sight of the gallows which he just managed to miss. The policy which he and his party pursued brought on the civil war, in which he figured and lost one of his limbs. I met him ten years ago at a gathering of the surviving officers and soldiers of the Potomac, and found him as kindly, as courteous, and as engaging as when I first saw him at the National Hotel.

Hawthorne's letter to Mr. Atherton did *not* make my fortune as I had hoped: so I returned to my literature and oatmeal in New York. I was not in the least discouraged, though others in my place might have been. My confidence in the future was increased by an accidental meeting with the military gentleman who had accompanied our Moxon and our Macaulay to Concord, and who was determined that I should have what I wanted. He wrote a letter to President Pierce, and, better still, to the Celtic Cerberus who guarded the portals of the White House. Armed with these, I started for Washington, and, presenting myself next morning, was at once admitted into the Executive Mansion. The President received me in his private chamber, and, after reading the personal letter from my good colonel, wrote across the back of it an endorsement which was almost a command. I thanked him and departed. Returning to New York, I there came across the young gentleman whom I had met two or three weeks before. He undertook to present my credentials to the Collector, who sent for me, and, in the forenoon of the day before I was twenty-eight years old, created me an Inspector of Customs of the Port of New York. My fortune *was* made, after all.

I have among my scattered papers a letter which I received from Hawthorne before I paid my first visit to Washington, and which was filled with good advice. I was to steer clear of the old toppers whom I would be sure to meet in that city, unless I was sure that my head was stronger than theirs; for it would never do to let them know that a poet could not carry off his wine as well as they. I was to accept whatever was offered me, whether I was fitted for it or not. I was not to refuse—if I could get it—the post of translator in the Department

of State, even though I was ignorant of every language except my own. If I were incompetent, the authorities were to discover that fact. They would probably give me another position, and no doubt a better one, in order to compensate me for my lack of knowledge of foreign languages. No one except Hawthorne could have written so humorously and so seriously, and I was grateful for the hints contained in this precious letter. That his action in procuring for me what I so earnestly desired was a kind one is certain. What is not so certain is that my desire was a wise one. No young men capable of manual labor, and but few old men, should hamper themselves with public employment. This truth was borne in upon me during my years of custom-house life, which, fruitful in experiences for myself, was unfruitful for my fellows, who, when dismissed, spent the remainder of their days in trying to be reinstated. They were generally to be found at the nearest pot-houses in a maudlin condition. When my time came,—and it came unexpectedly under the first administration of General Grant,—I accepted the fate which had overtaken me, and went back to my hack-work in New York, and, later, in Massachusetts. I had written and published four or five books since I first made the acquaintance of Hawthorne. The first of these grew out of my studies of Perrault and Madame D'Aulnoy, whose elegant renderings of old folk-lore I failed to reproduce. The American Moxon consented to publish this trifle, which he christened "*Adventures in Fairy-Land*,"—probably because there were no adventures in it. I sent a copy to Hawthorne, who told me, when I met him again, that "it was poor stuff." I agreed with him; for who would venture to differ from a man like Hawthorne when the subject before him was English prose? I believe I made a little money out of this misadventure of mine.

The last time that I had the pleasure of seeing this great writer was shortly before his departure for Liverpool, whose consulate had been bestowed upon him by his friend Pierce. It was at a hotel on Broadway, where he called by the invitation of Dr. Griswold on Miss Alice Cary, who had just come from the West. We said but little, for it was not to see me that he was there. Eight years later, when he had returned to America, I sent him a story in verse, the conception of which was perfect, whatever its execution may have been. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Hawthorne, an extract from whose letter of acknowledgment I must be permitted to give:

"I sincerely thank you for your beautiful poem," he says, "which I have read with a great deal of pleasure. It is such as the public have a right to expect from what you have given us in days gone by; only I wish the idea had not been so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his lifetime, and once again at the moment of death; and yet I do not remember any one moment of such happy conspiring circumstances that I could have rung a joy-bell at it."

The only writing of Hawthorne's, except, of course, that in his letters to me, which I ever saw was the manuscript of the "*Blithedale Romance*" as it had come back from the printers, soiled and smeared by their finger-marks. I read a few pages, and within the following week the story itself, which I was venturesome enough to review.

That it was based on Hawthorne's experience at Brook Farm, and that one, at least, of its characters was a veritable portrait, was no secret. If it had been then, it was no longer one after the publication of his "*American Note-Books*."

No author ever left so clear a record of his thoughts and feelings as this historian of souls. When I am asked which one of Hawthorne's books I prefer, I am reminded of an anecdote of Sheridan, who, on being shown "*The Beauties of Shakespeare*," asked where the other nine volumes were. If I say, "*The Scarlet Letter*," I am instantly reminded of "*The House of the Seven Gables*," which in turn reminds me of "*The Marble Faun*." From these great works I turn mournfully to the fragment of the story which Hawthorne was writing at the time of his death, and which is worthy of a place beside Thackeray's "*Denis Duval*" and the "*Edwin Drood*" of Dickens. "*Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*," which took two or three forms, none of which satisfied its author, must always remain unsolved. But it was not merely as a story-teller that Hawthorne surpassed all living writers. He was a keen analytical critic, as our English cousins discovered when he published "*Our Old Home*," wherein he contrived to say many pleasant things, but not about their adipose mothers nor dowdy sisters. He excelled all the modern makers of folk-lore in his recension of some of the best of the old classical myths in his "*Tanglewood Tales*" and "*The Wonder-Book*." Of his "*Mosses from an Old Manse*" and "*Twice-Told Tales*" I have already spoken. No one except Scott ever equalled him in prefaces. The publication of the *American* and *Italian Note-Books*, though it was regretted at the time, was necessary to a thorough understanding of Hawthorne's character. A wise critic where men and books were in question, he was absolutely ignorant of art, resembling in this deficiency the great Wizard of the North, the chambers of whose stately mansion at Abbotsford were covered with the most wretched daubs, few of which possessed the historical interest which he attached to them.

The happiest years of Hawthorne's life were passed in the old parsonage where he dreamed out his exquisite romances, in his little cottage at Lenox where he turned the old fables of Greek mythology into delightful prose, and at The Wayside before and after his return from Europe. His English and Italian life I take to have been less happy. His consular duties were irksome, and not so remunerative as he had been led to expect. For, with the consistency which distinguishes a republican form of government, his official fees were instantly diminished by the legislative wisdom of his own party. The small sums in silver which he received in part-payment of these fees were bestowed upon his son Julian, who proceeded straightway to invest them in British lollipops.

My clearest recollection of Hawthorne is connected with my first visit to him. I see him now standing by the half-ruined summer-house on the hill-top, pacing to and fro as he did in after-years, wearing a pathway through the trampled sod. Other feet than his now pace his sacred grounds. They are not those of a famous author, but those of a publisher, his family and dependants. That the descendants of

Hawthorne should have parted with this home which he had made immortal is greatly to be regretted.

Since penning the lines above, I have been looking over the sketch of Hawthorne which I wrote thirty-six years ago, and in which I find a description of the "Old Manse." I have forgotten whence I obtained the particulars thereof, but without doubt from Hawthorne himself, to whom belongs whatever credit attaches to this vivid picture. In sight of its window lay Concord River. Here, and up the lovely Assabeth, which flows into the Concord a little distance from the village, he used to sail with Ellery Channing. A lovelier stream than the Assabeth can hardly be found. Down to the water's edge grow majestic trees, whose pendent branches dip in the moveless waters and drip on the white pond-lilies and on the red cardinal-flowers which illuminate the shrubbery at their feet. Grape-vines twine themselves around shrub and tree, and hang their clusters over the water within reach of the boatman's hand. Here hides the shy kingfisher, and here skims the wild duck. The pickerel leaps among the lilies, and the turtle suns itself on the rocks and roots of the trees. The Assabeth is as wild now as it was three hundred years ago, when the Indian paddled his canoe on its banks. In the woods and on the sides of the hills which shelter the Assabeth; in the green fields and meadows, which nowhere in New England are so beautiful as at Concord; in the orchard behind, and the slip of garden beside the old manse, gathering his fruits, and cultivating his summer and winter squashes; in his little study, poring over rare and pleasant books, communing with Emerson or Margaret Fuller, Longfellow or Lowell; happy in the bosom of his family,—such were the scenes and such the life of Hawthorne in the old manse at Concord. In fairy-land there is no measurement of time: what wonder, then, that in so fairy-like a spot three years hastened away with a noiseless flight? But this cannot last always. The owner of the old manse, seized with a spirit of renovation and improvement, sent down carpenters, and masons, and other Goths, to disturb its sanctity, and even talked of a painter, with his many-colored pots. Hawthorne packed up his movables.

The world was all before him where to choose.

His choice fell upon Salem, his old birthplace, where the man could see the grass on which the boy had once rolled, the old apple-tree under which he had lain, and the bushes from which he had picked the abundant currants. Did he dream then as when he sat year in and year out in his room up there in the attic? Did he walk the old paths in the woods and by the solitary sea-shore? Hardly; for he had become a man and father, and, more than all, the Surveyor in the Custom-House! There is but little interest in the life of a custom-house surveyor, poet or dreamer though he be.

Like many others of their benighted countrymen, his fellow-officials knew nothing of Hawthorne's literary fame. To his own townsmen he was simply Mr. Hawthorne, or, it may be, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq.; but with anything beyond, with the author, they were hardly acquainted. I have just remembered a sketch of Hawthorne from the

pen of Mr. George William Curtis which probably antedated my hasty memoir. It was chiefly about Hawthorne's residence at the old manse and the visit paid by him to Emerson. This sketch, as I recollect it, was more personal than anything that I had then or have since written. As depicted by Curtis, Hawthorne was what I never found him, reserved and taciturn, and with reason, considering the strange company by which he was surrounded. They were, to say the least, a queer lot of muddled thinkers who called themselves philosophers, tuneful people with no sense of rhythm who professed to be poets, and reformers of all mankind except themselves. I do not, of course, include Mr. Emerson or Mr. Curtis among these curiosities. Mr. Curtis described him at this meeting as riding the horse of the night with severe propriety. To me he was always modest and retiring, the most lovable man of letters whom I have ever known. I have heard many anecdotes respecting his abrupt manner. It was reported at the time when Miss Frederika Bremer visited the *New World* that she called upon Hawthorne at The Wayside and was greeted by him in his study with, "Well, madam, what do you want with me?" I decline to accept the truth of this anecdote, though I ought not to do so, recalling her visit to Mrs. Kirkland, by whom she was taken through the guarded gates of Gramercy Park, and to whom she remarked, staring skyward, "Doze clouds, ah, dem clouds, dey takes mine soul away!" Miss Bremer was what Hawthorne could not be,—a sentimentalist.

The last scene in the life of our greatest prose writer was enacted one May day over twenty-four years ago. As I was not present, Mr. Julian Hawthorne must describe it for me. "The funeral took place on the 23d, and was conducted by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who had performed Hawthorne's marriage-service two-and-twenty years before. The church was filled with a crowd of people, most of them personal strangers to us, though not to Hawthorne's name. It was a mild, sunny afternoon,—the one bright day in the long week of rain,' as Longfellow has said,—and the cemetery at Sleepy Hollow was full of the fragrance and freshness of May. The grave was dug at the top of the little hill, beneath a group of tall pines, where Hawthorne and his wife had often sat in days gone by and planned their pleasure-house. When the rites at the grave were over, the crowd moved away, and at last the carriage containing Mrs. Hawthorne followed. But at the gates of the cemetery stood, on either side of the path, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Pierce, Emerson, and half a dozen more; and as the carriage passed between them they uncovered their honored heads in honor of Hawthorne's widow."

Shall I end here? No. For, though the black curtain descends to-night upon the tragedy of Hamlet, it will ascend to-morrow evening and expose to our view the amorous misery of Romeo and Juliet. I turn, therefore, from the old burying-ground at Concord, and find myself at the extreme end of Long Island, nearing Sag Harbor by rail or steamer. This quaint old town was once as celebrated for its whalers as Nantucket itself. I saunter up its main street for about three-quarters of a mile. Diverging thence, I soon reach the railroad-crossing, after which I arrive at a small cottage on the left, wherein

reside Julian Hawthorne and his family. I have known the Hawthornes at Sag Harbor during the summer months of the last three years, and have always found them the best of friends and the kindest of hosts. To say more than this might violate the rites of hospitality: so I will merely add that the eldest daughter of this household is within my sight at this present writing.

R. H. Stoddard.

AT LAST:

SIX DAYS IN THE LIFE OF AN EX-TEACHER.

FIFTH DAY.—EXCURSIONS, RURAL AND OTHERWISE.

“YOU isn’t much like uvver city folks, is you?”

This question, propounded the morning after the storm, and while I did not imagine any one was near me, startled me as if it were the traditional thunder-clap from a clear sky. I had awoke to find the rain ended and the few remaining clouds melting away before the sun: they acted like so many mischievous school-children shrinking into their seats on the approach of their teacher. I had eaten my breakfast hastily, and gone out to the piazza to enjoy the spectacle of the early mists moving about over the lowlands, a mile or two away, between the house and the ocean. The warmth of the sun was so welcome, and the air so fresh and balmy, that I soon hurried to the edge of the pine grove to enjoy a view entirely unobstructed by trees or shrubbery. I was contemplating in absolute ecstasy a picture such as I never before had imagined could be painted even by nature, when suddenly I was obliged to recall another and smaller work of nature by the question quoted above.

“My dear child,” said I,—not in my most pleasing tone, I fear,—“how you startled me! How is it that you always appear so suddenly?”

“Suddenly?” the little one echoed, as she looked at me with a quizzical air. “Why, I’s been standin’ here about an hour, wonderin’ how you could keep standin’ still so long.”

“An hour? I was asleep in bed an hour ago.”

“Was you? Well, it seemed an hour, anyway. It always seems an awful long time when anybody stands as still as if dey was dead. When I does anyfin’ naughty an’ my fahver stands an’ looks at me an’ just keeps still, it ’pears like a hundred hours. But you isn’t, is you?”

“I’m not what?”

“You isn’t like uvver city folks, I mean. Here you’s been here lots of days, an’ you ain’t ever been on any ’scursions. Anyway, if you have, I ain’t heard of ’em: you didn’t tell me anyfin’ about ’em, or take me wiff you.”

“Ah! I see; at least, I think I begin to see,” I replied, looking keenly into the little face, which returned my gaze as innocently as if

its owner were not under suspicion of indulging in an artful little trick. "Did you come over here, so early in the morning, merely to tell me this?"

"No," said the child, raising a chubby hand with a letter in it. "I just come to bring a letter gran'ma got from de post-office for Mistress Drusilla. We gets her letters for her, 'cause she ain't got anybody to send to de post-office. But I fought of it while I was comin' along: so I fought I'd say it."

"I beg your pardon," said I, mentally informing myself that being a teacher of bad children was making me shamefully suspicious.

"Seein' dat I fought about it, an' said it," continued the child, "you might tell me. My fahver says dat when city people come to de country to rest de first fink dey do is to get 'emselves tired to deff goin' on 'scursions. But you ain't dat way, is you? Dat's what I said first, you know."

"I might be," I murmured, looking again at the glorious landscape, and wishing I might have a closer view of some charming bits of wood and field that arrested my eye,—“I might be, if I had any one to go with me and guide me to what is worth seeing.”

"I don't fink you'd have any trouble about dat," said the child, "for my fahver says he don't know of a nicer person to go on a 'scursion wiff dan me."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed an' in trufe. He's tried lots of uvver folks, he says, an' nobody 'joys ev'ryfin' he 'joys as much as me."

"That is quite a comprehensive recommendation for a companion," said I. "I suppose you enjoy stopping to fish in every brook, and listen to talks of farmers about pigs and ploughing, and throw stones at birds, and——"

"Well!" interrupted the child, "if dem's de kind of fings you likes to do on 'scursions, I guess I don't want to go wiff you."

"Excuse me, dear," said I, quickly. "You spoke of going with your father; and I merely chanced to think of what men seem to enjoy when they go into the country."

"Gracious me!" the child exclaimed. "Where did you ever know such awful men as dat? I guess your gran'ma ain't very puttikular about de kind of folks you get 'quainted wiff."

I attempted to annihilate the child with an indignant glance, but did not succeed, for she looked at me curiously and repeated her question; finally I meekly answered,—

"I don't know any such men, dear, but often I hear men talking in the cars in the city, of where they've been in the country, and what they've done, and unless they've killed something or made fun of somebody they don't seem to have enjoyed themselves."

"Den I guess you never saw my fahver any of dem times," said the child, "for he don't like to kill anyfin' but snakes and 'skeeters. When he goes on 'scursions he shows me ev'ryfin' dat's lovely to look at: gran'ma says she does b'lieve he'd see somefin' new if he went froo de same road ev'ry day, an' I guess he would, 'cause he always does it when I go wiff him. Sometimes dere's men dat paints pictures

comes out to spend Sunday wiff him, an' he shows 'em just where to find fings to make pictures out of."

"Your father must be very different from other men," I ventured to say.

"Well, I 'most always goes wiff 'em on 'scursions, an' dey don't do none of dem horrid fings you said. Guess you ain't seen only one kind of men: my fahver says dere's lots of kinds."

I did not explain to the little defender of her father's sex that my acquaintance with men was limited and formal, and that the only man with whom I had talked freely had never conversed much about excursions. One of the many differences of opinion between Frank Wayne and me was that he had insisted that my ideas of the masculine mind and nature had been gathered from chance remarks of men whose talk I had overheard, and it did not promote further confidence between us that I retorted to this that his ideas of women had been deduced from paragraphs in the humorous newspapers and from the published rantings of some women who professed to represent their sex.

Finding myself recalling this unpleasant episode, I called myself to account for reverting to the past while the present, for one morning at least, was so glorious.

"It's just de day for a good 'scursion," remarked Alice Hope,— "just de kind of day my fahver likes. He says dat after de rain has washed de air clean, an' made de dust lie down an' keep still, an' de sun's come out, is just de time for a long walk, if a person wants to get deir eyes full of fings worf seein'. Gran'ma said dis very mornin' dat she was sure my fahver was finkin' more about home dan his business."

"Why shouldn't I enjoy a little walk with this child for guide?" I asked myself suddenly. My landladies had assured me, when I first arrived, that I might feel perfectly safe in roaming about the country near by, for all tramps had been frightened away by a stern local edict, mercilessly enforced, and I need never be out of sight of a house. The air was so bracing that I felt as if I could walk miles.

"Suppose you and I were to make a little trip this morning, dear?" said I. "I fear you would soon be tired."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't," she replied. "My fahver says I'm a regular trottypug,—dat means somefin' dat can keep goin' ever so long. Besides, if I do get tired I ain't a bit hard to carry: my fahver says so. Just feel."

She put up her hands so innocently that I should estimate her weight, that I took her quickly into my arms and hugged her soundly. Meanwhile she continued,—

"I don't ever get tired, dough, unless we forget to take fings to eat wiff us. Mistress Drusilla fixes awful nice lunch-baskets to carry on 'scursions, if she knows I'm goin' along; I know she does, 'cause she done it for some ladies dat come here last year. I'll tell her about it, soon as I give her dis letter; den we can start."

"Won't your grandmother be worried at not finding you returning at once?"

"Oh, no; gran'ma says she never worries about me when I's come

over here, 'cause she knows where I is. Besides, she says she never 'spects to see me till dinner-time, if I come here in de mornin'. I'll tell Mistress Drusilla about de lunch-basket right away."

Away through the trees hurried the child, while I followed slowly for the parasol, gloves, and other things without which no woman is supposed to venture beyond the enclosing boundaries of her home. I reached the house only two or three minutes later than the child, but already my landladies were in a high state of excitement.

"I've put half a dozen eggs to boil, my dear," said Miss Dorcas, who met me at the door, "and I've got in the basket half a boiled chicken already carved, some ham sandwiches, three kinds of cake, and some oranges. Do you think there will be enough?"

"Mercy!" I exclaimed. "We shan't be gone more than an hour or two. I imagine a bit of cake in a napkin, to comfort the child when she thinks herself hungry, will be sufficient. Of course we will be home by dinner-time."

"So every one thinks, dear, when starting for a walk in this country; but you've no idea how much there is to see, and how our fresh air sharpens the appetite. And dear little Alice is growing, you know, and growing children——"

"Ah! I see," said I, thinking it wiser to carry what had been provided than to protest. We might meet some poor person who would gratefully accept the surplus.

"If you only say so, my dear," said Miss Dorcas, "I can just as well pack a custard pie so you can carry it."

"Please don't, I beg," said I: "I don't want to ruin the child's digestion."

"Just as you say, my dear. About something to drink: milk soon spoils, in this weather, if it's carried long, but every living body on every road knows Alice, so you can get a glass of milk anywhere, and if you stop at any house for a minute the folks will be sure to ask you to take a cup of tea."

Meanwhile, Mistress Drusilla and the basket, escorted by little Alice, came from the kitchen. The instant the old woman placed the basket on a table in the hall the child peered into it and asked,—

"Is you sure you's got enough? Last time I went on a 'scursion wiff a boarder she got so hungry dat I was 'most starved."

"We've enough," said I, "to last several families from breakfast to noon." Then, in fear that the custard pie might still be imposed upon us, I seized the basket and began the excursion by hurrying into the path that led from the house. As I looked backward to see if the child was following, I beheld the two old sisters standing side by side at the door and regarding us with an affectionate solicitude which really was touching.

"Dis is just de loveliest air dis mornin'," remarked my companion and guide as she led the way to the road. "Don't it make you feel as if you could just fly?"

"Almost," I admitted, as a gentle breeze passed by, laden with a mingled perfume of ocean and clover-blooms.

"I'd like to fly, just to see how it feels," said the child; "but, seein'

I can't, I don't like to feel as if I would. You know how not to feel dat way, don't you?"

"I fear I don't."

"Why, you just make yourself heavier, den you don't feel so light. Don't you see?"

"But how? Are we to load ourselves with stones, as I am told travellers sometimes do on windy mountain-sides?"

"Goodness! no," said the child, lifting the lid of the basket. "All you have to do is to eat somefin',—all you can, an' as soon as you can. I wonder if dese eggs is hard-boiled?" (Here she stooped and cracked one against a stone.) "Yes, dey are. Gran'ma says hard-boiled eggs is heavy on one's stomach. Don't you fink you'd better try one?"

"Thanks, no," said I, breathing in great draughts of the delicious air. "The mere mention of anything to eat is dreadful."

"Dat's funny," murmured the child, between mouthfuls of egg. "I fink it's lovely. I guess you don't like eggs, do you?"

"No,—yes; but not to-day."

"It's awful glad," said the child, taking another. I remembered Miss Dorcas's remark about "growing fast," so I did not restrain her. Meanwhile, we slowly descended a long hill and reached a little brook, along one side of which was a path, into which the child stepped.

"Where are you leading me, dear?" I asked.

"To de big oaks," said she, pointing far ahead: "don't you see?"

I recognized them as a clump of trees I had admired from my place of lookout on the top of the hill. Evidently my little guide had a sense of the picturesque.

"Do you admire the big oaks, dear?" I asked.

"'Deed I do," she replied. "You just ought to hear my fahver tell me stories about 'em,—about how George Washiton rested under 'em, an' folks had church under 'em, an' some uvver folks hid in de tops of 'em, an' Injuns had chats under 'em, an' missionaries had prayers under 'em. An', oh, dey's just de loveliest place in de world to eat lunch under. I wish I was dere dis minute."

"You poor child!" said I, looking into the basket and finding but one egg remaining: "are you hungry?"

"I's 'most starved," said the child, stopping in the path and turning 'upon me a mournful look. "I don't see how I can wait till we gets to de big oaks."

"Try a sandwich, dear," said I, opening the basket. My hand found two instead of one, but the child did not recognize the difference; she took both, and ate them as she walked.

The "Big Oaks" were not of the great variety of views to which distance lends enchantment. The nearer we approached, the more majestic and picturesque they appeared, and on reaching them I was delighted to find that the owner, with a spirit unusual in this land of superfluous trees, had the ground beneath them kept clear of fallen boughs, straggling weeds, and other customary cumberers of America's natural groves. I spread upon the ground a light shawl I had brought with me, and, reclining upon it, cast my eyes along the broad hill from

which we had come. Everything really rural was new, strange, and delightful: my family had spent summers in country villages constructed by New York architects, but here was a wide expanse of country broken into small fragments by stone walls, hedge-rows, and cliffs. It seemed like the country I had seen described in some books,—the country of the farmer, not the landscape-gardener,—and I gazed upon it with delighted eyes. Little Alice Hope approached me occasionally; I heard her footsteps, saw her figure to the right or left, but I was not in the mood to be interrupted, even by a very sweet and companionable child, though I promised myself to love her the more for not disturbing me during the happy half-hour I spent in absorbing the view before me. I was in closer communion with nature than ever before; she, the truest child of nature I had ever met, evidently was in sympathy with me. I did not forget how she, the dear child, had taught me to lose myself in looking at the ocean, a day or two before. Doubtless now she, like me, was again becoming the mere mirror, the recipient, of what heaven and earth were spreading before us in such bewildering profusion. Probably she was longing to voice her impressions; the language would be childish, but there are times when heart speaks so truly to heart that words are nothing.

"Alice, dear?" I said, turning my head lazily on the arm on which it rested.

In an instant I heard gentle foot-falls near me; then they paused.

"Alice, dear," I continued, "are you happy? Isn't it lovely? Are you filled with——"

"It's lovely," she replied,—*"all but de sandwiches; dey's got so much mustard in 'em dat dey bites my froat."*

I looked up quickly, and saw a pretty little mouth discolored with egg, and two little hands, one of which held a leg of chicken and the other a piece of cake. I suppose my look was not sympathetic, for the child trembled a little as she said, quickly,—

"Don't be 'fraid. I left you 'most all de sandwiches: Miss Dorcas said when she fixed 'em dat she hoped dey'd suit you, 'cause she'd put extra mustard in 'em, 'cause all boarders from de city always liked lots of mustard."

I arose hastily and examined the lunch-basket,—not for selfish reasons, but merely from curiosity as to juvenile capacity. It contained one egg, a single (and small) bit of cold chicken, several sandwiches, but no cake. Then I lifted it: it had been heavy when we started, certainly not more than an hour before; now it was very light. I replaced the basket on the ground, looked at the child from various points of view, and at last placed one hand cautiously on her waist-band and another on her back. Finally I asked,—

"Where did you put all the luncheon, dear?"

"In my mouf," was the reply.

"H'm! Do you feel bad in any way?"

"No, indeed. I feels awful good. I feels like takin' a real nice long walk, now, soon as you's had your lunch."

"I'm not hungry," said I, abruptly closing the basket, picking up my shawl, and starting forward. Was it possible that this child, and

her grandmother and parent, were so poor that they were not properly fed? I knew, from what home missionaries had told me, that many of my pupils came breakfastless to school. Could it be that this cheery, uncomplaining little sprite was really a child of poverty and with characteristic American fortitude had been bravely ignoring her misfortune while in the presence of a stranger? I would find out.

"Alice, dear," said I, "at what time did you breakfast?"

"Oh, about half-past seven,—de usual time."

"You weren't very hungry, were you?"

"H'm! I guess you don't 'member when you was a little girl, do you?"

"Perhaps not," said I. "Did you eat much?"

"I don't know," said she, meditatively. "Let's see: I had boiled hominy, an' oyster stew, an' fried ham, an' some toast: dat's all, 'xcept some milk an' two cups of cocoa."

I looked at her in amazement: she was not a large child, nor at all rotund. Unconsciously I recalled Goldsmith's rustics in the presence of the village teacher:

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Evidently it was time to change the subject: so I said,—

"What are we to do next? You are the guide of this expedition, you know."

"I fink," said the child, after a moment of thoughtfulness, during which she did not relax her attention to a bit of cold chicken, "I fink we'd better walk up de Damascus road; dere's lots of blackberries an' cherries on top of de hill. Den we can go down-hill to Smiff's farm: dey have awful nice milk dere."

This was not what I had expected. I had been looking forward to a hap-hazard ramble which should be made delightful by the surprises and humors of childish prattle, but it seemed that Miss Alice Hope had designed a mere progressive luncheon-party. I was disappointed: probably my face said as much, for soon the child remarked,—

"If you don't like dat way, let's go out by de Norf road; den we can rest at de house where dey always give sweet cider an' molasses-cake to nice folks dat stop dere to rest."

"Any way you like," I replied, with becoming resignation. I could at least gratify my curiosity as to the digestive capacity of a child.

We started on the Damascus road: it wound leisurely around a long hill, but, fortunately, the basket was not so heavy as when we started; indeed, it was so light that I did not scruple to let the child carry it. We found the blackberries, and the cherries too, and Alice Hope could not seem to get enough of them, although to me both tasted rather bitter. While my guide fed herself I lounged on a great warm flat stone under a cherry-tree and wondered what would happen were that child ever obliged to keep a church fast of any kind. Years before, I had wondered at the appetites of some delicate-looking girls whom I met at evening parties, but none of them ever seemed so insatiately

hungry as this atom of humanity. In the course of time, however, the child threw herself down beside me, and exclaimed,—

“Just isn’t dis world a pooty nice place?”

“That depends,” said I, suddenly becoming severe of soul, “upon the place from which one looks at it.”

“Make b’lieve it’s dis place, den,” said the child. “We’s got nice fings to look at, an’ it’s nice wevver, an’ we don’t feel so starved dat we wish de dinner-bell would ring right away. I fink it’s lovely,—or I will, when we get to Smiff’s farm an’ have a lot of nice milk to drink.”

“My dear little girl,” said I, feeling that the time had fully come for the utterance of some cautionary remarks, “I’m afraid that you think too much of mere animal pleasures. Eating and drinking seem to have filled your mind this morning, to the exclusion of everything else.”

“Well,” said the child, after a moment of wondering stare, “I’s sure I’s got to. How’s I goin’ to grow if I don’t eat a lot? An’ if I don’t grow, how’s I goin’ to be a woman? An’ if I don’t get to be a woman, how’s I ever goin’ to be any good to anybody, ’xcept gran’ma and my fahver, an’ maybe Mistress Drusilla an’ Miss Dorcas?”

This seemed a reasonable question; but I dissented from the conclusion. I had been taught that a ravenous appetite was bad for any one, and my settled convictions were not to be disturbed by the hunger of an unreasoning child: so I said,—

“I hope, dear, you will grow to be a strong, good woman and be very useful in the world; but you can’t do it by thinking only of eating.”

“Well, anyway, my fahver says it takes food to make brains, an’ de reason women ain’t so smart as men is dat dey don’t eat ’nough.”

Women not as smart as men! All my suspicions of the father of this child came back to me with cumulative force. It was bad enough that any man should have such thoughts; it was simply shameful that he should have put them into the mind of a child.

“My fahver takes me big walks,” continued little Alice, “so I’ll get a good appetite, an’ know my own mind so I won’t lose it when I see it, and fink about somefin’ else. He says he once knowed a lady dat would have been an angel if she’d only ate ’nough to know her own mind. I don’t see how she didn’t, I’s sure; I don’t ever have no trouble to eat ’nough.”

“So it seems,” said I.

“You know your mind, don’t you?” the child asked, raising the cover of the basket; “’cause, if you don’t, here’s——”

I interrupted by taking the basket and making a mid-morning lunch on sandwiches. I was not hungry, but masculine criticisms of women always disturbed my mental equilibrium and made me angry. I felt like consuming something: the remaining luncheon could endure it with least annoyance to any one.

“You’s feedin’ your brains, ain’t you?” said the child, opening her eyes wonderingly. “I’s glad you ain’t dat kind my fahver told about.”

Suddenly I threw away a sandwich I had in my hands, and closed the lid of the basket with a sharp snap. If, as one of my landladies

had intimated, this child unconsciously told stories at home, she should have no excuse to tell one at my expense.

"I's so glad you's got froo," said Alice Hope, "'cause now we can go to de milk place, an' den to de cider-an'-molasses-cake place. I was 'fraid you wasn't goin' to be hungry a bit, an' den we wouldn't have no fun. But it don't take long to see dat you ain't dat kind. Gracious! just didn't you eat like ev'ryfin' while you was doin' it?"

We soon reached a crossing of the road, and little Alice, turning to the left, said,—

"Come on. Dis is de way to de Smiff farm, where dey always give folks nice milk, an' de cider-an'-molasses-cake place is just——"

"Let us go the other way," said I.

The child looked at me inquiringly, then pathetically. Evidently she wanted milk, cider, and cake. But I was obdurate: besides, I was determined to teach her that an unrestrained appetite was absolutely sinful. I did not doubt that her father and grandmother loved her dearly, but love, in itself, is no training for the duties of life. I had seen other children killed by kindness: no such fate should befall this little innocent, this child of exceptional promise, if I could properly tell her what her clear little head was wise enough to receive.

"Alice, dear," said I, as the child reluctantly followed me on the road which led away from milk, cider, and cake, "don't you know that if you eat as heartily as you have done this morning—and in summer, too—you are in danger of becoming sick?"

"Goodness! no. Real sick, or only make-believe sick?" the child asked, with a fearless smile.

"Real sick, of course," said I. "I am not in the habit of making fun of serious subjects and scaring little girls. I like to see children well fed; it almost breaks my heart to look at some of my school-children who do not get enough to eat. But——"

"Den why don't you——"

"Feed them myself? I wish I could, dear; but only a millionaire could do it. But, as I began to say, you, a child, have eaten more this morning than I, a woman grown, would eat in two or three days. It isn't right."

"Dear me!" the child exclaimed, with a tender, pitiful look, "is you always 'fraid to ask Mistress Drusilla or Miss Dorcas for more? I'll ask 'em for you, if you don't like to."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, curbing an inclination to be angry. "I don't mean that I do not have enough to eat. Those good old women do everything they can to tempt me to take more; but——" here I tried to put force into my countenance as well as my words, "but I won't be persuaded to take more than I want."

"Say, den you better do de uvver way, if you know what's good for you. You ought to hear my fahver tell about de two men dat built houses. Did you ever hear about dat?"

"Not that I can remember."

"Well, 'twas dis way: I can't tell it as good as my fahver, but I's pooty sure I know it all. Once dere was two men dat went to work an' built houses. One of 'em found somefin' solid to build his house

on, but de uvver went an' put de timbers right on de sand. Well, one day, along come a big storm, an' it rained like ev'ryfin', an' de wind blowed awful, but it didn't trouble de man dat had his house on somefin' solid,—way down on de rock. But de uvver man,—when de rain come down in his yard it washed all de sand out from under de house, an' left a big empty place dere, so when de wind come along it had a big hole to tumble de house down into."

"What has this story to do with eating?" I asked, somewhat shocked by the lack of application.

"Well, my fahver says it wasn't made about eatin'; but he told it to our preacher dat way one day, an' said if de preacher ate more he wouldn't get so tired out an' find ev'ryfin' so dark-lookin', an' de preacher's wife told gran'ma, pooty soon after, dat her husband begun to get fat an' jolly an' have 'vivals of religion in de church. I don't know what dem fings is; but gran'ma says dey make de preacher awful happy, an' my fahver says it's all 'cause he's got a solid—solid—oh, dear! what do you call dem fings dat houses stand on?"

"Foundations?"

"Yes,—dat's it! 'cause he's got a solid foundation now. Say! I's so firsty dat I don't know what to do."

"We'll get some water at the first farm-house we come to, dear," I replied.

"I don't 'xactly want water; I does wish I had a drink of milk, like de Smiffs give folks."

I turned about and started in the direction the child had first taken: after that Miss Alice did not loiter behind, but took the lead, and moved forward so rapidly with her little feet that soon I began to tire of the pace, and, complaining of weariness, leaned against a stone wall to rest. The child looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said,—

"I guess *you* hasn't got a very solid foundation, has you? I feel as if I could walk all day long; but den *my* foundation is all right."

"So I should imagine," said I, suggestively shaking the basket, which contained only a sandwich or two.

We went on to the "Smiff" farm, and Alice Hope speedily found a way of getting some milk: it required very little persuasion to make me also take some. The women of the house regarded me with devouring eyes, after the manner of country-people in general when they see strangers. After we departed the child remarked,—

"Dem's awful silly people. One of 'em asked me if I'd got a new muvver, an' when I said 'no' she said it kind o' looked as if I was goin' to have."

I did not wish to learn any of the gossip or facts that might be current about the matrimonial intentions of the child's father, but I could not help a sudden fear for the future of my little companion were her father to fall in love after the accidental manner of most men. I had seen many good men unfortunately tied for life by merely lingering too long over the smile, the prattle, even the pose, of some girl whom I knew to be of unformed character and small soul; and some of the worst of these blunderers were widowers. I wondered, as we strolled along hand in hand, how a father with such a child as Alice

Hope could marry again without earnest thought as to how the change would affect his daughter. The more I thought on the subject, the more apprehensive I became for the child's future. I became so absorbed in the thought that I almost resolved to break my determination to know no one in the vicinity. I certainly was skilful enough at conversation to learn from my landladies the name of the woman, if there really were one, of whom Alice's father was fond; then I might become acquainted with her, and impress her with the child's unusual sweetness and character. If she were truly womanly and conscientious, she could not take offence: my long and varied knowledge of child-nature ought to be to her sufficient excuse for my interest in her prospective daughter.

Evidently little Alice had forgotten the personal remark made at the "Smiff" farm, for at each turn of the road she announced the distance which still separated us from the place where cider and molasses-cake were always offered to visitors, and when finally we reached the house she took me in so suddenly that I had not time to protest against such intrusion. She led me into the sitting-room, and was greeted with affection and delight by a motherly-looking old lady, to whom she said,—

"Missis Tree, I told de teacher you folks always gave cider an' molasses-cake to people dat come in to see you."

The old lady laughed, looked at me, and said,—

"One word for you an' two for herself. I know that youngster of old. So you're to be the new teacher, eh? Well, I'm glad you've got into the neighborhood early enough to get 'quainted 'round. What might your name be?"

"My name is Ruth Brown," said I; "but I am not to teach here. My school is in New York."

"Oh!" said the old lady, with as much emphasis as if I had been imparting valuable information. "Dear me!" Then she looked at me earnestly, as if I were the first human being she had seen in ages. How long she might have stared I do not know, for she was recalled to the purpose of our visit by Miss Alice remarking,—

"Missis Tree's molasses-cake is awful good; it's almost as good as gran'ma's."

Mrs. Tree laughed again, and left the room, though as she went through the door she glanced backward, apparently for another look at me. She was welcome to it,—poor woman! if my face could break for a moment the dreary routine of a farmer's wife, I would be only too glad.

The cider and cake were brought in profusion, and while the child consumed both rapidly, and I leisurely found them good, the old lady steadily consumed us with her eyes. Finally she said,—

"Alice, I hope you are fond of Miss Brown?"

"'Deed I am," replied the child, through a mouthful of cake. "She's the nicest new friend I ever had."

"That's right, child; that's right," said the old lady, with emphasis. Apparently I had made a favorable impression, and, as I always had credited old people with much shrewdness in judging human nature, I felt flattered. When we arose to go, the old lady insisted I should go into her parlor a moment, to see a framed "sampler" worked by her

great-grandmother a hundred years before. No sooner were we apart from the child than the old lady said to me rapidly, and almost in a whisper,—

"I do hope, Miss Brown, that you realize what a dear smart little thing Alice is."

"Indeed I do," said I, heartily. "I have already learned to love her dearly."

"I'm so glad,—so glad!" said she. Then she startled me by kissing me on each cheek, and apologizing for the liberty she had taken.

As we resumed our excursion I found myself wondering what could be the mystery of public interest in Alice Hope. That every one liked the child I could easily understand; but why should they be solicitous about her? From her own stories, I imagined her home-life must be very happy. Could it be, as I had begun to suspect, that her father was about to remarry, and had selected a bride of whom the family acquaintance did not approve? The mere thought increased my solicitude for the child, so that I placed my hand on her shoulder and drew her closely to me as we walked side by side. As we reached the next crossing, little Alice stopped, looked each way, and said,—

"Here's de dear old big road. I just love it, 'cause it's de way my fahver always comes home from de city."

"If you like it so much, let's rest beside it for a while," said I, spreading my shawl at the shady side of a clump of young sassafras-trees that had been washed by the shower and were diffusing a faint perfume in the warm air. I seated myself upon the shawl, and the child, throwing herself down, pillowed her head in my lap and began looking vacantly into the sky, while I looked thoughtfully into her dear little face and begged heaven to forgive me for every impatient thought I ever had towards children. How long we were silent I do not know, but suddenly the child's eyes, wandering towards mine, studied my face a moment; then she sprang up and threw her arms around my neck, and exclaimed,—

"You's just nicer dan any uvver new person I ever knowed."

I returned her caresses a hundred times, as I realized that soon I must part from her. She clung closely to me, and I prayed that I might never forget the sensation of those dear little arms so tightly clasped around me. But suddenly I heard some one approaching,—evidently a man or boy, for the lively whistling of an air from "Patience" was my first warning. I hastily prepared to look unconcerned: little Alice, somewhat unceremoniously placed upon her feet, looked around, and shouted,—

"Oh! dere's my fahver!"

As she ran to meet him, I hastily arose and looked quickly over my attire. Then I saw the child held in the arms of a broad-shouldered man who was kissing her repeatedly. As he released her and turned his face towards me, he exclaimed,—

"Ruth Brown!"

And I, feeling as if the earth were reeling under me, gasped,—

"Frank Wayne!"

John Habberton.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

TO judge by the quips and gibes of the daily press, one would naturally suppose two things relative to government clerks,—that all the men are lazy, and that all the women are inefficient young blondes. My experience, extending over about sixteen years, tells me that both sexes are sadly maligned, and leads me to say a word or two about the women especially, as I know more about them.

The large majority of the women employed in the various departments in Washington are quite the reverse of young, and, though the minority may have had bright eyes and rosy cheeks when they first entered the service, they speedily fade and grow sallow after being shut up daily from nine until four for a few months in the ill-ventilated rooms in which the clerks are penned. In nine-tenths of the buildings—I except the new State Department and the new Pension Office, having never seen the latter—ventilation can only be obtained by the primitive means of lowering the upper sashes of the windows: that changes the atmosphere most acceptably for the one or two lucky ones whose desks are close to the windows, but, oh, what a whirlwind it raises in the centre of the room! The fussy, chilly, or neuralgic ones who sit there—I myself came under that head for two entire years—immediately raise a protest, “Shut that window! I am freezing!” “Shut that window! I’ll have a chill if I sit in a draught.” The ladies in one room where I was at last made a compromise: except in hot weather, the windows were to be opened only once an hour, then they were to be set wide open for five minutes, we fussy ones suspending work for that period and retiring to sheltered corners.

A prominent factor in our midst was the clerk who always wanted to borrow: she usually paid promptly “at the end of the month.” A government clerk’s jubilee is “the end of the month:” all pecuniary plans are made to take effect at that time, and the “bloated bondholder” who can make a purchase or exhibit a ten-dollar bill as late as the 20th, without borrowing, is the subject of raillery, and is looked upon with mock suspicion. I had one provident neighbor whose mother had once given her a twenty-dollar gold piece; Miss C— would not part with that coin on any account (I wonder if she has it yet?), but would regularly *pawn* it at less than its face-value to some obliging friend, and as regularly redeem it “at the end of the month.” Those of us who were more impecunious than prudent could always borrow money at ten per cent. a month, in spite of strict laws made by the authorities against usury. Many another law was dodged. Once upon a time—it was many years ago, and the man is now out of office—a certain chief clerk chose to take umbrage because one of the subordinate chiefs of division had permitted two lady clerks to leave their desks at one o’clock one Saturday, when work was dull, to attend an opera *matinée*. One of these ladies, hearing of the objection, went to the chief clerk: he hemmed and hawed, said *he* didn’t care, only the

rules must be observed, etc., pointing to a framed copy of "Treasury Regulations" which hung near his desk. The first rule stated that office-hours must be from nine to three in summer and nine to four in winter (or words to that effect), and, as that particular office kept its clerks an hour later than the law required, she expressed her willingness to abide by that law. "Oh, you know Mr. ——'s work requires you to stay the extra hour," he explained. The lady skipped the next clause, forbidding smoking in any office during office-hours, because the chief clerk's son, an outsider, was at that moment joining his father in a little smoke and she did not wish to be rude. There followed a strict rule against drinking any intoxicating beverage during these hours: this she read aloud, slowly; then, turning to him, she said, "Oh, Mr. P——, I am so sorry, but the next time you offer me a glass of champagne out of one of those bottles in your desk I shall be compelled to decline it! Good-morning." She knew, and all present knew, that the wine was at that moment in his desk, and that only the previous week he had had it out and had offered it to her and to others. He never made any further allusion to her heinous sin in having left the office early that Saturday.

Once there was quite a wholesale slaughter of clerks—women—in the Currency Division of the Register's Office. One of the unfortunates who were dismissed was a delicate lady past her fiftieth birthday, but quite well able to attend to her duties. When she read the fatal missive, tears sprang to her eyes. There are so few ways in which women no longer young can earn their living! One of her neighbors, a well-meaning, bustling little creature, said,—

"Oh, Miss F——, do not take it so hard! Put your trust in God: He will surely provide for you!"

In about an hour this consoler, Mrs. K——, received *her* dismissal. Did she put her trust in God? Not a bit of it! She flew into one corner of the room with such a fit of hysterics that a carriage had to be sent for to convey her home! Poor little woman, she is now in the unseen land, so I dare to speak freely of her. She was a good clerk,—her work was counting old paper money which had been redeemed and was about to be burned,—but very, very eccentric; her clothing was of good material, but of wonderful cut; she always wore a loose, straight black silk sack, fastened at the neck by a handsome cameo pin set with pearls, but black with dirt, over at least two and sometimes three dress-skirts; in her neck, instead of a collar, she nearly always wore a soiled, faded piece of purple web velvet about a quarter of a yard wide, carelessly tucked in anyhow. Her hair was neat and glossy and exquisitely arranged, though in an old-fashioned way; and the skin of her neck, hands, and arms was gray with the untouched dirt of ages! Yet, with those grimy paws, those long black nails, she managed to make the most spotless white wax flowers I ever saw. She liked me, and would often bring me a dough-nut or a piece of cake or pie for luncheon, saying, "I made it my own self;" and, oh, how sorely tried were both my politeness and my ingenuity! I had to get rid surreptitiously of the obnoxious dainty without offending the poor creature.

She was not the only "character" who developed an uncomfortable fancy for me. During the earlier years of my office-life a lady was detailed to my division who was, in appearance, my exact opposite, and as she would walk with me whenever possible I was conscious that we presented a ludicrous contrast: she was exceedingly tall, and thin almost to emaciation; she wore a broad-brimmed, flapping hat, and (when every other woman clung to "hoops") a long, straight cloak over equally straight and clinging skirts. She passed among her fellow-clerks as a peculiar but very reserved woman who was frequently absent for a day or two at a time on account of illness. Fancy our surprise, therefore, when a detective came to our room one day to question some of us about her and to examine her desk to see what she had left behind her. She had just been arrested for theft! Her frequent hours of absence had been passed as a seamstress in other people's houses, and she had stolen some trifle on one of these occasions. It was soon proved that her mind was affected, as most of her thefts were of nearly useless articles, and among her effects were found scores of old ambrotypes and (I think I have the number right) one hundred and fifty old kid gloves of all sizes, most of them odd ones. She was placed in an insane asylum, and died there a year or two later.

As nearly every one knows, "influence" used to be the great thing for a government clerk. As my own connection with the government ceased with the incoming of the present administration, I cannot say how things are managed now; but at that time to have a relative or a relative's friend in Congress was to own a genuine bonanza. Civil service reform was not dreamed of in the early days. We had good grounds for suspecting that two of our fellow money-counters could hardly write even their own names when first appointed; though they took writing-lessons afterwards. I know that for months I addressed every envelope which one of them used, and wrote all sorts of notes for her. The other one, at first, made most appallingly contradictory statements as to the age of her baby and the length of time her husband had been dead. She seemed to be as poor a mathematician as chirographer.

But, though there were many oddities among my companions, there were also many charming, highly-educated ladies. Among the men there were numbers who were studying law, medicine, or divinity, and who were only using a government position as a stepping-stone to something better: artists, too, musicians, elocutionists, and actors have graduated from "Uncle Sam's" employ.

There is and always has been a strong *esprit de corps* among government clerks. Let affliction come to one, the rest were full of sympathy; let pecuniary troubles come, and the purse-strings flew quickly open. In all my experience I remember but one case where there was hesitancy to contribute, and that was when a man from another division came to our room to collect funds to bury one of his comrades: we demurred; we had never so much as heard of the dead man until we heard of him in that capacity, and, as we had had two funerals among our own acquaintance, we were disposed to inquire into this new demand. The would-be collector was indignant. "Why," said he, "we

helped you last month to give your man a hundred-and-fifty-dollar funeral!" We were unyielding: "our man" had belonged to some order which chose to do things expensively, but we were not disposed to countenance such extravagance in any other case.

Clerks, as a rule, too, are very generous. We had one pensioner who came to us regularly for a long time: she was a small, stupid-looking, ill-dressed girl of some eleven years, accompanied by a yet more unprepossessing small brother. At first she handed us a grimy, tumbled, folded paper, murmuring something which we translated as "here's a note, please read it;" but, as we could only hear "snote," we so dubbed the girl. After contributing pennies for some time, one lady thought it her duty to look into the matter. The child readily gave her name, residence, and family history, adding that a well-known minister could tell us about her. He was called upon, and said that her statements were true, and added, "Tell the ladies in your office that the family is very poor and needs help, but the family will always be poor and will always live on charity." So for months and months we helped them.

Some of us were, of course, more sympathetic than others. Once the chief of my office was burying his baby, and quite a delegation of his clerks attended the funeral. One man, a Prussian, who was our head messenger, constituted himself assistant to the undertaker, and to do honor to the occasion had been to the barber to have his straight stiff hair tightly curled. With his eyes streaming with tears he turned to one of our old-bachelor clerks and whispered, sadly, "Did *you* ever lose a baby, sir?"

If we were sympathetic in sorrow, what were we in joy? How the news would spread when one of our number contemplated matrimony! How interested we always were to know if he was rich, if he was steady, if he would make her a good husband! and as the time passed on we almost felt as if the children who came had been added to our individual lists of nieces and nephews. What a commotion it would make when "our Miss Brown" came in the office some day bringing her first baby to exhibit to her former comrades! Many of our number were widows with young children to support when they first joined us, and as the little ones grew up we had always a strong interest in them; for where a score or so of tolerably congenial people are together six or seven hours per diem for several years they naturally become very confidential; they know one another's family secrets usually, they see the girls and boys from time to time, and, though they may afterwards drift apart and not meet for years, still they do not forget one another. Sometimes as a child grows up and becomes self-supporting it insists upon its mother resigning her position as clerk; sometimes the son or daughter takes the parent's place in office and lets the mother stay at home and keep house for the bread-winners; sometimes a lady who has a younger brother or sister or an aged aunt will begin house-keeping in two rooms, and slowly, slowly add to her store of worldly goods until she can take a house, and, furnishing part for herself, rent out the rest to some other struggling sister who wants to begin in the same simple manner.

The large majority of government clerks, having some dependant with whom to share their salary, do not lay up much money, and when the much-dreaded dismissal does come it finds them with very little capital ; but then, too, as the city merchants will testify, it finds them with few debts on their hands.

Frances E. Wadleigh.

THE KEY-NOTE.

Knock as long as you like at Nature's door, she will never give you an intelligible answer,—for the best of all reasons : she is dumb. A living soul,—that is responsive, and above all a woman's soul.—TOURGUENIEFF.

MANY are Nature's voices : each wind has a different tone,—
One carries an echo of laughter, another a sigh or a moan ;
Trees as they whisper together, waters that run to the sea,
Have speech of their own,—but never a voice that replies to me.

Once of a summer morning, when Summer was at her best,—
Roses crowning her forehead, pearls of dew at her breast,—
I fell on my knees before her, I kissed her beautiful feet :
"Speak to me, Mother Nature ! teach me your wisdom sweet."

Babble of brooks responded ; bees went murmuring by ;
Trill of a lark rang faintly down from the distant sky :
They mocked my fond desire : I longed for a vital word,
Not for a leaflet's rustle, or the far-off song of a bird.

And, baffled and disappointed, I said, "I will seek no more,
I will stand and knock no longer, O Nature, at your door ;
Entreating, you would not answer ; calling, you would not come ;
And this is the hopeless reason : Nature is deaf and dumb !"

Then from my aimless yearning, that could not attain its goal,
I went as the blind go, groping, and found out a living soul,—
Found out a soul responsive, that brought to me unaware
Oil of joy for my mourning, wine of life for despair !

Now—oh, beautiful wonder !—the mystery has grown clear,
The inarticulate voices have meaning for my ear ;
Love is the magic key-note, and by its subtle art
All that I sought of Nature I find in a woman's heart.

Mary Bradley.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

VII.

42. Whence the expression "eating crow"?

From very early times—indeed, from the time of Noah—the crow has been looked upon as an unclean bird, not fit to serve as food for man. Hence the expression "to have to eat crow" is synonymous with the performance of any distasteful gastronomic feat, mental or physical, but is particularly applied to an enforced diet of metaphorical carrion, such as eating one's words, and the like.

The sentiment of the phrase "eating crow" has been recognized in all ages, but the origin of this particular form may have arisen from the old tale of the poacher who compelled his captor to finish the bird, or from the kindred story of the officer and private. A soldier, having shot a tame crow belonging to one of the officers, was discovered by its owner with the dead bird in his hand. Seizing the private's gun, the officer declared that, having killed the bird, he must eat it; but no sooner had he returned the gun than the soldier, pointing it at his companion's head, vowed that he should finish the bird. The next day the soldier was court-martialled, and, when asked by the examiners what had occurred the day before to lead to his arrest, he coolly replied, "Nothing, except that Captain Blank and I dined together." Many anecdotes of the crow have grown gray in the service of their country, for one rarely hears or reads a political speech that does not make use of the expression. Only a few weeks ago Congress had to listen again to the venerable tale of the Westerner who made a bet that he could eat crow. The dish was prepared and set before him, and he even swallowed a few mouthfuls, but was forced to abandon the task, and said, afterwards, "Yes, I kin eat crow, but I'm blamed if I hanker arter it."

In the legend of the Deluge as related by the Arabian historians, not only is the crow mentioned as being sent forth first, but the reason is also given for his not returning. "Noah said to the raven, 'Go and place thy foot on the earth, and see what is the depth of the water.' The raven departed, but, having found a carcass, it remained to devour it, and did not return. Noah was angered, and he cursed the raven, saying, 'May God make thee contemptible among men, and let carrion be thy food!'"—DAVUS.

43. Who was the original of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe"?

The honor of having been the prototype and inspiration of the character of Rebecca, in Scott's "Ivanhoe," belongs to an American, Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, who was described to the novelist by his friend Washington Irving.

Miss Gratz was of an honorable Jewish family, and possessed in early years, and even to the day of her death, a singular beauty of face and form. Her parents died when she was very young; but the Gratz mansion continued to be known for its hospitality, and many eminent persons, from home and abroad, found there an appreciative welcome.

Gentle, benevolent, and accomplished, Rebecca soon became the centre of a brilliant circle of men and women, Christians vying with Jews in doing her homage. It is said that when a young lady she won the love of a man of character, wealth, and position, whose passion she devotedly returned; but the difference in their religious creeds proved an insuperable barrier, and she never married. She was the beloved benefactress of every charitable institution in her native city, people of all faiths receiving her generous bounty. One of the most intimate friends of her brother was Washington Irving, and a cordial friendship and admiration was established between him and Rebecca, which lasted through life, and Matilda Hoffman, the object of Irving's first and only love, was her dearest friend. In the fall of 1817, Scott and Irving met for the first time. With a letter of introduction from the poet Campbell, who was aware of

Scott's high estimation of Irving's genius, the latter visited Abbotsford, and there spent some of the most delightful days of his life. During one of their many conversations, Irving spoke of his friend Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, and related the story of her firm adherence to her religious faith. Scott was deeply interested and impressed, and conceived the idea of embodying a character like hers in one of his novels. Shortly after this, he wrote "*Ivanhoe*," and named his heroine "Rebecca." When the book was published, in December, 1819, he immediately sent the first copy to Irving, asking, "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?" Although the source of the character was known to Miss Gratz, her modesty made her shrink from the publicity of it, and when pressed upon the subject she would deftly evade the matter by changing the topic. She died, universally regretted, in August, 1869, at the age of eighty-eight.—DAVUS.

44. Whence the proverb "*Blood is thicker than water*"?

Many think that this saying originated with Commodore Tatnall, of the United States Navy, who assisted the English in Chinese waters, and, in his despatch to his government, justified his interference by quoting the phrase. It is, however, an old English proverb, and it is to be found in Ray's "*Collection of English Proverbs*," published in 1672.

It is a protest against modern cosmopolitanism and universal benevolence that "spreads as far and is as weak and useless as the threads of summer gossamer." A brother is better than a stranger, is the pith of the saying.

Blood stands for traceable, admitted consanguinity; water, for the colorless and chilled fluid that flows through the veins of the rest of mankind, who are *homines hominis lupi* and take but cold interest in the happiness of a stranger, and thus cause the fluid coursing through their hearts to appear as one with water to the proverb-maker.

Water, too, in our early writers was symbolic of looseness, inattachment, falsity. "Unstable as water" is the scriptural phrase.

Thicker signifies greater consistency and substance,—hence closeness of attachment, adhesiveness. "As thick as thieves,"—as close as bad men when banding for evil enterprise. Blood is always thought binding. Conspirators have signed their bonds with their own blood, as martyrs have their attestation of the truth. "He cemented the union of the two families by marriage," is a stock phrase with historians.

Quitting metaphor for physical fact, we find that the blood as well as the hair of oxen has been used to bind mortar together and give greater consistency than mere water, as is reported of the White Tower of London.

The proverb may, also, allude to the spiritual relationship which, according to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, is created between the sponsor and the child whom he brings to the waters of baptism. The relationship by blood would probably be more thought of than one originating in water.—MONUMENTAL CITY.

45. What city was destroyed by silence?

Amyclæ was a city in Upper Calabria, said to have been peopled by a colony from the more ancient town of Amyclæ in Laconia. The Amycli were distinguished among ancient poets by the epithet of "taciti," or silent,—some say, because the city was built by the Lacedæmonians, who adopted the system of Pythagoras and recommended silence; while others explain that a law was enacted in this place—for the prevention of false rumors by which the people were alarmed—prohibiting any person to report the approach of an enemy. This law was, in the end, the cause of the ruin of the city, for the Dorians arrived unexpectedly and took the city. To this circumstance Silenus refers,—"*Quasque evertare silentia Amyclæ.*"

Virgil also alludes to this city in the *Æneid*, book x., line 564:

"*Et tacitis regnavit Amyclis.*"

Heyne supposes that this epithet was given by Virgil to the Italian colony

from the parent town in Laconia. Wagner is in favor of the legend that the Italian Amyclæ was deserted by its inhabitants on account of the serpents that infested it.—OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

46. *Whence the expression "It suits to a T"?*

The expression "It suits (or fits) to a T" means, it suits, or fits, exactly, and comes from the Tee-square, or T-rule, an instrument (so called from its resemblance to a capital T) used by mechanics and draughtsmen, especially valuable in making angles true, and in obtaining perpendiculars on paper or wood. The phrase is one in common use. Boswell quotes Johnson as saying, "You see they'd have fitted him [Warburton] to a T."—DAVUS.

47. *Who was the original Bluebeard?*

"La Barbe Bleue" is in the "Contes" of Charles Perrault (1697). Dr. C. Taylor thinks the hero is intended for a type of the castle lords in the days of knight-errantry. Others think that Henry VIII., so often called the "royal Bluebeard," was the original. But according to Holinshed the original of the nursery hero was Giles de Retz (or de Raiz), Marquis de Laval, who lived at Machecoul in Brittany in the reigns of Charles VI. and Charles VII. of France and Henry VI. of England. He was made marshal of France in 1429, distinguished himself by his military genius and courage against the English when they invaded France, and was possessed of princely revenues. Mézeray says he was impious and debauched, maintained sorcerers to discover hidden treasures, enticed the youth of both sexes to his house, then killed them to obtain their blood for his magical charms, and murdered six of his seven wives. For some state crime against the Duke of Brittany, he was strangled and burnt, or, as some say, burnt alive, in a field at Nantes in 1440. But the crimes of the Sieur de Laval do not resemble those of Bluebeard as nearly as do the crimes of Count Conomor, lieutenant of Brittany in the reign of Childebert. This man was a widower for the fourth or seventh time when he wooed Triphyna, the handsome daughter of Count Guereck of Vannes, who had been educated under the eye of St. Gildas, Abbot of Rhuy. Both father and daughter wished to decline the match, for Conomor was accustomed to murder his wives as soon as they gave evidence of pregnancy; but Conomor had powerful friends, and threatened vengeance if they refused: so, with the help of St. Gildas, an agreement was made that when Conomor tired of his wife he should send her back to her father. The wedding was celebrated at Vannes with great pomp, and Conomor took his bride home to his castle. When the countess became pregnant she observed a change in her husband's manner, and, fearing the fate of her predecessors, fled on a swift horse with a few faithful followers to Vannes. Conomor pursued and gained upon her. She sprang off her horse and concealed herself in a forest, where Conomor found her and cut off her head with one blow. St. Gildas, hearing of this, hastened to the spot, and, putting the head on the body, by prayer restored her to life. When her son was born he was named Gildas, to which Trech-meur or Tremeur was added to distinguish him from the abbot. The legend is told by the Breton hagiologists Père Albert le Grand and Dom Gui-Alexis Lobineau. The events are said to have taken place in the sixth century.

Hippolyte Violeau, in his "Pèlerinages de Bretagne," says that in January, 1850, during the repairs of the vault in the chapel of St. Nicholas de Bienzy, some ancient frescos were discovered representing scenes in the life of St. Triphyna: 1, the marriage; 2, the husband taking leave of his wife and intrusting her with a key; 3, a room with an open door, through which are seen hanging the corpses of seven women; 4, the husband threatening his wife, while another woman ("Sister Anne") looks out of a window above; 5, the wife with a halter round her neck, and the husband ready to put her to death, but interrupted by the arrival of her friends and St. Gildas just in time to save the future saint. Violeau thinks that if the frescos are really of the early date assigned them they probably represent the popular form of the legend, with some additional incidents which the hagiologists did not think worthy of record, and that it was without doubt the foundation of Perrault's tale.

Holinshed notices another Bluebeard in the reign of Henry VI., 1450. Speaking of the committal of the Duke of Suffolk to the Tower, he says, "This doing so much displeased the people that if politike provision had not been made, great mischief had immediately ensued. For the commons in sundry places of the realm assembled together in great companies and chose to them a captain whom they called *Bluebeard*; but ere they had attempted any enterprise, their leaders were apprehended, and so the matter pacified without any hurt committed."

In the "*Polychronicon*" (54, 6, *recto*, A.D. 1449), Caxton, after relating the troubles in Flanders, the loss of the towns in France, Pont de l'Arche and Rouen, the arrest of the Duke of Suffolk, and the anger of the Commons on account of the deliverance of Anjou and Maine and the loss of Normandy, says, "And in especial for the deth of the good duke of gloucester, in soo moche that in some places men gadred togedere and made hem capytaynes, as *blew berd* and other, which were reysted and taken and had justyce and deyed, and thenne the sayd parlement adiourned to leycetre." The name seems to have been a familiar nickname, like Jack Straw, Hob Miller, etc. The saga of Bluebeard, as Grimm calls it, is wide-spread, and appears in many and various forms. The German version differs slightly from Perrault's: Sister Anne is wanting, and the heroine lays the key in hay, there being a popular belief that hay draws out blood. Three of the tales in the "*Kinder- und Haus-Mährchen*" of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, namely, "*Fitcher's Vogel*," "*Marienkind*," and "*Der Rauber Bräutigam*," resemble Bluebeard more or less closely. In "*Fitcher's Vogel*" the hero is a sorcerer, and the story is the same, except that the wife, having saved her two sisters from death by starvation, to which the husband had doomed them, makes him carry them home in a sack which he thinks contains gold, and herself escapes by rolling in honey and feathers till she looks like a great bird and is unrecognizable. In their notes the brothers Grimm say that they obtained it from two tales current in Hesse, a third from Hanover varying somewhat. Similar stories are Prohle's "*Fledervogel*," a Finnish version from Erik Rudbek's collection, and two from Iceland, also a popular ballad "*Ulrich und Annchen*" ("*Wunderhorn*"), stories by Rosmer in "*Altdänischer Lieder*," by Meier (probably from the French, however), Herder in "*Volkslieder*," and Gräter in "*Idunna*." A Dutch version represents the husband as devouring the bodies of his wives; the heroine, having found a woman preparing the bodies of her predecessors for the table, escapes in a hay-wagon to a neighboring castle; here, after some time, the husband comes to dine, and his former wife, whom he does not recognize, tells after dinner the story of his crimes, and, though he tries to escape, he is seized and put to death. There is also a Norwegian tale (*Aabjörnsen*) and a Swedish popular ballad (*Geyer and Afzelius*), but nothing in Italian. The indelible blood appears in a story in the "*Gesta Romanorum*," where a mother murders her child; four drops of blood fall on her hand and cannot be removed; she has to wear gloves always in consequence.

In "*Marienkind*" we find the root-idea of many doors which may be opened and one which may not, with punishment following disobedience; but here a religious element is introduced, and the heroine is a child protected by the Virgin, whose curiosity leads her to peep at the divine mysteries and her finger becomes coated with gold, not to be washed off, and betraying her. The ending of this tale is, however, quite different. The Grimms compare this with one by Meier, the Swedish "*Graamantel*," one from the "*Pentamerone*" (where a goat's face is the punishment), and others from the Norwegian, Wendish, and Wallachian. The legend of St. Otilia resembles it (told by Frau Norbert in "*Volks-Mährchen*"). Grimm's version is from Hesse.

The story of the "*Robber Bridegroom*" differs in some respects. He is captain of a band of robbers who entice girls to their den, cut them in pieces, salt and eat them. One girl, who escapes this fate, invites the chief to her house for the wedding-feast, tells the story, and he is killed by her friends. This tale was from Lower Hesse; others similar to it are in Carol, Stahl, Meier, Prohle, and in the Danish and Norwegian. It closely resembles the narrative to be found in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (with Malone's notes), and by, I believe, Blakeway. In this story, the hero, Mr. Fox, decoys girls to his house, and Lady Mary, one of his intended victims, having discovered skeletons, etc., in his house, escapes, and a few days later, when Fox dines with her family, she relates

her adventures, and convicts Fox of his guilt, and her two brothers slay him. This is like the Dutch version of "Fitcher's Vogel," already spoken of.

The Grimms add that "Bluebeard" is a popular name for a man whose beard grows strongly, and "Blackbeard" is also heard applied in the same way. The latter "in the first instance referred to some illness only to be cured by bathing in the blood of an innocent maiden: hence the inconceivable horror."

Finally we have the story of the third calender in the "Arabian Nights" (Night 66). The forty princesses wish to leave their palace for a few days, and give King Agib their keys: he is to enter all their rooms save one. His curiosity overcomes him, and he opens the door, and misfortunes follow in consequence. The same misadventure had befallen other princes, whose warnings he had disregarded.

Among all these variations of the story, from so many different sources, it would seem a difficult task to find the genuine "original" of Bluebeard.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

48. Whence the phrase "a tempest in a teapot"?

This phrase is one of the modifications of an old proverb which can be traced as far back as the time of Cicero, who quotes it as a common saying,—e.g., "Gratidius excitabit fluctus in simpulo, ut dicitur" ("Gratidius raised a tempest in a ladle, as the saying is"). (De Legibus, iii. 16.) Athenæus, who wrote in the third century, makes the flute-player Dorian ridicule Timotheus, who undertook to imitate a storm at sea on the zither, by saying, "I have heard a greater storm in a boiling pot." The French form, "une tempête dans une verre d'eau" ("a tempest in a glass of water"), was first applied to the disturbances in the republic of Geneva near the end of the seventeenth century, and is variously attributed to the Austrian duke Leopold, to Paul, Grand Duke of Russia, and to the French author and jurist Linguet. Balzac, in his "Curé de Tours," assigns the authorship, without any apparent evidence, to Montesquieu. The English phrase is an evident reminiscence of the French, "teapot" being substituted for the sake of alliteration, but it is doubtful who first gave it currency. Lord North is said to have applied the phrase to the outbreak of the American colonists against the tax on tea; but Lord Chatham is also said to have characterized a London riot in the same terms.

49. What is the origin of the name *Mephistopheles*?

The exact origin of this word, which has come to mean the personification of the principle of evil, is uncertain, although there has been no lack of suggestions from various authors as to its derivation. Widman calls it a Persian name; and others derive it from the Semitic tongue. This latter view, making it a Hebrew word meaning a "destroyer," in the sense of a "liar," is supported by the fact that the names of devils in the magic-books of the sixteenth century all sprang from the Hebrew. Another theory makes the word a combination of the Latin *mephitis* and the Greek *φίλος*, signifying "one who loves noxious exhalations." Mr. Conway in his recent treatise on the "Pedigree of the Devil" seems to agree with this; for he says, "The name Mephistophiles seems to mean a lover of bad smells (i.e. sulphur)." That etymology which refers it entirely to the Greek, from *μη*, "not," *φῶς*, *φωτός*, "light," and *φίλος*, "loving" ("not-light-loving"), accords with the old orthography, and has its supporters. If Andersen is to be credited, the original spelling of the word was *Mephaustophilas*,—that is, no-Faust-Lover, or Faust-Hater; but this form of the word is obviously of modern origin. He too thinks that the present orthography has an undercurrent of suggestion as to his *mephitic* nature (Volks-Etymologie, p. 17).

Although this evil spirit made his first appearance in England just three hundred years ago (early in 1588), in Marlowe's "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," he had appeared in Germany the year before, at Frankfort, in the first standard version of Faust's life (published by Johann Spiess, 1587), in a remarkable book, the work of an anonymous scholar acquainted with Latin. This work first mentions Mephistopheles as the name of Faust's familiar spirit. The legends of both these characters, however, are much older. In the old demonology Mephistopheles figures as one of the seven chief devils, the second of the fallen archangels, and the most powerful of the infernal legions after Satan. Mr. Conway claims that he is lineally descended from Asmodeus, an evil spirit mentioned in the Book of Tobit. He is best known to us as the cold, scoffing, relentless fiend of Goethe's "Faust," or, to use Mr. Conway's words, as "this composite sixteenth-century devil."—DAVUS.

50. Whence the expression "*dolce far niente*" ?

"This is a clear translation from the Latin. It describes the 'summum bonum' of an Italian," and the idea was thrown into an expression at a very early period.

In Cicero, *De Oratore*, ii., s. 24, is the following: "*Nihil agere delectat.*" The same idea is in Pliny's *Letters*, viii. 9: "*Illud jucundum nil agere.*" These express the same idea precisely,—the "sweet to do nothing" of a life in a country where the climate would naturally produce a lassitude that would make labor a doubly hard task.—OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

It is said that this is an incorrect form for "*il dolce non far niente*" (*English Notes and Queries*, Fifth Series, vol. x. p. 448), which, with some renderings, may be made to introduce quite a different idea from that presented in its usual form. In its briefer form it means, literally, "sweet do nothing,"—"an agreeable idleness," thoroughly Italian in character and perfectly in harmony with the "*poco-curante*" (little-caring, or, giving-themselves-no-trouble) inhabitants of Southern Europe. But in the longer and unabridged form it is rather didactic and expository, meaning (if we let *il dolce* represent one who is sweet or agreeable) that an agreeable person does nothing,—that is, amiability and sweetness of disposition amount to very little unless accompanied by energy and an inclination to act, as well as to be.

It may be that "*dolce far niente*" is incorrect, or this expansion of the phrase may be accepted, with the same meaning, for it is not necessarily altered by the addition of the words *il* and *non*, as they stand in the sentence; but, at any rate, it need not be abandoned, while we have so many parallels and prototypes for it in other tongues. It might find a remote origin in Horace's "*dulce est desipere*," an idea which he borrowed from the Greek comic poet Menander, who said that "it does not become a man to be wise [and active] always." Another writer in *English Notes and Queries* traces the Italian to Horace (Book I. Ode I.):

"*Est qui . . .
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacrae.*"

DAVUS.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

WHIRLING she smiled in the dance,—
Dead or alive is she ?
Yet the grace of that fugitive glance
Was life or death to me.

M. P.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

À PROPOS of the notes on bets and betting in our January number, a correspondent wishes to know something about the origin of betting. This is a difficult question to answer, for we find the passion for gambling, of which betting is only one form, was developed very early in the history of man. The Greeks and Romans were fond of laying wagers. One of the wildest bets ever made was that of the physician Asclepiades, who wagered against Fortune that he would never be ill in his lifetime, staking his reputation as the greatest medical authority of his day. He won his wager, although he could not enjoy it, for at an advanced age he fell down-stairs and received injuries from which he died.

The Romans invested betting with much solemnity. Each party to the contract took his ring from his finger, and gave it into the keeping of some third party until the bet was decided. We see here a foreshadowing of our modern stakeholder. The *lex Titia* and the *lex Cornelia* forbade betting on any games unless they were trials of courage, bodily strength, or skill.

In the Middle Ages various legal restrictions were placed upon betting. In Rome wagers on the death or exaltation of the popes and on the promotion of cardinals were forbidden. In Venice wagers on the election of all public officers were forbidden; and Genoa carried the restriction to bets on the success of military expeditions, the revolutions of states or kingdoms, the arrival and departure of vessels, and proposed marriages. A statute passed in Paris in 1665 made it illegal to make any woman the subject of a wager.

From other correspondents we have received accounts of various curious wagers, and we extract the following from the batch.

In the year 1725 a banker named Bulliot ruined himself by trusting to a popular superstition. The English say that if St. Swithin's day (July 15) be rainy the rain will continue for forty days. St. Swithin's day of that year was rainy, and Bulliot offered to bet that the saying would hold good. His takers were so many and eager that the terms were reduced to writing, as follows: "If dating from St. Swithin's day it rains more or little during forty days *successively*, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; but if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost." Bulliot was so confident of success that he placed money against all articles of value,—gold-headed canes, snuff-boxes, jewels, even clothes. When his cash was exhausted he issued notes and bills of exchange, to the amount, it is said, of one hundred thousand crowns. He found himself suddenly famous: verses were made in his honor, a play was produced of which he was the hero, all England was for the moment supremely interested in the weather. For twenty-one days more or less rain fell. The twenty-second opened bright and cloudless, and continued so. Bulliot had lost his bet; but he was ruined so completely that he was unable to meet the notes and bills that bore his name.

A notorious gambler of the last century, whose name has not yet descended to posterity, was playing for high stakes with Lord Lorn, until finally, exasperated by a run of continuous ill luck, he jumped from the card-table, and, seizing a large punch-bowl, cried, "For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for fifteen thousand guineas?"

"Odd," replied the peer, calmly.

Crack went the bowl against the wall. When the pieces were gathered up and counted, the number proved to be odd. The gambler paid his money, but tradition asserts that it was only by selling the last of his estates.

Heidegger, Master of the Revels to George II., was considered the ugliest person in England. A courtier wagered that he could produce an uglier. He was allowed a few days to unearth his champion, and, after exploring all the worst slums of London, brought forward an old woman from St. Giles's. The umpire, with Heidegger's approval, was about to award the palm to her; but Heidegger, in response to a suggestion, donned the old woman's bonnet, and with this added ugliness he carried off the palm.

A not dissimilar bet was made in 1806, in the Castle Yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead, as to which should assume the most eccentric costume. Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank-notes of various values on his coat and waistcoat, and a row of five-guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold round his hat. The words "John Bull" were written on his back. Whitehead was made up like a negro on one side, like a woman on the other. One half of his face was black, the other was rouged; one half of his body appeared in a gaudy long-tailed linen coat, leather breeches, and spurred boot, the other half in woman's dress, with a silk stocking and a slipper. The judges awarded the stakes to Hodgson.

The violinist Vieuxtemps used to be fond of relating the following story. As he was walking on London Bridge, a poor wretch threw himself over the parapet. There was a rush of eager spectators. "I'll bet he drowns!" shouted one. "Two to one he'll swim ashore!" "Done!" Vieuxtemps, meanwhile, had jumped into a boat and ordered the waterman to rescue the unhappy creature. But a roar came from the bridge, "Leave him alone! there's a bet on." The waterman, with the true British love of sport, at once refused to interfere, and the unhappy man was drowned. It will be remembered that Dumas has used this incident in one of his novels.

WHAT is a cockatrice?

B. NEVILLE.

The cockatrice is a fabulous animal of the basilisk species. Its distinguishing peculiarity was a crest or comb like a cock's. Sometimes, indeed, the beak, head, and claws of the cock were added. It differed in no other respect from the ordinary basilisk, and by some authorities is looked upon not as a separate species, but as the same animal under another name. Sir Thomas Browne, however, in his book of "Vulgar Errors" (book iii. p. 7) draws a clear distinction between the two. Sir Thomas rather argues for the possibility of the existence of such an animal, and strives to give to its "death-darting eye" a rationalistic explanation.

Say thou but "I,"
And that bare vowel, "I," shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 2.

WHAT does the term "Marivaudage" mean?

AMOS LEIGH.

It is analogous to our word "preciousness" as applied to the Oscar Wilde aesthetes, or "euphuism" as applied to the Sir Percy Shaftons of Queen Elizabeth's day, and it means a certain affected style of writing which was brought into fashion by Pierre Carlet de Marivaux in his unfinished novel of "Marianne" (1731). The novel is sufficiently famous to justify a notice.

Marianne, the heroine, who tells her own story, is a simple country-girl. She comes up to Paris and falls under the guardianship of M. de Climal, a middle-aged gentleman who has won a great reputation for charity and benevolence which he utilizes in the most shameful manner. He places his ward with a dealer in linen named Madame Dutour, with the intention of making her his mistress, but she indignantly repels all his advances, and flies for refuge to a convent. Here she is pensioned by a noble lady named Madame Mirau, whose son Valville seeks Marianne in marriage, and, in spite of much family opposition, is engaged to her. M. Valville turns out to be the nephew of M. de Climal, and many complications ensue which threaten to interfere with the course of true love, and in the midst of them the story breaks off abruptly. A sequel by Madame Riccoboni was added a few years later.

"Marianne," says George Saintsbury, "has been said to be the origin of Pamela,—which is not exactly the fact. But it is certain that it is a remarkable novel, and that it, rather than the plays, gave rise to the singular phrase *Marivaudage*, with which the author, not at all voluntarily, has enriched literature. The plot is simple enough. A poor but virtuous girl has adventures and recounts them, and the manner of recounting is extremely original. A morally faulty but intellectually admirable contemporary, Crébillon the Younger, describes this manner excellently, by saying that the characters not only say everything they have done and everything that they have thought, but everything that they would have liked to think but did not. This curious kind of mental analysis is expressed in a style which cannot be defended from the charge of affectation, notwithstanding its extreme ingenuity and occasional wit. The real importance of 'Marianne' in the history of fiction is that it is the first example of the novel of analysis rather than of incident (though incident is still prominent), and the first in which an elaborate style, strongly imbued with mannerism, is applied to this purpose."

WILL you give me some account of that once-famous poem "The Course of Time"? The course of my time is too speedy to allow of my reading it.

H. JENKINS.

"The Course of Time" is a blank-verse epic poem, in ten books, by Rev. Robert Pollok (1827). The first suggestion of the poem came to the author after reading Byron's "Darkness," as a protest against the blank atheism of which he at once set to work on some lines, to be entitled "The Resurrection," which are now included in the seventh book. A week or two later, while he was watching by the bedside of his mother, dying of consumption, the idea of the epic in its present form was revealed to him, filling him, we are told, with strange tremors of excitement. In nineteen months the entire ten books were finished (July, 1826), and the poem was published by Blackwood in the succeeding year. John Wilson has the honor of having recommended its publication, and he welcomed it with a laudatory review in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1827. Other critical journals followed suit, and poem and author became famous at once. One hundred thousand copies of the book have been sold in Great Britain,

and as many as twenty rival editions were issued in the United States. Some idea of the enthusiasm it excited may be gathered from the fact that Pollok's biographer gravely maintains that his flagging energies may have been sustained during the fatigues of composition by the spirits of just men made perfect, who were aware of the great influence the poem would exercise over the three dominions of earth, hell, and heaven. At present the "Course of Time" seems to have run its own course, though it may preserve a certain antiquarian and historical interest for our grandchildren, as the finest poetical presentation of Calvinistic Christianity.

The poem gives a general history of man, from the creation of his dwelling-place, the earth, to its final destruction by fire. The supposed speaker is a former bard of earth, now dwelling with the elect in heaven, who is appealed to by three celestial spirits for some explanation of the nature and purpose of Hell, a place of which one of their number has accidentally obtained a glimpse. The bard unfolds the story of the fall of Adam and of the corruption of his posterity, tells how their sins and follies entailed countless miseries, and how holiness and virtue still fought against these evils, until at last they gained the day, and the Millennium was established. But the seeds of evil had not yet been wholly destroyed. When the thousand years had been accomplished, they burst out in ranker luxuriance than ever. For a brief season the final triumph of Wrong seemed to be assured. But suddenly the Day of Judgment came, the wrath of God hurled the wicked into the bottomless pit, and the righteous ascended with hallelujahs to the celestial city.

BOOK-TALK.

ONE of the cleverest of proverbial sayings is that attributed to Bishop Warburton and other distinguished men: "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is your doxy." But even we who laugh at the saying usually do so because we see how admirably it satirizes our neighbor. As soon as we are verily and truly able to apply the sarcasm to ourselves, a higher and broader mentality will be developed within us. A man cannot jump off his own shadow; he can teach himself to recognize that the shadow results from an interception of the light. We can never quite free ourselves from the limitations of the race or the creed into which we were born; but we can try to realize, fully and absolutely, that such limitations do exist, and be on our guard against them.

A little book just issued in England suggests some curious reflections about contemporary and national codes of morality in literature, invites inquiry into their basis, and provokes discussion of certain strange inconsistencies which are so common that we fail to recognize their strangeness or their inconsistency. The book in question is the answer made by Henry Vizetelly in the case of *Regina v. Vizetelly*, a case brought to suppress the publication of the unemasculated

lated English versions of Zola's novels. As the title-page explains, it consists of "Extracts, principally from English Classics: showing that the legal suppression of M. Zola's novels would logically involve the Bowdlerizing of some of the greatest works in English literature."

The contemporary Anglo-Saxon temperament revolts at what Mr. Howells, a realist who is afraid of real life, has denominated "certain nudities" in Gallic fiction. M. Taine has a quiet little laugh at the pruderies of Anglo-Saxon fiction. At present the Anglo-Saxon temperament dominates our blood and we take the Anglo-Saxon view of things. But when the greater and wiser and better American, who is to be the product of the equal admixture of all races, shall possess this land, will his verdict agree with Howells or with Taine?—with the Anglo-Saxon or the Gaul? Probably he will find some mean between the two, he will retain only what is best in both strains. In literature the Gaul is far more sincere than the Anglo-Saxon. This statement may seem startling to those who are wont to commend the superior truthfulness of the Anglo-Saxon. But what Renan naively says of himself is true of most Frenchmen: "I often lie in conversation, I never lie when I take a pen in my hand." Now, the Anglo-Saxon, though fairly frank in his every-day converse, becomes a liar as soon as he takes a pen in his hand. He becomes a liar of that complete sort who tell only half-truths, for he addresses himself to the Young Person, and the Young Person is conventionally supposed to know only one-half of life.

The Anglo-Saxon, indeed, seems to be improving in the sincerity of his printed utterances. A quarter of a century ago, books as innocent as "Jane Eyre," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Adam Bede" were fiercely attacked for their immorality. To-day we recognize that they are fit reading for the Young Person. A few of our younger poets and novelists are beginning to allow themselves a larger latitude than their predecessors in treating of the greatest passion that shakes mankind, the passion which for good or for evil is the most tremendous factor in moulding the lives and characters of the young. These novelists are looked upon askance by the multitude, but they will probably prevail in the end.

Meanwhile, the inconsistencies of the multitude are extremely amusing. Such modern novels as deal frankly with life are pronounced unfit to enter a household which is sanctioned by the unclouded purity of the Young Person, and the censorship of the press is called in to suppress them; but the doors of the same household are opened wide to such authors as Shakespeare, Defoe, Swift, Smollett, Fielding, Byron. The verdict of the ages has decided, indeed, that theirs are books which no gentleman's library should be without. But does the gentleman who owns them fail to recognize that the Young Person will be certain to find them? And surely he knows that there are expressions and passages in those books which not the frankest of our latter-day authors would dare to emulate, or indeed would wish to emulate. Nay, the Bible itself is a "dangerous" book for the Young Person. You and I may remember that in our boyhood it was quite common, not indeed with us, for we were nice boys or we should never have grown up into good and great men, but with the bad boys over the way, into whose society we were forced because there were no good boys handy,—it was quite common for them to hunt through the sacred pages with an evil

curiosity. And it is disheartening to admit that these boys have since prospered in the world a great deal better than they deserve.

Now, although the Reviewer is ready to allow that he believes our literature is a gainer by the frankness which Edgar Saltus, for example, and Amélie Rives have imported into it, he is far too Anglo-Saxon to extend his hospitality to Zola. It may be mere provincialism on his part, it may be that he has struck the right mean between the two extremes, it may even be (for he is prepared to admit anything for the sake of argument) that in welcoming the Neo-Americans he has gone too far in his revolt against Anglo-Saxonism. But, with all his inhospitality towards Zola, he is unprepared to allow that Zola should be suppressed by legal means. And at all events he insists with all the force of his being that it would be curiously inconsistent to suppress Zola and allow the great authors whom he has named, and a number of others he might name, to be published and circulated. There is hardly a Young Person in America who is not familiar with the Decameron, the Heptameron, and similar classics which have a perennial and unchecked sale. Such a Person can surely not be injured, may even be elevated, by books which deal reverently, frankly, and without conscious guile with those great questions which Boccaccio and Margaret of Navarre have treated with cynical and even brutal flippancy. A little truthfulness is imperative in these matters, but it is hard, very hard, to be truthful in print.

Lord Macaulay, in speaking of the classics of antiquity, has a passage which may be aptly quoted. "We find it difficult," he says, "to believe that in a world so full of temptation as this, any gentleman, whose life would have been virtuous if he had not read Aristophanes and Juvenal, will be made vicious by reading them. A man who, exposed to all the influences of such a state of society as that in which we live, is yet afraid of exposing himself to the influences of a few Greek or Latin verses, acts, we think, much like the felon who begged the sheriffs to let him have an umbrella held over his head from the door of Newgate to the gallows because it was a drizzling morning and he was apt to take cold."

The following books have been received from their respective publishers:

J. B. Lippincott Co.: "Insects injurious to Fruit," by William Saunders, the second edition of a useful manual sufficiently described by its title. "Intebriety: Its Causes, its Results, its Remedy," by Franklin D. Clum, M.D., a well-meant treatise written with evident earnestness, in shaky English. "Vendetta," by Marie Corelli, "Aunt Diana," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, and "This Wicked World," by Mrs. H. Lovett-Cameron, three tolerable novels; "Through Field and Wood," by Lewis Dayton Burdick, some intolerable verses; "Tenure and Toil; or, Rights and Wrongs of Property and Labor," by John Gibbons, a thoughtful and well-written essay, containing little, however, that is either very new or very striking; "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," by T. E. Kebbel, and "Life of Viscount Palmerston," by Lloyd C. Sanders, the first volumes of the International Statesmen Series. The volumes are readable and carefully written. "The Writer's Handbook; a Guide to the Art of Composition," useful and practical. "Girls' Own Indoor Book," by Charles Peters, and "Boys' Own Book of Indoor Games and Recreations," by G. A. Hutchinson, two portly volumes which will help the young people to a merry time.

G. P. Putnam's Sons: "British Letters, illustrative of Character and Social Life," edited by Edward T. Mason, three exquisite volumes in a neat case. The whole forms an excellent little library of epistolary masterpieces. "The Coming of the Friars, and other Historic Essays," by Rev. Augustus Jessopp, scholarly and suggestive. "The Tory's Daughter," by A. G. Riddle, a romance of the Indian war of 1812-13. The author has studied up his subject conscientiously, and is indefatigable in his efforts to weary his readers. "Three Greek Children," by Rev. Alfred J. Church, a story of home-life in ancient Athens, pleasantly told and full of information about the domestic manners of the Athenians. "The Story of Holland," by James E. Thorold-Rogers, an excellent addition to the excellent "Story of the Nations" series. "The Federalist," a careful reprint, edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. "Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers," by Lucia T. Ames, a profoundly harmless book. "The Economic Interpretations of History," by James E. Thorold-Rogers, wise, thoughtful, and well written. "A History of Greece," by Evelyn Abbott, accurate and scholarly, but badly constructed. "Essays on Practical Politics," by Theodore Roosevelt, a reprint of articles that originally appeared in *The Century Magazine*. "Our Uncle and Aunt," by Amarala Martin, a plea for woman's rights under the guise of a tolerably dull story. "Would you have left Her?" by William F. Kip, a commonplace novel. "Winter Sketches from the Saddle," by John Codman. The author, who describes himself as a septuagenarian, has a keen eye for scenery, lots of vivacity, and some humor. "The Prophet, and other Poems," by Isaac R. Baxley. One of the vexing problems of life is the question how poems of this kind ever succeed in getting published. "Quick Cooking," which the author pleasantly describes as "a book of culinary heresies, by one of the heretics," the chief heresy, apparently, being the assertion that "there is no waste in the kitchen so much to be deplored as wasted time."

T. Y. Crowell & Co.: "The Captain's Dog," an amusing tale, translated from Louis Énault by Huntington Smith. "History of a Crime," and "Ninety-Three," four additional volumes in the handsome illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's prose works. "Life," by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, a depressing work, which aims to point out the way to true happiness. "Power and Liberty," by the same author, translated by Huntington Smith, an essay in which Tolstoi continues his gospel of love for humanity and hatred of individuals, especially of so-called great men. "Her Only Brother," translated from the German of W. Heimbürg by Jean W. Wylie.

Frederick A. Stokes & Brother: "In the Name of the King," by George Klinge, "Woodblossoms," by John Vance Cheney, and "Old and New World Lyrics," by Clinton Scollard, three volumes got up, mechanically, in the exquisite fashion set by the "Knickerbocker Nuggets." Klinge is only fair, Cheney is better, Scollard is the best of the three. Two volumes of translated poetry are got up in similar fashion,—"Songs from Béranger," by Craven Langstroth Betts, a brutal bit of barbarism, and "Songs of Toil," translated almost as cruelly, by John Eliot Bowen, from Carmen Sylva. "Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan," "Lincoln and Johnson," and "Grover Cleveland," three new volumes in W. O. Stoddard's "Lives of the Presidents." "Softly now the Light of Day," Bishop Doane's famous hymn, illustrated in monotype by W. St. John Harper. "Sea-Vistas in Many Climes," edited and illustrated by Susie

Barstow Skelding. The literary matter consists of poems on famous places connected with the sea, the illustrations are fac-similes of water-color drawings. "Eight Songs of Horace," edited by George E. Vincent, got up in imitation of an old Latin manuscript. Rather pretty and ingenious, but absolutely valueless.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "The Witch in the Glass," characteristic poems by Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt. But indeed everything this lady writes is characteristic. Her touch is unmistakable in every line. The book is printed and bound in dainty style. "The Cruises of the Blake," by Alexander Agassiz. The Blake is a United States coast and geodetic survey steamer, and two large octavo volumes, handsomely printed and fully illustrated, contain the record of things seen and examined in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, and along the Atlantic coast of the United States, from 1877 to 1880. "Indiana," by J. P. Dunn, Jr., a new volume in the excellent series of "American Commonwealths" edited by Horace E. Scudder. "History of Tennessee: the Making of a State," by James Phelan, an interesting work, in spite of its careless style.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Around the World on a Bicycle," by Thomas Steven, an entertaining and fairly well written account of a unique and interesting trip. "Gibraltar," by Henry M. Field, an historical survey of the town and the fortress, and a description of the picturesque aspects of the place and the social life of the people. The pictures are numerous and rather good. "Otto of the Silver Hand," another of Howard Pyle's charming old-time romances, illustrated by himself.

D. C. Heath & Co.: "Lectures on Pedagogy, Theoretical and Practical," by Gabriel Compayré, translated, with notes, etc., by W. H. Payne. A very good book of its kind.

Henry Holt & Co.: Four new volumes in the "Leisure Hour Series," a series which can always be depended upon by the novel-reader: "The Lassies of Leverhouse," by Jessie Fothergill; "Her Great Idea, and other Stories," by L. B. Walford; "In Hot Haste," by Mary E. Hullah; "A Village Tragedy," by Margaret L. Woods.

Fowler & Wells: "Masterpieces of Pope, Æsop, Milton, Coleridge, and Goldsmith," an absurd sort of compilation, consisting of the Essay on Man, Comus, The Deserted Village, etc., bound together with Æsop's Fables, on no coherent plan, but only because the publishers happened to have these various plates in their safe. Each selection has copious notes, the value of which may be estimated from the fact that the editor calls the "Essay on Man" a celebrated epic.

Porter & Coates: "My Mother's Enemy," by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, a quiet but interesting story for girls. "Jottings of Travel in China and Japan," by Simon Adler Stern, the record of a four months' trip through the countries named, in the home-letters of a scholarly, liberal-minded, and observant traveller.

Longmans, Green & Co.: "Pen and Ink: Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance," by Brander Matthews. The subjects treated of are "The Antiquity of Jest," "The Ethics of Plagiarism," "The True Story of the Preface," "The

Philosophy of the Short-Story," "Two Latter-Day Lyrists" (Locker and Dobson), "The Songs of the Civil War," "On the French spoken by those who do not speak French," and "Poker-Talk." There is an epilogue, so to speak, by Andrew Lang, and a prologue by H. C. Bunner. Mr. Brander Matthews is a clever man, he has good sense, he has read a great deal, he knows how to impart his knowledge in an entertaining manner, he has a happy ingenuity of thought and a dexterous way of expressing himself. These qualities make his book excellent reading, and the good old phrase "there is not a dull page in the book" will have to do duty once more at the hands of a Reviewer who has read every page and knows whereof he speaks.

Couples & Hurd: "Daylight Land," by W. H. H. Murray, is a handsomely-printed book, with many goodly illustrations in various colors. The title runs as follows: "The Experiences, Incidents, and Adventures, Humorous and Otherwise, which befell Judge John Doe, Tourist, of San Francisco; Mr. Cephas Pepperell, Capitalist, of Boston; Colonel Goffe, the Man from New Hampshire, and divers others, in their Parlor-Car Excursion over Prairie and Mountain; as recorded and set forth by W. H. H. Murray." The Reviewer has gone to the trouble of transcribing the title because it gives a better idea of the book, and of the sort of cleverness, just hovering on the borders of mere smartness, which distinguishes it throughout. Mr. Murray would be an excellent humorist if he only had good taste. But he really does give a great deal of valuable information about the northwestern side of our continent, and, though he occasionally sets our teeth on edge when he becomes a little too "lively and spirited" (*vide* publishers' advertisement), still we bear with him, and follow him to the end with a sense that, on the whole, the pleasure overbalances the pain.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers: "Society Rapids. High Life in Washington, Saratoga, and Bar Harbor." By "One in the Swim." If the pleasure overbalances the pain in Mr. Murray's book, the pain here vastly preponderates. The book is clumsily constructed. It is badly written. It is foolish, and yet not foolish enough to be amusing. This latter want, however, is supplied by the publishers' advertisement on the title-page, from which we learn that "Society Rapids is a romance that has the pop, fizz, and fascination of champagne, and perhaps its intoxication,"—that it is "exceedingly spicy and piquant," yet at the same time carefully avoiding "the dangerous shoals of coarseness and immorality,"—that the dialogue is "sharp, incisive, and frequently quite witty," and that "a more entertaining and vivacious romance would be difficult indeed to find, as all who read it will readily acknowledge." "Run Down," by George Cox, is described as a psychological romance. Its plot is good, and the interest throughout is well sustained. "De Molai, the Last of the Military Grand Masters of the Order of Templar Knights," a sufficiently absurd romance of the type which the great Cobb has familiarized us with.

William R. Jenkins: Two new numbers of the "Romans Choisis,"—"Le Maître de Forges," by Georges Ohnet, and "Perdue," by Henry Gréville; a new number of the "Théâtre Contemporain,"—"L'Ami Fritz, comédie en trois actes," by Erckmann-Chatrian; and a well-printed edition, in paper covers, of Hugo's "Quatrevingt-Treize."

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

FEBRUARY.

THE month of February has been the most ill used of all the months of the year. At first without existence in the Roman calendar, it was introduced by Numa as the closing month, but in 452 B.C. the decemvirs changed it from this position and placed it after January as the second month. At this early period the months had twenty-nine and thirty days alternately, while the days thus lost were regained by inserting an additional month in certain years between the 23d and 24th of February. When Julius Cæsar reorganized the calendar he ordered that each alternate month from January on should have thirty-one days, and the intermediate months thirty, with the exception of February, which was given thirty days in leap-year and twenty-nine in the other years. This orderly and sensible arrangement was destroyed by the vanity of Augustus, who, not willing that the month named after him should be shorter than that named after his predecessor, took a day from February and added it to August, and in order that three months of thirty-one days should not come together he reversed the lengths of the four succeeding months. It was thus that February came to have its present length, and the succession of lengths in the other months to be so annoyingly irregular. All Christendom suffers still from the vanity of a Roman emperor.

February derived its name from the word *februare*, to "expiate" or "purify," in consequence of the Roman festival of expiation and purification celebrated on the 15th of this month. The ancient Saxons called it *Sprout-kale*, from the sprouting of the cabbage at this season. Afterwards it was known as *Sol-monat* (sun-month), the sun having now returned from the low latitudes to its higher course.

With the incoming of February the back of the winter is broken. Not that we are yet safe from shivering days and

whirling blasts, that the earth has cast off her shroud of snow or the waters broken their chains of ice. But the sun is daily yielding new warmth, the bitterness of the northwest blasts is abated, and occasional warm winds from the south set trickling rills aflow over the frozen surface, and fill our hearts, weary of winter, with cheering thoughts of spring, as yet in the bud, but sure to bloom as the days warm and lengthen. The latter half of the month in this latitude often brings delightful weather,—positively cold, perhaps, but comparatively warm, as contrasted with what we have of late endured. The snows flow away in rivulets, the streams rise in revolt against the tyranny of the ice, and Nature stirs uneasily in her cold bed, but half awake, yet with her warm heart full of blissful dreams.

Under the ground life is actively stirring in root and seed, and here and there hardy pioneers of the plant-kingdom peep up through the surface, as if eager to discover if the winter is yet gone. Life is equally busy in the trees. The early sap is flowing, and the buds show signs of growth. The maple is now full to repletion of its sugary juices, and as far north as Vermont farmers are busily at work tapping the trees, catching the trickling flow of sap, and converting it into sugar in brimful caldrons, that boil in bubbling fury over crackling fires and yield the sweet treasure of their liquid contents.

We know well that the winter is not yet gone. Blustering March is still to come, and the air is full of the seeds of the snows, which may at any moment ripen into a harvest and shower their starry but unwelcome blossoms upon the earth. But we know as well that spring is near at hand, that the violets are swelling under the snows, and February's foretaste of spring enables us to bear with hopeful patience what shreds of winter may yet remain.

EVENTS.

February 1.

1851. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the second wife of the poet Shelley, died in London. She was the daughter of the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, whose radical views on the marriage relation have excited so much comment, and was herself a writer of some merit. She was the author of several novels, the best-known being the strange romance entitled "Frankenstein," and of some other works.

1860. The United States Congress which met in December, 1859, did not succeed in electing a Speaker of the House until this date, and its session was one of the stormiest that has ever been held. The violent debates in the Capitol were the prelude to the war which was so soon to distract the whole country.

1864. President Lincoln ordered a draft of five hundred thousand men, to begin on March 10, for three years or the war. On March 15 a call was made for two hundred thousand volunteers, on July 18 for five hundred thousand more, and on December 20 for three hundred thousand, making one million of volunteers called for, and half a million men ordered to be drafted, during the year.

1883. The Kermare Castle, on her way from England to China, foundered in the Bay of Biscay in a severe storm. Of thirty or forty souls on board, only eight escaped.

February 2.

Candlemas Day, a day kept in memory of the purification of the Virgin, who presented the infant Jesus in the Temple. This day has been observed as a church festival from an unknown date, its establishment as such being ascribed by Bede to Pope Gelasius in the fifth century. It received its name from the number of candles lit in the churches, a practice which was forbidden in England in 1548, but which is still continued in the Church of Rome.

1703. A severe earthquake destroyed the town of Aquila in Italy, five thousand persons perishing in the disaster.

1765. James Francis Edward, son of James II. of England, died. He was called "the Old Pretender," from his as-

sertion of a claim to the throne of England, and was also known as the Chevalier de Saint-George. He entered the French army, and charged at the head of the cavalry at Malplaquet. The Scotch Jacobites took arms in his cause in 1715, but were defeated. He landed in Scotland in December of that year, but, finding his cause desperate, returned to France, and afterwards gave up his claim in favor of his son.

1848. A treaty of peace was signed with Mexico, at the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo. By this treaty the Rio Grande was acknowledged as one of the boundaries of the United States, and New Mexico and California were ceded, the United States to pay for them fifteen millions of dollars.

1865. A meeting of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward with Vice-President Stephens and two commissioners of the Southern Confederacy took place in Hampton Roads, with the purpose of trying to arrange a peace between the two sections of the country. The effort ended in failure, however, the Southern envoys demanding more than the Federal authorities were willing to grant.

1883. Disastrous floods occurred in many parts of the United States, Ohio, Indiana, and Western Pennsylvania especially suffering. Many large towns were inundated, notably the city of Cleveland, and much damage was done in the country districts. On the 17th of February the Ohio rose to an unprecedented height, and sixty thousand persons were driven from their homes. Similar devastations occurred along the whole course of the Mississippi.

1885. O'Donovan Rossa, a prominent leader of the Irish revolutionists, was shot by Mrs. Yseult Dudley, a young Englishwoman. She had met him by appointment near his office in New York, under promise to contribute to the Fenian fund, and while walking and conversing in Chambers Street she drew a pistol and fired at him, repeating the shots after he had fallen to the pavement. He escaped with a severe flesh-wound.

1886. The American steamer *Rapidan* sailed from New York and was never afterwards heard from. There were about twenty persons on board.

February 3.

1790. The printer of the *Times* newspaper was put on trial for libels on the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence. Judgment was rendered against him, and he was fined two hundred pounds and imprisoned for one year.

1804. The frigate *Philadelphia*, of the United States fleet blockading Tripoli, which had struck on a rock in the harbor and been taken by the Tripolitans, was gallantly boarded and destroyed by Lieutenant (afterwards Commodore) Decatur. At the head of a small party he entered the harbor, boarded the vessel before his true character was discovered, drove the Arabs into the water, and, finding that the frigate could not be got off, set her on fire, and sailed away safely through the fire of the Tripolitan forts.

1809. The territory of Illinois was established by act of Congress. It embraced the area occupied by the present States of Illinois and Wisconsin.

February 4.

1783. A disastrous earthquake took place in Italy and Sicily, by which Messina and other towns were overthrown and thousands of people killed.

1794. The first theatre established in Boston was opened to the public on this day. It was called the Federal Street Theatre. A law forbidding theatrical performances had formerly existed, but had been repealed in the preceding year.

1861. Delegates from seven of the seceded States met at Montgomery, Alabama, and by the 8th organized the "Confederate States of America," with Jefferson Davis for President and Alexander H. Stephens for Vice-President. These included the States from South Carolina to Texas. Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas, and Tennessee afterwards joined the Confederacy.

1886. A severe storm raged from this date to the 7th, causing much damage on land and numerous wrecks on the ocean and the lakes. The snow-fall covered the whole country from the Rocky Mountains eastward, in some places to the depth of several feet. The Southern States were snowed up, the railroads generally blocked, and many lives lost.

1886. A strike took place on the New York street-railways for twelve hours' labor a day, the drivers and conductors having previously been working much longer hours. The strike extended to Philadelphia and other cities, and, after some delay and negotiation, was generally granted. Few recent strikes have had public opinion so strongly in their favor.

February 5.

1783. The independence of the United States was acknowledged by Sweden on this day, by Denmark on the 25th, by Spain on the 24th of March, and by Russia in July.

1799. Galvani, an eminent Italian physiologist, and the discoverer of what is known as galvanism, died. The electrical phenomena thus named were discovered accidentally, the muscles of some dead frogs, which he had obtained as food for his sick wife, being affected by the conductor of an electrical machine. Galvani studied the phenomena thus brought to his attention, and excited great interest in the scientific world by the publication of his results.

1881. Thomas Carlyle died. No writer of the century has occupied a larger place in public interest, or called forth more criticism, favorable and unfavorable, than this distinguished essayist and historian. His works are full of thought, but are couched in so involved and difficult a style as to repel many readers, while others are repelled by his reversionary theory of society, which would bring back the rule of the strong as the best system of government for mankind. Vigorous as are these works, their defects of style and lack of harmony with the spirit of modern progress must tell against their permanent standing in literature.

1887. A serious railroad disaster took place in Vermont. A train was derailed near White River Junction, the cars took fire, and thirty lives were lost by crushing or burning, while thirty-seven persons were seriously injured.

February 6.

1788. Massachusetts ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1805. The *Abergavenny*, an East-Indiaman, went ashore in a gale on the Bill of Portland, England, more than three hundred persons being drowned.

1818. Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals, became King of Sweden. He had been elected by the Swedish Diet heir to the throne in 1810, on the death of the crown-prince of Sweden. Bonaparte at first refused his assent, but finally granted it, and Bernadotte became the colleague of Charles XIII. in the government. On the retreat of Napoleon from Russia, Bernadotte joined the allies against him with a Swedish army. On the death of the king, February 6, 1818, he succeeded as king, and was succeeded by his son in 1844. Of the several persons whom Napoleon placed on the thrones of Europe he was the only one who retained his

seat, and he did so only by turning against his old friend in his hour of adversity.

1885. Long-distance telephoning was tried on this day, and satisfactory communications passed between New York and Meadville, Pennsylvania, a distance of five hundred and nine miles. Experiments with Chicago, one thousand miles distant, promised well at first, but ended unsatisfactorily.

1886. The *Edinburgh Courier*, the oldest newspaper in Scotland, ceased to exist as a separate journal, being merged with another paper.

1887. Stanley, the famous African explorer, headed an expedition which set out from Zanzibar with the design of rescuing Emin Bey, who was besieged by Arabs in the interior. Stanley vanished in the African wilds, and for a long time nothing was heard from him other than unconfirmed rumors of his death. Very recently it has been reported that he is a prisoner in the hands of the Mahdi; but this report at the present writing remains unconfirmed.

February 7.

1823. Ann Radcliffe, a popular English novelist of the early part of the century, died. She was noted for the mysterious and ghost-like character of her narratives, in which the sombre and marvellous predominated. Of her novels, "The Romance of the Forest" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho" are still read by those who enjoy blood-curdling situations.

1832. A disastrous flood took place in the valley of the Ohio, beginning on this date and continuing till the 19th, when the water attained the height of sixty-four feet three inches above low-water mark at Cincinnati. The inhabitants of the low-lying districts were forced to take refuge on the hills, and a great amount of property was destroyed.

1845. The Portland Vase was broken, being smashed to pieces with a stone by a man named William Lloyd. This celebrated work of art was discovered in the sixteenth century in a sepulchre near Rome, supposed to have been that of the Roman emperor Alexander Severus. It is composed of glass with figures raised on it in white enamel, and is esteemed as a unique instance of work of this character among ancient remains. It was only by its breaking that the fact of its being made of glass was ascertained, a fact which adds greatly to its archaeological value. It has been skillfully repaired, and is now kept in a safe place where no future madman can have the opportunity to injure it.

1863. The *Orpheus*, a large steamer, was wrecked on the coast of New Zea-

land, only seventy persons being saved out of two hundred and sixty on board.

1878. Pius IX., the pope, died. His papacy had been a long and an eventful one. He was elected in June, 1846, and nearly the whole period of his incumbency was marked by wars and tumults in Italy, ending in the loss of the temporal power of the papacy and the union of all Italy into a single kingdom. Rome was declared the capital of the new kingdom of Italy in 1860, but this city had been occupied by a French army in 1849, sent there to overturn the republican government then formed. This army held possession till 1866, when the French withdrew, though the Italian army did not march in till 1870. There was some resistance to this occupation on the part of those who supported the temporal sovereignty of the pope, but this temporal power was abolished immediately upon the occupation, and the authority of the pope restricted to spiritual supremacy.

February 8.

1587. Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded. This celebrated woman, whose unhappy fate has excited so much commiseration, led a checkered career. The daughter of James V. of Scotland, she was educated in France, with a view to her marriage with the Dauphin. Here she became greatly accomplished, while her rare personal beauty and fascinating manners made her a general court favorite. She was married in 1568 to the Dauphin, who became King of France, as Francis II., in 1559, but who died the following year. On the death of the English queen Mary, Francis and Mary had assumed the titles of King and Queen of England. After her husband's death she repaired to Scotland, and was accepted as queen, though her religious faith of Roman Catholicism made her unpopular with many of her subjects. This was added to by her unwise and seemingly criminal actions, her husband, Lord Darnley, being murdered and his death being followed by her marriage with her favorite Bothwell, who was suspected of the murder. Infuriated by this action, the Scottish lords and people, of all religious faiths, rose against her, and she was taken prisoner and confined on a little island in Loch Leven. She escaped from this prison and was joined by an army, which was quickly routed, Mary fleeing to England and throwing herself on the generosity of her rival Elizabeth. The latter refused to admit her to her presence, as she was not cleared of the charge of murder, and had her confined successively at Bolton Castle,

Coventry, and Fotheringay, her imprisonment continuing for nineteen years. Her old claim to the throne of England had never been definitely abrogated, and she was finally charged with complicity in a conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth. The evidence against her amounted to nothing, yet she was condemned and executed. Elizabeth has been severely blamed for this cruel disposal of a rival whom indeed she had little reason to fear, and sympathy for the misfortunes of Mary's later life has made many forget the sappiness and apparent criminality of her earlier career.

1725. Peter the Great of Russia died on this day. This remarkable monarch proved himself one of the great men of the earth, and by his practical genius raised Russia from the position of an unimportant power into the first rank of European monarchies. He was of unwearying energy, and, perceiving early in his reign that Russia was far behind the remainder of Europe in the methods of civilization, he resolved to overcome its defects. Feeling the necessity of a navy, he not only procured the services of foreign mechanics, but went to Holland, where he himself worked for wages as a ship-carpenter. Returning to Russia, he put his reforms into effect, founded the city of St. Petersburg as his capital, and engaged for years in a severe struggle against Charles XII. of Sweden, whom he finally defeated at the decisive battle of Pultowa. His wisely-devised and arbitrarily-effected measures of reform proved highly beneficial to Russia, which kingdom during his reign began that career of advancement which has brought it to so prominent a position in the European politics of the present day.

1849. A republic was instituted at Rome, the pope being deprived of all temporal power. This was the result of an insurrection in favor of Italian unity which broke out in November, 1848, and which forced the pope to fly in disguise. He appealed to the Catholic powers, and was brought back by a French force, which captured Rome from the revolutionists and re-established the papal authority in July, 1849. This French occupation continued till 1866, when it was forced to be given up in consequence of the growing vigor of the demand for Italian unity.

1864. The Colt small-arms-factory at Hartford, Connecticut, was partly destroyed by fire, the loss being estimated at one million dollars.

1865. A disastrous fire broke out in Philadelphia, at which about twenty persons were burned to death. The money loss was half a million of dollars.

1882. Berthold Auerbach, a popular German novelist, died. Of his works may be named "Village Tales of the Black Forest," "On the Heights," "The Country House on the Rhine," and "Little Barefoot." Most of his works have been translated into English and have been much read in England and America.

1886. A meeting of the "unemployed" of London took place at Trafalgar Square, at which socialistic speeches were made, and which ended in a riot, the mob marching tumultuously through the streets, breaking the windows of club-houses and residences, and wrecking and robbing stores, the damage done being estimated at fifty thousand pounds.

February 9.

1799. In consequence of the hostile feeling between France and the United States, war broke out on the ocean, although there had been no formal declaration. The American frigate, *Constellation*, of thirty-eight guns, attacked and captured the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, of forty guns, after an hour's action. On the 1st of February of the next year the same American frigate attacked the French frigate *La Vengeance*. The engagement lasted five hours, and the French ship was silenced, but a storm that arose enabled her to escape, with a loss of one hundred and sixty men killed and wounded.

1863. The *George Griswold*, a vessel sent from the United States with relief for the distressed cotton-workers of Lancashire, arrived in England. This distress was due to the stopping of cottonshipments by the American civil war, and relief from America was but a just redress of grievances which the war had occasioned to innocent sufferers.

1867. Nebraska was admitted as the thirty-seventh State of the American Union. The bill for its admission was vetoed by President Johnson, but was passed over his veto.

1875. The first train passed through the Hoosac Tunnel, Massachusetts. This tunnel is four and three-quarters miles long, twenty-five feet high, and twenty-seven feet wide through solid rock.

1884. Cetewayo, the King of Zululand, died. This African hero, after killing one brother and causing the death of six others in battle, became king conjointly with his father in 1859, and sole king in 1873. He began to collect and discipline a large army. Sir Bartle Frere, the British governor, having vainly ordered him to desist, a large British army invaded Zululand in 1879, and a bloody war followed, in which the British met with some terrible reverses. In the end,

however, the Zulus were overcome, and Cetewayo was taken as a prisoner to England. He was restored to a part of his old realm in 1882, but was driven out by his subjects, and died in Natal in 1884.

February 10.

1567. Lord Darnley, of whom we have spoken under February 8 as the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, was killed by an explosion, the house in which he was lodged during a fit of illness being blown up with gunpowder. Mary had grown to hate him for his stupidity, insolence, and profligacy, and also for the murder of her favorite secretary Rizzio, and it is believed that this explosion was arranged at her instigation by Bothwell, whom she afterwards married.

1836. The city of Philadelphia was first lighted with gas on the evening of this day. It is remarkable how slow this desirable improvement was in making its way. It had been introduced into London more than twenty years before, and into New York twelve years before.

1840. The marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert was celebrated with great ceremony on this day. Her life with him was a happy one, and he gained the reputation of a prudent and wise counsellor, whom she greatly mourned after his death in 1861.

1840. Upper and Lower Canada were reunited. They had been separated into these two districts in 1791.

1868. Sir David Brewster died. He had attained great celebrity by his discoveries in optical science, particularly by his researches on double refraction and the discovery of the law of the polarization of light by reflection. He edited the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," founded the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal" and the "Edinburgh Journal of Science," and published a number of important scientific works.

February 11.

1650. Descartes, an illustrious French philosopher, died. He was a mathematician of great ability, published several important treatises containing valuable discoveries in algebra and geometry, and was the first to announce the law of the refraction of light. He gained yet more distinction in metaphysical philosophy, his works on this subject being marked by a daring and original genius which gave a great impetus to succeeding philosophical inquiry. He found the basis of all positive knowledge in self-consciousness, expressed in this dogma, "I think: therefore I am." In 1644 was published his "Principles of Philosophy," in which he advances the theory that the sun is

the centre of a vortex of an all-pervading ether, to whose movement the revolutions of the planets are due. It is probable that this treatise set Newton to thinking on the same subject, and was the instigating cause of his theory of gravitation, which has long outlived the vortex theory of Descartes.

1763. Shenstone, an English pastoral poet, died. He was the author of odes, elegies, and pastorals, among which a poem entitled "The Schoolmistress" is praised by Dr. Johnson as the most pleasing of his productions.

1870. A board came ashore on the coast of Cornwall on which was written a statement that the City of Boston, which had sailed long before from New York, was sinking. It was the sole record of the lost ship.

February 12.

1554. Lady Jane Grey was executed. This unfortunate woman, the victim of the ambition of her friends, was a great-granddaughter of Henry VII. of England. She manifested unusual talents, especially in the study of languages, and was married in 1558 to Lord Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. Her husband and father (the Duke of Suffolk) prevailed on Edward VI. to settle the crown upon her, to the exclusion of his sisters Mary and Elizabeth. On the death of Edward she was prevailed upon, against her judgment, to accept the crown. But, the people having declared for Mary, Lady Jane and her husband were arrested and imprisoned in the Tower, and executed after several months' imprisonment.

1804. Immanuel Kant, the greatest of German philosophers, and one of the profoundest of all metaphysical thinkers, died. He was the author of numerous philosophical works, the greatest of which is the "Critique of Pure Reason," in which his study of the laws and limitations of the human intellect, to which his philosophy was largely devoted, is most fully set forth. Among his other works is one on the "Theory of the Heavens," in which he advanced an hypothesis somewhat similar to the celebrated nebular hypothesis of Laplace.

1867. Several Fenian outbreaks occurred on this day. An irruption of Fenians took place into the city of Chester, an outbreak in Kerry threatened Killarney, and a futile attack was made on the coast-guard station at Cahirciveen. Sixty-seven Fenians from Liverpool were arrested in Dublin. These movements seemed preliminary to more decided risings which occurred in March.

1880. A severe gale on the Atlantic

caused a terrible loss of life. The most serious disaster was the loss of the British training-ship *Atalanta*, which left Bermuda on the 31st of January with three hundred persons on board and was never more heard of. She is supposed to have foundered in this storm.

1885. A fire broke out in the lunatic ward of Blockley Almshouse, Philadelphia, in which twenty-eight of the inmates, chiefly those confined in cells, were burned to death before they could be rescued. Fifty or more of the lunatics escaped to the city, but were all soon afterwards recaptured.

February 18.

1576. Benvenuto Cellini, a celebrated Italian artist, died. He excelled in the arts of engraving, sculpture, and gold-working, and produced some of the most highly esteemed specimens of Italian work in those arts. Among the most admired of them is his bronze group of Perseus and Medusa. Cellini left an entertaining autobiography, which gives us a graphic conception of the turbulent state of Italy at that time. He was constantly engaged in quarrels, and seems to have killed or badly wounded several of his antagonists. He took part in the defence of Rome in 1527 against the Constable Bourbon, whom he boasts of having killed during the conflict. He was several times imprisoned, escaped, was recaptured, and altogether passed a very active and adventurous life.

1692. The "Glencoe Massacre" of the Macdonald clan took place. This was a Jacobite clan which had failed to obey the king's proclamation ordering a surrender before January 1, 1692. An enemy of the clan obtained from the king a decree for their extirpation, which he is said to have signed without reading it. Every man under seventy was to be slain. This order was treacherously carried out by a party of soldiers who were hospitably entertained by the Highlanders, but rose on them in the night and began a general massacre. About sixty men were slain, and many women and children, turned out half clad in a freezing night, perished. Great indignation was excited by this outrage, and an inquiry was set on foot, but no one seems to have been punished.

1788. The trial of Warren Hastings, the most celebrated of English trials, began. Hastings, who had been Governor-General of India, was charged with high crimes and misdemeanors during his governorship, for which he was put on trial before the peers of Great Britain. Among the charges was his acceptance of a present of one hundred thousand

pounds from the Nabob of Oude. The trial occupied one hundred and forty-five days, but was extended over a period of seven years and three months. It terminated in his acquittal. One of the great events of the trial was Sheridan's celebrated speech on the impeachment, which excited an extraordinary sensation at the time, and is still regarded as one of the most splendid examples of eloquence on record.

1789. Ethan Allen, the famous leader of the "Green Mountain Boys" in the Revolutionary War, died. The deed for which he is celebrated was the surprise and capture, at the outset of the war, of the fort at Ticonderoga, which he demanded from the astounded commander "in the name of the Great God and the Continental Congress." He was afterwards taken prisoner at Montreal and sent to England, where he remained in captivity two years and a half.

1882. A disastrous railroad accident took place near New York from a disarrangement of the air-brake of a train. It was forced to stop, and was dashed into by another train coming at full speed. There were on board many members of the New York Legislature. The cars were overturned and set on fire and a number of the passengers burned alive.

1883. Richard Wagner, the distinguished German musical composer, died. He had original theories about music, which were carried out in his operas, and which have excited much controversy in musical circles. In his view every theme was to be treated as a grand whole, the music being a unity, instead of the disjointed collocation of airs which make up the essential of many popular operas. His music may prove to be the "music of the future," as it has been entitled, but has not yet won a position as the leading music of the present, though it is growing in favor. His operas include "Lohengrin," "Rheingold," "Parsifal," "Siegfried," and a number of others.

1886. Great floods occurred in the New England States from a rapid thaw. Property was destroyed to the value of many millions of dollars, and thousands of persons in the vicinity of Boston were driven from their homes by the rising waters.

February 14.

270. St. Valentine's Day. Valentine is said to have been a bishop of the early Christian Church, who suffered martyrdom at Rome in 270 A.D. under Claudius II., or in 271 under Aurelian, as others say. The origin of the custom of "choosing a valentine" has been much debated, and it remains doubtful how this

day became sacred to love. In the past the day was celebrated by the drawing of a valentine lottery, names of men and maidens being written and drawn. The valentines thus chosen were expected to treat, give balls, etc., to their mistresses, the sport often ending in actual love. The letter-sending custom is more modern. The number of letters which now pass through the mails on this day is something astounding, many of them genuine expressions of a feeling stronger than the fraternal, but many also caricatures, often of a scurrilous and insulting character.

1779. Captain Cook, a celebrated English circumnavigator of the globe, was killed by the natives of Hawaii. He began life as a common seaman, but gradually rose in rank, and served at Wolfe's capture of Quebec as master of a sloop. At a later date he was given command of a vessel sent by the government to the South Pacific to observe the transit of Venus and to make scientific and geographical discoveries. This mission was successfully performed, and in 1772 he was again sent to search for a southern continent. He circumnavigated the globe in high southern latitudes, and discovered the island of New Caledonia. He sailed on a third voyage in 1776, and in 1778 discovered the Sandwich Islands, explored Behring Strait, and reached 70° North. He returned to winter at the Sandwich Islands, and while there got into an altercation with the natives about a stolen boat. While retreating he was attacked, and he and four of his men were killed.

1807. The *Ajax*, a seventy-four-gun English frigate, was destroyed by fire off the island of Tenedos, two hundred and fifty persons perishing.

1840. An earthquake laid waste the island of Ternate, thousands of the inhabitants losing their lives.

1859. Oregon was admitted as a State into the American Union, its constitution prohibiting slavery within its borders.

1884. Merv, in Central Asia, was annexed by Russia. This was an important step in the persistent southward extension of Russian power in Asia.

February 15.

1804. The legislature of New Jersey passed an act for the gradual abolition of slavery in that State. All persons born after the 4th of July of that year were to be free, and the children of all slaves to become free—males at twenty-five, females at twenty-one years of age.

1833. The *Hibernia* was burned at sea, one hundred and fifty persons perish-

ing. On the same day of 1858 the steamship *Queen Victoria* was wrecked near Dublin, sixty-seven being lost out of one hundred and twenty.

1884. The first train crossed the Andes from Buenos Ayres to Chili, a railroad having been completed across that difficult mountain-chain.

1887. In honor of the semi-centennial jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign, twenty-five thousand prisoners were released from prison in India.

February 16.

1826. Lindley Murray, a distinguished American grammarian, died. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and the author of several works which attained great popularity, his "*Grammar of the English Language*" being long used as a school-book.

1853. The *Independence* was wrecked on the coast of Lower California, and afterwards took fire. Of those on board, one hundred and forty were burned or drowned. A few escaped, but these suffered dreadfully from the barren nature of the country on which they were cast ashore.

1857. Dr. Kane, the celebrated Arctic explorer, died. He was a native of Philadelphia who, after many journeys over the world, and one visit to the Arctic seas, commanded an expedition sent out in 1868 in search of remains of the Franklin expedition. He reached the highest latitude attained to that time, and discovered what appeared to be an open polar sea. His death was in consequence of the influence upon his health of the hardships he had endured.

1862. Fort Donelson was taken by General Grant. Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, had been evacuated on the 6th, the garrison going to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland. Grant followed, and quickly reduced this fort, taking ten thousand prisoners. This was much the most brilliant success of the Union arms up to this date, and gave the Federal armies control of Kentucky and in great measure of Tennessee.

1878. The Bland silver bill was passed by Congress over the veto of the President. This requires the monthly coinage of two millions of silver dollars, of 412½ grains each, each dollar being worth considerably less than a dollar in gold. Under this law a vast number of silver dollars have been made, which are in great part stored away in the treasury vaults.

1887. Woman suffrage in Kansas went into effect on this day. The privilege is restricted to voting at municipal elections, suffrage in State and national elections being as yet restricted to men.

February 17.

1564. Michael Angelo, in many respects the greatest artist of modern times, died. He was alike able in painting, sculpture, and architecture, and has left remarkable evidences of his ability in all those provinces of art. His fresco-paintings in the Sistine Chapel of Rome have never been approached in grandeur of design and execution, his statues rival those of the greatest artists of old Greece, and in architecture the greatest building in the world, St. Peter's at Rome, remains as a monument of his genius.

1673. Molière, the greatest of French and by some considered the ablest of all modern writers of comedy, died. He began life as a comic actor, but soon began to write, and produced a large number of comedies, marked by great versatility in devising comical situations and unusual power in the delineation of character. Hallam remarks "that Shakespeare has the greater genius, but perhaps Molière has written the best comedies." Among the most popular of his works are the "Hypocrite" and the "Misanthrope."

1827. Pestalozzi, an eminent educational reformer, died. He was of Swiss birth, and did much towards the promotion of better methods of education, his system having been adopted and perfected by later educators.

1856. Heine, a distinguished German poet and prose author, died. He produced several tragedies, and a work entitled "Pictures of Travel," which became very popular. His lyrics are among the most charming in thought and finish which have been produced by the German muse.

1865. Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was occupied by Sherman's army on his march northward from Savannah. It was destroyed that night by fire, the origin of which has been charged by each party on the other, but which may have arisen from burning tufts of cotton blown about from the cotton which was burned by the evacuating forces. On the same day Charleston was evacuated by the force under Hardee, the naval and military stores being set on fire. In this case also the fire from burning cotton was communicated to the city, and the flames swept far and wide, almost destroying the city before their progress could be stayed. On the following day the Union forces in the harbor occupied the desolate ruin of the place which they had steadily assailed for four years.

1866. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland, and about two hundred and fifty persons suspected of Fenianism were at once arrested.

1867. The *Primo*, a vessel of eighty tons' burden, passed through the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, being the first vessel, except one or two small craft, to pass.

1874. The *Faraday*, a vessel built for laying electric cables, was launched. It was next in size to the *Great Eastern*, being three hundred and sixty feet long, fifty-two wide, and thirty-six deep, and of five thousand tons' register. It has been much employed.

1880. A daring attempt was made to assassinate the Czar of Russia, an explosion of dynamite taking place in the guard-room under the dining-hall a few minutes before the Czar and his guests, including several persons of royal lineage, were ready to enter. One hundred and twenty-four pounds of dynamite are said to have been exploded, killing two and wounding fifty-three soldiers. Little harm was done to the dining-room, and the royal party would not have been much disturbed had they been there.

1882. A serious conflagration occurred in the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, causing a loss of six lives and of two million dollars' worth of property. On the same day a fireworks-establishment took fire at Chester, Pennsylvania, fourteen persons losing their lives in the explosion that followed.

1886. The Austrian ship *Miroslav* sailed from Philadelphia and was never more heard of. There were twenty persons on board.

1886. Elizabeth Mouatt reached Aalesund, Norway, having been blown across the North Sea in a smack from the Shetland Islands. Two men who were with her were washed overboard, but she escaped after drifting several days and nights before the gale.

February 18.

1546. Martin Luther died. The career of this noted personage was a remarkable one. Dissatisfied with the method in which indulgences were being sold in Germany, he proceeded to hostility to the Catholic Church, and, supported by friends in power, defied the pope. The new doctrines which he advocated were quickly accepted by hosts of people, and Luther was able to withstand the efforts made to punish him for heresy. He was a man of great zeal and unconquerable courage, qualities needed in the leader of a new religious sect in those days. He had, moreover, great literary ability, and his works are looked upon as the earliest worthy examples of German prose. The most important of these is his translation of the Bible into German.

1791. Vermont was admitted into the

Union, being the first State added to the original thirteen. It had been claimed as part of New York, but the "Green Mountain boys" stoutly resisted this claim, and roughly handled and dismissed those who came to establish it.

1874. Disraeli was made prime minister of Great Britain. This was his second rise to power, he having been premier in 1868 for a short term. He was made Earl of Beaconsfield in 1877, and retired from the premiership in 1880, dying April 19, 1881. His career is a remarkable instance of progress against discouragement through sheer force of energy and consciousness of ability.

1887. A fire took place at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, in which thirty thousand bales of cotton were consumed.

February 19.

1841. The Governor Fenner, from Liverpool for America, was run down off Holyhead by the steamer Nottingham, one hundred and twenty-two persons perishing in the disaster. A similar collision occurred on the same day of February, 1860, the steamer Ondine being run down by the *Herbine*, with the loss of fifty persons. On the same day an American emigrant-ship, the *Luna*, was wrecked off Barfleur, about one hundred lives being lost; and in the night of the same day the Hungarian, a new mail-steamer, was wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, all on board, two hundred and five in number, being lost.

1864. The society of Knights of Pythias was founded at Washington, D.C. The expressed purpose of this society was "to disseminate the great principles of Friendship, Charity, and Benevolence." It has grown rapidly, having in 1885 over two thousand lodges and more than a hundred and sixty thousand members.

February 20.

1815. The United States frigate *Constitution* captured the British ships-of-war *Cyane* and *Levant*. These vessels had been cruising, and their commanders did not know that peace had been declared. The prizes were afterwards restored to the English government.

1856. The packet-ship *John Rutledge* struck upon an iceberg and went down. The passengers and crew, one hundred and fifty-six persons in all, took to the boats. One of these was picked up on the 28th, but only one person was alive on board; the others had died under their privations. The other boats were never heard from.

1878. Cardinal Vincenzo Pecci was elected pope by the College of Cardinals.

He assumed the title of *Leo XIII.* on taking the office.

1884. A fire-damp explosion occurred in a coal-mine near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, causing the death of nineteen miners.

February 21.

1707. Aurangzebe, the greatest of the Mogul emperors of India, died. He was the son of the famous Shah Jehan, and by his ability added greatly to the dominions and revenues of his empire, but by his religious intolerance and duplicity he eventually brought ruin upon the country.

1848. John Quincy Adams was struck with paralysis while in his seat at the Capitol, and died on the 23d, his last words being, "This is the last of earth! I am content!" He was the eldest son of John Adams, the second President of the United States, and was himself elected the sixth President in 1824. He had been elected United States Senator from Massachusetts in 1803, and spent nearly all the remainder of his life in Congress or in the public service in other capacities. In the latter part of his career he was popularly known by the title of "The Old Man Eloquent."

1864. The *All Serene*, an Australian ship, foundered during a gale in the Pacific, over thirty lives being lost. The survivors took to the sea in a punt, and suffered very severely from privation, but finally succeeded in reaching the Feejee Islands.

1885. The Washington Monument was dedicated with great ceremony, six thousand soldiers being present from all parts of the country and taking part in the exercises. This great obelisk is five hundred and fifty-five feet high, and seventy feet square at the base. It is composed of great blocks of Maryland marble, lined with blue gneiss.

February 22.

1732. George Washington was born on this day, the anniversary of which has, since his death, been kept as a day sacred to American independence, and is now generally observed throughout the United States as a national holiday. His great-grandfather, John Washington, had emigrated from England to Virginia about 1657. His father, Augustine Washington, had an estate on the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. Here Washington was born.

1845. Sydney Smith, a celebrated English writer and wit, died. He took holy orders, and was successively curate and rector of several livings, but continued active in literature, being one of the

founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, its first editor, and for many years a contributor to its columns. His chief celebrity now is for his wit, many of his *bon-mots* being constantly quoted as happy instances of conversational humor.

1847. On this day the battle of Buena Vista was fought. General Taylor, with an army of five thousand men, nearly all untrained volunteers, was attacked by Santa Anna with a Mexican army of twenty thousand men. The Americans held a mountain-pass from which their adversaries tried in vain to drive them. The Mexicans lost severely, and finally retreated, leaving the Americans in possession of the field. No other action of the war excited so much enthusiasm throughout the United States.

1856. The first railroad in California was opened for travel on this day. It ran from Sacramento to Folsom, a distance of twenty-two and a half miles.

1859. Sir W. Armstrong was made consulting engineer of rifled ordnance to the British government in consequence of his important achievements in the art of gunnery. After four years' experiments, he had produced "a breech-loading rifled wrought-iron gun of great durability and of extreme lightness, combining a great extent of range and extraordinary accuracy." The range of a thirty-two-pound gun charged with five pounds of powder was a little over five miles.

1868. The impeachment of President Johnson was voted by the House of Representatives, the vote standing one hundred and twenty-six to forty-seven. This was a result of the long controversy between Congress and the President. The latter had dismissed Stanton as Secretary of War and nominated Grant in his place. In this action the Senate refused to concur. The President renewed his effort to depose Stanton, who refused to vacate the office, when the House took the course above stated, on the ground that the President's action was a violation of the Tenure of Office Act.

1882. The Governor of Mississippi issued an appeal for aid for the sufferers from the terrible inundation which had extended throughout the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and caused immense damage to property and the loss of many lives. The Ohio rose to an extraordinary height, though it was surpassed by the flood of the following year, described under date of February 2. The various heights which the Ohio has reached at Cincinnati are as follows: February 18, 1832, sixty-four feet three inches; December 17, 1847, sixty-three feet seven inches; February, 1862, fifty-seven feet

four inches; February, 1882, fifty-eight feet seven inches; and February 17, 1883, sixty-six feet four inches. The Indians speak of a flood that occurred about 1774, when the river attained a height of one hundred feet.

February 23.

1792. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most celebrated of English portrait-painters, died. He is considered as the founder of the British school of painting, and his portraits rank very high among productions in that school of art. He was an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, and in combination with him founded the Literary Club, consisting of twelve members, among them Burke and Goldsmith. He became President of the Royal Academy in 1768, and was knighted on that occasion.

1807. During an execution which took place at the Old Bailey, London, such were the pressure and turbulence of the mob of spectators that thirty persons were trodden to death, while many more were maimed and injured. It was a lesson that should have brought public executions to an end, though condemned criminals were publicly executed in England as late as 1868.

1819. The treaty for the cession of Florida by Spain to the United States was signed at Washington on this day, but the King of Spain refused, in the following August, to ratify it. He ratified it, however, in 1821. The United States government was to pay five million dollars for this valuable territory, and cede to Spain its claim to the disputed district in Texas.

1883. A revolt of the prisoners took place in the Missouri Penitentiary at Jefferson. Fourteen hundred convicts, led by a ringleader named Johnson, mutinied and set fire to the buildings, cutting the hose of the fire-companies which attempted to extinguish the flames. The people armed and surrounded the prison, most of the convicts surrendering at this show of force. Johnson and a party of followers attempted to break through the line and escape, but were captured and replaced in their cells.

1887. A severe earthquake took place in southern Europe, much damage being done in the district of Italy known as the Riviera, and nearly four hundred lives being lost.

February 24.

1821. Keats, the poet, died on this day, in his twenty-sixth year. His poem of "Endymion" was severely criticised in the *Quarterly Review*, and it is supposed that this criticism, acting on his

sensitive disposition, aggravated the disease of which he died. His poems lack the attributes of great poetry, but manifest a vivid perception of the beautiful, and his "Eve of St. Agnes" and others of his poems have a charm which few poets have surpassed.

1876. General Babcock, secretary to President Grant, resigned his office, being accused of complicity in the "whiskey frauds" on the internal revenue, which had just been exposed and were arousing great indignation throughout the country.

February 25.

1634. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, was assassinated. Being a nobleman of great estates and wealth, he raised an army at his own expense in 1625, and took part in the Thirty Years' War, supporting his men by pillage and exactions from the enemy. He was very successful, but his pride, rapacity, and cruelty made him so hated that the Emperor dismissed him from his service. But the victories of Gustavus Adolphus forced the Emperor to implore the aid of Wallenstein to save the Empire. He accepted the invitation, was defeated by Gustavus at Lutzen, but gained victories elsewhere, and acted so strangely that he was suspected of treasonable designs. He was deprived of his command, and secret orders were given for his assassination, he being too powerful to deal with openly. He was surprised and killed in the castle of Egra, to which he had retired. His career forms the subject of Schiller's greatest tragedy.

1791. The United States Bank was chartered on this day, with a capital of ten million dollars. It was situated in Philadelphia, and was chartered for twenty years, with the privilege of creating branches in any of the States. Its charter ran out in 1811, and its renewal by Congress was defeated. In 1817 a second United States Bank was chartered for twenty years, with a capital of thirty-five million dollars. President Jackson in 1833 vetoed the bill to renew the charter of the bank, and withdrew the public deposits from it. This action caused much commercial distress throughout the country, and did much towards bringing on the 1837 panic. In 1837 the bank went out of existence as a national institution, but was continued for some years as a State bank, until it ruined itself by cotton-speculations. The massive marble building, of Doric architecture, in which the bank was situated, is now used as the United States Custom-House at Philadelphia.

1862. The President approved the Legal Tender Act, passed by Congress.

The Treasurer was authorized to issue one hundred and fifty million dollars in notes, not bearing interest, which were to be accepted as legal tender for all debts, public or private, and to be received and paid out by the government for all purposes except duties on imports and interest on the national debt, these to be paid in gold.

1863. A conscription bill was passed by Congress, for the drafting into the army of men between eighteen and forty-five years of age.

1871. At a railroad accident in France, near St.-Nazaire, an explosion took place of casks of gunpowder which formed part of the freight, causing the death of sixty passengers.

February 26.

1531. A terrible earthquake took place at Lisbon, in which fifteen hundred houses fell and thirty thousand persons were buried in the ruins. Several neighboring towns suffered the same fate. The great Lisbon earthquake of November, 1755, hardly surpassed this in destructiveness, if we consider the increase in population during the two centuries intervening.

1823. John Philip Kemble, the famous English tragedian, died. "As an actor Kemble excelled in the highest order of tragedy." He first performed as "Hamlet" in 1788, and retired from the stage in 1815. His brother, Charles Kemble, was an actor of good powers, and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, attained one of the loftiest places in the annals of the stage.

1848. A republic was proclaimed from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, Paris. The opposition to Louis Philippe reached its height on his prohibition of the grand reform banquet of February 21. A revolutionary tumult broke out the next day, barricades were thrown up, the prisons opened, and frightful disorder prevailed. On the 24th the king abdicated in favor of his infant grandson, who was not accepted, and the royal family and ministers fled from France. A republican government was at once decided upon, and proclaimed as above stated.

1852. Thomas Moore, the most celebrated poet of Ireland, died. He was the author of numerous popular poems, among which "Lalla Rookh" and the "Irish Melodies" are most esteemed. The former attained extraordinary popularity, and is notable for splendid imagery and musical versification. Many of his songs are of great beauty. In addition to his poems, Moore wrote a "History of Ireland," a "Life of Sheridan," and "The Epicurean," a romance of ancient Egypt.

1852. The *Birkenhead*, an English troop-ship, was wrecked off Simon's Bay, South Africa. It had on board six hundred and thirty-eight persons, being detachments from several regiments. Of these only one hundred and eighty-four were saved by the boats. The accident is a notable one from the fact that the men went down drawn up in ranks and standing to their arms. No stronger evidence of the power of discipline has ever been shown, and the sinking of the *Birkenhead* has become famous.

1882. The trial of Charles J. Guiteau for the assassination of President Garfield ended on this day in his conviction. He was sentenced to be hanged, the execution taking place on June 30, 1882.

1886. A very severe wind-storm, rising at some points to a speed of eighty-five miles per hour, blew over the north Atlantic States. Many vessels were wrecked, and great damage was done to other property.

February 27.

1594. Henry IV. of France was crowned. His career was a remarkable one. Escaping from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, he placed himself at the head of the Huguenots as King of Navarre, and gained victory after victory over the Catholic League, the greatest being that of Ivry in 1590. In 1598 he professed the Roman Catholic religion, thus removing the only remaining obstacle to his possession of the French throne, he having been named as successor by the king, Charles IX., who died in 1589. Many more battles took place before he was acknowledged by the whole kingdom. This took place in 1598, in which year Henry gave religious liberty to all his subjects by the celebrated Edict of Nantes.

1706. John Evelyn died. He was the author of several works of importance, including "*Sylva*, or a Discourse on Forest Trees," and treatises on engraving and architecture, but is now known only by his "*Memoirs*," a work of great historical interest and value, it being full of interesting details of public events and social occurrences between the years 1641 and 1706.

1735. John Arbuthnot, a celebrated British author and physician, died. As a humorous writer he has had few superiors in English literature. His best-known work of this kind is the "*History of John Bull*," an amusing political allegory which has been highly commended. He joined with Pope and Swift in founding the famous Scriblerus Club, designed to ridicule false taste in literature. His "*First Book of the Memoirs of Martinus*

Scriblerus" is regarded as a masterpiece of wit and irony.

1872. Yellowstone Park was constituted by act of Congress. This park embraces a large tract of the public lands, more than thirty-five hundred square miles in area, in Montana and Wyoming Territories, and including the famous geyser district of the Yellowstone Valley and other interesting phenomena of nature. In addition to its features of attraction, the park promises to become useful as a place of preservation of the bisons and other important animals of the West, whose extermination is threatened.

February 28.

1844. A disastrous accident occurred on this day, during an excursion of the United States steamer *Princeton* on the Potomac. The object of the excursion was the exhibition of the power of a new cannon, which exploded on being fired. Of those standing near, Mr. Upshur, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Gilmer, the Secretary of the Navy, were killed, while many distinguished persons were dangerously injured.

1851. An earthquake took place at Rhodes and Macri. At the latter place a portion of a mountain fell, crushing a village and destroying six hundred of its inhabitants.

1867. Mr. Peabody, the distinguished philanthropist, gave this month one million dollars for the promotion of education in the South. This gift has been usefully applied, and has proved of great benefit.

1869. Lamartine, one of the most distinguished of recent French authors, died. His works embrace poems, travels, and histories, all of great merit. His "*History of the Girondists*" is an able and brilliant work, which is marked by the greatest clearness and vividness of description. He wrote several other historical works, a book of Eastern travel entitled in the English translation "*A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*," and many poems, which are full of beautiful imagery and have excited much admiration.

1874. The Tichborne trial, the longest trial known in England, came to an end on this day. Proceedings in the Tichborne claim began March, 1867, the plaintiff claiming to be Sir Roger Charles Tichborne (supposed to have been lost at sea) and demanding the baronetcy and estates, worth about twenty-four thousand pounds a year. He succeeded in satisfying Lady Tichborne that he was her son, but the remainder of the family resisted his claim, and a trial began May 11, 1871, which ended March 6, 1872,

adversely to the claim of the plaintiff. He was then accused of perjury, and indicted as Thomas Castro, otherwise Arthur Orton, for perjury and forgery. This trial began April 23, 1872, and continued with little interruption till February 28, 1874. It ended in the conviction of the defendant (the verdict declaring that he was neither Roger Charles Tichborne nor Arthur Orton) and his sentence to fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labor.

February 29.

Leap-Year Day. This is a day which, occurring but once every four years, cannot be replete with interesting events. It was originally, in the Roman year, placed before the 24th of February, which was reckoned *twice*, and hence called *bissextile*, or *twice sixth*. In the Julian calendar the length of the year was reckoned at 365 days and 6 hours. This was eleven minutes more than the true length, the error amounting to ten entire days in the sixteenth century. To obviate this error, Pope Gregory XIII. ordained in 1582 that *that* year should consist of 365 days only (October 5 becoming October 15), and that the year ending a century should not be *bissextile* unless its figures, omitting the

ciphers, were divisible by 4. Thus, 1700, 1800, and 1900 are not counted as leap-years, but 2000 will be. This arrangement makes a very close approximation to the true time. The "New Style" calendar was quickly adopted by most of the countries of Europe, but by England not till 1752, in which year eleven days had to be dropped, September 3 becoming September 14. In Russia it has not yet been adopted, and that country is now twelve days behind the rest of Europe in its reckoning.

1852. John Landseer, an English engraver, father of the celebrated animal-painter Sir Edwin Landseer, the eminent engraver Thomas Landseer, and the painter Charles Landseer, died. He was himself an engraver of reputation, lectured on art, and published several treatises, one of these being entitled "Sabeian Researches."

1880. The piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel was completed, after eight years of labor, the headings from the two sides meeting in the centre. The work of the engineers was so accurate that the two levels differed but two inches. This, in a tunnel of nine and a quarter miles' length, is an instance of extraordinary accuracy of engineering. The tunnel was opened to traffic January 1, 1882..

BELLA-DEMONIA.

A DRAMATIC STORY.

BY

SELINA DOLARO.

We are but pieces in the game He plays
Upon this checker-board of nights and days,
Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.
Omar-i-Khayyám.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

DEDICATION.

TO

A. M. PALMER, Esq.,

PALMER'S AND MADISON SQUARE THEATRES,
NEW YORK.

To you, to whom I owe so many a kindly word and deed, at times when Fate pressed hardest,—given with gentle, simple courtesy, as if the service rendering were a boon receiving,—to you, whose unspoken sympathy has brought me comfort in my darkest hours, I have naught to give in return, nor ever shall have, save remembrance. Will you accept it?

SELINA DOLARO.

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In Memoriam.

SELINA DOLARO.

Yon rising Moon that looks upon us twain,
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane,
How oft, hereafter rising, look for us
Through this same Gardeu, and for *One* in vain!

And when, like her, O S&kt, you shall pass
Among the Guests, star-scattered on the grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made *one*,—turn down an empty glass!
OMAR-I-KHAYYAM.

SHE said to me one day, not long ago, "I wonder whether I shall live to see my book come out, and hear what critics say? I fear I shall not." And her doubt proved just. Madame Dolaro, of whose *self* the world knew but one aspect, that which strove to please its fickle fancy on the mimic stage, has left a world of friends to mourn a loss that few, who knew her not, as some of us, can realize.

Born but a few months more than thirty-five years since, she lived her life with all its disappointments and its joys—neither of which were few—calmly serene in every purpose of her earthly span. When, on the morning of the 25th, we buried what was left to us of her, quietly, as she wished, among the graves of those who died in her ancestral faith, in a green nook among the Cypress Hills, the honored few who, with her to the end, heard her last words and caught her dying breath when on the world she closed her weary eyes, felt that her time had come, and thanked the God in whom through all her pilgrimage on earth she placed her trust with gentle, simple faith, that He had suffered her to end the work she had begun, and, merciful at last, had let her fall asleep in "perfect peace that passeth understanding." For in death, as she had been in life, she lay a sweet ensample to her children and her friends.

She married early—in her fifteenth year—one who, like her, was of the Jewish faith; he traced his ancestry, without a flaw, back to a family who from their home in Spain were thrust in 1492 and sought a safe retreat in Italy. Finding a refuge at Belasco, thence they took their name, discarding that which Spain had known them by,—Miara.

Her artist life began in '70, after some three years spent developing her matchless voice at the Conservatoire of Paris, and she made her first *début* upon the stage that year in "Chilperic" at the Lyceum Theatre. Success crowned every task she tempted from the start; the artist world flocked eager to acclaim this prima donna who was but a child, and all the press of England told the world of her rare triumphs in light opera. Later, in "Zampa" and in "Fleur de Lys," in "Madame Angot" and "La Périhole," she showed the public that in *opéra-bouffe* there may be something more than vulgar jest, suggestive quip, and veiled indecency, throwing around burlesque a zaimph of art. Under the circumstances, 'twas not strange that, presently discarding such light rôles, she trod at last the operatic stage under Carl Rosa's management, and then it was that, conscious of her power, she re-created "Carmen," and at once took, as it were of right, the place reserved for her.

Her "Carmen" first was played in '79,—in February,—and from that time forth it seemed as if her future were secured; but circumstances which proverbially are out of our control ordained that she should cede her place in opera to some one else less fit for it than she had been, and soon we find her once again, with all the cares of management upon her hands, leading her company in *opéra-bouffe*, only, however, for a while; for next we find her singing "Carmen" in New York,—this time in Italian, and now surrounded by an envious foreign *clique* who strove to hinder her in all she did, till, weary of their petty jealousies, she sought once more her English home for rest. In 1883 she came again, and shone among us here in comedy. She played in "Caste," and those who saw how she won every heart with Polly Eccles' tears have since sought vainly for her like again. Since then until her doul declared itself, she played a vast variety of rôles, comedy, burlesque, drama, *opéra-bouffe*, and charmed us with her tears as with her smiles,—for even in her most Cimmerian hours, Madame Dolaro smiled upon the world that was the better that she lived therein, but used her with such merciless despitte, until at last when luck had seemed to turn and some of her desires began to bask in realization, then the strained cord snapped. Her health, which had left much to be desired, gave way

without the warning of an hour, and she who yesterday had been the queen of opera and comedy was laid upon a bed of sickness from which those who saw her there ne'er dared to hope that she could rise again, and plucky though she was, she too made up her mind she was to die.

'Twas only in her later years that I was privileged to know her, when the blow had fallen that deprived her of the power to revel in the glorious gift of life; but even then her bravery was such that high above misfortunes such as most men would succumb to, she triumphantly rose, and began her work in life anew: her voice, her strength, much of her sweet self, gone, she turned her hands and brain to other work. Early in '87, when at first her fragile body rallied from the shock of her first seizure, she took up the pen and put the final touches to a play called "Fashion" which she wrote some years ago, but which had never been produced. Hearing the play was ready for the stage, her friends came round her and entreated her to let them act it for her benefit, and A. M. Palmer foremost of them all lent her his stage and its accessories wherewith to mount her brilliant comedy. In May—the 19th of the month—this work received its first production, and was played as perfectly as any drama could, by a well-chosen cast of faithful friends who strove their utmost to make "Dolly's play" a great success. How they succeeded has been written in the annals of the stage. Now she could rest awhile, and by the sea Madame Dolaro and her daughter lived a few short months in perfect peace, and so when she returned to town it almost seemed as if she might be with us soon again as once she had been, but the daily cares, the constant wonder where to turn for work that she could do, began to break again the skein of life that rest had almost weft.

When in the winter-time of '87 her drama "Fashion" was produced and all its beauties marred by rank incompetence of some of those who played it, and "the press" who in the spring had chanted in its praise turned round and said that "Dolly's play" had failed to please the public, then she realized that she must seek more uncongenial work to make her daily bread, and so she wrote articles, stories for the magazines, and made that book entitled "Mes Amours" out of the poems and the doggerel rhymes that she had written and that faithful friends wrote for her, giving her their leave to print their verses. Not content to wait and trust to Fortune for some unexpected gift, she turned at once to the most arduous task of all her life,—"Bella-Demonia." With loving care she labored at her book, reading authorities and histories, and, having gathered her materials, she took them to the sea-shore. There we wrote (hers was the brain and mine the hand alone) "Bella-Demonia: a Dramatic Tale." The world has read how when this book was done and publishers had read it and agreed to publish it the manuscript was lost,—was stolen from the office of *The World* by some malignant fiend whose wickedness the patient lightnings yet have failed to blast. Up to that hour her health had seemed to us improving daily, but this frightful loss seemed such a shock to the poor fragile soul that from that day the end began, and as she bravely sate her down and wrote again her book from memory (for she kept no notes), the hand of Death seemed to be drawing her away from us. The book at length was done over again, and then the Lippincotts made her an offer that she could accept, so that the latter months were lived at least in comfort, if not luxury.

Meanwhile, she made another drama of her book, which still awaits production; it is called "Bella-Demonia," like her novel, and in it she voices the dramatic scenes through which the people of her novel pass. This done, she did not "fold her hands for sleep," but set to work once more and wrote a new novel, which just two days before the end began was finished. She had been down town to see about its publication, when, chancing to call upon her with a friend, we found her lying crimsoned with her life that ebbed from the old deep-hidden wound. That was upon the 19th, Saturday, and from that time with all the care we knew how to bestow we tended her, though we, her children and her friends, knew well that this was the beginning of the coming end.

All Sunday and on Monday just a gleam of hope lit up the twilight of our grief, but Tuesday afternoon the little life began the final struggle to be free. On Wednesday her sharper sufferings ceased, and in the afternoon the look of pain died from her face and one of exquisite contentment took its place. She was so fair! Then, at a quarter after six o'clock, she tried to speak to us just once again, and, gentle, trusting, loving to the last, she ceased to strive to hold her little life, and, weary of her day's work in the world, which for her fragile frame had been so hard, she laid her down to rest and trustingly gave back her soul to God—and fell asleep.

EDWARD HERON-ALLEN.

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BELLA-DEMONIA.

PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HONORABLE JOHN VYVIAN FANE.

"BUT indeed, Excellency, the fare is three roubles."

"Away! and quickly."

"But indeed——"

"What! still whining? Here! take that!"

The sharp shriek of a man in pain rang out in the wintry air, and was lost on the snow-clad Prospect. An *ivooshtshik*—a sleigh-driver—had been struck across the face by the passenger who had just descended from his droschky, at the top of the Newski Prospect.

The *ivooshtshik* was a miserable specimen of the Russian *moujik* or peasant class, clad in the ragged fur coat and pleated boots of his profession, and, as he cowered against the side of his droschky, formed a wonderful contrast to the man who had struck him. The latter stood illumined by the oil lamp that lit the curb hard by (I am talking of the Petersburg of twenty years ago), a figure of military erectness, clad in a long and tightly-fitting coat of dark cloth, heavily trimmed with Astrachan fur; the cap on his head and the gloves on his hands were of the same material, and his feet were encased in high polished leather boots whose simplicity bespoke their English manufacture. The face illumined as the man turned, by the oil lamp, was finely cut and of an ivory pallor. What was visible of the closely-cut hair beneath the fur cap was of a jet-black, as was also the stiff military moustache which, drawn to fine points on either side, disclosed a thin, pale, cruel mouth. The man looked down at the trembling *moujik*, one hand upon his hip, the other holding a light rattan which still quivered with the force of the blow which had just been laid across the *moujik's* face.

There was nothing very noteworthy—especially at the time of

which I write—in a droschky-driver being struck by his client, but the stillness of the air in the keen frost of the Russian winter seemed to accentuate the bitterness of the cry that rang out. At any rate, it attracted the notice of a man who, stepping from the shadow of a neighboring gate-way, approached the group.

"Come, come," said the new arrival, in the tone of one accustomed to command, "men are not flogged in the streets of Petersburg for nothing. What is the meaning of this?"

The man who had struck the sleigh-driver turned on his heel and confronted his interrogator. The manner of the latter immediately changed, and, straightening his figure as he raised his hand in military salute, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise,—

"The Gospodar Vyvian Fane! We are punctual!"

As he spoke, the *moujik*, who had fastened his eyes on the new-comer's face, sprang upon the driving-seat of his droschky, exclaiming under his breath as he did so,—

"Dmitri Keratieff, of the Secret Police! Holy St. Katerine, what an escape!" And, before either of the pair could turn, he had started his horse and disappeared down one of the by-streets leading out of the Newski Prospect.

"Yes," said the man whom Keratieff had addressed as Vyvian Fane, in answer to the Police Agent's ejaculation, "my business is of a kind that demands punctuality on my part, promptitude on yours. No need to trouble about this scoundrel—ah! he is gone; it is well. He tried to claim a double fare: he mistook his man."

And the Honorable John Vyvian Fane laughed, a little hard laugh that parted his thin lips over two rows of small cruel teeth.

"You have brought the papers?" queried Keratieff.

"Here they are," replied Fane, drawing a letter-case from his pocket and taking thence a folded sheet. "This one will be more than sufficient. It is a letter from Alexis Dorski, the Terrorist leader, to the Prince Ladislav Galitzin. You will see that it proves the intimacy of the two."

"That will indeed be sufficient," returned the Police Agent; and, hastily unbuttoning the cloak which was wrapped about his somewhat stunted form, the light of a small flat lantern shone out, instantly lit by some chemical process, and illuminating the sheet which Keratieff perused attentively.

"It is more than enough," observed he, as he extinguished the light and refolded the paper, which he, in turn, placed in his pocket-book. "How does the Prince Ladislav come to have let this fall into our hands?"

"He had intrusted it to his sister, the Princess Carita Galitzin, for safe custody. It is from her that it was—obtained."

The Chief of Police glanced quickly and keenly at the impassive face of the Englishman.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. Then, after an instant's pause, he asked, "When do you desire that this arrest should take place?"

"At once. Within an hour he must be safely lodged in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul."

"So soon?"

"Yes. The young fool was so ill-advised as to attempt to make a scene at the Club to-night. The matter must not be taken up again to-morrow. He must have disappeared. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"And mark me, also," continued Fane, lowering his voice, though in the moonlight it was plain that no one was near. "Once in the fortress, he must not come out. There must be no trial."

The Police Agent smiled:

"Have no fear, Gospodar Fane. Prisoners who take the ground-floor apartments of St. Peter and St. Paul seldom come to trial. The place is damp. Life is uncertain. The Prince Ladislav is delicate. By the bye, you might like to assist when—when the time comes. A prison funeral is an interesting thing—to a foreigner."

"Are you sure you can lay your hand upon him at once?" queried Fane, not appearing to notice the other's words.

"In an hour he will be safely lodged," answered Keratieff, echoing the Englishman's words.

"Where is he now? He left the Club at once."

"He is with his wife."

"What?"

"With his wife. The prince has been more than a year married. A *mésalliance*, Excellency."

"I did not know of this."

"Nor any one else, with the exception of Dmitri Keratieff and the Princess Carita his sister."

"The deuce!"

"There is yet time in half an hour, should you change your mind."

"Change my mind! Never! the revenge will be all the finer. What a chance!"

Vyvian Fane was about to leave his companion, when the latter stopped him, laying a hand upon his arm.

"This is a terrible revenge, Gospodar Fane," he said. "It strikes his sister and his wife with him."

"Well?"

"It will probably kill both these women."

Vyvian Fane had bitten the end from a cigar and had struck a match. As he held the flame close to his face, his dark sinister eyes flashed into those of the Police Agent.

The cruel smile disfigured his face again, as he threw down the match and without a word turned on his heel and strode off into the night.

"What a devil!" said Keratieff to himself, as he looked after the retreating figure. "But all the same an invaluable member of our Third Section." And then, hailing a droschky which had been hovering about as if anticipating a fare, he sprang into it, and disappeared in the direction of the police head-quarters.

As the sound of the sleigh-bells died away in the distance, the moon shone down upon the Newski Prospect and the square of St. Nicholas, which were once more deserted in the frost-bitten air.

CHAPTER II.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

OF St. Petersburg, as of every other city of the world, the most magnificent and the most squalid dwelling-places abut upon the river. Just as the late Tuileries and the Louvre, in common with the obscurest tenements of the Quartier Latin, look upon the Seine,—just as the Houses of Parliament and Somerset House, in common with the 'long-shore hovels of the city, look upon the Thames,—so in Petersburg the Winter Palace, in common with the warrens of the *moujik* population, looks upon the Neva.

In these warrens live for the most part the students of the city ; here it is that the majority of Nihilist intrigues foster and spread, and here it is that the domestic spy, the *dvornik*, or *concierge*, is most looked after and best paid by the Secret Police. It is here also that tenements can be found whose *dvorniks* are better paid by the tenants than by the police, and where individuals who desire to efface themselves conceal their identities behind passports either fictitious in themselves or issued to worthy citizens who have died or disappeared long ago.

In a blind alley leading from the inner court of one of the most intricate blocks of buildings we find with difficulty a low door, announcing a squalid interior, to all appearance a stable or warehouse. We might knock here for an hour without evoking any sign of human habitation, but draw a stick or stone lightly across the door and we are answered by a single word whispered inside. A couple of these passwords are exchanged, and the door opens noiselessly.

Immediately the foot-fall is muffled by the furs with which the hall-way is strewn. We pass through heavy curtains and reach the innermost room of this abode, which, lit entirely by sky-lights and softly-burning lamps, is a very jewel-box. The apartment into which we have penetrated is carpeted with Ukraine and Siberian skins, the walls are hung with silks from Ispahan and embroideries from Damascus. The furniture is of the carved ebony from the banks of the Indus, ancient weapons of Turkish origin are festooned upon the silken walls, and on the tables are scattered the gold and silver trinkets of Indian and Persian master-workmen. An inlaid lute of Venetian craft lies upon a chair, an Angora cat is stretched asleep upon another, at opposite ends of the room hang masterpieces of Flemish and French art, in a corner stands a marble statuette from some Florentine *atelier* : in a word, all that luxury and taste can conceive is grouped here as a proper setting for the woman who lies upon a huge divan, nestling among the piled-up cushions in her garments of soft clinging silks,—waiting.

The woman who waits is the Princess Nadine Galitzin, once the handmaiden of the Princess Carita, and now the wife of the young Prince Ladislas.

Yes, the Prince Ladislas Galitzin had made what the world would have stigmatized as a *mésalliance*, but no one would doubt for a moment, looking at the woman as she lies on her divan, that some strain

of noble blood, a bar sinister if you will, made her worthy to share the title even of the last Prince Galitzin.

As she lies waiting the advent of her husband, her mind wanders back over all the ecstasy of the past two years. She lives over again the happy days in the château by Ladoga, where she lived more the companion and sister of the Princess Carita than her handmaid,—the arrival from college of Prince Ladislas,—the gradual awaking in her soul of the conviction that this was the Kamar-al-Zaman of her dreams, the King of the Time for her. She remembers the steps in their courtship, the first time that their eyes met and rested in each other, and the death thenceforth of the indifference of the maiden to her mistress's brother; their sudden meeting in one of the corridors, when the prince had clasped her in his arms and kissed her for the first time and then fled without a word; then the progress of their secret betrothal, so sedulously concealed from the old Prince Galitzin; the misery with which she learned of his approaching departure to take up his commission in the Tzar's body-guard, the Regiment of the Transfiguration, and how the prince persuaded his old tutor the family chaplain to marry them secretly in the chapel of the château; their flight to Petersburg; the joys of the year that had elapsed since then,—the greatest of all, perhaps, the day when the Princess Carita had come to her hiding-place to welcome her by the sweet name of sister.

The concealment of their marriage had been a matter of vital necessity. The young Prince Galitzin, last of his branch of a family exalted throughout the history of the Empire, had in his wild student days been suspected of liberal views, and the Tzar had designed for him a brilliant marriage with the daughter of one of the oldest conservative families of his realm. Hence his position in the body-guard; hence the necessity for the concealment of his marriage. Only one besides his sister knew of it, and that was Dmitri Keratieff, Chief of that Third Section,—the secret police that, even to-day, make life in Russia a perpetual terror. But Dmitri Keratieff owed much to the Galitzin family, and with him the secret was safe until such time as its keeping should conflict with his devotion to his master.

The Princess Nadine lay anxiously awaiting her husband: her state was delicately precarious, and the mystery that surrounded her sometimes told hard upon her. Suppose anything should happen? The secret police, she knew too well, acted blindly like the Council of Ten upon denunciations made by unknown enemies. If such a fate should befall her idol, what would be his doom,—and hers? At the thought, recurring as it did to-night with tenfold persistence, she buried her head in the cushions and groaned rather than cried,—

"Husband! husband!"

A rattle of the rings of the hangings, a strong step upon the piled-up furs, and he is with her.

"Nadia—*matiouchka* [little mother], beloved! I am here!"

She is in his arms in an instant; all her misery, all her apprehension, is lost in the ecstasy of his kiss. Yes, he is safe,—safe from all harm; for no one can disturb them here. Their secret is too well guarded. She has no fear.

"I have been so frightened, Ladislás: every hour that you are not with me I torture myself with fears for you. Suppose they should discover me? Perhaps they would look upon your disobedience to the Tzar as cause for your arrest,—for—for anything. Oh, be careful, beloved; should anything befall you it would kill me,—would kill us both. Think of that other life that shall be so dear to us, Ladislás."

"Courage,—courage, Nadia!" he replies. "There is no danger. We cannot be discovered, sweetheart. I know how lonely, how dull you must be. Well, to-night I have a surprise for you: we expect a visitor."

"A visitor?" A look of alarm creeps into the beautiful eyes as she echoes his words.

"Yes. You have heard me speak of Alexis Alexandrovitch?"

"Alexis Dorski; the Nihilist!"

"The same. My old college companion, unknown even to the faction of which he is the leader, comes to Petersburg to-night. I want him to see my wife, my pride. He is coming here."

"Oh, Ladislás, how imprudent you are!"

"Not at all. I have the fullest knowledge that his presence here is unsuspected. Nothing can ever assail Alexis Dorski if he so wills it. Have no fear, darling."

As he speaks, the old servant who alone waits upon the Princess Ladislás Galitzin enters the room.

"What is it?"

"A peddler, an old man armed with the passwords and countersign, desires to speak with your Excellency."

"Admit him."

The servitor retires, and a moment later, lifting the hangings, gives entrance to a bent figure carrying a pack. As soon as the servant has left them the peddler rises to his full height. With a gesture he flings off his disguise of hair and beard and stands before them a young giant.

"Alexis Alexandrovitch!"

"Ladislás Ladislaievitch!"

And the two men are locked in each other's arms.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARREST.

"At last, after so many years, old friend!" It is the Prince Ladislás who speaks, holding the other by the hand. Then, turning to the woman whose frightened eyes are fixed upon the new-comer, he says, "Nadia, this is my old friend Alexis Alexandrovitch Dorski."

"I have heard much of you from my husband, Alexis Alexandrovitch," said she, raising her eyes once more to Dorski's, and addressing him in the familiar Russian fashion. "Welcome to our hiding-place and our home."

"No doubt you fear me, princess," returned Dorski; "but your

fears are groundless, believe me. No word or act of mine can implicate your husband. I sought this interview to tell you so."

"I pray that it be so," said the Princess Nadine.

"Well, and how goes the cause?" put in Ladislav Galitzin, cheerily.

"Bravely," replied the other, "both here and in the provinces. We have friends at court, high up,—very high,—in the Regiment of the Transfiguration, as in all three sections of the police. A few years, maybe, a few months, perhaps, and Russia shall be free. What Alexander the Second has done for us already he will do again. He will add to his reforms, and Russia will be free. If not——" And his sentence closed with significant silence.

The princess turned a look of fear towards her husband.

"Have no fear, *matouchka*," replied the latter, interpreting her look. "I am no conspirator. Alexis and I are friends, but no more. I am not one of his lieutenants. By St. Katherine!" continued he, with a laugh, "I care too little for it all to risk my neck. I am too much at peace with the world, too happy with you, sweetheart, to bear ill-will towards any man, be he Tzar or *moujik*. No, I was never made for a Terrorist. I left that all behind me when I left college; and when our secret society that was to do such wonders was broken up without my being implicated, why, I thought myself well out of it, and settled down as a respectable married man." And he laughed again carelessly as he threw himself on the divan beside his wife.

"Right!" exclaimed Dorski. "That is as it should be. Do not let us say anything more about it. See, I have brought you something." So saying, he drew from his pocket a little leather case. Opening it, he disclosed a portrait of himself set round with opals, which he handed to the princess.

"It is a little wedding-present, though it comes late for the wedding," said he. "But it may serve to impress upon your mind the features of a man who would willingly give up his liberty, and, if needs be, his life, for your husband."

"I thank you, Alexis Alexandrovitch," replied the woman. "I shall cherish your present. But why did you let them set opals round it? I think they will bring us misfortune. Am I not foolish?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Ladislav, "by all the saints, a most excellent portrait, old friend. It shall be one of our greatest treasures."

The three stood together looking at the miniature, when suddenly the stillness was broken by three heavy blows upon the outer door, and by a voice crying, in the silence of the night,—

"Open, in the name of His Majesty the Tzar!"

Every face became white as they exchanged glances; Ladislav hurriedly thrust the portrait into his pocket, and Dorski exclaimed,—

"Great heaven! I am discovered! And yet,—it is impossible. My presence is undreamt of. No matter; hide me,—somewhere,—anywhere."

"Here,—here,—quick," whispered Prince Ladislav, pressing a spring in the frame of one of the large pictures. The picture swung out from the wall, disclosing an open space behind it, contrived in the building. "In here; and do not utter a sound."

"Do not betray my presence by word or look," whispered Dorski, gathering up his pack and his disguise, and stepping into the recess. "I will not be taken alive."

Ladislav Galitzin hurriedly closed the picture, and took his place on the divan beside his wife, who was more dead than alive with terror. Meanwhile, the blows on the outer door and the summons were repeated.

"Open, in the name of His Majesty the Tzar!"

"Open the door!" cried Prince Galitzin, loud enough to be heard outside. "There is no reason why the inmates of this house should fear the mandates of our father the Tzar."

Footsteps sounded in the corridor, a clank as of arms was heard, and Dmitri Keratieff stepped into the room.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the prince, haughtily. "See, you have terrified my—my—mistress almost to death. We harbor no suspected persons here."

"My business is with you, Excellency."

"Indeed! Name it."

"I hold a warrant for your arrest on a charge of treason against the sacred person of His Majesty."

"Of treason!—I? Monstrous! Of what am I accused?"

"Of complicity with the traitor Alexis Dorski."

"He is not here! he is not here!" cried the princess, recovering consciousness in time to hear the police-officer's last words.

"I know it," replied the latter. "The police is well informed of his movements; he is now in the Ukraine. The prince is arrested, however, on the evidence of a letter he has received from Dorski, and which is in the hands of the police."

"His letter!" exclaimed the prince. "How——"

"Enough said," broke in the officer. "We cannot enter into explanations. Your Excellency will follow me?"

"Yes." Ladislav was about to follow him, when suddenly the portrait of Dorski flashed across his mind. Quick as thought his hand sought his pocket where it lay; but the keen eye of the Chief of Police caught the action, and, supposing the prince to be in search of some weapon, he sprang upon him, crying out as he did so a word of command in Russian. Two soldiers entered the room. At a sign from Keratieff they seized the prince's arms. Then Keratieff, putting his hand into the prince's pocket, drew forth—the miniature!

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "there needed but this. A portrait of the traitor himself carried on the prince's person. Come. Let us go."

"Send out your soldiers for a moment, Keratieff," said the prince. "I have something to say."

Keratieff gave the word, and the soldiers retired.

"Where am I to be taken?" asked Prince Galitzin.

"To the Schlüsselburg."

At the word the prince turned paler yet. Then, commanding himself, he said,—

"Keratieff, you and I know too well what this means. This lady is my wife: let me be alone with her for five minutes. You will not refuse me. I give you my word that I will await you here."

"So be it," returned the Chief of Police, softened in spite of himself as he took in the condition of affairs at a glance. "In five minutes I will return." And he left the husband and wife alone.

As soon as he was gone, Ladislav Galitzin flung himself by the side of his wife, and whispered eagerly in her ear:

"Nadia,—*matiouchka*,—look up, beloved. All may yet be well. They have no suspicion that *he* is here. When I am gone, aid him to escape. Tell him that this is Vyvian Fane's work: I insulted him in the Club to-night. If anything should befall me, bid him avenge me, and you. My poor darling, how can I leave you thus, now? Send at once for Carita. She will care for you till I am free,—and longer, if need shall be. Come, come, be brave. See! I am not afraid!"

And so in agony he tried to soothe, to comfort the paralyzed woman. It seemed like an instant only when Keratieff appeared, pale and silent, at the door.

They went out together.

In the outer street a droschky awaited them, into which Keratieff stepped with his prisoner. The two soldiers followed on horseback as the party moved off in the night.

An hour later the same droschky drove away from the ferry landing of the Fortress of the Schlussemburg. As he made for his hovel by the Neva, the *isvoshtshik* said to himself,—

"So that was your business with the Gospodar Keratieff, son of a dog! Ah! scoundrel, ah! filth, you would strike me with your cane, would you? We shall see; we shall see. The Terror is sometimes as powerful as the Secret Police!"

CHAPTER IV.

A NIHILIST LEADER.

MEANWHILE, as he heard the sound of the sleigh-bells vanish in the distance, Alexis Dorski, opening the picture-frame from the inside, stepped into the room in which the arrest had been made.

The Princess Galitzin was lying motionless upon the divan. Kneeling by her side, the Terrorist endeavored to rouse her.

"Princess," he whispered, "rouse yourself, I implore you. The night grows old, and I must away. Rouse yourself, and listen to me."

Raising herself as if with great difficulty, the eyes of the princess met those of the Nihilist. As they met, she shrank back with a start, exclaiming,—

"Leave me! leave me! I cannot bear to look at you! It was for you they took him."

"Nay, Nadine Fedorovna, it was not for me. Some private revenge has been at work to-night, and—hear me—I swear by the Holy Saints and my devotion to the cause of Liberty that I will avenge your husband. Tell me, has he never mentioned any enemy by name?"

"Yes, yes: he bade me tell you! It has been the work of the Englishman, Vyvian Fane. Swear—swear to me that if they kill Ladislav you will avenge him!"

"I swear it. If this charge is proven against this Vyvian Fane, should it be the work of my whole lifetime, I will punish him. I have sworn it!"

"Thank you,—thank you, Alexis Alexandrovitch! Ah! but what agony!" And with a convulsive movement the woman buried her head in the cushions once more.

Alexis Dorski stood looking down at her. In an instant his keen instinct had taken in the gravity of her condition: he realized that if a triple murder were not to be the work of the night's arrest, aid must be summoned immediately. Bending over her prostrate form, he whispered, in a tone whose softness would have made his desperate followers marvel,—

"Tell me, Nadine Fedorovna, have you no friend that I can call, —no woman——?"

"Carita! Carita!" she moaned, between her clinched teeth.

Rising and hastily resuming his disguise, Dorski went out into the night.

* * * * *

Half an hour later the *dvornik* of the Galitzin Palace was roused by a knocking on his door.

"Dog of a reveller, what wantest thou at such a time?"

And there came back through the door the almost whispered words,—

"In the name of His Majesty and of the Third Section, a message for her Excellency the Princess Carita Alexandrovna."

Hastily tumbling out of his improvised bed, the *dvornik* opened the door. There stood on the threshold an old peddler.

"Deliver this to one of the princess's women at once. It must reach her hand immediately. You understand?"

"Yes, Excellency," replied the *dvornik*, accustomed to seeing the emissaries of the secret police in every form of disguise.

And half an hour later the *troika* of the Princess Galitzin swept out from under the gate-way and disappeared in the direction of the Neva.

It still wanted three hours of daylight, and the peddler, having delivered his summons at the Galitzin Palace, thought for an instant, and then stepped off at a brisk pace down the broad Prospect, towards the square of St. Katerine, where three or four droschkies stood, awaiting the chance of a night-customer.

As he passed the group of *ivoshtshiks* that stood smoking in a door-way he laid one hand upon his hip, the fingers pointing earthward, raising the other to his ear. As he did so he ejaculated the familiar greeting,—

"*Zdrastvouitai*" ("Good-night").

And one of the group answered with a guttural "*Choroskho!*" ("All right!")

The peddler pursued his way.

The *moujik* who had answered his salutation, after a moment's

delay, bade his companions good-night, and, mounting the driving-seat of his droschky, started off in pursuit of the peddler. He passed him under a lamp, and as the peddler repeated the motion he had previously made, the *moujik* drew his horse towards the curb, and held out a hand palm upward, as if ascertaining whether it rained or not.

"The night is fine," said the peddler.

"The air is free," said the *ivoshtshik*.

"The air is Russian," said the peddler.

"Men must have air," said the *ivoshtshik*.

"*Choroshko!*"

The droschky drew up, and without a word the peddler got in and was driven a few yards down a by-street. Here he said, "Halt!" and the droschky stopped. The peddler alighted, and, drawing a small object from beneath his arm, held it up to the *moujik*. It was a small gold disk on which was enamelled a red cross.

"Holy St. Nicholas!" ejaculated the *moujik*: "it is the Chief. What are my lord's commands?"

"One of the *ivoshtshiks* of Petersburg drove a prisoner from the Neva to one of the fortresses to-night. You will bring him to this address at ten o'clock in the morning." And the peddler wrote a few words on a slip of paper, which the *ivoshtshik* read carefully and then destroyed.

"If he be alive, he will be there, Excellency."

"Good! Salutation and freedom!"

"Amen. Salutation and freedom!"

And the pair parted once more in opposite directions.

At the time appointed next morning, Alexis Dorski sat before the stove in a room of one of the houses of a quiet suburb of St. Petersburg. He was immersed in thought, but looked up expectantly as the clock struck. He had not long to wait. Almost immediately the *moujik* whom he had accosted on the Newski Prospect entered, accompanied by the one whom we met at the opening of this history.

After casting over him a keen glance of inspection, Dorski and the new-comer exchanged three or four almost imperceptible signs and countersigns. He was apparently satisfied with his examination, and said,—

"Last night you were employed by the police."

"Yes, Excellency."

"To what ferry did you take the prisoner?"

"To the ferry of the Schluselburg, Excellency."

"Good God! Know you anything of the arrest?"

"Yes, indeed, Excellency," answered the *moujik*, eagerly, "that do I. Earlier in the evening a foreigner hired me to take him to the head of the Newski Prospect. There, when I demanded my fare, he struck me with his cane: see, here is the scar: it will be weeks healing. There he was met by the Gospodar Keratieff of the police, and, burning with fury, I hung about. When they parted, Dmitri Keratieff took me to police head-quarters, thence to the Neva, and thence with his prisoner to the Schluselburg Ferry. Ah! dog of a foreigner! wait for me!"

"Did Keratieff address the foreigner by name?"

"Yes, Excellency: it was—it was—Ivan—something."

"Vyvian Fane?"

"Yes! yes! that was it, God be praised! I could not remember."

"Good! That will do. Your name?"

"Rodia Pouschkoff."

"It is well. Good-day. Salutation and freedom!"

"Amen. Salutation and freedom!"

The two *moujiks* left the room.

"Now, Vyvian Fane,—since that seems to be your name,—the issue remains between you and me. If the fate of the Schlusselfburg befalls Ladislav Ladislavitch, beware! The world is not wide enough to hide you from the talons of the Terror!"

CHAPTER V.

THE PRINCESS CARITA.

Two days have elapsed since the events occurred which are recorded in the preceding chapter.

In one of the lower rooms of the Galitzin Palace, fitted up as a boudoir, the Princess Carita Galitzin sat at her writing-table, her head resting on her hands. She was dressed in black, and her sable garments served to heighten the pallor of her face no less than the red eyelids that announced the fact that she had been weeping.

Every few minutes she would eagerly look through the papers on the desk before her, as if in search of something which she sought in vain.

At last she is roused by a footstep in the corridor. The hangings of the door part and fall together again, and the Honorable John Vyvian Fane enters the room unannounced.

"Well," he says, by way of greeting, as he flings himself into a chair, "at last Madame la Princesse is good enough to send for her devoted slave, after an absence from home of forty-eight hours. Pray, what new intrigue, what new *amourette*, is engrossing the Princess Carita's attention?" The cruel sneer is on his lips, a tone of raillery is in his voice.

"I have been at the death-bed of two of your victims," she replies, never taking her eyes from his.

"You speak in riddles, princess."

"No, I speak plainly. You have killed a woman and her child by way of revenging yourself upon a man who never harmed you, whose only crime was to know your true vile self."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have caused the arrest of my brother by means of a letter that he confided to me for safe-keeping, and which you, cowardly thief that you are, have stolen from this bureau."

"I am sorry, of course, to hear of your brother's misfortune, but a man who is in communication with traitors to the Tzar has no business to get married,—especially clandestinely."

The princess rose and came close to him.

"How did you know," said she, "that I was speaking of my brother's wife?"

The man saw his false step immediately, and endeavored to retrieve it.

"I did not know," he stammered: "I only assumed. You seemed so excited that I concluded——"

"Cease lying to me, John Vyvian Fane! I do not expect you to show mercy, but I look at least for shame, even from you. What have you done with the document you have stolen?"

"Really, princess, this scene is beginning to pass the possibilities. If your brother has been arrested for treason, I am of course sorry, for it must naturally entail unpleasant consequences upon you. If he has been so foolish as to make a secret marriage, I am of course sorry for his wife. If, as you say, she is dead, I think she is better off than she would be as the wife of a convict with a 'wolf's passport' to Siberia. This is all I have to say."

"You hound!"

"Take care, princess. I am not accustomed to insult of this kind, and I will not allow it even from you. Do you hear me? I will not allow it! Do you think that I am a man to be played with? I think I have given you proof ere now to the contrary. Be good enough to remember what I say!"

For all reply the princess pointed to the door.

"Go!" said she, "and never let me see your coward face again. Go, I say, or I will summon my servants and have you thrown out,—ay! thrown out,—and I will take the consequences of my action. Do you think I, Carita Galitzin, fear you, police spy though you have proved yourself to be? You hear me. I am ready to take the consequences, I tell you."

"In any case," returned Fane, with a violent effort at self-control, "I see that it is useless to prolong *this* interview. I leave you now; but I will return when you are prepared to listen to reason. I deny all your charges against me, and at some future time I will prove to you that any trouble your—relations may be in they have brought upon themselves. Good-morning. Mind! when I return you will be civil: at present I can make excuses for you."

And, with a feeble attempt at nonchalance, the Honorable John Vyvian Fane left the room.

Left by herself, the Princess Galitzin buried her head once more in her hands and resumed her interrupted chain of thought. At last she rose, and, hastily effecting some changes in her toilet, she prepared to leave the house. Whatever was to be her brother's fate, she must seek an interview with him at once; and well she knew the difficulties that lay before her in encompassing her end.

All that day she flew from official to official, from minister to minister; she even sought and obtained an interview with the Tzarewitch himself, and nightfall saw her, provided with the necessary passes, at the ferry of the Schlusselfburg, accompanied by a captain of the military police.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FORTRESS OF THE SCHLUSSELBURG.

ON one of the islands that cluster in the mouth of the river Neva rises a gaunt pile of buildings, within hailing-distance of which no boat save one ever approaches. It is the dreaded Fortress of the Schlüsselburg, one of the great prisons where political suspects are incarcerated. The other is the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Schlüsselburg has been dramatically described by an American writer as follows: "The guards are so thick on the banks of the island that they can speak to one another, and their orders are, as they pace their beats, to shoot any person who attempts to land. No warning is given, no password is asked. As soon as the foot of a stranger touches the turf on the banks of the island a bullet is fired at his heart. His body falls into the stream and floats down to the sea. No questions are asked. Only one boat is allowed to land on the island; that is painted black and belongs to the police. No one has ever returned from that prison. People may have been released from it, but if so they have never confessed the fact; and the popular belief is that whoever lands there once never leaves alive except to go to Siberia."

It was hither that the young Prince Ladislas had been brought, and at nightfall on the day of which we speak the Princess Galitzin took her seat in the boat to gain the fortress on a visit—an unheard-of concession—in company with the two officers.

She was met at the entrance to the fortress by the chaplain of the prison, an old parish priest, a *batiushka* who had found his way thither twenty years before for having sympathized with and ministered to some dying Nihilist.

The old man's face was inexpressibly sad as he greeted the princess with the benediction of the Church.

"We must be brave, my daughter," he said. "The prince your brother is grievously ill. On the night of his arrival he was confined in one of the lower cells, and the cold and damp attacked him. You must be prepared for a great change."

"My God! is he dead?"

"No, my child."

"He is dying?"

"We are in the hands of God!"

She laid her hand upon his sleeve:

"Tell me, *batiushka*. They have poisoned him?"

The priest made the sign of the cross as he replied once more,—

"We are in the hands of God, my daughter. Come with me. They have moved him into one of the upper rooms."

* * * * *

In a room looking out over the city, whose lights twinkled across the water, the Prince Ladislas lay dying. That was obvious to the princess the moment she laid her eyes upon the wasted form and drawn features. The film of death was growing over his eyes. For a moment he hardly seemed to notice her; then, raising himself with an

effort for an instant, only to fall back upon his pallet exhausted, he whispered,—

"Carita—you! Nadia,—where is she?"

"Ladislav,—brother,—my God! how can I tell you!" And she sank on her knees by the dying man's side.

He raised himself again on one elbow.

"Where is she? Why do you not answer? Holy Mother! has he killed her, too? Yes! yes! She is dead,—my wife, Nadia; is it not so?"

He was answered only by the broken sobs of the prostrate woman.

"Carita," he whispered, with fast-failing breath, "you will avenge us, you and Alexis. Listen: it was the Englishman Vyvian Fane that betrayed me. He stole the letter from you: how he did it I cannot tell; it matters not. Keratieff has it. You swear this?"

"I swear it, brother!"

"Thank God! Come closer. I cannot see you, but you are there, are you not, *matiouchka* beloved——"

A deep sigh ended his sentence, which his sister caught in a last wild kiss.

The Prince Ladislav was dead.

She had arrived but just in time.

The clocks were striking midnight as the princess landed once more at the ferry pier.

Her *troika* awaited her, and she was swallowed up by the night.

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

EARLY in the day that succeeded the death of the Prince Ladislav Galitzin in the Fortress of the Schusselburg, the Chief of the Secret Police, Dmitri Keratieff, sat in his office, pondering over the events of the last few days. The Chief was not satisfied with the turn that affairs had taken. In the exercise of his duties as commander of the dreaded Third Section many a cruel task had fallen to his lot to perform; often he had known himself to be the instrument of private vengeance which he had had to work out or be himself suspected of sympathy with the omnipresent agents of the Nihilists. But this time he felt that he had been the compulsory party to a crime that surpassed any in his official experience in cold ferocity. It was therefore with a new feeling of distaste and apprehension that he read on the card that had been brought him by one of his subordinates the name of the Princess Galitzin.

Still, there was no reason that he could allege for not receiving her, whilst there existed, as he knew, many why he should do so, and finally he gave orders that she should be admitted.

She entered the room a moment later, and seated herself opposite to him. Thus placed, they regarded each other in silence for the space of a full minute. At last the Police Agent spoke:

"What can I do for you, madame?" said he.

"You can do me the first and last favor that any member of our family will ever ask of you in return for all or any that we have done for you, Dmitri Semenovitch."

The Chief of Police fidgeted uneasily in his chair. He did not like the proem; but all he said was,—

"Pray proceed. Anything that I can reasonably do for the Princess Galitzin shall be done."

"Good!" replied she. "This is what I require. My brother, as you know, is dead. His arrest was the death-blow of his wife, of whose existence you alone besides myself were aware. She died in my arms, and her child with her, the night after Ladislav was taken from her. I demand from you the documents on which he was arrested."

"Princess," replied Keratieff, "in the first place I do not admit the existence of any document that led to the late Prince Galitzin's arrest; but, even if such were the case, what you ask would be impossible. Supposing that such documents existed, I should be responsible for their safe custody, and were they to leave my hands I should get in exchange for them 'a wolf's passport,' as they say. And the Siberian mines at my time of life are not a thing to be played with."

"One moment," returned the Princess, "and I will prove to you that I am already well informed. The Prince Ladislav Galitzin was arrested in consequence of a letter written to him by the Nihilist leader Dorski. This letter was stolen from me and delivered to you by one of your foreign agents, the *Honorable* John Vyvian Fane. By all the rights of common gratitude I demand this letter of you, as a man."

"Princess," replied Keratieff, imperturbably, "I am not in a position to admit the correctness of your—surmises. I do not know, as a man,—the capacity in which you make this request of me,—that Mr. Vyvian Fane has any connection with this department. If you have nothing more to urge, I must beg you to conclude this interview, which, believe me, is as painful to me as it is to you."

For a few moments the princess remained in silent thought. Then, as if with an effort, she made up her mind, and, turning once more to Keratieff, who had risen as if to terminate the conversation, she said,—

"Dmitri Semenovitch, I will say no more of the relations which have existed between our respective families. I appeal to you as a man no longer. But as head of the Russian police you have been made perforce the repository of many family secrets, many details of domestic dramas reach your ears. I am going to recount to you the incidents of a tragedy more bitter than any you yet have heard within these walls. Listen!"

* * * * *

An hour later, at the close of her story the Chief of Police rose from his seat, and, going to an iron chest that stood in the corner of the room, he took thence a paper, which he handed to the princess.

"What you have told me," said he, gravely, "convinces me of your right to this document. Here is the letter stolen from you by John Vyvian Fane: he confessed the theft to me when he delivered it to me as the *pièce d'accusation* on which the arrest took place. Make your

mind easy, madame. This Englishman will leave the country at once, never to return. In three days from now he will cross the frontier."

"At last! at last!" thought the princess, as she was rapidly borne through the streets of Petersburg, ten minutes afterwards. "I have my proofs, and you shall be avenged, Ladislav, and you, Nadia, sweet sister mine. My God, I thank thee!—I thank thee!"

Five days later St. Petersburg rang with the news that the travelling-carriage of the Honorable John Vyvian Fane, whose figure had been a prominent one in the festivities of the past season, had been attacked by brigands just over the Polish frontier, and that the Englishman had been massacred.

That night the Princess Galitzin fell on her knees in the oratory of the Galitzin Palace and cried aloud to God,—

"Vengeance is mine! vengeance is mine!"

And the chaplain, entering the oratory a moment after, found her in floods of tears, the first that she had shed since the murder of her brother.

BOOK I.—VIENNA.

CHAPTER I.

A MASQUERADE BALL.

THE grand masquerade at the Vienna Opera-House, of the 15th August, 1876, was at its height.

Round about the corridors, in and out of the boxes, over the floor, the stage, and the balconies, surged the bedlamite crowd of foolishly-dressed men and dominoed women, who were enjoying, or trying to enjoy, or pretending to enjoy, the "grand masquerade." The scene was gay enough, as novelists say, in all conscience, but it must be confessed that unless one is a member of a large and merry party, or unless one has some particular intrigue to carry to its more or less lurid termination, a masked ball is the deadliest, dullest, dreariest affair that was ever invented for the torture of the long-suffering and ironically so-called "gay world."

On no mind did this circumstance impress itself with drearier persistence than on that of Captain the Honorable Aubyn Goddard, sometime of the Twentieth Hussars, and now occupying the uncomfortable but none the less on that account eagerly-sought-after position of Queen's Messenger.

Captain Goddard was the ideal guardsman of the young lady's dream. Well over the regulation six feet in height, and broad in proportion, his well-balanced head was covered with close-cropped fair hair; his irreproachable moustache was carefully trimmed, and the look of intense boredom on his handsome face gave him a certain Byronic expression that evidently found favor in the majority of bright eyes that flashed from beneath dominoes of all colors; or at least so it would seem from the persistency with which the fair—or dark—artil-

lerists attacked him, with nod, beck, wreathed smile, nudge, punch, and apology.

But Captain Aubyn Goddard seemed invulnerable, for no irritation or challenge seemed able to rouse him from his apathy as he leaned against one of the pilasters at the foot of the grand staircase and slightly yawned as he watched the procession before him and wondered vaguely on the chance that found him there when he would infinitely rather be in bed.

I use the word "chance" advisedly.

In his capacity of Queen's Messenger he had arrived in Vienna bearing despatches the previous evening, and early that morning had delivered his despatches at the Austrian Foreign Office. He was to leave on the following afternoon.

For the previous five years the political world had been in a ferment over that time-honored bogie, the Eastern Question. In 1871 Mr. Gladstone had sat calmly in Whitehall, and uttered no protest, whilst Russia, repudiating the Treaty of Paris of 1856, converted the Black Sea into a Russian lake, and the effete demagogue whom Lord Beaconsfield has handed down to posterity in his famous epigram, as "a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," had rendered the taking of Sevastopol vain, and surrendered all that Europe had won with her blood in the Crimean War. From that time (1871) a cloud had begun to gather in the East, which now threatened to burst and engulf the Balkan Peninsula, and called forth the historic "Andrassy Note" in December, 1875, following on the rising in Herzegovina.

At the sound of Count Andrassy's clarion, Europe awakened from the sleep into which she had been lulled by successive Liberal governments and Gladstonian croonings, and throughout 1876 there had been almost daily interchange of despatches between London, Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople. As a natural consequence, trusty messengers were in increased demand, and Captain Aubyn Goddard, having, unlike the majority of men of his years, spent his days as a subaltern in the study of European politics and languages, had been one of the first to receive a commission as one of Her Majesty's postmen, and to commence the nomad career of Queen's Messenger specially detailed for Oriental service.

Things were quieting down, and Europe might have had peace, when the deposition and suicide of Abd-ul-Aziz, and the ten days' sultanate of the imbecile Murad the Fifth, once more gave the malcontents in the Balkan Peninsula the opportunity they had looked for, and brought the present Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid the Second to the throne, determined to put down the disturbances that threatened to rend asunder the empire founded by the first Othman and consolidated by Suleiman the Magnificent.

Some cruelties practised by the Turkish soldiery at Batak in Bulgaria afforded Mr. Gladstone the Irrepressible an opportunity to fulminate which no consideration for the welfare of Europe could allow him to let slip, and accordingly he published his incandescent pamphlet on "*Bulgarian Atrocities*" that in course of time plunged

Europe in war and gave Russia the opportunity she had so long desired to encroach in the southeast and southwest of her dominions.

European Cabinets were preparing for the Conference at Constantinople of January, 1877, and thus we find Captain Aubyn Goddard in Vienna in the August of the preceding year.

As the bearer of important despatches, the Queen's Messenger had not thought it expedient to look up any of his convivial acquaintances in the Austrian capital, and after delivering his despatches in the morning he had taken a long and solitary drive, idly wondering how he should kill the hours of that evening and of the following day until he should return to the Foreign Office.

On his return from his drive his question was answered for him. As he entered his hotel an envelope was put into his hand.

He turned it over and over, profoundly perplexed. What could it mean? Whom could it be from? He had appraised no one of his arrival, and the handwriting was entirely unfamiliar. But that he was known was evident; for the superscription was in full:

To—Captain the Honorable Aubyn Goddard.

There was nothing to indicate whether the note was addressed in a male or a female handwriting: at last he came to the conclusion that there was only one solution for the mystery, and that that was inside the envelope.

Accordingly he opened it.

Nothing! not a word of any kind. Only a ticket for the masked ball at the opera-house that evening.

Well! there was his evening accounted for. But whence could the ticket have come? Who had brought it? A servant in a black livery that gave no indication of his master's rank or nationality.

"Anyhow," thought the Queen's Messenger, "I'll go. There can be no harm in that. I know how to take care of myself. No doubt my mysterious host will reveal his—or her?—incognito, at the ball."

And so he had dined, had strolled out on to the Prater and watched the motley passing panorama of people as he listened to the strains of "unser Strauss," and when the last chords of the march from "Tannhäuser" had exploded into the blue vault of the sounding-board he stepped into a cab and was deposited at the doors of the Grand Opera-House.

But that had been two hours previous to the moment when we first set eyes on him, and as yet no solution of the mystery of his presence there had offered itself. The ball was at its height, and would presently wane. People who had come on business had transacted it and gone away, people who had come after intrigues had found them and were developing them, and people who had wandered in, unattached and for no particular reason, were beginning to have had enough of it and were turning their thoughts homeward.

Among these latter, as we have said, was the Honorable Aubyn Goddard, and he had just stretched himself and was casting a last look round, after the manner of the man who is about to depart, when a woman passed him.

Her figure, which was gorgeously proportioned, was entirely clad in a tightly-fitting domino of black satin, heavily brocaded with a raised black embroidery. A hood covered her hair, and a black half-mask rendered more brilliant a pair of grand black eyes that caught his for an instant as she passed, and the rich crimson of a rather stern mouth. The jaw was massive, and the complexion colorless. Thus much Goddard had had time to notice, when his attention was diverted to a shambling awkward figure that seemed to be following her. It was that of a man in the costume of a mediæval jester, that accorded well with his sinister, ugly face. As the woman disappeared in the crowd, Goddard saw the hunchback address her, and saw her shrink from him with a gesture of repulsion, leaving him biting his nails as he leered after her for a moment before starting in pursuit.

Captain Goddard for the first time since his arrival felt an awakening interest in the scene, and resumed his place against the pilaster, waiting for the brocaded domino to pass again.

Suddenly he heard an exclamation behind him, and, looking round, saw the same woman hastily descending the grand staircase. At the same moment the hunchback appeared, shuffling down after her, evidently in hot pursuit. He caught her at the foot of the stairs, and as he passed slipped a piece of paper into her hand which she instantly dropped. Next moment both hunchback and domino once more disappeared.

By this time thoroughly aroused, Goddard stooped and picked up the twisted scrap of paper, though not without a certain sensation that he had no right to do so. He opened it.

The paper was blank!

"Egad," said he to himself, "this is getting interesting. But, despatches or no despatches, that little beast mustn't be allowed to insult that glorious creature." And Captain Goddard—who was only a man, after all—started off in the direction the pair had taken.

His towering frame forced for him a passage through the throng, and he had hardly got half-way around before he found himself immediately behind the brocaded domino.

Where was the hunchback? Ah! there he was. He had passed the domino, and was just advancing as if to address her, when the woman turned sharply and was almost thrown into Goddard's arms.

"I beg your pardon," said she in English without a trace of foreign accent, as she stood irresolute before him.

"I beg yours," replied Goddard. "Can I be of any assistance? I see that you are being annoyed."

"If an utter stranger may so far trespass upon the goodness of a gentleman, may I beg you to conduct me to my carriage? I am alarmed and foolishly upset by this man's persecution."

"Certainly," answered Goddard, extending his arm, as he looked round in search of the hunchback, who had disappeared.

Together they made their way to the entrance. Suddenly the woman spoke:

"I beg that you will forgive me, and I hope you will not misunderstand my object in begging your momentary protection, but I felt

that as an English gentleman I could trust you not to look upon me as—as one of these."

"Of course; of course," replied Goddard, feeling nevertheless vaguely disappointed.

They had reached the grand entrance, and Goddard made as if to turn.

"Not that way," said the domino. "My carriage is at the side-entrance."

"Oh!" returned the Queen's Messenger, his spirits imperceptibly reviving.

She led him down a narrow passage to a door that opened upon a side-street. At the curb stood a perfectly-appointed black coupé, with a single horse of the same color. Goddard opened the door, and she stepped in.

"Will you not accept my protection as far as you have to go?" said Goddard, seeing his "adventure" vanishing into thin air. "You may not yet be safe."

"No," said she, raising her hand as if to stop him. "I am quite safe now."

"Can I direct your coachman?"

"He needs no directions."

"At least you will allow me to call and ascertain that you are quite recovered from your alarm," pleaded Goddard, despairingly.

The woman appeared to reflect for a moment, and then she said,—

"If I give you that permission, will you promise not to make any inquiries about me, and to forget afterwards that we ever met?"

"Yes,"—this desperately.

"On your honor?"

"On my honor."

"Very well." And she took a card from the rack before her, and scribbled a word or two on it in pencil, saying, as she handed it to him, "Do me the pleasure to breakfast with me at this address at twelve to-morrow, or rather to-day."

"I will be punctual."

"That is well. And now good-night. *Au revoir*, and a thousand thanks, *Captain Aubyn Goddard!*"

His name! she knew it! He started back to get a better view of the carriage. Instantly the door was slammed from the inside, and the coupé dashed off and was lost in the dimly-lighted street.

Goddard took the card which he held in his hand to the nearest lamp. On it was engraved, in tiny capitals,—

THE BARONESS ALTDORFF,

and an address was added in pencil.

"Well, I'm damned!" remarked Captain Aubyn Goddard to himself, as he lit a cigar and walked round to the main entrance of the opera-house as a point of departure for his stroll home in the moon-light.

CHAPTER II.

THE BARONESS ALTDORFF.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late hour of his return from the ball, and the fact that after his return he had spent an hour in fruitless wonder on the events—or rather the event—of the evening, it was a good two hours before mid-day when Captain Aubyn Goddard left his hotel and proceeded to stroll almost unconsciously in the direction of the place of his rendezvous.

To say that he was interested and perplexed is to use a miserably inadequate form of words; but the main outcome of his reflections was that he put the whole thing down as a *bal-masqué* intrigue of a rather more than usual interest, as regarded its commencement at any rate.

There was something indescribably baffling about the woman he had escorted to the street, and whom he hoped to see again within a couple of hours. There was nothing in her voice or manner that betrayed aught but perfect gentleness of birth and breeding. The idea of risking a word of reproof from those wonderful lips, or a look of disdain from those amazing eyes, was quite out of the question; and yet she had made his acquaintance in almost orthodox *bal-masqué* style, and had given him a rendezvous for the morrow in quite orthodox *bal-masqué* style. To the Queen's Messenger on service, adventures of all kinds are necessarily a forbidden luxury, and yet Goddard would not for one moment admit to himself that he was running into any personal danger. He could not retrospectively satisfy himself of the woman's nationality. She spoke very perfect English; and yet there was a pretty uncertainty about her *r's* that betrayed either foreign birth or long residence abroad.

Of the manner of his coming reception, however, he had no doubt. He would be ushered into a boudoir from which daylight would be carefully excluded, a scent of musk or something equally sensuous would hang in the air, the room would be hung with soft silks and decorated with heavily-perfumed exotic flowers, and the woman herself would either be reclining on a divan, or would enter the room with the upward sweep of a shapely arm through velvet portières, clad in some bewitching and lace-covered *négligé*. The woman herself, he felt certain, would be dark, and of a heavy, sensuous type of beauty. The face would be not quite innocent of the *veloutine* of Fay, and would be either of a brilliant coloring or of a properly improper ivory pallor.

Together they would partake of a delicate and *recherché* repast, and after breakfast she would sing to him, accompanying herself on the piano, or more probably on the guitar. And then—— Well, why anticipate?

He was sufficiently "experienced" to know exactly what to expect.

His reflections were suddenly cut short by his arrival at the very house, "The Villa Altdorff," which the *incognita* of the night before had inscribed upon the card she had given him. It was situated quite on the outskirts of the city, where the suburbs begin to assume a distinctly rural appearance. A high quickset hedge divided and hid the

grounds of the villa from the road, but a barred gate opened upon a curving drive that led up to the house. A glance at the house did *not* serve to enlighten the Queen's Messenger. It had the appearance of being deserted. All the windows were closed with heavy shutters. No smoke rose from the clustered chimneys, no sign of life appeared within the gate, which was securely fastened.

With difficulty restraining an exclamation of surprise, and forgetting, in his astonishment, his promise not to make inquiries, Goddard turned to a municipal gardener who was sweeping under the tulip-trees that lined the quiet suburban road.

"What is this house?" he asked.

"That," returned the man, eying him suspiciously, "is the Villa Altdorff."

"And who lives here?"

"No one."

"How? No one?"

"No. It has been closed ever since the death of the Baroness Altdorff, three years ago."

"But it does not look neglected."

"No; the family keep the gardens neat, but it is never occupied."

"You are sure?"

The man vouchsafed no answer. He had turned once more to his work, and studiously ignored his questioner, whom he probably took for a gentlemanly burglar compiling notes for a campaign.

So this was the end of his adventure! Better so, after all, thought the Queen's Messenger, since he had to be at the Foreign Office at four to receive Andrassy's despatches. The end? Stay! it wanted yet an hour of mid-day; he would continue his walk and return at the time appointed: at least should chance ever throw him against his dazzling domino again she should not be able to reproach him with not having fulfilled the terms of her invitation.

The Honorable Aubyn Goddard walked on, beyond the outer fortifications.

Punctually at twelve o'clock he found himself once more at the gate of the Villa Altdorff; and now a new surprise awaited him. The gate stood open! He entered. As he walked up the drive he noted with ever-increasing wonderment that the shutters were all thrown open, as were the lower windows. From one chimney a column of smoke rose into the air. On the veranda in front stood two chairs, and some Oriental rugs lay before them. On one of them lay a shawl and a book, giving evidence of recent occupation. From one corner of the rug a very British fox-terrier rose, stretched himself, and trotted down the drive to meet him and assure himself that the perfume of the visitor was a friendly perfume.

As he reached the door it was opened by a grave butler in the correctest black,—not by the pert Parisian maid he had anticipated,—who ushered him at once into a drawing-room matted with Indian grass and furnished throughout in the white-gold style ascribed to Louis XV. Dazed beyond the power of expression, Goddard was walking to a window to inspect the exterior, when the full soft voice

that had been echoing in his brain for the past ten hours said behind him,—

"Captain Goddard."

He turned, to see his hostess advancing towards him with outstretched hand.

True to his anticipation, she was dark ; but there the correctness of his anticipation began and ended. The gorgeous figure was held with stately erectness, and was clad from throat to foot in the most correctly fitting of tailor-made suits ("Turned out by Morgan, for a fiver!" ejaculated Goddard to himself), at the throat and wrists a collar and cuffs of the snowiest linen, secured by plain gold buttons. Her only ornament was a crimson rose thrust into the bosom of the dress. The raven-black hair was carried smoothly off the high white forehead and drawn to a simple coil at the back of the head.

The vision before him was one of ideal health, perfect womanly beauty, and eminent "good form." Aubyn Goddard stood speechless. The Baroness Altdorff was, of course, perfectly self-possessed.

"You are punctual, Captain Goddard. That is well. We shall have the more time in which to make each other's acquaintance,—or rather to improve it."

"Pardon me," said Goddard, in reply, "if for a few moments I am too bewildered to talk rationally. You have me at a great disadvantage. Will you tell me where we have met before to-day?"

"Not now. But before we part,—yes. Let me see: at four o'clock you must be at the Foreign Office, at five you leave Vienna. I am right, am I not? Yes? Then I propose that we breakfast at once and talk afterwards."

"I am completely at Madame's service."

"Don't make any rash announcements! you ought to mistrust me profoundly. Admit at least that my conduct has been highly irregular."

"Well, I——"

"The fact is," broke in the woman, in a serious tone, "I have long wished to make your acquaintance. The opportunity arrived for me to do you a service, unknown to yourself, and in doing it I killed two birds with one stone: I took the part of Captain Aubyn Goddard in a diplomatic war, and made his acquaintance into the bargain. All is fair, you know, in war!"

"And in love?" concluded Goddard, with a nervous laugh.

"Exactly," replied the Baroness Altdorff, with a slight blush, "but at present the former alone engrosses our attention. But come; breakfast is ready. Will you follow me? Unlike most women who make gentlemen's acquaintances under romantic circumstances, I am ravenously hungry."

She led the way into the dining-room, where a breakfast was served in perfect taste but supreme simplicity.

"At least you will begin," said Goddard, as he seated himself, "by giving me a few words of explanation. First, how did you know my name? and, second, did you send me the ticket for yesterday's ball?"

"I know your name, for in the society of Vienna not to know Captain Aubyn Goddard, of Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, is to argue one's self unknown. It *was* I who sent you the ticket for last night's ball, for reasons that I will explain to you presently. I am very much interested in the questions that have brought you to Vienna four times in as many months, and chance favored me last night in bringing about a meeting to which I have long looked forward."

She spoke with charming frankness, looking him straight in the eyes, and it was with a, to him, altogether new sensation that he replied, with a little inclination,—

"Whatever may have been your motive, baroness, believe me, I congratulate myself, more profoundly than I can say on so short an acquaintance, on the chance that has thrown us together—at last."

A ring of intense earnestness had come into his voice as he answered, returning her gaze. The woman flushed perceptibly as she turned the conversation :

"Your profession must be a strangely interesting one. You are so much behind the scenes. The Powers will unite in conference about December or January, will they not?"

He glanced at her keenly. "I cannot tell," replied he, cautiously, "but it looks like it at present."

"It seems so strange to me that England should submit so calmly to the dictation of Russia. I should have thought that your government would have despatched a fleet to the Levant."

"That would not take place unless the Conference should prove abortive."

"Ah! then the step is already considered?"

"I do not know," replied Goddard, shortly, as he suddenly perceived that he had been led into an important disclosure. Then he added, "You seem vastly interested in European politics. Ladies do not usually trouble about such matters."

"Oh, I adore them," replied the baroness, with a laugh; "but it annoys me when I see your English interests calmly flung into the lap of Gortschakoff by your Mr. Gladstone."

"Mr. Gladstone will have nothing to do with it," replied Goddard, dryly. "The entertainment of 1871 will not be repeated, I can assure you. So long as Lord Beaconsfield lives, you may be sure that the Pruth will bound Russia on the southwest, and Batoum and Constantinople will *not* become Russian military seaports." He spoke with quick indignation, for Goddard was of the true Tory faith, and the light tone of this foreign woman stung him in a sensitive place. The Baroness Altdorff plunged her eyes deep into his, and leaned forward as she replied,—

"That is how I like to hear a man talk. *That* is the substance of your despatches, on this mission?"

Goddard was about to lie promptly in expressing his ignorance, but something in the woman's look made his heart leap into his throat, and he answered nothing, as the color rose to the roots of his hair.

"That is right," she said, softly. "I could not imagine you lying to me."

"No," answered the man, shortly : "I cannot lie to you."

The Baroness Altdorff rose.

"Let us go into the drawing-room," she said, with a sudden change of manner. "We have yet an hour before you need start. At half-past three my coupé will take you to the Foreign Office, and thence to the station. Will you oblige me by sending my man from the Office to settle your bill and bring your luggage from your hotel? I do not want you to return."

"Really, I feel ashamed to take advantage——" began Goddard.

"Promise me! promise me!" she interrupted, eagerly.

"Certainly, it shall be as you wish. But, in heaven's name, give me some explanation of all this mystery."

"Very well," replied she; "I will. I need not tell Captain Goddard that diplomacy in Russia sticks at nothing. I happened to have learnt that an effort would be made to detain you in Vienna by the Russian agents there. You were to be summoned from your hotel last night. They laid their plans well. I sent you the ticket to insure your absence, and came myself to the ball to see that you were safely there. The hunchback whom you saw persecuting me adopted that course to mix you up in a most unpleasant *esclandre*. He knew that an English gentleman would not suffer an unprotected woman to be insulted in his presence. It is needless to say that he was a political spy. Had we left the opera-house by the main entrance you would have found yourself this morning in a duel or a police court. It was necessary to hide you to-day. I thought of this place as we sought my carriage. They have watched for you at your hotel all day. Remember, you have promised not to return there with your despatches."

"Do you think I am going to run away from the creature?" said Goddard, indignantly.

"It is your duty to guard your despatches," answered the woman, calmly.

"You are right," answered he, simply, after a pause.

The conversation took another turn. Her interest drew from Goddard—almost, I was going to say, the story of his life, and when the clock struck half-past three it was almost with a start that he recalled himself to the present.

It was the Baroness Altdorff who cut the conversation short. "It is time for you to go," she said. "I am sorry."

"And I too, baroness," replied Goddard. "I have not half expressed to you my gratitude for all you have done for me, still less for these charming hours with you."

"Then you forgive my plot against your liberty?"

"Yes," replied he, boldly. "All is fair, as we said, in love and war, and—and both are here."

The Baroness Altdorff crimsoned despite herself.

"Good-by," said she, holding out her hand again.

"Not good-by, I trust," pleaded he, as he held the delicate white hand in his. They had reached the front door, where the presence of the grave butler holding open the door of the coupé which stood in readiness placed a restraint upon the wild declaration he was tempted

to pour out to her. "Not good-by, baroness, but *au revoir*. Is it not so?" And he leaned forward as he pressed the taper fingers.

"I hope so,—believe me," replied she, and her pallor intensified.

"Then I go not altogether in despair," said Goddard, gayly, as he descended the steps.

As he took his seat in the carriage he turned to where she stood on the veranda.

"I forgot!" he exclaimed. "You said you would tell me where we met before to-day. Where was it?"

"At the ball last night."

The servant slammed the door, and the carriage whirled off down the drive. As it turned out of the gate, Goddard looked hastily out of the window. The windows of the Villa Altdorff were once more shuttered as they had been in the morning. No smoke rose from the chimneys. All signs of human habitation had disappeared.

The Villa Altdorff seemed deserted!

Captain the Honorable Aubyn Goddard flung himself back on the cushions of the coupé.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "this carriage is real enough, or I should believe the whole thing was a dream."

* * * * *

Whilst he transacted his business at the Foreign Office, the coupé went to his hotel for his luggage.

The servant brought back word that two gentlemen refusing to give their names had been waiting for him since mid-day.

They were waiting still.

CHAPTER III.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

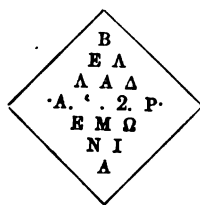
THE police system of Russia is divided into three sections, the First Section, consisting of the ordinary patrol of *gendarmérie*, the Second Section, consisting of what are called the Political Police, originally instituted by the Tzar Nicholas to control corruption among officials, but now, and at the time of which I write, a vast organization having its representatives in almost every city of the world, and the hated and dreaded Third Section, of Secret Police, having its spies in every house, in every restaurant, in every public place, almost in every family. The three are united under one head, and during the crisis of 1876-77 that head had, as may be supposed, more than enough to occupy it.

One of the largest suites in the Public Offices of Petersburg is devoted to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Adjoining it is the Ministry of the Interior. Connecting the two are two small rooms, one an inner room opening upon the vestibule, the other looking out upon the Newski Prospect. These two rooms are devoted to the use of the Chief of Police—"The White Terror," as he is called—and his personal staff, consisting of a private and two ministerial secretaries.

In the outer room sat Prince Schouloff, the Chief of Police, and the position he occupied between the two principal Ministries indicated his importance in the affairs of the Empire.

No one who saw him seated in his great leather-covered chair before his table could fail to be impressed with the personality of the man. Though he sits huddled up, as it were, there can be no mistaking the massive proportions of the man: his hand alone, as it lies on the table before him, gives overwhelming evidence of his tremendous physical strength. He is a comparatively young man,—not more than forty years old,—despite the fact that his closely-cut hair is almost snow-white, and that the clearly-traced lines round his eyes and mouth give evidence of years of anxiety, if not of physical suffering. In startling contrast to his white hair are his thick eyebrows and elaborately-pointed moustache, which are of the intensest black. At this moment his keen gray eyes look straight before him from beneath the heavy brows, and his face wears the expression habitual to it in repose,—one of concentrated watchfulness.

Before him—it is morning—lies a heap of letters, which for the past half-hour has been slowly diminishing as he opens one after another, and, after making a note upon each in pencil, for the direction of the secretaries, lays them in two heaps, one to the right of the pile for the political secretaries, the other to the left for future private reference. At this moment the morning task of looking through the mail has been arrested,—arrested by the paper that he holds in the hand that lies on the desk before him. He is not looking at it. It would be useless, for it is not of an ordinary kind. It is written on a large square sheet of thin blue paper; in the upper left-hand corner, arranged within a diamond, appears the following design, in Greek capitals:



Incomprehensible to the uninitiated, Prince Schouloff reads within the lozenge the word "Bella-Demonia. A.H.2.R.", and, having progressed thus far, he has laid down the paper and is plunged in thought. The letter is in cipher, and is sealed to him until the arrival of his private secretary, who has the custody of the key to the enigma.

He has not long to wait. A slight noise behind him causes him to turn his head. A young man has entered the room, and has silently taken his seat at a smaller desk in the corner.

"Ah, Dmitri Dmitrievitch, is that you? I am waiting for you."

"A despatch from Bella-Demonia?"

"Yes. Have you your dial?"

"Here it is, Excellency."

"Set it: A.H.2.R."

"It is done."

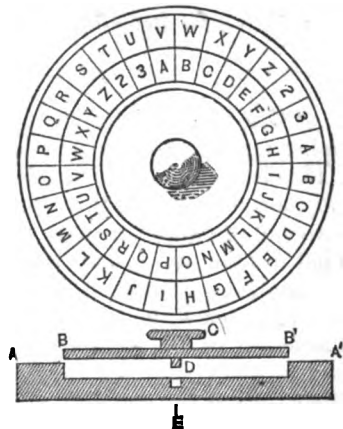
"Read me this." And the Chief of Police hands the document to his private secretary, and turns once more to the unopened letters before him. For half an hour no sound breaks the silence, save the slight squeak of the cipher-dial, as, letter by letter, the young man interprets the despatch.*

* BELLA-DEMONIA'S CIPHER-DIAL.

The cipher-dial referred to in the text, the original of which is in my possession, is an instrument of great interest and ingenuity, and an explanatory note may not be out of place at this point. It is a mode of cipher-construction that practically defies solution, like a combination-lock, and was used by the staff in command of the forces in Asia Minor during the Turko-Russian War, on whose main outlines the story of Bella-Demonia has been constructed.

All that is necessary, for two people who wish to communicate in cryptograph by its means, to bear in mind is a key or combination, such as is used by Bella-Demonia in the text,—to wit, A.H.2.R.

The instrument consists of an outer dial, AA', out of which a circular chamber has been cut which receives a smaller dial, BB', which falls into its place so as to be level with the raised rim of the dial AA'. It is further kept in place by a little pin, D, which falls into a hole in the centre of the dial AA', as at E. The dial BB' may be rotated in the dial AA' by means of the milled knob C. The alphabet and a few numerals are engraved round the edges of the dials, as seen in the illustration.



Now, supposing Bella-Demonia to be writing the despatch referred to above, on the combination A.H.2.R. She sets the dial as in the illustration. The H of the inner circle falls under the A of the outer. The "2R" means that the dial BB' must be rotated two spaces to the right, to find each letter in the cryptograph message. "1R" would mean, one space to the right; "8L," three to the left, and so on.

We will assume that Bella-Demonia wishes to write her own name on the formula A.H.2.R. The dial is set as in the illustration.

She turns the dial BB' to the right, so as to find the second space from the B in the upper or outer circle (of the dial AA'). It will be found that the letter that falls under B is G. G, therefore, is the first letter. Now to find the equivalent of the second, E; without moving the dials she finds E in the outer circle, turns the dial BB' two spaces to the right, and finds the letter H has come under the E. H is therefore the second letter of the word Bella-Demonia. Next the L. L is found on the outer dial, the inner is revolved two spaces, and M is the letter found. Now for the second L. The dial BB' is once more shifted two to the right, and the letter K represents the second L. Following the rule, and always turning the dial two spaces to the right, A is found on the outer and in turn Z on the inner circle, so that the letters GHMKZ represent the word BELLA; and, proceeding in the same way, DEMONIA is represented in cryptograph by the letters 2.Z.D.D.A.V.L.

BELLADEMONIA=GHMKZ2DDAVL.

Now, Prince Schoulloff receives the letters Ghmkz2ddavl, and to find out what they mean sets his dial A.H.2.R.,—i.e., with the A of the dial AA' over the H of the dial BB'.

In reading, the above process is reversed only in the fact that the letter to be interpreted is sought on the inner circle (of the dial BB'). He finds G on the dial BB', rotates it two spaces to the right, and finds over it, on the dial AA', the letter B. Next he rotates the H on BB', and finds over it E on AA'. The M on BB' rotated

At the end of that time the secretary rises and lays before his chief a paper on which appears the following, in French :

"VIENNA, 25th August, 1876.

"Captain the Honorable Aubyn Goddard, Twentieth Hussars, especially detailed Queen's Messenger for Oriental affairs. Age about 34. Single. English gentleman in every sense of the word. Unapproachable by ordinary means. Passed through Vienna August 15 and 16, bearing despatches for Foreign Office.

"In the event of Conference, England will maintain armed neutrality. In the event of Russia taking meditated action, will occupy the Bosphorus. Integrity of Ottoman Empire will be supported : particular attention to Batoum and Trebizonde. No further details.

"Leave for Petersburg to-night.

"BELLA-DEMONIA."

"H'm!" ejaculated the Chief of Police, as he carefully folded the cipher message and its translation and placed them in his pocket-book. "This is important. 'English gentleman. Unapproachable by ordinary means. No further details.' I don't like that. Bella-Demonia does not usually stop half-way in her inquiries. She is coming here. That is well, and I shall meet this marvellous woman at last!"

And, the current of his thoughts evidently changed by the receipt of the despatch, he altered some of the notes on the letters before him, and as one of the secretaries took away the bundle for distribution he said to him,—

"Inform the secretary of His Excellency the Minister for War that Prince Schouloff will wait upon his Chief in an hour's time."

When this latter had left the room, the prince turned to Dmitri Dmitrievitch Keratieff, his private secretary, and remarked,—

"You are sure that you never heard your father, Dmitri Keratieff, refer by name to this Baroness Altdorff,—'Bella-Demonia,' as they call her?"

"Never, Excellency. After the attempt upon the life of His Majesty in which my father received his death-wound, he spoke to me

two spaces gives him L on AA'; and K on BB' rotated two spaces gives him a second L. Z treated the same way gives A on AA', and thus out of "GhmKz" the first half "Bella" is produced, and in the same way the whole word, and the whole despatch.

The great point to be noted is that by this means the same letter never means the same thing twice, so that the principal means of deciphering cryptograms—i.e., the observation of the most recurrent letters and substituting for them the commonest vowels and consonants—is destroyed. Without ever going more than two spaces to the right or left, 4010 different combinations can be formed; whilst if the persons in possession of the dials choose to read *upward* for writing and *downward* for reading, instead of as above *downward* for writing and *upward* for reading, 16,080,100 combinations can be formed, and it is that number of chances to one against anybody but the right person hitting on the formula.

Of course any arrangement of the letters of the alphabet, and any number of numerals, omitting the 1 and the 0, can be engraved on the two dials, so long as they coincide exactly with each other.

SELINA DOLARO.

of a woman who possessed his cipher-dial, but never mentioned her name. I was very young then."

At the private secretary's words Prince Schouloff's face clouded. The attempted assassination of the Tzar in which the late Chief of Police lost his life was a subject which the present Chief—for state reasons, he said—never allowed to be mentioned in his presence. However, his private secretary, as son of his predecessor, and Prince Schouloff's especial *protégé*, considered himself a privileged person. At the time of his father's death Dmitri Dmitrievitch Keratieff had been one of the junior clerks in the Department of Police, and when his father met his death in the abortive attempt of the followers of Alexis Dorski, Prince Schouloff, who came to Petersburg to take the direction of the police, sought out his predecessor's son and appointed him his confidential secretary. Dorski had disappeared,—he was reported killed at Odessa soon after,—and his society had been broken up. From that moment his conspiracy had been a forbidden subject, like many others, in the Department of Police.

Now, however, the Chief did not silence his secretary, but remarked, with the air of a man who dimly recalls a half-forgotten incident,—

"How did he refer to her?"

"Though it was eight years ago, I remember his words as if they had been spoken yesterday. 'Dmitri,' he said, 'you are too young now to understand the workings of the section in which you are a subordinate; but some day you may be called to a position of trust therein. There exists a duplicate of the cipher-dial with which I construct my political correspondence. Should ever a woman communicate with you by its means, lay the matter at once before your Chief, and tell him that I, Dmitri Keratieff, left for him the injunction that she was to be considered. Trust her utterly: the welfare of the Holy Russian Empire is in her heart, and may be in her hands.' I believe this Bella-Demonia to be the woman, Excellency, for my father would never have intrusted his cipher-dial to any one who would either duplicate or misuse it."

"I think you are right," returned Schouloff, as he reconcentrated his attention upon the papers before him.

That day he devoted to important interviews with the Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs, and at the closing of the office at four o'clock another step, and an important one, had been taken in the policy that was to eventuate in the war of 1877.

The office was closed. The secretaries had gone, a servant had placed a reading-lamp upon his table, and Prince Schouloff was alone.

He stretched his arms above his head in the manner of a man concluding his work or turning to some lighter employment. No one looking at him as he sat, idly for the moment looking out over the Prospect that teemed with life below him, would have dreamed that the hard, ascetic-looking man, with "diplomacy" written on every line of his face, the man whose word could at any moment send families to Siberia with a "wolf's passport," or plunge the Cabinet in inter-

national complications, had been, eight years before we see him in the office of the Police—Alexis Dorski, the Nihilist!

It was he. But of this circumstance only two living souls were aware, and those were Prince Schouloff himself—and in after-years, people who know have said, *One other*.

CHAPTER IV.

BELLA-DEMONIA.

PRINCE Schouloff rose, and, walking to the window, looked out over the Prospect of Alexander Newski, seeking a momentary relief from the cramped position to which he had been constrained by his work during the hours of toil. For a few minutes he stood idly watching the droschkies and troïkas that crossed and recrossed one another, listening to the jangle of their bells and to the vague murmur of the *isvoshtahiks'* voices as they apostrophized and harangued their ponies, after the manner of their class. Then he drew down the blinds to shut out the remainder of the already dying daylight, and seated himself once more at his bureau.

From a carefully-locked drawer he took a small bundle of folded blue sheets, and placed at the bottom thereof "Bella-Demonia's" despatch of the morning, and was about to replace the bundle, when a second thought struck him, and he unfolded them all in turn, running his eyes rapidly over their contents as he did so. All the originals were in cipher, but the translation was attached to each in his secretary's handwriting.

"This is a most marvellous woman," soliloquized he, as he concluded his cursory examination of the bundle. "I wonder how she is to be accounted for. Among all the political agents of the Russian administration, of her alone nothing is known: as a rule, the Holy Empire is well informed as to the antecedents of its—spies; but in the case of this woman it is different. Who is she?—or, rather, who was she? Who is—or was—the Baron Altdorff? I have sent Dmitri Keratieff in turn to London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, in search of information regarding her. I have inquired into all her aliases in vain: everywhere we are met and assisted by her work, but by the woman herself—never. Well, well, notwithstanding the mystery, I would trust her where I would not trust Dmitri Keratieff himself. The treasury of the Department has been at her service for five years. A mere adventuress—my English agent Emily Dashton, for instance—in her position would long ago have realized a million or so of roubles and disappeared. But Bella-Demonia is true to her trust under all circumstances: her motive, whatever it be, must be a strong one, and in due time no doubt she will elect to present herself. She says in this last despatch that she is coming here: when will she arrive? By St. Nicholas! I—I, Schouloff, confess that I am curious—nay, anxious—to see her.—What is it?"

The concluding words of his soliloquy were addressed to the

dvornik of the office, who had entered the room after a premonitory knock.

"A lady," replied the *dvornik*, "desires to speak with your Excellency." And he handed to the prince a card on which was engraved "The Countess Laroche, Avenue de Jena, Paris," and in pencil had been added, in Russian, "Hôtel d'Europe,—*Evropeiskaya Gosstinnitza*."

"You told her that the office was closed?"

"Yes, Excellency, but she insisted that I should inquire if you were still here."

"Did she state her business?"

"No, Excellency: she said only that she had just arrived from Vienna."

"From Vienna? Ah! Admit her, and order two of the guard to station in the secretaries' office, before she comes through it."

Prince Schouloff had twice narrowly escaped assassination in this very room, and was prepared for emergencies.

Two minutes later a woman entered the room. She stood for a moment at the door, and said, interrogatively,—

"Prince Schouloff?"

"I am he," returned Schouloff, scrutinizing her narrowly. "Be seated, *sodaini*." He spoke in Russian, and his visitor answered in the same language:

"I see you have placed your Cossacks in the anteroom. I should have saved you the trouble by announcing myself as the Baroness Altdorff. It suits me, however, to be the Countess Laroche, travelling for her health: so I gave to the *dvornik* the name by which I am to be known so long as I remain in Petersburg." There was a simple, commanding dignity in her words as she spoke, seating herself the while in the chair indicated, opposite to the Chief of Police. Prince Schouloff had remained standing.

"Bella-Demonia!" he said, simply.

"I am she."

Without another word, he went to the door, and called out, "*Chorokho! Ogon!*" ("All right! Go away!") and the footsteps of the two soldiers were heard retiring down the corridor. Schouloff returned, and, seating himself in the great leather-covered chair, remarked,—

"I will not waste time in trivial compliments. I can only say that it affords me a profound satisfaction to meet Bella-Demonia face to face. You will explain the object of this visit in your own words and at your own time."

"It was time for us to meet. The negotiations at Vienna are practically closed. You will find that Bismarck and Andrassy are acting together, have done so from the first, and will do so to the end. The policy of Great Britain is cut and dried. Their plans are formed. It is time to form ours."

"Ours?"

"Yes,—yours and mine."

Schouloff thought for a moment. Then he said,—

"Madame von Altdorff, let us understand each other from the commencement——"

"Countess Laroche, if you please," corrected she.

"Very good,—Countess Laroche. You are staying at the *Hôtel d'Europe*. Have you a passport?—but of course you have."

"I have five," returned she, simply.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Here they are," said she, taking a thin packet from the bosom of her dress. "Two of them are, as you see, countersigned by yourself. Here is that of the Countess Laroche, dated, issued, and visa-ed in Paris; these are respectively those of Mrs. Damian, issued and visa-ed in London; of the Baroness Altdorff, signed by yourself, in Berlin; of the Baroness Altdorff, similarly signed, in Vienna; and of Madame Raczewitz, issued, and so forth, in Constantinople."

The Chief of Police seemed thunderstruck.

"Madame," said he, "in two minutes you have impressed me as I have never been impressed before. May I ask your nationality? Your Russian is perfect, but foreign; your French is the same."

"I am cosmopolitan. I am in turn English, French, German, Russian, and, what is most to our present purpose, Roumeliote, but always and everywhere Bella-Demonia. Do I make myself clear?"

"To me—perfectly. Your identity established, pray consider the Department of Police at your service. And now, what have you to say?"

"More than can be said now. One question, however, before we terminate this interview. When do we declare war?"

Schouloff started, despite his training, despite himself.

"War?" he echoed.

"Yes,—with Turkey."

For reply the Chief leaned forward and raised the shade from the lamp, flooding the room with light. He fixed his eyes on Bella-Demonia's face. She returned his gaze unflinchingly. She was dressed from head to foot in some black-beaded material, with here and there a flash of crimson, in a lining, a ribbon, or a feather. The Chief was apparently satisfied with his scrutiny.

"When the Porte shall have rejected the conditions presented by the Conference."

"They will not be of a nature that the Porte *can* accept?"

A moment's pause, and then Schouloff answered, shortly,—

"No!"

"Good! That is enough for to-day. To-morrow I will lay *my* plans before you. Is it agreed?"

"Perfectly."

Ten minutes later Prince Schouloff sat alone in his sanctum, buried in his complicated reflections.

CHAPTER V.

A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

ON the following afternoon, when the secretaries had gone and the offices had been closed to the world, as the bells of the neighboring Cathedral of St. Isaac's tolled the hour of five, Prince Schouloff

sat once more in his sanctum, in conference with the Baroness Altdorff.

"As I understand the position," Bella-Demonia was saying, "our plans stand thus. The conditions laid before the Ottoman Cabinet will be of a nature that will render their acceptance impossible. When this is an accomplished fact, and the Powers have protested by protocol, Russia will cross the Pruth, and enter Asia Minor by Batoum or Kars without further notice."

"Exactly."

"What opposition shall we meet?"

"In Europe, little or none. Roumania will join our cause, and probably Bulgaria. In Asia we shall probably have difficulty with Monkhtar Pasha."

"And where shall we station our political observatory?"

"Probably at Odessa."

"That is wrong. It is too far from Stamboul."

"Has Bella-Demonia anything better to suggest?"

"Certainly, or she would not be here. Give me a map of the country."

Schouloff laid a chart of the Balkan Peninsula on the table, and together they bent over the sheet, the woman demonstrating with her finger as she spoke quickly and decisively, in the tones of one stating a case with which he is entirely familiar:

"Immediately on the declaration of war, long before we reach the Danube, the Buda-Pesth, Giurgevo, and Varna route to Constantinople will be closed. The ports of the Black Sea will be blockaded, the sea-route from any other port will be impracticable. The only line of communication between the Powers and the Porte, therefore, will be across the Balkans by way of the Shipka Pass. To reach this point, messengers must pass through Belgrade, Widin, and possibly Plevna. From Shipka they must reach Stamboul by Eski Saghra and Adrianople. On the road between the two lies the village of Deve-kiui. At that village Madame Helen Raczewitz, a Roumeliote lady, must take a hunting-villa at once. By the time our armies cross the Pruth she will be firmly established there, and his Excellency Prince Schouloff will always be a welcome visitor."

As she ceased she looked up into Schouloff's face to mark the effect of her words.

"Then you propose——" said he.

"To found a political observatory, away from large cities or military centres, though within a certain radius of Eski Saghra,—an observatory, however, on the inevitable line of route between Stamboul and Europe."

"But between this and next year I have important duties that call me to Paris and London. I could not occupy the château of which you speak."

"But I could. I propose to be there within a month."

"You know the state of a civilized country on the first outbreak of a war and before military control is established. Do you fully realize what would be the condition of affairs in Bulgaria? The good

Gladstone was nearer the truth than is his wont in his *brochure* on Batak."

Bella-Demonia's lip curled scornfully.

"Do you think," said she, "that a woman who has lived the life of Bella-Demonia is likely to flinch at the thought of a sojourn in a country notoriously Russophile? Besides, inquire at Philippopolis and Sofia concerning Madame Raczewitz: you will be satisfied, I think, that I am safe among the Balkans."

Prince Schouloff had resumed his seat, and now remained silent for a few moments, watching the woman opposite him.

"Madame von Altdorff," said he, at length, "I do not ask a confidence which apparently you are desirous of withholding, but it is obvious that it must have been some terrible cataclysm in your life that plunged you into the whirlpool of political intrigue."

"A cataclysm indeed!—one that shattered every womanly feeling within me; one that turned my life into one protracted longing for excitement and distraction. When, on the death of Dmitri Keratieff at the hands of Alexis Dorski's band, *you* took his place in the councils of the nation, a month of keen observation of your methods satisfied me that under your chieftainship the office of political agent would be no sinecure. I wrote to you: you gave me my first commission, and in an hour my womanhood, my past, was laid aside,—in a word, I became—Bella-Demonia!"

"I would that we had met sooner, baroness. With such a partner as yourself, there is no height to which an ambitious man might not aspire."

She looked at him for an instant as if in alarm. Then, resuming the cold, hard tone that was natural to her, she said,—

"It is just as well that we did not meet then, for I am incapable of aught but hate. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," replied Schouloff. And the conversation changed.

A fortnight later the "plan of campaign" was settled. Day after day the Chief of Police had been closeted with the Baroness Altdorff, and nothing remained to be discussed, of the policy of the Chief and his *lieutenant*. "The Countess Laroche" was making ready for her departure; and in two days' time Prince Schouloff would have left Petersburg for Paris *en route* for London.

They sat, as usual, in the bureau of the Department of Police, and Bella-Demonia had just folded up her last sheet of notes, written in the cipher under which we first made her acquaintance.

"So!" she said, "all is finished."

"Almost," replied Schouloff.

"How? almost? Have you anything else to say?"

"Yes. Give me your attention, if you please, for a few moments longer, baroness: what remains to be said is not unimportant." He paused for a moment, as if searching for words: then he resumed. "You have never enlightened me, baroness, on the subject of your past, and for my part I have no desire to be enlightened. I only know that you are incomparable as you are incomprehensible; I only know that, whatever your birth may have been, you would add lustre to any

name that you would deign to adopt. The family of Schouloff is second to none in the Russian Empire, and since before our history began the Schouloffs have ranked side by side with the Romanoffs, the Dolgouroukis, and the Khristovs. This name, in all humility, I offer to you. Will you be my wife?"

Bella-Demonia had risen and walked to the window.

There, she turned and faced Schouloff, who sat, nervously—for him—twisting an end of his moustache.

"Prince Schouloff," said she, "I regret from the bottom of my soul that you should have honored me with this proposition. I can never be more to you than I am now. I know that I am in your power, I have expressed my willingness to place myself still further in your hands, and I have no fear for the result. But more than your adjutant I can never be. Let us forget this scene, and resume our old positions with regard to each other. I can *never* be your wife."

A sharp contraction passed across the man's features, but he regained his old icy composure as he replied,—

"I know you too well to urge my suit. Some day I hope, however, that you may reconsider your decision. Should that day ever arrive, I leave it in your hands to tell me of it. Meanwhile, I am always your obedient servant."

She inclined her head in silence.

"I think there is no more to be said," he resumed. "So, *au revoir*. Early in the year I will join you in our Bulgarian observatory."

"Good!" she replied, simply. "I shall look forward to your coming. *Au revoir!*"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

A COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS.

"BUT, my dear girl, for heaven's sake be reasonable. How the deuce do you suppose I can get ten thousand pounds?"

"How should I know?"

"Very well, then: don't be absurd."

And Major Homer Carteret and Mrs. Bradley Dashton sat looking at each other as if hoping to derive inspiration from each other's ingenuous countenances.

They were excellently well matched, this brother and sister: he was a gentlemanly adventurer, and she was a garrison hack. This is perhaps a trifle crude. Let us explain.

Major Homer Carteret was "society runner" for a syndicate of Oriental gentlemen who promoted companies in the far-Eastern city. His was the task of snaring ornamental directors with high-sounding titles, and moneyed youngsters with plethoric bank-accounts: no one in the business had so keen a scent or so sure a hand, no one was so

innocent a (professional) victim or so enthusiastic a (professional) supporter as Major Homer Carteret, and, though Dick Saville and other ribald spirits who had suffered by and with him averred that his military commission was one in the Salvation Army, there was no denying that, diplomatic and deprecating to the last degree, Major Carteret was a most useful member of the society which for a consideration he adorned.

To explain yet further, the major owed his rank to some obscure Indian regiment, and according to his own account had seen much service in the Empire; but a majority in a Sikh regiment is not a lucrative post, nor is it one in which the undoubted talents of the major found full scope, and he took the first opportunity to seek the mother-country as the pioneer of a queer gold-mining company, and, having found the work profitable and congenial, realized that *this* was his proper sphere, and settled in London, where his fame spread among wealthy but unpresentable financiers, as purveyor of directors and social "drummer" for the stocks of his employers. His business found an able co-operator in the person of his sister, when she too forsook her all—to wit, all the officers in Bengal—and established herself in the cosy little house in Mayfair where we find her sitting on this bright November morning, in conference with Major Homer Carteret.

Their tactics were such as to compel the admiration of all who suffered by them. The major and his sister were "devilish good fellows," both of them: did any gilded youth desire to meet any particular damsel *en petit comité*, Mrs. Dashton could always be depended upon to give a little dinner, at which she and her brother counted for little save as hosts. During dinner Mrs. Dashton, with some excuse or apology for talking shop, would deftly draw from the major a few enthusiastic words regarding his last "investment;" over the wine and the first cigar the major generally managed to re-introduce the subject, and the gilded youth, as a rule, bit at the bait and "went a hundred" in company with the major, "just for fun." The company generally turned out to be one of unlimited liability, and in due season burst with more or less explosive force, and the major when reproached would express the most awful consternation, but "as a friend of the directors" would manage to limit the gilded youth's liability to a "few" thousands, whilst he, poor old chap, was absolutely ruined, and in his despair would borrow five hundred for a month to get himself on his feet again. As the five hundred was always punctually repaid, he always got it, and with it the commiseration and absolution of his unconscious victims. For the supply of ornamental directors he had a fixed ascending scale: a baronet, so much; a baron, so much; a viscount, an earl, a marquis, a duke, so much apiece, according to the standing of the title in the financial Debrett which financiers keep locked up in their strong boxes.

For her share in the proceedings Mrs. Dashton charged a regular commission, with now and then a bonus. At this moment she wanted a bonus, but the bonus she wanted was ten thousand pounds, and at this moment it was decidedly inconvenient. The major was "filling the cast," to put it dramatically, of a company for the exploitation of some absolutely inaccessible copper-mines in Asia Minor, and, though

the syndicate was wealthy, the major had run through about as much "petty cash" as the concern could stand.

He was consequently constrained to remark,—

"For heaven's sake, be reasonable!"

"Well, it's your own affair, Homer. If Arlingford doesn't have this ten thou. by Monday, 'up he goes' at Tattersall's and the Club; and that means the extinction of Arlingford; and the extinction of Arlingford means the extinction of the Ararat Mining Company."

"But, hang it all, he's had between fifteen and twenty thousand already, and the company is beginning to look into the accounts."

"Well, what if he has? you've had the value of your money. Without his house for head-quarters you'd never have filled your board of directors, and you certainly wouldn't have got young Saville, or young Midas, to 'go a hundred for fun,' as you call it. Besides, you *must* get this American Briggs. He's a millionaire, and so long as Arlingford's on his feet you can always strike him there. He's to be at this dinner there to-night to say good-by to Goddard."

"Goddard?"

"You argue yourself unknown. Twentieth Hussars, Queen's Messenger, most popular man in London."

"Never met him."

"No, you wouldn't; he hasn't got any hundreds 'to go for fun'."

"Keep to business, if you please."

"I *am* keeping to business. I want ten thousand pounds."

"Well, I haven't got them, and can't get them. There."

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know. Can't you borrow it from Schoulloff? These Russian princes are always fabulously rich."

"Schoulloff could certainly get it me if he wanted anything in return for it. He told me at the Ackerlys' last night that there was a favor I could do him; but I can't do him ten thousand pounds' worth of work in three days."

"Still, you could try him. See what he wants."

"I shall certainly do that this afternoon; but it's a forlorn hope."

There was a minute's silence, and then the brother broke out:

"Don't sit saying nothing! Suggest something, for goodness' sake."

"I was just about to do so," returned Mrs. Dashton, her eyes fixed on the fire. "You go straight into the city and move heaven and earth to get the money. I'll write to Schoulloff to get him here this afternoon. Write from the city to Lady Arlingford to say you are detained, but will come in after dinner: I'll write later on and say I'm ill, but will also come in afterwards. Meet me at Arlingford's at nine o'clock, and before they're out from dinner we'll compare notes. I haven't much hope."

"Nor have I."

"Well, do your best, anyhow."

"You bet I will."

And Major Homer Carteret took up his hat and left the house.

As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Bradley Dashton sat down and wrote a few lines.

"Take this," said she to the servant who appeared in answer to her summons, "to the Russian Legation, and wait for an answer."

This done, she walked to the fire and held out her fingers to the blaze.

Mrs. Bradley Dashton was an extremely handsome woman in the luxurious blonde style of beauty. Her eight-and-twenty years sat lightly on her fuzzy brow, and the ravages of the Indian climate, and the excitement of her life as the successive flame of every subaltern in the Bengal Staff Corps, had left no trace upon her regular features.

This had not escaped the notice of the Earl of Arlingford when he visited India on a hunting-tour, a couple of years before, and, unmindful of the existence of his wife in England, or perhaps relying on that lady for protection against the ultimate wiles of the siren, he had easily persuaded her to abandon Bengal for London; and in her secret soul Emily Dashton cherished a hope, founded on a light promise of Lord Arlingford's, that so soon as her ladyship should seek redress of her wrongs through the medium of the divorce court, she, Emily Dashton, should graduate as the Countess of Arlingford in the peerage of England.

Hence her anxiety to aid his lordship in the present strait, hence her late conference with her brother the major, and hence her summons to Prince Schouloff, whose ally she had been, off and on, ever since her return to England.

The answer to the latter arrived promptly, and with a little sigh of satisfaction Mrs. Bradley Dashton proceeded to lunch.

CHAPTER II.

A POLITICAL COMMISSION.

AT three o'clock that afternoon, clad in the most bewitching of wrappers, Mrs. Bradley Dashton lay curled up in an arm-chair before her fire, expectant. It cannot be said that her features were free from care, for there's many a slip 'twixt the fingers and ten thousand pounds; still, she was more hopeful than she had been in the morning, for Schouloff's prompt reply to her note and his obedience to her summons pointed to the fact that there was something she could do for him, and Prince Schouloff's service, though one of danger and intricacy, was excellently well paid.

The miniature cathedral chimes of the carriage-clock on the mantelpiece had hardly struck thrice when Mrs. Dashton heard a hansom checking its mad career at her door, and, a moment after, Schouloff entered the room. She did not rise, but extended to him her hand, which the Russian bent himself reverentially to kiss.

"And how goes it with my charming ally?" he began.

"Pretty well, thanks. At this moment I'm bored. I want something to do,—something exciting. That's why I asked you to call."

"Ah! I thought as much. Well, how much is it this time?" he asked, in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"Ten thousand pounds."

"Dear me! is that all?"

"That's all for the present," said she, ignoring the sarcasm.

"Only ten thousand pounds!" repeated Prince Schouloff.

"Can I have it?"

"Well, I hope so. It will depend on yourself."

"You don't mean to say," she said, eagerly, "that there's anything I can do for you that's worth ten thousand pounds? I want it by Monday."

"If you will do what I want, your work will be done by midnight. At one A.M., unless you fear I might compromise you by so untimely a call, I will come here and pay you ten thousand pounds, in notes or gold. How do you want them?"

"Don't play with me, Schouloff," said the woman, nervously: "I can't bear it. I want this money awfully badly."

"I am not playing. I was never more serious in my life. I heard that his lordship needed ten thousand pounds, and obtained the money yesterday in the hope that you could earn it."

"Earn it! It's a large sum!"

"An enormous sum,—the greatest I have ever paid for an individual service."

"I suppose you want something impossible."

"To a woman so beautiful and talented as Mrs. Bradley Dashton, nothing should be impossible."

The woman sat watching him. She knew her man, and the thought that the money was within her reach was so sweet that she postponed as far as possible the stating of the condition which she felt sure must shatter her hopes.

"Well," she said, at last, "what do you want me to do?"

Schouloff became suddenly very grave.

"Emily Dashton," he said, "I know no Englishwoman who can work with your promptitude and finesse. You have often served me in what may be called police-cases: I have never employed you in political intrigue. I am going to give you a commission higher than any you have executed hitherto."

"Why don't you give it to Bella-Demonia?" asked she, suspiciously.

"Because the Baroness Altdorff is at this moment in Turkey,—for her health."

"Well, what is it? I'll do your commission,—whatever it is," concluded she, desperately.

"Good! If you *can*, I know you will; but it is something higher than the stealing of a letter or the extortion of a confession. Listen! You are bidden to a dinner at Lord Arlingford's to-night."

"Yes."

"To meet Captain Aubyn Goddard."

"Yes."

"He starts by the night-express from Charing Cross by Dover, for Vienna, *en route* for Constantinople, with governmental despatches of the highest importance."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"He must not go."

"WHAT?"

"He must be detained."

"And who is to detain him?" asked the woman, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"You."

"I?"

"Exactly."

"Prince Schouloff, do you realize what you have asked?"

"Do you realize that you have asked for *ten thousand pounds*?"

"Do you know Aubyn Goddard?"

"By reputation,—well."

"And how do you suppose he is to be prevented from doing his duty?"

"I have not the vaguest idea. If I had, I should save ten thousand pounds."

For a full minute the two sat looking at each other, the man deadly calm, the woman evidently profoundly agitated. At last she spoke.

"If this is the price of the money, I had better abandon all hope of it. The thing is grotesquely impossible. You know, as well as I do, that from the moment he leaves Arlingford's till he enters the train at Calais he will be watched by armed men. How can he be stopped?"

"He cannot be stopped. Besides, I do not want him stopped,—only detained: till to-morrow morning will be sufficient. The delay of his despatches for a few hours is all that is necessary. Force is out of the question: he must not start."

"And you expect me to prevent him,—to keep him in London?"

"You knew him in India, did you not?"

"Yes," answered the woman, with a flush, "but that was all over years ago. I have no more power over him than—than you have."

"Well," said Schouloff, looking at his watch, "I must go. It is four o'clock. Between this and midnight a woman like you might wreck an empire. Think it over: do not throw down your cards before you have played a single one. I dine at the Duke's to-night: at ten I shall drop in at the Arlingfords'. At eleven you will put your scheme, whatever it may be, into operation. At twelve the mail will go without the Queen's Messenger,—I hope. And at one I shall have the honor of waiting upon you with ten thousand pounds,—I hope. Now, *au plaisir* and *à bientôt*."

And before Mrs. Dashton could say another word he had left the room. As the rattle of his cab-wheels died away in the distance, Mrs. Dashton dropped into her chair, and lay there motionless, her eyes fastened on the wall before her.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN AUBYN GODDARD.

It was nine o'clock.

In the drawing-room of Arlingford House, Piccadilly, Mrs. Bradley Dashton sat in a low arm-chair before the fire in much the same attitude as we left her at her own house in Mayfair. The lights were turned low, but the butler was making a tour of the room, turning them up one by one.

"Dinner is not over yet, Cookson?" remarked she.

"Not yet, ma'am. Dinner was late."

"When Major Carteret arrives, show him in here."

"Yes, ma'am."

To judge by the expression on Mrs. Bradley Dashton's face, her plans had not undergone any simplification since the afternoon, and she had evidently arrived at that point at which there is nothing to be done save to await developments from external sources. It was therefore with a sigh of relief and anticipation that she rose and moved towards the door as Cookson a few moments later drew aside the portières, announcing,—

"Major Carteret."

"How late you are!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "I began to be afraid that you wouldn't get here before dinner was over——"

"What! doubt *me*? And after so much devotion to the cause,—after foregoing a charming dinner here and rushing through my solitary one at the Club on purpose to serve you? Really, my dear child——"

"You're too civil to have any good news," interrupted she. "Keep your society manner for Lady Arlingford. You're only truthful when you're disagreeable. Be disagreeable now; for I want the truth. Have you been able to raise the money?"

"I regret to say that it was impossible."

"Well, what's to be done?"

"I don't know. There's only Schouloff left. I saw him this afternoon, and he hinted that you could be of service to him. I suppose you've seen him?"

"Yes, I've seen him."

"And can he help us?"

"Yes, if——"

"If! Good God! listen to her! As though there could be any 'if'! Of course you'll do what he wants. What is it?"

"Captain Goddard leaves to-night for Vienna with despatches——"

"Well, what has it to do with *him*?"

"Schouloff wants him detained. That's all."

"Oh!"

The tone of Major Carteret's exclamation spoke volumes.

"I'm getting bored with this Goddard," said he, after a pause.

"Of course I regret that," said she, "but he's an old sweetheart of Alice Arlingford's, I think. That should make him interesting to you."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because you have been laboring under the delusion that you might, by the employment of much strategy, induce Lady Arlingford to care for you or compromise herself. You have not succeeded, nor are you likely to succeed. You are not her 'form,' even did she intend to be so charming as to give her husband cause for alarm,—which does not, I grieve to say, seem likely. You forced your *entrée* here by lending Jack Arlingford money. Well, you are here. What advantage have you gained?"

"You are delightfully frank,—I might almost say rude. Why?"

"Because you're no use to me: so why should I be civil?"

"An admirable reason; but you might reflect——"

At this juncture Cookson the butler entered, and put an end to the colloquy by saying to Carteret,—

"His lordship desires to know if you will join them in the dining-room."

"Oh! very well," replied Carteret. "Yes." And he went.

"Who's here, Cookson?" said Mrs. Dashton when he had gone.

"Mr. Cincinnatus Q. Briggs, an American gentleman, ma'am, Master—erghem!—Mr. Charles Middleton, and Miss Middleton."

"Is that all? What made dinner late?" asked Mrs. Dashton, in quick alarm.

"They were waiting for a gentleman who sent a note at the last moment, ma'am."

"Do you know who it was?"

"I think it was——"

"Captain Goddard."

A footman made the announcement, cutting his superior short as Captain Goddard entered the room. Mrs. Dashton had resumed her seat before the fire, and the new-comer did not notice her.

"Not quite finished dinner yet, sir," said the butler. "Would you like to go into the dining-room?"

"Thanks, no. I'll wait here."

"And I'll keep you company!"

The words were spoken by Mrs. Dashton, who turned as she spoke and held out her hand. Seeing her, Goddard uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Hullo, Dashey!" he cried. "How are you, old lady? How stunning you look! Egad! and deadly respectable, too,—for you."

"Hold your tongue. We're not in India now; and please remember it's something like seven or eight years since we met there."

"But——"

"Don't! Don't look at me and say it's impossible to remember seven or eight years. I'll take all your compliments for granted,—and I'll take a little discretion and prudence at the same time, if you please. Do you understand me, Captain Goddard?"

"Perfectly, Mrs. Dashton," replied he, gravely. There was a moment's pause, and then he added, with a quick intonation of suddenly-aroused suspicion in his voice,—

"What are you doing here?"

"In England?" queried she, meeting his tone with one of subdued defiance.

"No: in this house."

"Oh! on a visit."

"Whose invitation?"

"Whose business?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"On you."

"Not on you?"

"That also depends."

The little colloquy was made with laconic rapidity. As silence reigned again, Mrs. Dashton eyed her opponent keenly, as if measuring their respective strengths. Finally, seeming to satisfy herself of her own inferiority, she resumed, in an altered tone,—

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"How you got into this house."

"By Lord Arlingford's invitation."

"So I thought!"

The woman bit her lip.

"Well, next?" she asked, containing herself with an effort.

"How long have you known Lady Arlingford?" was Goddard's next question.

"Since I arrived in England from Nice."

"So I supposed! How long is that?"

"About two months."

"How do you like her?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought."

"How does she like you?"

"I don't know. I haven't cared. How does she like *you*?"

"Well, I hope."

"Good! I'm glad to find some one she *does* care for."

"You don't like Lady Arlingford as well as her husband, do you?"

Mrs. Dashton rose with an impatient gesture.

"I'm getting a little tired of your questions," she said, petulantly.

"Tell me plainly, is it 'Pax' between us?"

"Yes, if you behave yourself. Now look here, Dashey," he continued, frankly, "it's a rough thing to hurt a woman's feelings, and I hate to be hard on you, but Lady Arlingford is my cousin, and a dear friend into the bargain, and—and—well, hang it! you've no right here in the same house with her, and if you give me cause I shall be compelled to drop her a hint, and then most likely she'll——"

"Do as her husband bids her,—as all dutiful and obedient wives should!"

"Oh!" The intonation which Goddard threw into the ejaculation was unmistakable.

"*Exactly*," said Mrs. Dashton, as if in reply. "It is 'Pax,' isn't it? Let us forget, forgive, and shake hands over it. I'm not going to stay long: I go abroad in less than a month: so you needn't be

alarmed on Lady Arlingford's account. I must have a pleasant life, if I die for it, and if Lady Arlingford won't ask me to her house,—why, Lord Arlingford must,—that's all. I'm very little in England, but to keep my Continental friends going I must have a good house in London at my back."

"Do your Continental friends care much?"

"Of course they do,—Prince Schouloff, for instance, who entertains so charmingly, whose yacht, opera-boxes, villas everywhere, are always at my disposal. He sees me here; he likes to come to Lord Arlingford's informal little gatherings after his stately dinners and ceremonials. For Arlingford's little parties are not particularly ceremonious, are they?"

"Well,—erghem!—you're here, aren't you, old lady? so you ought to know."

He spoke lightly, but in his heart he was thinking, "Poor Alice! I wonder how I can help her." What Mrs. Dashton would have answered remains uninvented; for at that moment a rattle of the rings of the portières announced the arrival from the dining-room of Lady Arlingford and Miss Kitty Middleton.

The Countess of Arlingford, rapidly taking in the pair that rose as she entered, bowed icily as she greeted Mrs. Bradley Dashton, who returned her bow with something of defiance in the gesture of her head. The enmity of the two women was obvious to the merest observer. Turning to Goddard, however, her manner entirely changed.

"Ah, Aubyn!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you! What a long while it seems since you went away! You remember Kitty, of course, and—Mrs. Bradley Dashton—Captain——"

"Captain Goddard and I have met before," said Mrs. Dashton, with a smile, "and we have just been re-cementing our friendship."

Goddard looked for a moment at the gold-headed Kitty, who stood staring at him, and then said,—

"Kitty, kiss your old pal at once!"

"Let me see," mused Kitty: "what is it the Yankee says? Oh, yes! Why, cert'nly." And with much deliberation Miss Middleton proceeded to kiss the handsome Queen's Messenger.

"Kitty," said Lady Arlingford, "do be more careful—before strangers."

"Oh," replied the girl, turning saucily with her arms still round Goddard's neck, "Mrs. Dashton won't be scared at a kiss—more or less," she added in Goddard's ear.

"So you're as wild as ever?" said the latter, who was suffering from mingled amusement and embarrassment.

"Worse a great deal," put in Lady Arlingford. "If you could have heard her at dinner——"

"Well," explained Kitty, "you wanted some one to wake you up. You looked like a block of marble, and you ought to be very much obliged to me for being so disreputable a person. What do you suppose I asked the Yankee, Aubyn?"

"Something more awful than usual, or you would not be so much amused. Go on: I'm ready to be shocked."

"I put on my most serious face and asked what he did when he found a more than usually high mantel-piece. He looked puzzled, and waited for an explanation: so I explained by asking if, under the circumstances, he stood on his head, so as to get his feet up, in the national attitude."

"What did he do?"

"Sold me dead. Instead of being a bit amazed or amused, he said, 'Is that out of *Punch*?'"

"Poor Kitty! how crushing!"

"Never mind. I shall survive the blow, and come up smiling for the second round. I'll get Mrs. Dashton to tell me about Prince Schouloff's adventures and crimes. I'm always so interested in any one with a Russian name,—sort of blood-curdling, isn't it? You'll tell me of the beautiful murders he's committed, won't you, Mrs. Dashton? It'll cheer me up."

"If the prince heard you," said Lady Arlingford, with a smile, "you would probably be sent to Siberia for life."

"Who is your Russian curiosity you're so keen about?" asked Goddard.

"Prince Schouloff, the Russian plenipotentiary. You know him, surely?"

"I know of him. An unprincipled scoundrel, from all accounts,—utterly unscrupulous,—a relentless, indomitable autocrat; in short, a thoroughly typical diplomat, who bears the reputation of uninterrupted success in his career by never having fallen a victim to the tender passion. There's a hearsay description for you."

"In that case," said Mrs. Dashton, "his days of success are numbered *now*."

"And who is the conqueror?"

"Why, Bella-Demonia."

"And who's Bella-Demonia?" pursued Goddard.

"Oh, come on, Mrs. Dashton," broke in Kitty. "You can tell him about Bella-Demonia presently."

"You should not bore Mrs. Dashton, Kitty," said Lady Arlingford.

"Don't mind her, Mrs. Dashton," said the young woman, drawing her victim towards the billiard-room, that was separated from the drawing-room by heavy curtains. "You got to where the two spies crept out from the window-curtains, their daggers gleaming!—*EEEE!*"

Kitty Middleton's sentence closed with a scream. She had run into Cookson, who at that moment entered through the curtains with coffee. Recovering herself, however, she took her cup and disappeared with Mrs. Dashton.

Left alone with Goddard, Lady Arlingford seated herself by his side, saying, as she did so,—

"How long it seems since you went to India! And by what a strange collection of accidents it is that we have never met since!"

"Do you remember the day I left?" said he, in reply. "We were dreadful spoons, weren't we? Ah, I little thought then that I should come back to find you had forgotten your first sweetheart!"

"How do you know——"

"That I was your first? Why, you were only three years old when we met."

"Well, how do you know I have forgotten? But, seriously, you were in hopes of getting into active service. I heard General Saville say something of your getting a command. Is that true?"

"Partly. I expect to get an appointment that may lead to a command. General Saville's awfully fond of me,—dear old chap! He'd do anything for me, and he has great influence at head-quarters."

"Of course your knowledge of Eastern languages will help your promotion."

"Well, yes, to a certain extent. I must say that I look forward to active service as my greatest luck. I can say it to you, Alice: I feel that if the chance comes I can make a career, and my chance has come, I think. The mission on which I start to-night is of the greatest importance. Vital issues depend on the prompt delivery of my despatches: the loss of an hour might prove fatal to their effect. I am the more anxious to carry through to-night's job satisfactorily, as it will be my last service before retiring."

"But, in spite of all that, I shall hate to see you leave for Afghanistan."

"Ah, but you don't know how tired I am of being a toy soldier. I'm only a sort of postman, after all!"

"Nice thing for a Queen's Messenger to say!"

"Well, denuded of the swagger, it's much the same. I carry despatches; so does the postman. He works harder and gets worse paid,—that's all. There has been one thing about it lately, however,—an adventure that interested me immensely, and I had made up my mind to see the end of it, but I shall probably be prevented by this very stroke of good luck. And I'm just disappointed. Human nature, you know——"

"An adventure? Tell me about it."

"I will. This last August, waiting in Vienna for despatches, I went to a masquerade, and, after having been thoroughly bored by the usual round of stupidity, was just leaving, when a woman who I had noticed was being followed and annoyed by a man put herself under my escort to regain her carriage unmolested. The voice was unmistakably gentle: no one, even in that questionable place, could have presumed to be impertinent to her. You felt at once that she feared no insult: even in asking a service she had the air of conferring a favor. The charm of this confidence in herself and in me was so profound that I forgot everything else and could only speculate on the mystery. She hurried me forward till we reached a side-door and found ourselves in a lonely street, apparently far from the general entrance. Here a brougham was waiting. She jumped in. Aghast at the thought that the adventure was to end there and then, I begged to be allowed to see her again. In reply she made me promise to ask no questions of or about her, and then, giving me an invitation to breakfast the following day, said, 'Good-night, and many thanks, Captain Aubyn Goddard!'"

"She knew you ! Who was she?"

"To this moment I have not the vaguest idea, beyond that she is called the Baroness Altdorff. By the time I had read her name and address on the card she had given me, her brougham was out of sight."

"You take away my breath. It is fascinating; but I suppose I need ask no more?"

"You are mistaken. Equivocal as the adventure appears in the beginning, to the end I can tell you every detail."

"Did you go to breakfast? But of course you did. What a question!"

"The address was in the suburbs. I found a little house hidden in a garden that at first appeared deserted, but at the appointed time I was admitted at once. A simplicity and elegance that bespoke the owner pervaded this charming nest. The whole place was a dumb repudiation of the feverish adventure of the night before,—all was such rattling 'good form'; there was that crisp, get-up-early appearance which boded more the advent of a healthy English girl in her spotless cuffs and collar than of my heroine, whose entrance put an end to my reflections. She was quite unknown to me. I will spare you all description. The confidence that had been her chief attraction the night before saved a world of awkwardness. She had a strange charm, and, intelligent and often profound as her conversation on current events was, I give you my word I entirely forgot that I had never seen her before. It seemed as though we were old friends."

"What was she like? Very beautiful?"

"I really don't know."

"What an absurd answer!"

"But I mean it. I don't know if she is what is called beautiful; I don't know if she is what I thought beautiful. I only know that that is a point one ignores in her presence. I doubt if any one could describe her after seeing her."

Lady Arlingford smiled.

"You *have* described her, by not being able to describe her," she said.

Aubyn Goddard colored.

"My dear Alice," said he, "you show me I've been making an awful fool of myself."

"Aubyn," returned the woman, earnestly, "the love of a man is not foolish, in my eyes."

He started.

"Love?" said he.

"Yes, love!" she replied.

A dead silence fell between them.

CHAPTER IV.

A GAME OF ÉCARTÉ.

It was broken 'by the sound of a boyish voice exclaiming behind them,—

"Hullo, Goddard! you back again? I heard my governor say you were going to Afghanistan. Is it true? I wish I could go with you." Charlie Middleton had just entered the room.

"I hope it's true," replied Goddard, pleasantly. "I think so. Are you going into the service?"

"No. The mater always begins to cry when any one says 'soldier,' and a fellow can't make his mother cry, can he?—beastly bad form. Where's my beastly sister? She's always in the way when one doesn't want her. The other day I was talking to Mrs. Dashton, and—well, catch Kitty giving a fellow a chance!—not she. Deuced fine woman, Mrs. Dashton, ain't she? I say, has she got any *Mr.* Dashton?"

"The memory of man runneth not to the contrary," quoted Goddard, a quaint look coming into his eyes. "You take my advice, Charlie, and give Mrs. Dashton a wide berth."

"Well, I think a good many people are a good deal too hard on her. She's a woman not easily understood. Now, I *do* understand her," said Charlie, with the superiority of his seventeen years.

"Come and talk to your May Queen, Charlie," called Kitty from the door of the billiard-room at this point.

"Oh, you! vulgar beggar," ejaculated Charlie, coloring helplessly. "There's a sister for a man to have!"

"Come to its May Queen, mother's darling," reiterated Kitty, laughing herself into the room. "You didn't know Charlie was his mother's darling, did you? His mother ought to have heard him calling Mrs. Dashton the May Queen."

At this point Charlie Middleton's overtaxed forbearance became too much for him: he made a wild rush for his escaping sister which took them both out of the room.

"What a good girl that is," said Lady Arlingford, "in spite of her wild tongue! I don't know what I should do without her."

"Is it true that she's to marry Dick Saville?"

"Yes: they were made for each other; but I shall miss her sadly. She is always ready with a cheery word to dispel the very worst attack of blues. My life would be much worse without her."

"Worse?"

"I—I mean—I meant to say I don't make friends quickly: you know I am not what the French call 'expansive,' and as one gets older——"

Goddard had been watching her color come and go as she strove to retrieve her slip of the tongue, and now he interrupted her gravely.

"Alice," said he, "what does all this mean? You are not like your old self. We were boy and girl together for as long as we can remember; friendship and affection like ours do not fade with the

years that pass us by,—no, dear,—and my affection for you tells me more than I dreaded to hear. I have kept silent long enough,—too long, it may be. Vague rumors have reached me, which I have not heeded, thinking that you would speak if there was aught to say. Tell me, what is your trouble?"

"Trouble? Why, what an alarmist you are!"

"That is no answer. Look here, Alice: I am going away to-night, possibly for months, and I must come straight to the point. We will speak plainly. It is no use pretending not to know what the world says of Arlingford. The world is not always—or often—right; but—what is Mrs. Bradley Dashton doing here? why do you admit her?"

"I—my dear Aubyn, you know very little of Jack Arlingford, to ask me such a question. He invites his own friends, and Mrs. Dashton is one of them. Let us talk of something else."

"No, we will talk of nothing else. I want to hear something of your life since your marriage. In all your letters you have been strangely reticent on this subject. Lots of gossip, but not a word of yourself. I believe I am the only man whose relationship to you gives him a right to question your husband."

"A right! My dear boy, you are so impetuous. If I do not complain, why should you? Why insist on pursuing an unpleasant subject? Do you not see I am content? I made a mistake, that's all."

"That's all! When I heard of your marriage—I was in Calcutta at the time—I wondered how your puritanical mother's consent had been won. Everybody knew Jack Arlingford's past. It would not have been telling tales out of school, in his case, and I wished that at that time I could have been in London. When I came home soon after, you seemed happy, and—and—I think I must have been a fool not to look deeper into my old play-fellow's heart."

"And if there was no heart to search?"

"Ah! but how you are changed! You will not complain, you are too brave, and I was wrong to ask what you desire should remain unasked. Forgive me; I'm a blundering soldier; but remember, dear, I'm always your friend, and if you can ever break the ice that binds your confidence, count on me. Count on me, dear, to the last."

For an instant Lady Arlingford's lips trembled; then, breaking down, she hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, why has God so punished me?" she murmured. "I thought I was stronger."

"Now I have made you cry! Don't give way," said Goddard, helplessly. "What have I said?"

"Not you,—not you," answered the woman. "I thought I was hardened; but—if you only knew what my life has been."

"Won't you tell me? Perhaps you think things are worse than they really are."

"Think! There is nothing worse than my life. God never condemned a creature to misery more deep than mine. But come! forget what I have said. Don't be frightened; you see I am unstrung. I am not ill, but I think it is good to unburden my heart: it is not so hard to confide in you. But I had made up my mind never to speak

of my trouble: I have no patience with women who have but one idea of relief,—the divorce court. I would sooner die than show the world my sorrow."

"You may carry that reticence too far. I would stake my life you are not to blame."

"You might hold me blameless. You know me, have known me all my life. But can you say to the world, 'Here is a girl, brought up by a good simple mother in the simple faith of marry, love, and obey your husband,—an honest, uninteresting creed that thousands of women live up to. This girl is married to "a man of the world." She is full of belief in the holy bond; her illusions are unbroken, and her faiths supreme. One by one they snap, as all in her finds no response in him. She fades and withers. The world asks, "What is his crime?" It seeks a crime punishable by law, as if the atmosphere of his presence were not crime enough!' Oh, the curse of our false, worldly society, which demands position at *any* cost, which admits a man with *any* past, nor inquires further than his *title*! 'Her ladyship' makes up for all shortcomings. Of *this* is the world created by Fashion, but it is not the world created by God."

"Poor girl! poor girl! what can I say? How can I advise you?"

"There is no advice I *could* take,—for the child's sake. My poor little girl would be the worst sufferer. How can I brand the father without branding the child? For her sake I will endure; but it is almost beyond endurance. I have told you so much that I may as well tell you the last infamy. I missed my pearl necklace some days ago. The same evening, that woman, who was going to the theatre with us, was standing in front of that glass as I came into the room. As she saw me she hastily unclasped something from her neck. My heart stood still; I cannot tell why, but I am convinced she had my necklace!"

"You do not think she stole it!"

"Not for a moment. *He* gave it her."

"I cannot believe that any man, no matter how bad, could be so lost to shame as to offer any woman such an insult!"

In the excitement under which they both labored, neither had heard a slight movement beyond the curtains of the billiard-room. Unperceived by them, Mrs. Dashton had been about to enter the room, when the instinct of her class bade her listen. She was eagerly drinking in the whole conversation.

"I am not mistaken," resumed the countess. "My shame comes to me a thousand times over as I speak of it. How I have endured that woman's presence so long I do not know. Do you think because I look passionless that I do not feel, that I cannot see, the scarce-concealed sneers of the women, the open, half-proffered pity of the men around me? I have borne it all till now; but the end has come, and if my suspicion about the necklace should prove correct——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Goddard, eagerly, "sometimes a momentary impulse may determine what has been a long and weary struggle; and should such an impulse come to you, do not hesitate to command me. There is nothing I would not sacrifice for you!"

"Boooh!"

"Goodness! how you startled me!"

The speakers were Kitty Middleton and Mrs. Dashton. The former had come running in through the billiard-room, and had seized the latter round the waist as she came.

"I'll lay an even tenner," said the girl, cheerily, as they entered together, "that Mrs. Dashton's been listening. You know the proverb? How do you come out, Mrs. Dashton?"

"Kitty, you're too bad!" expostulated Lady Arlingford. "I hope Mrs. Dashton will excuse you."

"Of course she will," returned Kitty. "I've got a capital story to tell her while we put our hair straight and powder our noses. It's mildly improper. Come along. The men are coming in."

And before Mrs. Dashton could say a word, she had been whisked out of the room again.

At this moment there entered from the dining-room, laughing and talking together, Lord Arlingford, Major Carteret, and Mr. Cincinnatus Q. Briggs.

"Ah, Goddard! glad to see you again," said his lordship, shaking Goddard by the hand. "Sorry you were detained. Major Carteret, Captain Goddard—Mr. Briggs. Mr. Briggs will be glad to ask you some questions about Berlin that I couldn't answer. I know you can. He is doing Europe; and I tell him no one is better able than you to give him the information he seeks."

"Only too happy," replied Goddard, bowing. "I fancy I knew a brother of yours, Mr. Briggs. He was painting at Leipsic—Horace I think his name was. Am I right?"

"Perfectly," replied Briggs. "He often spoke of you, and he gave me a letter of introduction which your absence from London has prevented my using."

"I need not say, command me. I am, unfortunately, obliged to leave town to-night, on urgent business; but I hope to be back in about a fortnight. Come and have a chat then and tell me what I can do."

"Thank you. I shall come with pleasure."

Mr. Cincinnatus Q. Briggs was a most disappointing American,—that is, from the English point of view of Kitty Middleton. His clear-cut face was innocent of goatee, his clothes, though of Gothamite origin, fitted him with a precision worthy of Saville Row or Conduit Street, his full deep voice was guiltless of the least suspicion of twang, he neither hazarded "guesses" on subjects under discussion nor spent his time in vain "calculations" concerning the affairs of life. He never "reckoned," nor did he "enthuse." He ate with a fork in the regulation manner, and, whilst justly proud of the Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley, did not dismiss Vesuvius with the reflection that his country boasted a waterfall that could extinguish it in two minutes. In fact, instead of being an American gentleman, he was a gentlemanly American; and Kitty Middleton, who watched to see him put his feet on the table and wave a handkerchief embroidered with the stars and stripes, was disappointed and annoyed.

As he turned to Lady Arlingford, the master of the house remarked to Goddard,—

"You go to-night, I understand? Things seem pretty lively at the Foreign Office. 'What's to be the end of it all?' is the only question one hears nowadays, and no one seems able to answer it. By the way," continued he, lowering his voice, "Mrs. Dashton tells me you knew her in India."

"Yes: most of our fellows can claim that—honor. I scarcely expected to meet her here,—or in the same house as any man's wife."

The words were spoken with bitter emphasis, and the speaker turned on his heel, to be immediately tackled by Charlie Middleton, who had entered with the men. Arlingford looked after him and muttered between his teeth,—

"You shall pay for that, you puppy!"

Mrs. Dashton, entering the room at that moment, caught his expression, and came up to him with a mischievous smile on her face.

"Tt-tt-tt!" said she. "Has he been scolded by his wife's friend, —naughty boy? Goddard's affection for Alice is really quite touching, isn't it?"

"Don't play the fool!" was the courteous rejoinder. "What did Schouloff say? Can he let us have the money?"

"Ye-es."

"What does he want for it?"

"More than I can do."

"Nonsense! you must do anything he says. I *must* have it."

"He wants Goddard detained to-night. He must be delayed at any cost. This is the price of the loan."

"Oh!"

"Exactly. What do you think about it?"

"How *can* he be detained?"

"I think I know a way, if you will consent."

"If! when you know I must have the ten thousand by Monday or be posted!"

"Very well. Let me wear the pearl necklace to-night. I brought it with me."

"The necklace! Why—how——?"

"Ask no questions. Yes or no?"

"No,—not that."

"All right; manage for yourself."

"Hang it, Emily! don't be angry with me."

"Then don't be a fool!"

"I'll—I'll decide in ten minutes." And Arlingford turned and walked into the billiard-room.

Left alone, Mrs. Dashton's face was crossed by a look of triumph.

"So, my lady," said she to herself, "pure and passionless as you pretend to be, you can feel! So can I, when I am unwelcome. You have sneered at me long enough. What did you say? If your suspicions about the necklace were true, your patience would not last. We shall see! and you, Captain Goddard, will have an opportunity of making your sacrifice for friendship."

Then she joined the group at the fireplace.

"That's right; go on,—pitch into me," Kitty was saying from her position on the floor by Lady Arlingford's side, "but all my escapades are knocked into fits by Bella-Demonia's. Mrs. Dashton has been telling me about her. Who knows her?"

"By reputation, everybody," said Major Carteret.

"Everybody but the Wild Westerner," put in Briggs; and then, as they looked at him for an explanation,—it being prior to Buffalo Bill's visit to London,—he went on: "Miss Middleton told me I should have appeared in my native costume,—that is to say, beads, feathers, wampum, and a tomahawk,—and wanted to know if we hunted buffaloes on Broadway and Wall Street. I revenged myself by treating her to the dear old stand-by about Bears being the indigenous animals of those jungles. She didn't know what I meant."

"Didn't I!" said Kitty, indignantly. "But I knew you were making an old stock joke, or I'd have said I was Irish, just to get in the Bull."

"Mr. Briggs," said Lady Arlingford, as the American was about to reply, "as an old friend of Kitty's let me tell you it is hopeless trying to 'sit on' her. She will not be sat upon."

"I am patient," replied Briggs. "But may I not know more of Miss Middleton's latest shock, Bella-Demonia?"

"I did not suppose," said Carteret, "that there was a man who had not heard of her. To tell all her adventures would fill another 'Arabian Nights.' Strange that her name should be unknown to you! No woman is more talked about, and personally less known: she is more abused and praised than any living creature; I never heard her name spoken in any society that her defenders were not as earnest as her abusers. One thing is sure enough, she must be a very remarkably intelligent woman, for she certainly puzzles both friends and enemies alike."

"Did you never meet her?" asked Briggs.

"No. I believe she has never been known to receive any one on simply social grounds. Politics are her sphere, and it is remarkable that she never makes a mistake. A man may be admitted to her circle who has apparently no more value as a politician than I have as a milliner, but it always turns out that he was the one man who was vitally necessary to this or that plot. Volumes could be filled with stories about her."

"But the stories told about her are generally untrue," put in Mrs. Dashton. "I know her well. She is one of the most generous creatures imaginable. If any one in distress wants *anything*, off they go to Bella-Demonia."

As she said this, Arlingford entered the room unperceived, accompanied by Prince Schoulloff, and remained in conversation with him in the background. The prince's tall figure was clad in evening dress, the black-and-red ribbon of St. Vladimir across his waistcoat, and the jewel of the order hanging below his cravat.

"She must be rich, to live as she does," resumed Briggs.

"Fabulously," replied Mrs. Dashton. "I must confess, I envy her. A woman with unlimited money and brains is rare enough to excite

that feeling in any one. But we are boring Lady Arlingford horribly. You do not care to hear of interesting people, do you, Lady Arlingford?"

"When they are not reputable,—no," replied her ladyship, quietly. "I am sorry to say I cannot so far live up to the times as to admit those people to be interesting."

"What do *you* say, Captain Goddard?" said Mrs. Dashton. "Don't you think Bella-Demonia interesting?"

"Yes, and no," replied he. "My principal feeling is one of pity,—of sorrow. I cannot forget that she is a woman, and a woman who fights against the world must at best be the loser."

"The sentiment I should expect to find expressed by so brave a soldier as Captain Goddard," said Prince Schouloff, "whom," he continued, as Lady Arlingford presented them, "I have long hoped to meet, and am charmed to know."

The two men shook hands.

"May I add to your information?" pursued the prince. "Much has been said, and much has been written, of Bella-Demonia. She is relentless in her hate as she is gentle in her love. Revenge is her life,—revenge for her wrongs. Once hear her speak of them, and the name she is known by suits her to perfection."

"But what is her real name?" asked Briggs.

"No one knows," replied Carteret.

"Or no one who knows tells," put in Mrs. Dashton.

"Bella-Demonia never lets any one know what she wishes to remain unknown," concluded Prince Schouloff; then, turning to Goddard, he added, "I have just come from the Duke's, where I heard of your probable promotion,—from General Saville. Let me congratulate you."

"Thanks."

"Will you call on me to-morrow?"

"Very sorry I can't. I leave London to-night."

"Well, it is a pleasure deferred. A soldier is always the slave of his duty. If I were a woman I would never have a soldier lover. I am sorry we cannot improve our acquaintance now: however, call on me when you return,—or in Berlin. I shall be there in a week, and I will present you to Bella-Demonia."

Goddard bowed and rejoined the others. The prince looked after him.

"Perhaps you will not go," said he to himself; and, taking a telegram from his pocket, he read, "'The despatches carried by Captain Goddard contain ultimatum; their detention imperative. Explanation and further instructions by messenger.' Well, well, life is uncertain: the young man thinks he will start to-night on his mission,—I think he will not. Which of us is right, I wonder?" And he seated himself by a bookcase and began idly turning over the leaves of an album.

"I say, Mrs. Dashton," cried Charlie Middleton to that lady, who was conversing with Lord Arlingford, "you promised to play me a game of billiards. Come now, while they're not looking, and we'll study the game."

"Will you be very good if I do?"

"Awfully!" replied the boy, and started for the billiard-room.

"Will you spare me to this bad child?" said she to Arlingford, as she rose.

"I wish I were the bad child!" returned he, and as he spoke he took the hand that hung by her side and pressed it. The action was not lost upon Lady Arlingford, who happened to be looking in their direction, and Goddard, noticing her change of color, followed the direction of her eyes and grasped the situation.

Lord Arlingford walked over to Prince Schouloff.

"I am afraid, prince," said he, "that you find it dull."

"Oh, no," replied Schouloff, looking him straight in the eyes. "We shall all be much amused, I hope, presently. When one has an object to serve, all things are amusing. Er—Captain Goddard must soon go. So will I." And he returned to the study of the album.

"What did Emily mean, I wonder?" reflected Arlingford, recalled to actualities by the prince's words and manner. "Can it be that if she wears the necklace Goddard will resent the affront and delay his departure? Ah!"—and a new light broke in upon him,—“she's right, as usual. We shall see; we shall see."

"It seems as though when you go," Lady Arlingford was saying to Goddard, "I shall be at the mercy of that creature."

"Cheer up, little woman," he answered. "Don't give way. Pretend you don't care: it's the worst punishment you could inflict."

"Come and see a catastrophe," broke in Kitty. "I'm going to spoil sport. I want to show you how Mrs. Dashton teaches Charlie billiards. Nice game, billiards. Listen! not a sound. Follow me."

She started towards the billiard-room, accompanied by Carteret and Briggs, and Lady Arlingford pursued her to prevent the accomplishment of her vile purpose. Goddard was following, when Arlingford, who had been watching for the opportunity, stopped him.

"Look here, Goddard," said he, "you are an old friend of Alice's. I wish you'd advise her to be more civil to Mrs. Dashton."

"You must do your own dirty work," replied Goddard, hotly; "and, by God, sir, *that's* not the advice I would give your wife, even if I had less regard for her than I have! You ought to send that woman away."

"Really, Goddard," answered Arlingford, haughtily, "upon my word I don't understand you."

"Yes, you do! and you make my position doubly difficult by evading the question."

"By what right do you *dare* question my actions?"

"By the rights of blood and friendship!"

"For my wife! I fail to recognize the right. Now look here: I've been patient long enough. I'm sorry you're in love with my wife——"

"In love! Stop——"

"But she *is* my wife," continued Arlingford, imperturbably, "and I forbid you to see her any more. Do you hear?"

"You hound!" cried Goddard, "if I didn't respect her feelings, I'd thrash you in your own house." Then, as the others, attracted by his tone, re-entered from the billiard-room, he added, "For her sake, no scene now; but later on you and I will settle."

"What is the matter?" said Lady Arlingford, anxiously, as she came between them. "You are quarrelling!"

"No, no," said Goddard; "only arguing."

"A trifle warmly, perhaps," added Arlingford. "We were disputing a point at *écarté*. We will settle it now, if you like, Goddard. I'll bet you a hundred pounds I'm right."

"So be it: we shall see."

Kitty Middleton, who saw that something was amiss, busied herself with Charlie getting the card-table ready, whilst Arlingford rapidly sorted out the unnecessary cards from the pack and threw them on a side-table. Throughout the above scene Prince Schouloff had sat apparently absorbed in the album he had taken up. Arlingford and Goddard seated themselves at the table and began to play. Carteret and Briggs were standing in a bow-window, discussing American finance, Lady Arlingford was alone by the fire, and Kitty sat at the piano close beside her, running her fingers lightly over the keys.

As the game began, Mrs. Dashton strolled in from the billiard-room. As she did so, the prince looked at his watch. It was eleven. In a quarter of an hour Goddard must be gone. Mrs. Dashton came to Arlingford's side, and whispered,—

"Well? The prince grows impatient. Am I to aid you?"

"Wear the necklace!" said he, desperately.

"The despatches will be detained: you will get the money," she whispered, adding to herself as she left the room, "Goddard will be ruined, and 'Dashey' will have scored one!"

As she went out, Prince Schouloff strolled over to Lady Arlingford's side.

"Lady Arlingford," said he, "I do not see you much in society now, and you look pale. I hope you are not suffering? You should go abroad for a time. Lord Arlingford must bring you to Nice, and you, Miss Middleton, must come also."

"Kitty will not be Miss Middleton for long, prince," answered Lady Arlingford for her.

"Then I shall look forward to welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Saville wherever I may be," answered Schouloff, with a bow to Kitty.

At this moment Mrs. Dashton entered the room, wearing a row of magnificent pearls round her neck. Lady Arlingford, catching sight of them, started violently, and Prince Schouloff said, in the quiet careful tone that alone betrayed the fact that he was a foreigner,—

"What beautiful pearls you have, Mrs. Dashton! Excuse me, but I had not noticed them before."

"Yes," answered she, carelessly, "they *are* pretty. A present."

Goddard turned his head, and his eyes fell on the necklace. Lady Arlingford was steadying herself with difficulty against her chair.

"You cowardly blackguard!" he hissed across the table at Arlingford.

"You are my wife's champion, it would seem," sneered he. "Defend her!"

"Come and see the game, prince," said Mrs. Dashton, moving over to the card-table, where she was joined by Mr. Briggs and Major Carteret. Meanwhile, Lady Arlingford had crossed to the table where the useless cards had been thrown down, and, taking up one of them,—a two of clubs,—wrote on it hurriedly in pencil, "*I will not stay another hour in this house. I go with you.*"

Mrs. Dashton had watched her closely.

"Much on the game?" asked she, carelessly.

"For so much excitement," said the prince, "there should be at least ten thousand pounds!"

Lady Arlingford came over to Goddard's side. There she dropped her handkerchief, and as she stooped to pick it up slipped the card on which she had written into Goddard's lap. He took it stealthily, unconscious that Mrs. Dashton had followed every movement.

Suddenly the latter stooped and whispered in Arlingford's ear.

"What is that you have hidden?" cried he to Goddard.

"I—I do not understand," stammered Goddard.

"You have a card there, and I demand that it be shown!"

"I cannot show it."

"I did not suppose you could," sneered Arlingford, slipping a card from his hand unobserved into that of Mrs. Dashton, and flinging the rest on the table. "You see I do not hold the *king*."

"What do you mean?" cried Goddard, growing deathly pale.

"I mean that I do not play cards with a man who cheats!" howled Arlingford.

Goddard started to his feet.

"My God!" he exclaimed, pressing his hands to his head. As he rose, an elderly military-looking man had entered the room. It was General Saville.

"Well, how are you all?" he exclaimed, comprehensively. "Aubyn, I bring you good news, my boy. To-night's mission will be your last. I have gained my point with the Duke, and he has confirmed your staff-appointment." Then, observing for the first time the dead silence and the dismayed faces round him, he continued,—

"What is the matter? Why don't you speak, some of you?"

"I repeat," said Arlingford, with deadly distinctness, "your methods are not such as to permit gentlemen to play cards with you, and I must desire that you leave this house at once."

"Arlingford," cried General Saville, "how dare you! You must be mad. I demand an explanation."

"Captain Goddard holds a card that was not dealt to him, which he refuses to show, and which I assert is the king of clubs."

"Good heavens! Deny it, Aubyn: tell him he lies!"

"Mrs. Dashton and Prince Schouloff also saw him take the card from his lap," continued Arlingford, calmly.

"Answer!" thundered the general, growing purple.

"It is a lie," said Goddard, quietly.

"Then show the card," said Arlingford.

"Yes, show the card," cried the general.

"I cannot."

A dead silence fell in the room. It was broken by the sound of a fall. Unobserved, during the above scene Lady Arlingford had been struggling to speak. An iron grip seemed to be upon her throat, and she struggled in vain. As Goddard spoke, she fell senseless to the floor.

"Captain Goddard," said General Saville, stiffly, "it will be obvious to you that there is only one course for you to pursue. I will save you the trouble of resigning your commission, and your diplomatic post is vacant. You will take your name from your Club lists to-morrow, and—God! boy," concluded the old gentleman, all but breaking down, "I'd sooner you'd been a murderer than a black-leg."

General Saville turned, and, seeing Schouloff, went towards him. Goddard looked round him for a moment, and, seeing even Kitty's face averted as she bent over Lady Arlingford, exclaimed,—

"Ruined! God help me!"

And he rushed from the room.

* * * * *

An hour later, in the little Mayfair drawing-room Prince Schouloff paid over to Mrs. Bradley Dashton ten thousand pounds in Bank-of-England notes.

Not a word was said on either side.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

IN A POLITICAL OBSERVATORY.

THE political crisis which opened the year 1876 with the "Andrassy Note" closed it with the Conference at Constantinople of January, 1877. By the middle of that month the Cabinets of Europe had realized the fact that the Conference had been met by a rejection of its proposals on the part of the Sublime Porte, and at the end of March the Six Powers forwarded to the Sultan their ultimatum in the form of a Protocol. Turkey, however, pursued her time-honored policy of masterly inactivity, and on the 24th of April Europe was startled by the news that Russia had declared war against the Sultan in defence of the Christian populations of the Balkan Peninsula, had crossed the Pruth into Roumania, which had promptly declared itself on the side of the Muscovite, and had entered Asia Minor at Batoum, Kars, and Bayazid.

The only explanation vouchsafed to Europe was contained in the circular note of Prince Gortschakoff, and the Powers, after entering their formal protest, assumed a position of armed neutrality.

The campaign opened, as is familiar to the student of modern

history, with a series of Russian successes both in Europe and Asia. General Gourko crossed the Danube without opposition in June, and invested Tirnova on the 7th of July, preparatory to crossing the Balkans at Yeni Saghra five days later with a flying column. It was not till then that Russia saw the mistake she had made in overlooking Plevna, and turned in that direction to find it occupied and fortified by the greatest general of the Ottoman forces, Osman Pasha. On the 20th and on the 31st of July two desperate assaults of this position resulted in the total defeat of the Russian arms, and Gourko was driven back beyond the Balkans, whilst in Asia Moukhtar Pasha gained his first decisive victory at Kars.

Thus, in August, 1877, when our story reopens, the Muscovite advance had received a temporary but serious check, Todleben had been called to the investment of Plevna, and the nations looked at one another with apprehensive glances as they asked themselves and one another, "What next?"

Meanwhile, the principal post of observation established by Russia in the Balkans was at the village of Deve-kiui, on the road from Eski Saghra to Adrianople, where, snugly established in the Villa Kristov Hisar, Prince Schouloff and the Baroness Altdorff anxiously watched the successive turns which events were taking.

A few weeks before this they had been joined by Mrs. Bradley Dashton, who since we parted from her in London had suffered a series of reverses in the prosecution of her plans. Indeed, important events and changes had taken place in the lives of most of the actors in the drama with which we are concerned, all resulting directly and indirectly from the tragedy enacted at Arlingford House on the night that saw the successful issue of the plot concocted against Captain Aubyn Goddard.

For weeks Lady Arlingford had lain unconscious between life and death. In her delirium she had raved much about that fatal evening, but her utterances had been ascribed to the state of her brain; and when she recovered from the blow and emerged into the light of reason, Goddard was to all intents and purposes lost to the world. As soon as she could be moved, Alice Arlingford had been taken to her mother's house in Berkeley Square, and here Kitty Middleton had been her only *confidante*. To her she had told the whole dismal story as soon as she was sufficiently herself to do so, and both agreed that to publish the facts now, in the absence of Goddard, would be to lay themselves open to the charge of having invented the story to clear the man whom Arlingford had—though vainly—tried to brand as his wife's lover. So they had waited on in the hope that Goddard might be heard of again, and that he might be summoned home to assist in his own exculpation from the charges brought against him by the Earl of Arlingford, Mrs. Dashton, and Major Homer Carteret.

One step, however, had been taken which the events of the evening and the episode of the necklace had rendered inevitable: this was the divorce of the Earl and Countess of Arlingford, which went by default in the absence of his lordship and upon the admissions of Mrs. Dashton. Soon after the disappearance of Goddard, Arlingford had found that

the glances bestowed upon him in club-rooms, never of the warmest, had become arctic in their frigidity. He found that men refused to hear the name of Aubyn Goddard spoken by his lips, and that his efforts to deepen the cloud which rested over the ex Queen's Messenger were practically abortive. Under these circumstances, his lordship had betaken himself to the more congenial atmosphere of Nice and Monte Carlo, whither Mrs. Dashton had shortly after followed him, and, after passing six months of varied fortune at the tables, found himself in the, to him, familiar predicament of being "cleaned out." It was then that the summons of Prince Schouloff had seemed to Mrs. Dashton laden with the pleasant perfume of hope, and, obeying it, armed with passes through the Russian lines, she had joined the Prince and Bella-Demonia in their political observatory, anxious to serve the Chief of Police for the furtherance of her own plans, which seemed to have encountered a serious and abiding check.

The divorce of the Countess of Arlingford and the marriage of Kitty Middleton to Dick Saville had taken place almost simultaneously, and thus a powerful ally had joined the campaign for the rehabilitation of Aubyn Goddard.

Of Goddard himself the news had been at first scanty, then depressing, and finally overwhelming. What might have been the effect on European history had he started on that fatal night with his despatches, it is not for us to conjecture. He had reached Charing Cross five minutes too late, and had laid his despatches with his resignation on his chief's table at eight o'clock on the following morning, and they had left London with another messenger by the ten-o'clock mail. Later in the day he had had a long interview with General Saville, from which the sturdy old warrior had emerged with something very like a tear in the one eye that active service had left him, and had emphatically remarked to a Club crony,—

"Damn the boy! I love and admire him more than ever. He won't tell me anything about it, but I'll swear"—which he did with unction—"that a more honorable fellow never lived. Some day we shall get to the bottom of this miserable affair; meanwhile, we can only wait and hope for the best."

General Saville took upon himself to lay Goddard's resignations, with a statement of the circumstances, before the committees of his various Clubs, and those illustrious bodies had decided to hold his membership in abeyance, pending an inquiry and explanation.

On the following day Goddard had started for America, bound for a ranch owned by General Saville in Dakota Territory. A few months later, one of the periodical revolutions having eventuated in Central America, Goddard's soldier instinct overcame him, and he had placed himself at the head of a regiment of *filibusteros*, on the side of the existing government. In one of the decisive engagements he had performed deeds of unheard-of valor, and had been reported dead,—killed by a stray shot at the moment of victory,—and so he had gone out of this history, and his record was to all intents and purposes closed.

Things were in this condition when our story reopens at the Villa Kristov Hisar in Bulgaria, in the month of August, 1877.

Prince Schouloff sat in his study, which looked out upon the veranda of the villa, going over a bundle of despatches, and ever and anon consulting a map that lay before him. At his elbow stood his private secretary, Dmitri Keratieff, awaiting the attention of his chief.

"Well," said the prince, looking up from his map, "what have you to report?"

"Mrs. Dashton tried to open the mail-bag early this morning: she said she had enclosed a letter by mistake. I opened it for her: there was no letter of hers in the bag. Madame von Altdorff sent a despatch by her courier-secretary before daylight."

"Ah! Know you its contents?"

"No, Excellency. I am more useful alive than dead, and I never question the incoming or outgoing of Rodia Pouschkoff."

The secretary laughed as he spoke, and Schouloff nodded his head gravely but approvingly.

"Did you see him start?"

"Yes, Excellency. He took the direction of Eski Saghra."

"He has not returned?"

"Not yet."

"Anything else?"

"Mrs. Dashton bade me present her compliments and say that she desired to speak with your Excellency as soon as you should be at leisure."

"Where is she now?"

"On the terrace."

"Ask her to honor me with a visit, here and now."

The secretary retired.

"Ah, Emily Dashton," soliloquized the prince, "you are unable to control your curiosity; you are madly eager to know why I sent for you. Take care! You are an excellent servant, but you can never direct. Examine my mail-bag! how *rococo*! The method has neither novelty nor ingenuity to recommend it, and still, undaunted, you play your little, your *very* little, tricks."

And Prince Schouloff, leaning back in his chair, laughed aloud, as Mrs. Dashton appeared at the French window leading out upon the terrace.

"Alone, and amused?" said she, looking at him from the window. "Happy man!"

"Sensible people," replied Schouloff, "never depend upon any one for anything, not even for their amusement."

"As usual, your sentiment is flawless. But are you sure you are as independent as you think?"

"It has been the study of my life to be so."

"And, like most students, you have absorbed yourself so much in the study of others that you have left no time to study yourself. You leave that for fools like me."

"Do you find me interesting?"

"Er—um—ye-es. But not so original as I expected."

"Well," said Schouloff, in the altered tone of a man desirous of changing the subject, "I will try to do better. So much for your

amusement. Now for your business. I understand you wished to speak to me?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dashton, her manner also altering. "I am not satisfied with the way things have turned out. You offered to help me, and I carried out my part of the bargain. I knew that when Lady Arlingford saw her pearls on my neck she would do something foolish that would detain Goddard. She did more; but I am no nearer the realization of my hopes. I am getting tired of scheming, and want rest."

"Why reproach me with—pardon me!—your own folly? I wished Captain Goddard detained, and was willing to pay for it. You undertook to effect the delay, and received the payment for so doing,—an enormous sum: is it not so? It is with Lord Arlingford you are not satisfied, not with me. Come, be frank; what did he promise you? You do not answer. Well, he promised that if you would help him, he would drive Lady Arlingford to claim a divorce, and would then marry you. The first he has done; the second he has not."

"How do you know this?"

"I did *not* know; but you betray your own secrets. But your ambition is a wrong one. As a woman you are charming, as a wife you would be stupid."

"Do you suppose," broke out the woman, impetuously, "that because I have led a rough life I have no feeling? You have guessed half the situation, so hear it all. I *am fond* of Jack Arlingford. I know he's a bad lot; perhaps that's why I like him: I'm not such a very good lot myself!—and good people make me angry. He cares for me, I believe, and if everything had not gone so contrary, I think he would have kept his promise; but after the divorce everything went so wrong that I was obliged to leave London. I joined him in Nice, and now he is broke there, and cannot move a step till he gets money."

Prince Schouloff smiled.

"Shall I prove to you," he said, "that he will *not* keep his word—even so far as he can—to you?"

"How? Do you mean that he does not really care for me? If I thought that——!"

"Lord Arlingford is at this moment trying to marry a rich American, a cousin of the Mr. Briggs whom we met at his house. He cares for *nothing* save gambling, and his affection for you will be regulated by the amount you subscribe to the fund. Now, let me know the amount necessary to—your happiness, and try to find out for me accurate details as to the death of Captain Goddard. I am much interested in him."

"In Goddard? Where did you lose sight of him? Let me see: where did you lose sight of him? I think I remember. After the scandal he started for Dakota, for a ranch belonging to General Saville. There the soldier got the better of him, and he joined that Central American revolution, and was reported dead. Is that right?"

"Perfectly: you are accuracy and clearness to perfection, as far as our information goes; but I should like the details. Now, I have a charming villa at Mentone, of which I should like to make a wedding-

present to the bride who can give me accurate details of Captain Goddard's death. The certificate of the marriage is not necessary to secure the gift."

"Which means, translated——?"

"What you please! Mrs. Dashton, you are a clever woman, especially so where the finesse of a woman's nature is concerned: witness, for instance, your instinct in Lady Arlingford's case, where you judged exactly the moment to strike. I should value your opinion just now. Erghem! I see a great change in Bella-Demonia. She takes no interest in anything. I have sought in vain the reason: can you help me?"

"You once said, 'Bella-Demonia never allows any one to know what she wishes to remain unknown.' That is my answer *now*. I am a woman of fairly strong nerve; but ask Bella-Demonia a question about herself?—excuse me! See," continued she, rising, and moving to the window, "there she is on the terrace. She looks gentle enough; but when she chooses to freeze you, her cold stare of wonder at your audacity would daunt a braver woman than I. But be sure that if I *can* help you I will. She is coming this way. Shall I go?"

"Not yet. See if her manner helps you."

And the prince walked to the window to meet the object of his recent conversation.

"Who, to see her sweet soft face," thought he, "would believe that she could be so hard to conquer? Yet for close upon a year I have fluttered like a moth in vain around the flame of her fascination,—I, Alexis Schoulloff!"

Two quickly successive reports, the boom of a distant gun, reverberated dully on the air, as the Baroness Altdorff stepped into the room, giving her hand to Prince Schoulloff as she did so.

"Those were the cannon of Eski Saghra, prince. It is true, then, that the Flying Legion has arrived in the neighborhood?"

"Such are my last instructions, baroness," returned the prince, gravely, looking at his watch.

"What a picture you made there, baroness!" put in Mrs. Dashton at this point,—*"a living embodiment of tranquil power in repose. Dreaming pleasant things, I judge by your expression. You are a true subject for an artist."*

"You evidently have not remarked, Mrs. Dashton," interrupted Bella-Demonia, icily, "that I do not like flattery. From a woman it means either nothing or a great deal too much. Prince, I shall have, I think, great news for you before the afternoon is over. Mrs. Dashton, you have not yet visited me in my own apartments: you must come and see me there. The prince is good enough to let me have an entire wing to myself, where no one ever comes save at my request."

"I shall look forward to coming and seeing you *chez vous*. I have so much yet to say to you and ask you."

"You will find me a bad gossip——"

"But I will do all that, and I am positively dying for a good long talk. This place, with all respect to Prince Schoulloff, is so far from civilization! Upon my word, it's as hard to get here as—as—as it was for poor Goddard to get himself killed."

She said the last words after a hesitation, as if she had been searching vainly for a simile. As she concluded, Bella-Demonia turned deathly white, but controlled herself with a violent effort which did not escape the narrow observation of Schouloff.

"What a singular comparison to make!" said she, at last.

"Perhaps it was," said Mrs. Dashton, reflectively. "I don't know what brought him to my mind at that moment. Strange break, his,—a man who was apparently just reaching the zenith of his career, or, if not quite that, with every promise for the future, to ruin himself so completely!—it is inconceivable. But why should I wander on so, about a stranger to you?—but then, you see, I knew him so well."

"You knew him?" put in Bella-Demonia, eagerly; then, recovering herself once more, she added, "What was the name?"

"Aubyn Goddard. I'll tell you all about it some day, when I come to see you in your own rooms."

"That will be very soon," said Prince Schouloff to himself. Then he added aloud to Bella-Demonia, "You are interested, baroness?"

"Naturally! A man who ruins himself at the very moment that his prospects seemed most bright must have had the usual cause,—a woman. Hence the story must be at least amusing."

"Then you believe," said the prince, "that when a man is ruined, a woman is always the cause. Oh, fie!"

"Not at all, in the way you put it. A man may be ruined by many causes; but when he brings about his *own* ruin it is pretty safe to assume that there is a woman."

"Well," said Schouloff, "I will argue that point later."

"It must be nearly time our bold travellers arrived. I must watch from the terrace for them, in case there be any young man in the party whom I can make my own. Who are these visitors, prince?"

"They shall announce themselves to you, Mrs. Dashton."

"Well, no doubt it's some pleasant surprise you have in store for me. I won't be inquisitive. I hope I don't shock you, baroness?"

"I shocked!" returned Bella-Demonia, in an accent of ironical surprise, "I,—the byword of Europe! My right to censure or extol was stolen from me years ago."

"And I don't believe I ever *had* that right. Well, *au revoir*. I must go and get ready."

And Mrs. Dashton disappeared from the room with a laugh.

"Who are these visitors, prince?" said Bella-Demonia, when she had gone. "You have told me nothing."

"Because there was nothing to tell, till this morning. A Mr. Saville and his wife,—charming people: they will interest you. They want to see me,—and you,—and, arriving at the frontier two days since, applied to me for passes through the lines. They arrived at Eski Saghra last night, and are coming on this morning. The proximity of the Flying Legion has made me nervous about them."

Bella-Demonia dismissed the subject with a little shrug.

"Tell me," said she, "why did you ask that woman, Mrs. Dashton, here?"

"Because I thought she would amuse you."

"Because you wanted her to find out something for you, from me,—from *me*!"

"If you know, why ask?"

"To give you a chance of being honest with me. You know I hate lies and the cowardice that begets them. Ask *me* what you want to know. Have I ever been wanting in courage to speak?"

"You are irritable, baroness; yet I have been patient, and not—not ungenerous?"

"Forgive me, if, in the weariness I feel, I forget how much I owe you. When I first sought you I was seeking distraction: you offered me politics, absorbing as heart or brain could desire. I had nothing to live for till you brought me within range of your vast world of schemes. By degrees the fascination of your power gained on me. To see great nations tremble or rejoice, to see life or death meted out, was the breath of life to me. For years of feverish oblivion I have to thank you, and I do. But I am still a woman, and my very being is weary. See the traces!" As she spoke, she turned to the mirror over the mantel-shelf, and leaned upon it. "If only my revenge had not been torn from me, I would have served an eternity. If heaven had but been just to me!"

"My hope," said the Russian, gently, "has been to bring you more than oblivion. Must that hope always be vain? Will you never forget the cares, the sombre side of life, and remember but the glowing sunshine which is yours by right of love?"

He had risen and approached her as he spoke. She drew away, as she said,—

"I thought our compact was clear. Must I remind you? When I accepted your service, I knew that I risked my life in a service of danger; that life I sold you,—if need should come, my death; but I did not sell you myself."

"No, that you only give. Oh, it is only 'Bella-Demonia' who is dead to love: to find mercy, the mother of love, one must appeal to charity. 'Carita,'—it is a sweet name, and I would call you by it."

"The name was my mother's: it is sacred to me. But come! do not let us speak in riddles. You know some part of my secret, you would know more. I tell you frankly you will learn nothing through that woman. You have the better chance. Question me! I may reserve what I like, but I will not lie."

For an instant the two stood silently looking at each other, and then the prince spoke.

"Did you care for this man Goddard?" said he.

"With my whole soul!"

"Why did you never speak of him?"

"That which lies near the heart is far from the lips."

"Do you know what has become of him?"

"He is dead, if that woman spoke true. Well, so much the better for you and for your work. You will find me the better destroyer now that the one touch of womanhood is laid at rest forever. Direct, and I will execute. Let me think only of wrongs and the blight they bring. I told you I would give you news. I have news for you,—brave news."

"Tell me, what is it?"

"The Russian arms have received a serious check. For the last month your best-laid plans of campaign have been frustrated by the unerring precision of the movements of this Flying Legion of which we hear so much and see so little: is it not so?"

"Perfectly. The latest despatches of Skobelev are to that effect."

"Well, the chief of the Flying Legion, Beyaz Murad Bey, will be in my power to-night. What is his capture worth?"

"Murad here! It cannot be possible!"

The prince rose to his feet and commenced pacing up and down the room. The Baroness Altdorff smiled as she leaned back in her chair.

"Is that a reflection?" said she. "You are not complimentary to my powers of fascination, to say nothing of my skill as a diplomatist, —some say 'decoy.'"

"You are in earnest!" exclaimed Schouloff, coming to a full stop before her.

"Perfectly. I came to the conclusion that he must be taken out of your way. But for him, we should be in possession of the Shipka Pass. He is advancing upon Plevna. Once let him join Osman, and we shall see what the Grand Duke, Todleben, and Skobelev can do,—such a three against such a two! I shall remove him, this terror, Beyaz Murad,—Murad Bey."

"Not easy——"

"No, not easy, but—— Well, never mind my plan of action: the result is all that you need know. Admit that I chose our location here with forethought, three months before hostilities commenced. After much delicate work, I have caused the report to reach the Chief that in consequence of your weakness—of *your* weakness!"—and she laughed a little—"I was in possession of important strategic secrets, that I had expressed great admiration of his bravery and was impressionable, —*impressionable!*—in short, that *he* might learn all I knew with a little trouble. The Flying Legion encamped last night near Eski Saghra. They are short of provisions, and knowledge of our movements is imperative. Well, by my arrangement he has laid a trap for me into which he will fall himself."

Prince Schouloff's eyes glowed with admiration.

"By St. Nicholas! ingenious as only Bella-Demonia could be! Perhaps this is the only one line that could have snared him. What marvellous tact! what instinct! Ah! if you are not for me, what a pity you were not born a man! You are sure he will come?"

"I await only a letter by my courier-secretary Rodia, to confirm what I say."

"Tell me, how were you inspired to such a glorious plan?"

"I wanted to earn your supreme gratitude, and, so, my freedom. I had hoped—till *she* dispelled my dream—— But never mind: since *he* is lost to me, no danger can appall me. I thought for a brief hour that I might know the joys denied me and given to others; but no! like the fabled Jew, so must *my* pilgrimage last forever. No peace! no love! naught that woman counts her right. Well, so be it!"

She covered her face with her hands as she became silent, and the

interview was interrupted by the entrance of a servant bearing two cards.

"Ah, baroness," said Schouloff, as he read the names of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Saville, "our expected guests are here. They will amuse you. Mr. Saville belongs to a very good family, and finished his eccentric career by marrying an eccentric young lady,—a Miss Middleton. They call them 'The Shocks;' and we are indeed fortunate that they arrive so opportunely to enliven us."

Then, turning to the servant, he said,—

"Inform Mr. and Mrs. Saville that Prince Schouloff and the Baroness Altdorff will wait upon them immediately in the hall."

CHAPTER II.

DICK SAVILLE.

DICK SAVILLE was an excellent specimen of the young Englishman whose personal qualities cause him to be universally dubbed "a devilish good fellow." Only son of General Saville, he had elected not to follow the profession of arms, but became Aubyn Goddard's chum at Oxford, where, with widely divergent tastes, they were as inseparable as circumstances would permit. Goddard had been a reading man and an athlete, Saville had been an athlete, but there their similarity of pursuits had ended. Notwithstanding his multifarious escapades, indulged in with the object of emblazoning the gray old university town a lively heraldic *gules*, Dick Saville was an inveterate favorite with the dons, and even in that paradise for women Dick suffered a positive embarrassment of attentions from the petticoated inhabitants of his *alma mater*. Still, the process of compelling an objectionable proctor and his bull-dog to take a midnight bath in the college fountain and proceed home in each other's clothes turned inside out is not calculated to act as an example of discipline to undergraduates, and Dick Saville returned to the bosom of his father,—who, I regret to say, roared with delight,—to spare the authorities the heart-rending task of "sending him down" covered with ignominy and unpaid bills.

At the premature close of his academic career Dick started for the Cape *en route* for Seringapatam, and, having returned home *via* India and Egypt, met Kitty Middleton at a dance at Lady Arlingford's.

In five minutes Dick realized that he had met "that other self," and historians tell us that Kitty became kissed. This duty performed, he started for Madagascar *en route* for Persia and Russia, with two flannel shirts, a tooth-brush, and a photograph of Kitty. He escaped from a horde of Koords with nothing but a pair of tattered trousers and the photograph—also tattered—of Kitty, and when he told her of his escapes observed that she grew dreadfully white and didn't laugh at or abuse him for a whole quarter of an hour. Announcing his intention of starting for New York *en route* for Japan and China, Kitty put her foot down firmly, and asked what was the maximum of luggage that *she* would be allowed to take. Dick argued that she would

have to camp in very rough places, to which Kitty replied that so long as he took a thick rug and plenty of quinine she didn't care. And so at the end of the season of 1877 the *Morning Post* announced that at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Richard Arthur Chenevix Saville, son of General Sir Richard Saville, V.C., K.C.B., had married Catherine Maude, daughter of the late Sir Cyrus Middleton, K.C.M.G. It was a "marriage," not a "wedding," and Mr. and Mrs. Saville started for Paris and Monte Carlo with one object alone in view,—to wit, the exoneration of Goddard.

So long as there was any hope of Goddard's return, Dick had agreed with Kitty and Lady Arlingford that they must wait for his assistance to this end; but now that he was dead, Dick announced his intention of taking the matter into his own hands and extorting a confession from Arlingford and Mrs. Dashton. Dick was no fool. The presence of Prince Schouloff on that fatal night, the delay of Goddard's all-important despatches, and the immediately subsequent clearance of Arlingford's most pressing liabilities had given him a clue, and when he found that nothing was to be done with Arlingford or the Dashton, he wrote for passes to Prince Schouloff, whom he personally knew, on the plea that he was anxious to pay a country-house visit in the middle of the seat of war.

Thus on this eventful afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Dick Saville found themselves in the hall of the Villa Kristov Hisar at Deve-kiui, near Eski Saghra, awaiting the appearance of their host and hostess.

They had not long to wait before Schouloff appeared with Bella-Demonia.

Schouloff greeted Saville and his wife warmly.

"Let me present you," said he, "to the Baroness Altdorff, Mrs. Saville,—Mr. Saville."

"I am charmed to see you," said the baroness. "We owe a great debt to Providence for having brought you safely to us. I have ordered some tea immediately. I learnt the custom in England and Russia, and never enjoy it so much as when I am far from civilization."

"It's contrast that gives the charm to everything," replied Kitty. "Dick and I pass our lives in search of it. It was to find a contrast to the deadly respectable that made us become so disreputable. You know, we are called 'The Shocks' because we keep people in a continual state of excitement. I tell them it's good for their health. They probably consider it heroic treatment; but it's quite necessary for some complaints."

"For instance?" queried Bella-Demonia, who was equally astonished and amused.

"Dulness and stupidity! There is no doubt we are good for our own people, but better still for the world. Nothing amuses Dick and me so much as to devise some awful escapade,—that is, what the world is pleased to consider awful. Time after time we say, 'This is sure to settle us: we shall be ostracized,—kicked out.' Not a bit of good. Dick's too rich: people look upon it as a new and charming eccentricity, and that's all. But I must be boring you dreadfully. Somebody must stop me talking, or I shall go on forever."

"Don't stop!" exclaimed Bella-Demonia: "you are more than delicious. I will only interrupt you for a moment, to ask how and by what accident you are here."

"By no accident," said Dick Saville. "We came to find you, baroness, and Prince Schoulloff."

"Indeed? You surprise me. What can we do for you?"

"Mrs. Saville has been telling you of some of our follies," answered Dick. "How long we should have continued to afford amusement to our friends is uncertain, because an event occurred which changed the current of my idiocy."

"Well, we won't contradict you," said Bella-Demonia, "it is so refreshing to hear you display your superior intelligence in your own way."

"Intelligence! I am trying to convince you, baroness, that I am a fool."

"I am afraid you are not succeeding very well. Still, I would not interfere with the amusement of any living creature: so I promise to assume anything you please, if you promise to continue your story."

"Oh, Dick doesn't need any inducement to talk," put in Kitty: "he runs *me* very close, and I've killed several people."

"The last time we met, Mrs. Saville," said Prince Schoulloff, "I tried to make you promise to visit me at Nice. I did not expect that you would ever wander so far from the world as to make that visit here. But I am none the less indebted to you, believe me."

"You are too good, prince. It is to remind you of the time of which you speak that we have come to take you by storm."

"Since you have come so far to find us, I presume, like the Baroness Altdorff, that there is some service we may render you. For myself, pray command me; and I am sure that the baroness feels with me."

"Most assuredly," said Bella-Demonia.

"Well, then," said Dick Saville, "since I cannot convince you that I deserve to be called a fool for my pains, let me at least convince you that I can be a hard-working friend; and it is on behalf of that friendship that I have come in search of certain information and assistance. The prince has spoken of his last meeting with Mrs. Saville. On that occasion a tragedy was enacted which ruined the career of the best fellow that ever lived. I speak of Aubyn Goddard."

"Goddard!" The speaker was Bella-Demonia, who leaned forward, her eyes eagerly fixed on Dick's ugly but sympathetic face.

"Doubtless you, madame," said Kitty, "heard of the affair. I was present. It was terrible."

The Baroness Altdorff bowed her head in silence.

"It is to clear my dead friend's memory from a foul stigma," continued Saville, "that I have determined to prove his accusers guilty of the vilest conspiracy ever formed. Captain Goddard was accused of cheating at cards at the house of Lord Arlingford."

"But surely," put in Bella-Demonia, "it must have been easy for Captain Goddard to disprove the accusation?"

"There is the mystery. On investigation, there is no doubt that he had a card in his possession which he refused to show. This, in face of the fact that the king of trumps—they were playing *écarté*—was not to be found, gave color to the charge; though every one knew that Arlingford was quite capable of managing the cards well enough, even if he had been unaided by confederates: he had two on that occasion, a Major Carteret and his sister, Mrs. Bradley Dashton."

"Mrs. Dashton!" said Bella-Demonia. "She is in the house at this moment."

"Here! now?" answered Saville. "May I ask you to say nothing of my mission, and allow me to make my request of you before I meet her?"

"I will see that no one enters," said the prince, rising, and moving towards the door. As he passed Bella-Demonia he said, in an undertone, "I have given orders to Kapiodovitch to have an escort ready to receive our visitor of this evening."

"You make a grave charge against this Lord Arlingford," said she to Dick Saville.

"I am sure of my facts, however,—morally sure. But proof to establish those facts is absolutely necessary. I believe that you, madame, and Prince Schouloff, can help me."

"I? but I never heard of Lord Arlingford."

"It is of Jack Vyvian Fane's career in St. Petersburg that I wish information."

"Vyvian Fane!"

It was more a gasp than an exclamation that broke from the Baroness Altdorff as she spoke the words. Prince Schouloff sat narrowly watching her, a shade of perplexity enveloping his brow.

"You remember him?" asked Saville.

"Remember him!" answered the baroness. "Perfectly. He was the cause of a terrible tragedy, and paid with his life for his treachery."

"You are mistaken, baroness. Vyvian Fane is alive, and is now Lord Arlingford. The title came to him, it is true, very unexpectedly."

"And *this* is the man who ruined Captain Goddard? In St. Petersburg he betrayed an innocent man to death,—a man beloved by all, a man who knew no wrong,—and struck down his wife and child with the self-same blow. Oh, you did well to come to me! I can give you all the information that you want. Listen!"

At this moment a servant entered.

"Your Excellency's secretary has returned," said he to Bella-Demonia.

"Admit him."

The giant form of Rodia Pouschkoff entered the room. Delivering a note to his mistress, he waited whilst she read it, and then, receiving a hurried command in a low tone, left the room once more. The Baroness Altdorff turned to Dick Saville.

"I must ask you to wait until to-morrow," she said, "for the details. A sudden call interrupts us." And she rang for a servant.

"Conduct Mr. and Mrs. Saville to their apartments.—*Au revoir*, Mrs. Saville, and I hope *à bientôt*."

Dick Saville and his wife left the room, accompanied by the servant. When they were gone, Bella-Demonia turned to the prince:

"Beyaz Murad is here, at the gates. Follow me." And she led the way to her own wing of the château.

CHAPTER III.

THE SNARE.

THE boudoir-study of the Baroness Altdorff was a large room opening upon the terrace. When she entered it, accompanied by Prince Schouloff, it was illuminated by a couple of lamps, that served to intensify the gloom beyond the radius of their light.

"This omnipotent general is here," she said, turning to the prince as she closed the door. "I will admit him by this window. Once here, you will have the house surrounded by Kapiodovitch's men, and when I have learnt all I can of his plans I will give a signal. I have my revolver here: I will fire once."

As she spoke she threw open the shutters that guarded the windows, and the light of the rising moon poured into the room; then she came close to the prince, and said, looking him deeply in the eyes,—

"What will you give me for this man's capture?"

"Whatever you choose to ask. What shall it be?"

"*The life of one man, taken or given when and how I shall decide!*"

"Baroness!"

"Don't wonder; don't be surprised: only promise,—promise me by all that you hold holy."

"It shall be as you wish."

"Good! Now go!"

Prince Schouloff left the room, and she listened to his footsteps growing fainter down the corridor.

"At last," said she, as she loosened the fastenings of the window,—"at last I shall be avenged! He lives! How has he escaped all these years? But what does it matter? Ah! how I could have vindicated you, Aubyn Goddard, had *you* too lived! but I can show the world that your honor was stolen from you by a felon; *and I will!*"

She sank into a low chair before the fire, which blazed despite the season, her back turned to the window, her face hidden in her hands.

A slight noise as the window is pushed open from the outside, and a man steps into the room. He is dressed in the simple but striking costume of a Turkish staff-officer. His black military frock is buttoned to the chin, relieved only by the star of the Medjidieh which blazes on the left breast, and thrown into shadow by the folds of his voluminous military cloak. One arm, which is evidently wounded, rests in the breast of his coat, and his feet are cased in high boots which bear the traces of hard and rough riding.

The woman lowers her hands and turns slowly with a little smile upon her face. As their eyes meet, she starts violently and springs to her feet. A cry breaks from her:

"Aubyn Goddard! You! Living! Here, and called Beyaz Murad! What does it mean?"

On his part he is no whit less astounded. He advances towards her:

"The Baroness Altdorff! Is it real? My God! at last I see you again! Is this a dream?"

Quick as thought she has flown to the door and double-locked it, then to the window, which she hastily bars once more. At last she turns and comes to him.

"Would to God we never might waken!" she whispers, in a frightened moan.

As for him, the object of his coming, all, is forgotten in the ecstasy of seeing her again.

"If you only knew," he says, "how often I have prayed that I might live to see you once more! Through all the wild excitement of fighting, *that* hope has been my talisman. I have thought how foolish I was to obey you and not try to find you again in Vienna, till it was too late! When I made up my mind to tell you that I could no longer keep my promise, that I must try to win you back,—that, wild and impetuous as was the dream, its strength swept my reason from me,—ah! I felt that I must return and read once more in your sweet face a promise that——"

"For pity's sake——"

"I sought you too late: you had gone, and left no trace behind. It was a moment of bitter despair, for I thought you would have smiled pardon upon me, and I felt I should not have had to beg in vain. Was I wrong?"

"Oh, forgive me, Aubyn! Why did I not know? Let me speak now."

"Not yet! Let me tell you first, before I touch your lips, that I am ruined, disgraced,—that I have been robbed of name, fame, honor—no! hardly that. But *you* will believe that no fault of mine has exiled me."

"You will break my heart!"

"You have heard how, and why, I left England?"

"Yes,—but just now."

"Do you believe me guilty of the crime of which I was accused?"

"I *know* that you were not, and all the world would have known the same, if you had demanded an explanation."

"And that I could neither demand nor give."

"Oh, you were wrong! You must have been mad not to see how base a suspicion you allowed to take root. Why did you keep silent?"

She had come close to him and laid her hand upon his arm,—the wounded one. He became deathly white, and staggered at her touch.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. "You are ill."

"No, no; it is nothing. Give me some water. Ah! Nothing serious,—only a bit painful. I was wounded a few days ago, and as I was riding here my horse stumbled; I had only one hand, and he threw me. I—I think the wound has opened again. Don't be alarmed: it's all right. It does not pain me now."

He paused and caught his breath.

"It's stupid of me to get knocked over so easily," he continued, "but I've been ill some time, and I suppose that's why I got faint. You were asking me something?"

"Are you better?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes,—yes. Listen! You asked me why I did not explain how I got that card. I could not. It meant the loss of honor for a woman or for me. The whole thing was a plot, but I could not have proved any conspiracy. This woman was cruelly wronged; I had known her from a child; she was helpless and alone:—can you wonder that I chose even disgrace to save her?"

"But she was wrong to let you do so. How could she keep silent and let you ruin yourself? It was cruel!"

"Don't blame her; she was not to blame, and it can do no good now. I only tell you this because I could not bear that a thought of suspicion should be between us. I had a card on which she had written a message,—innocent enough in itself, but which those who sought to entrap us both could have made to appear guilty. *This* is the secret of my crime. Do you believe me?"

"As I believe in God!"

"My darling!"

They were in each other's arms, the world forgetting in the glory of the moment that they knew each other's love.

"And you will tell me that there is nothing to prevent you resting here upon my heart forever. The war can't last much longer, and I shall be free. Then will you help me to forget the weary time before I knew you? Ah!"

The cry was wrung from him by his agony.

"Ah! you are badly hurt! you are hiding it from me!" she said.

"It is true," he gasped: "the wound is deep, and I am more hurt than I thought. It's only the loss of blood, however. Don't come near. It will frighten you."

At that moment a slight noise upon the terrace outside struck her ear, and recalled her to the present. It was the light clank of a rifle as it touched the gravel.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "there is danger here. You must try to keep strong,—to get away. Heaven forgive me! you are betrayed! Can't you walk? Try. Come here into my room: it is your only chance of safety."

Her words and tone recalled him too to his senses.

"Why are you here?" he said; "and where is the woman I came to see?—Bella-Demonia? I don't understand."

"Don't try to understand. I will tell you when you are safe. Come with me."

"What do you mean? I can't——"

A footstep in the corridor. Quick as thought the woman seized his wounded arm, and with the pain he fell senseless to the ground. Then she fired her revolver,—twice. A knock on the door! She drew his pistol from its holster and laid it on the floor, drawing his cloak over

his face as she did so. With a crash the door fell open, and Prince Schouloff entered the room.

"For God's sake get help!" she exclaimed. "When he found he was betrayed he would have killed me. I shot him. He was going to escape. I tried to keep him: he was desperate—then I fired. *He is dead!*"

"I was wrong to let you risk such an interview," said the prince, looking at the prostrate form. "I will see myself that no one enters till he is taken away."

He was moving to the door. Then he turned and came back. "Perhaps he is only wounded," he said, laying his hand upon the senseless man's heart. He was just going once more, when he saw the revolver on the floor. He picked it up and pointed it at the still form.

"Better make quite sure!" he said.

He was about to fire, when Bella-Demonia flung herself upon the body.

"No! no!" she cried, "I have lied to you! I have betrayed you both!"

The cloak fell from Goddard's features. The prince looked at him.

"Captain Goddard!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes! It is Captain Goddard. Listen! For this man's capture you promised me the life of one man given or taken how and when I should decide. *I claim his!*"

CHAPTER IV.

FACE TO FACE.

FOR the next few days the inhabitants of the Villa Kristov Hisar lived in a state of suppressed excitement. Prince Schouloff's first care was to send Mrs. Dashton off to Nice, armed with all that was needful to bring Lord Arlingford back to London, but ignorant of what had taken place at the villa. Of the amazement of Dick Saville and his wife it is unnecessary to speak. Kitty and the Baroness Altdorff relieved each other in the care of Goddard, who woke from his swoon in a high delirium.

The prince said but little, biding his time and waiting for Bella-Demonia to speak.

At last, one day when Goddard was fairly convalescent, she sent for him to her boudoir. She was sitting listlessly before the fire when he entered, and, looking up, gave him her hand, which he respectfully kissed.

"Be seated, prince," she said. "The time has come when some explanation is due to you. I wish to give it to you now."

"You are not overtaxing your strength, baroness?"

"No. I am as eager to question as I am willing to answer."

"I am all attention."

"Had you any suspicion that Beyaz Murad Bey and Aubyn Goddard were one and the same man?"

"Not the faintest."

"You believed him to be dead?"

"Implicitly."

"What has been the result of his detention here?"

"The result has been the beginning of the end. The Flying Legion, suddenly deprived of its leader, has lost its position as an independent army corps. Radetzky and Gourko have at last defeated Suleiman, and the Russian standard floats in the Shipka Pass. Suleiman is trying to regain his position, but in vain. Meanwhile, Skobeleff refuses to take warning from July, or advice from Todleben, and is preparing to attack Plevna once more, now that Osman's reinforcements have been stopped."

"It has been a great work," said the baroness, drearily.

"For which a great price has been paid, baroness."

"A great price?"

"The life of Captain Goddard given and taken when and how you decided," said Schouloff.

"Ah! it was fortunate for Lord Arlingford, his betrayer, that it was so! Had it not been Goddard's it would have been his."

"You have plunged me in a whirl of wonder, baroness. The afternoon that Mr. and Mrs. Saville arrived you expressed your ignorance of Viscount Arlingford. Five minutes later the sound of his name caused you the first strong emotion that I have ever known you to betray. It is with John Vyvian Fane that you are concerned,—John Vyvian Fane, now Viscount Arlingford. You have cause to hate him. Tell me about it: I can help you, and I will."

"You?"

"Even so. Lord Arlingford was at one time in the employ of the secret police in Petersburg——"

"I know!"

"He was expelled for making it the instrument of a private vengeance——"

"I know!"

"He implicated an innocent man in the socialist schemes of one Dorski——"

"I know!"

"You know! you know!" exclaimed Schouloff. "How do you know?"

"You ask me how I know. You ask me why I have sworn an oath of vengeance against this Lord Arlingford, once John Vyvian Fane. Ask me rather the question you have spent time and money in vain to have answered: ask me rather who I am."

"My God! what do you mean?"

"*I am the Princess Carita Galitzin!*"

"Holy St. Katerine!"

Prince Schouloff rose and went successively to the doors leading into the corridor, and into Bella-Demonia's apartments, to make sure against eavesdroppers.

Then he returned to her side, and, bending till his eyes were plunged in hers, he took her wrist in his soft irresistible grasp and said, in a low, distinct voice,—

"*And I am Alexis Dorski !*"

* * * * *

For some minutes a dead silence reigned in the room.

The Princess Galitzin, to call her by her real name, had sprung to her feet, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, as she looked down at the man who, after intrusting her with the master-secret of his life, had resumed his seat calmly.

"The mystery of the cipher-dial is at last explained," said Schouloff at length.

"And his son,—Dmitri Dmitrievitch Keratieff,—does he know?"

"No one knows, save the Princess Galitzin, and Schouloff, the Chief of Police."

"Why have you told me?"

"You have a letter of mine."

"True: here it is." And, rapidly unfastening the bosom of her dress, she took therefrom a tightly-folded paper, which, opening, she laid before him.

"That is your handwriting?" she said.

"No; it *was* the handwriting of Alexis Dorski the Terrorist. It was missing from among the secret papers of Keratieff. It was to obtain it that, primarily, I obtained his position. I have sought it ever since. It was to obtain it that I made his son my confidential secretary. Had I known in whose hands it lay, I should have rested easy."

"It is at your service. Now?"

"Now?"

"Tell me: Vyvian Fane was reported assassinated on the Polish frontier."

"True; but it was his valet who was murdered and mutilated beyond recognition. His connection with the Third Section gave him means of learning the conspiracy against him. He boarded an English cruiser which lay off the Fortress of the Schlussemburg. Arrived in England, the unexpected reversion of the title and estates of Arlingford served more completely to conceal him: the name of Vyvian Fane was dropped. I alone of the Department have kept track of his lordship, and I have surrounded him with such a net-work that when the time comes to strike, he cannot escape me!"

"Cannot escape *you*?"

"Yes, me. Over the senseless form of your brother's wife I swore to avenge my friend Ladislas Galitzin. It was *I* who apprised you of her condition that fatal night. Since then I have made Arlingford my tool in many a plot, only the more surely to shatter him when I turn down my thumbs and cry, like the Romans in the arena, '*Habet !*'"

"When shall you strike?"

"As soon as the war is over and Captain Goddard can return with us to London. I have sent Mrs. Dashton to take him thither supplied with the necessary funds to bring him within our grasp. I summoned her here to obtain information of Captain Goddard's death. I confess to you that I would have given ten years of my life to get it; for then I dreamed that perhaps you—well, well, that is over now. I will

show you that I am grateful to 'Bella-Demonia.' I will show you that though I cannot be your lover I can still be your friend and ally, and my power is as much yours as it would be were you mine. No, not a word! I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve, but, princess, I love you more than I shall ever tell you. Now! it is over. There! we will change the subject."

The princess had risen as he spoke. When he became silent she moved to his side, and, sinking on her knees beside him, she took his hand in hers. A strong shudder passed across his frame, as the woman bent and pressed her lips to his hand and a hot tear fell upon it.

Then, as she raised her head and looked at him, he bent his reverently, and for the first and last time kissed the marble-cold brow that was upturned to him.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

SOWING THE WIND.

WHEN our story reopens in the month of April, 1878, great changes—almost cataclysms—have occurred in Europe. The Treaty of San Stefano has been signed, and the Powers, waking to the enormity of its conditions, are preparing for the Congress of Berlin. What might have been the end of the Turko-Russian war of 1877-78 had the Flying Legion succeeded in reaching Osman Pasha, it is impossible to surmise. The dispersal of that mysterious organization seemed to mark the turning-point of the war. Osman's last supplies reached him from Sofia in November, and on the 9th of December, driven to despair, he made his heroic and historic sortie, which would have undoubtedly been successful had not treachery from within the bastions of Plevna apprised Todleben of his intention, and enabled the Russian general, at the cost of the Siberian regiment, to force the surrender, with all the honors of war, of the greatest soldier that Turkey had known since the days of Mahmoud the Reformer. New Year's day, 1878, saw Gourko across the Etropol Balkans, and on Twelfth-Night he supped in Sofia. At the end of the month Adrianople was reached, and a British fleet entered the Bosphorus under a protest which England's Greatest Statesman utterly disregarded.

In this way was Constantinople saved the ignominy of becoming a Russian watering-place.

Meanwhile, the actors in our drama had reassembled in London, where the last act was to be played out. Goddard had recovered from the effects of his wound only after months of patient nursing on the part of his soul's idol. Lord Arlingford had returned to town, and Prince Schouloff, present ostensibly on diplomatic service, was shifting the strings of the web he had drawn around his victim, from finger to finger, as the development of events required.

Our story reopens in the little drawing-room of Mrs. Bradley Dashton's cosy *maisonnette* in Mayfair. Two men are present, one

pacing irritably up and down, the other comfortably ensconced in an arm-chair.

The first is Viscount Arlingford, the second is that promising soldier of the army of financial martyrs, Major Homer Carteret. Lord Arlingford comes suddenly to a full stop.

"Why the deuce," says he, "did you let Emily come back to England, least of all at this most critical juncture? You know how impetuous she is, and among the ways out of our present difficulties you know very well that there is no choice."

"And you know very well, my dear Arlingford, that I can't control her any more than you can. She appeared to come to the decision in an instant, and declined to allow me to argue the point. I've always warned you that she would be dangerous if the spirit so moved her, and yet you allowed the Briggs affair to get into print. Indeed, it was sheer folly of you to make the running in that direction at all."

"You put the case charmingly, my dear Carteret, only you seem to forget that at the time I went for the little Briggs there was no other course open,—indeed, that it is only within the last twenty-four hours that circumstances have permitted me to drop her out at all. Another trifle that you overlook is that neither you nor I could have foreseen the extraordinary turn affairs have taken. I shall be able now to pay all my debts and start for Algiers as soon as possible."

"That is, supposing Emily to be tractable."

"You leave me to manage her: she's not likely to give me much trouble. What a time she is! I shall be late. I promised to go and look at a horse: they tell me he's a clipper, and up to my weight,—can jump anything. Look here! I wish you'd go down to Rice's and tell him I can't come till to-morrow, but that if his horse is all he says he is, I'll take him."

"But I thought you said you were going to Algiers?" remarked Major Carteret, with an interrogative inflection.

"Yes, so I am. But I fancy I can win a bit steeple-chasing before I go. Featherstone, who's ordered out to India, has offered me a couple of horses that have been running wonderfully well at some of the small meetings. He only wants three hundred and fifty pounds for 'em,—dirt-cheap. The three will do me very well; and when I go I'll give you the lot, if you like, and you can hunt this year."

"Thanks, old man," replied Carteret, rising. "I'll go and inspect my future property; but, egad! I'm afraid my creditors will do most of the hunting."

"Oh! all right. Say they're still mine. Good-by. Be in time to-night."

"Yes. Good-by."

And his lordship was left alone. Not for long, however, for a moment later Mrs. Dashton entered the room.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Jack?" she said, advancing with both hands outstretched. "I've so much to forgive you that—I daren't begin. Suppose I absolve you blind, without going into the details. Tell me, weren't you surprised to know that I was here?"

"Yes,—deucedly surprised. And I wish you hadn't come."

"How horrid of you to say that! and it's such a long time since I've seen you, too, you bad boy!"

She had come up behind him and put her hands on his shoulders as he sat. He disengaged himself a trifle impatiently.

"My dear girl," he said, "I wish you wouldn't do this. You know it bores me. You shouldn't have come over: you'll upset all my plans. Why didn't you stop in Paris?"

"Because I am fool enough to care for you, and weak enough to believe you cared a little for me. But don't place too much reliance on my folly. I tell you, Jack, that the day I make up my mind that you mean to throw me over, it will be a bad day for you!" She had come close to him, and her tone changed from one of intense earnestness to one of ugly cynicism. "I'm afraid you'll make me lose my temper. Don't! I'm not nice when I'm angry."

"Now, look here, Emily: this tragic tone is out of place. You know it's no use acting with me."

"When I do *act* with you, it will be forcibly enough to claim your attention; but before that happens, I want you to explain one or two things. I came here expecting that you would be glad to see me. I didn't believe the stories I heard about an American girl; and now I want to know from you how much truth there was in them. That you would be unscrupulous enough to deceive me I don't doubt, but that you would be fool enough to arouse my enmity I doubt very much. But, bah! I didn't come to England to threaten. Are you going to marry the girl?"

"No!"

Mrs. Dashton heaved a sigh of relief.

"Ah! I was sure of you," she said. "Why do you try to make me jealous? You shouldn't do it, Jack,—you shouldn't do it. Well, the trouble of the journey is well repaid, now that the suspense is over. Of course I *knew* it wasn't true; yet I couldn't rest until I was sure."

"Now, look here, Emily," exclaimed Arlingford, rising to his feet: "let us put an end to this. I'm going back to my wife."

"What! You're not in earnest?"

"I am,—perfectly."

"Very well! so am I. *You shan't do it!*"

"Don't talk nonsense, but listen to me. An aunt of my wife's has left her her fortune and advised her to make friends with me. You don't suppose I am going to chuck away such an opportunity,—especially as everything is as bad as it can be at home? My agent can't get me a penny. Now make up your mind to accept the situation. I'll go to Paris as soon as I can; meanwhile, I'll see you get all the money you want—"

"Do you suppose," broke in the woman indignantly, "that I am the kind of woman to be ordered about?—to be a pensioner on your *wife's* bounty? Undeceive yourself! It's your turn to listen to *me*. I would have endured any privation for you and with you—for love. That is over: you make it a business transaction. Very well: you

must accept *my* terms. I have disgraced myself long enough for you. You will marry *me*."

"Don't be a fool," was the brutal response. "One must draw the line somewhere, and I couldn't fly in the face of the world as far as *that*. I have a few friends I must consider, and——"

"So! I am not good enough for you,—you, who cannot enter a decent house in England,—you, the sharper,—the thief! Do you forget I know how you ruined Goddard?"

"I don't care a damn what you know. I was willing to take care of you; you refuse help. *Soit!* A woman who lets a married man make love to her always gets the worst of it in the long run. I am going to become respectable, and in five years no one will remember that I was ever anything else. You might have known, as I didn't ask you to come, that I didn't want you——"

He was cut short by the entrance of a servant with a note. Mrs. Dashton tore it open and glanced through it, visibly excited. Hastily writing a few words at her *escritoire*, she handed the answer to the servant, who left the room. Mrs. Dashton appeared to have recovered all her composure.

"I thought we knew each other pretty well," she said, "but it appears that we are both destined to make discoveries. Your new fad for respectability is a little startling. My determination may be equally astonishing. I simply decline to take the place you assign to me."

"My dear Emily, the great charm about you *was*, that you were so thoroughly sensible. You are not like yourself to-day. I've told you what I mean to do."

"In other words, you defy me. Now I'll tell you what *I* mean to do. I can't make you marry me, but you certainly shan't marry anybody else. I have helped you in your dirty work, I have done things for your sake that no money in the world would have induced me to do, and if you suppose that you can calmly say, 'Good-by, I've no further use for you,' and expect that that is the end, you are vastly mistaken. So your idea of a sensible woman—such as you are good enough to call me—is one who is always ready to subscribe to your pleasure or income as necessity demands? So long as her *sense* is used for your benefit, she is charming, but you are always surprised when she exerts it in her own behalf. I *will* be sensible, and mind you don't regret it. So I am to wander away an outcast,—*déclassée*,—whilst you become a respectable member of society? Charming!"

As she spoke, Lord Arlingford had risen, and, taking his hat and cane, had moved to the door. Seeing him on the point of departure, she ran to him and flung her arms about him.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," she cried, "don't go like that! I was only desperate. Say you did not mean what you said. You don't really mean to throw me over, after all your promises?"

"I've said all I have to say," answered the man, roughly. "Let me go. You know 'scenes' bore me. Let me go, I say!"

He flung her from him, and went out. Her foot catching on some piece of furniture, she fell heavily to the ground. For a moment

she lay as if dazed; then a great sob escaped her, and with difficulty she rose and staggered to her writing-table. Her eyes fell upon the note that lay where she had left it.

"Ah, Jack," she said, aloud, "if you had known who was waiting an answer to this letter, you would have been more—more discreet."

She touched a bell, and the next moment Captain Aubyn Goddard entered the room.

"I am glad you are here," she said, recovering herself as she went to meet him. "You have been very kind to me,—much kinder than I deserve, for until this moment I had no intention of repaying you."

"Poor old lady!" answered Goddard, soothingly. "Why, how upset you are! What has happened? Can I do anything to help you?"

"Always the same kindly sympathy, Aubyn. How good you are! I see by this note you came over to get a confession from Jack Arlingford. You want my help. You value this vindication very much, do you not?"

"Of course I do. Until his confession is obtained, there may be those who doubt me; and, more than the opinion of all, there is one whose faith in me must be justified. There is to be a meeting to-night at Briggs's to endeavor to bring it about, and you can help it, I know. You've known me for years, old girl, and you know I was innocent, don't you?"

"More! I will prove it. But you must go now, for I expect a visitor. Give me the address of your friend where the explanation is to take place, and you shall have proof,—all the proof you want. And don't judge me too harshly for my share in the matter: I have had but one excuse,—I did it for him. And just now he struck me down!—Oh!"

"He struck you!"

"Yes."

"My God! What a brute!"

"Never mind now: you must go. I—I am engaged. But we shall meet to-night."

Goddard left her. When she was alone, she moved once more to her desk, and, opening a locked drawer, took from it an envelope, at which she gazed for a few moments motionless.

Then hurriedly she tore it open and took from it a playing-card.

It was the king of clubs.

CHAPTER II.

THE VENGEANCE OF THREE WOMEN.

As she stood looking at it, the servant entered, bearing a card on a salver. She took it up with an air of lazy indifference which quickly changed to one of strong emotion.

"Lady Arlingford!" she exclaimed; then, turning to the servant, she added, "You did not say that I was in?"

"No, ma'am," answered the domestic. "I said that I would see."

"Say, not at home." Then, as the servant was leaving the room, she added, "Stay!"

She stood, twirling the piece of pasteboard in her fingers.

"What can she want of me,—that woman,—here in my house?" Then, apparently making up her mind, she hastily concealed the playing-card in the bosom of her dress, and said, "Show her in."

Lady Arlingford entered the room, and the two women bowed without speaking.

"You are surprised to see me," said Lady Arlingford, recovering herself the first. "I owe you, perhaps, an apology for intruding upon you, but I felt that I must come. I—I have a favor to ask."

The concluding words were spoken with an obvious effort, and Mrs. Dashton, with an inclination of her head, signified that she was listening.

"You have heard that there is to be a meeting to-night for the exoneration of Captain Goddard?" said her ladyship.

"Yes."

"You will be there?"

"Yes."

"I—I—you have heard that I desire to re-marry Lord Arlingford?" "I have heard it."

"Mrs. Dashton, it is better to speak plainly. I know that Lord Arlingford's position in the matter will depend greatly on what you will say. I know what your feelings under the circumstances must be. I hope—I believe—that he will make every possible reparation. I have come to beg that you will hold your hand so far as you can."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Am I right in supposing that your evidence can ruin his lordship?—I mean, in the matter of the card?"

For all answer Mrs. Bradley Dashton slowly drew the king of clubs from its resting-place and laid it on the table.

As Lady Arlingford's eyes fell upon it, she exclaimed,—

"It is as I feared. I have come to beg that you will not confront him with that card. It will be my care that Captain Goddard shall produce the card which he actually held,—the one on which I wrote. Will you not be merciful?—will you not shield my husband so far as not to add this horrible evidence to mine?"

"Lady Arlingford," returned Mrs. Dashton, "you have been frank with me; I will be equally so with you. An hour ago I would have guarded this card with my life; but within this hour things have altered."

"But surely——"

"No! let me think."

Her reflections were interrupted by the re-entrance of the servant.

"The Baroness Altdorff is below," said he to his mistress, in a low tone.

"Ask her to come here," said Mrs. Dashton; then, turning to the suppliant woman before her, she said,—

"A lady is below, who calls by appointment. On what she will

say my decision must in a great measure depend. If you will step into this next room, I will tell you what that decision is when she has left me."

"You say that she can influence you: will you not let me try to influence her? A woman should be merciful to one of her sex."

"Perhaps. At present I cannot tell. Step in here, however, and in ten minutes you shall know."

There was no time for parley, and the Countess of Arlingford stepped into the adjoining boudoir. Mrs. Bradley Dashton stood looking at the card that lay upon the table.

"Ah," said she, as if apostrophizing the pasteboard, "I wonder into whose hands you will eventually fall? Those two men and that woman who have just left this room would give a good deal for you, and Bella-Demonia wants you more than either of them. Ah, baroness, you want my assistance in unmasking Lord Arlingford! You little know how much I can serve you, and how willingly I will do so."

The next moment Bella-Demonia was announced.

"You are punctual, baroness," said Mrs. Dashton, coming forward. "That is good, for it seems we have much to do. You will believe, I am sure, that I appreciate the confidence you have reposed in me, and I will justify it."

"You have already justified it by guarding the secret of Captain Goddard's identity with the Turkish general who reached the Villa Kristov Hisar just before you left us."

"But I never knew it until after Lord Arlingford had left me in Paris and returned to London."

"It was as well, we thought, that you should get some suspicion of what kind of man this Arlingford really is, before you knew so important a secret. You know, we women, when we love——"

"Yes, yes; I know all that you would say. Your letter of yesterday tells me I can help you further."

"Yes; and I trust we may count upon you?"

"I know what you want, and—yes, you may count upon me. I will meet you to-night at Mr. Briggs's in Hereford Street at nine o'clock, and, believe me, Goddard will have no more valuable ally there than Emily Dashton."

"I supposed," said Bella-Demonia, "that I should have had a hard fight to gain your aid. I will not ask why you are so unexpectedly won over, but I want you to know that my gratitude shall be no empty form of words. I will endeavor to prove to you how I value your sacrifice. May I speak frankly?"

Mrs. Dashton had seated herself in the low arm-chair, and bowed her head silently. The other woman continued:

"Captain Goddard's vindication must be in a great measure due to you and what you will say. I know that the words which will give joy to us will bring pain and grief to you. Mrs. Dashton, I can't be a humbug, and it is not for me to preach to you. The part you have played in the drama which is to end to-night will cost you many a pang. You are a woman, alone in your struggle with life. I should like you to feel that you can always count on one woman who will

sympathize with, will assist, and, if necessary, protect you, and that that woman is she whom you have known as Bella-Demonia."

Mrs. Dashton had not raised her eyes.

"Don't give me too much credit for speaking the truth to-night."

"I can see that you are much upset. Let me beg you to take a little rest now. I will send my carriage for you at nine o'clock."

"Thank you. I will be ready."

"I suppose I am right in thinking that you still possess the card that Lord Arlingford gave you to conceal,—to destroy?"

Mrs. Dashton pointed to the table.

"There it is!" she said.

"Ah! you will give it me?" said Bella-Demonia, eagerly.

Mrs. Dashton smiled.

"In that room a woman awaits your departure to renew a request she has made to me. She also desires this card, that she may destroy it."

"A woman?—who?"

"The Countess of Arlingford."

"No? I am most anxious to meet Lady Arlingford in this way, informally," said she, eagerly. "You would oblige me very much by asking her to come in here, and by presenting us to each other."

"I should like to do as you wish, but I am afraid to trust myself in such a meeting."

"If you will do as I ask and make some excuse to leave us together for a short time, I promise you that you shall be spared the embarrassment of ever meeting her again."

"You are mysterious as usual, baroness, but I know if you promise, that you can perform, and I will do as you wish. Is there anything in particular that you wish me to say?"

"No; only, as soon as you can, make some excuse and leave us."

"Certainly. And by what name do you wish me to present you?"

"By my own."

"The Baroness Altdorff?"

"No; the Princess Galitzin."

"What?"

"That is my real name, which you and Prince Schouloff alone have heard."

There was no time to express her surprise, as Mrs. Dashton opened the door of the boudoir and the Countess of Arlingford entered the room.

"Lady Arlingford," said Mrs. Dashton, "let me present you to a friend. The Princess Galitzin—Lady Arlingford."

The two women bowed to each other.

"I must be going immediately," said Bella-Demonia. "I think my carriage must be back."

"If you will excuse me, I will go and see," said Mrs. Dashton. "I have some orders to give."

And she left them together.

"I think, Lady Arlingford," began the Princess Galitzin, "that we have a mutual friend in Captain Goddard. I may tell you that I

shall be present at the meeting which is to take place to-night. It will be painful to you, but at least it will have the advantage of proving the innocence of our friend."

"You know him? Oh, I am so glad!" replied Lady Arlingford. "I think he is the embodiment of all that is honest and true in man. I had, alas! the misfortune of doing him the greatest wrong that was ever done——"

"I am sure you exaggerate your share," put in the princess, gently.

"Of course I was innocent of the intention, but the result is the same. It seems so hard that after bearing my burden for so long I should have broken down at that moment, as you know. Just as I was about to tell how I had given him the card, I became insensible. I never shall forget the horror of that moment. I could have exonerated Aubyn with a word, and that word I could not speak. I tried—I fought, it seemed to me, for hours, till the blank of insensibility came over me. Oh, it was cruel!"

"Are you not afraid of overtaxing your strength, Lady Arlingford? Would it not be wiser to avoid such an explanation as must take place to-night? Your friends might represent you, and save you much pain."

"No, I must be present, for a reason so strong that nothing can overcome it. It is not alone to vindicate my old friend that I go. I go to intercede for one who will find no defenders,—one who I feel is so alone that his need has won my sympathy,—my husband!"

"You can plead for him? But he is no longer your husband: you are divorced."

"He is my child's father: what divorce of law can alter that? You will think that I am very weak, but I have my own opinions. There is nothing of the Bohemian in my disposition."

"Bohemian! May I ask what you call 'Bohemian'? You do not answer. Let me define it for you. It is something distinct from 'a lady.' A lady means one who is well born, tenderly nurtured, carefully educated; always placed—that is, presumably placed—beyond the knowledge of evil, she is sheltered from contact with the sufferings and sorrows of her less fortunate sisters. The woman who enjoys these advantages is called a lady,—a title which signifies, not the individual, but the manner of her training. A Bohemian, as you intend it, means one who is outside the pale of respectability, an object of suspicion, one whom you only consent to meet when she can be of service to you. Yet I have known many 'ladies' the names of whose lovers are better known than the inner life of the reigning Bohemian. You would be surprised to know that Bohemians look down on certain sections of 'society' in amazement and pity."

"You have evidently made your experiences in unfortunate examples," replied Lady Arlingford. "Do you not believe that there are ladies who are good women?"

"God forbid that I should not! There is a sweet old-world title that brings to my mind all that is noble and good in womanhood,—a title that lives in my heart, shrouded in reverence,—a title that fits the beings who have rendered the name of mother sacred. That title is

'gentlewoman.' *That* title I believe in, and it is found in Bohemia as well as in society."

"These are strange expressions for the Princess Galitzin, who can know but little of these people except by force of imagination."

"You are mistaken. *My* flag bears the red and white of Bohemia, and has seen good service, believe me. Perhaps you will understand me better if I tell you that *I am called Bella-Demonia.*"

"Bella-Demonia?" Lady Arlingford had risen to her feet.

"You appear shocked," said the Princess Galitzin.

"I am a little startled, I confess. I was not prepared to meet so—so—public—a character."

"And you would not have cared to meet me, if you had known who I was. Would you?"

"I will admit—as I do not share your opinions—that I should have refused to meet the bearer of the name 'Bella-Demonia': a meeting would not be pleasant for either of us. Still, I feel bound to say that you are quite different from what I should have expected."

"Thank you for your generous admission: you are good enough to imply that there is nothing in my appearance or manner to deprive me of the inestimable boon of at least *looking* presentable. You are a good woman and capable of noble impulses, but charity for your fellow-women seems to be no part of your creed. Is it ignorance or intolerance that makes you condemn without even one expression of regret a woman of whom you know nothing?"

"Nothing? I have heard——"

"Heard? I said *know.*"

"Pardon me for reminding you that you have only yourself to blame for the impression formed of you. If a woman has no husband, and yet——"

"If respectability is based upon the possession of a husband, then I am worthy of your highest esteem. Lady Arlingford, I am about to tell you a story which may—I hope will—interest you."

Her ladyship bent her head, and the princess continued:

"My mother died when I was very young. I lived with my father at our château in the province of Ladoga, alone save for the companionship of a young girl, the daughter of a serf mother. She was my companion and friend rather than my attendant, and we were romantic and impressionable, both of us. One day we had wandered far from the château, among the woods. We were about to return home, when a crashing in the bushes announced the presence of some large animal. An instant later one of our mountain bears bounded into the clearing. We clung to each other almost senseless with terror, when suddenly we heard the report of a rifle close to us, and the beast fell dead. A moment after, a man sprang through the bushes, congratulating us on our escape, and apologizing for his sudden apparition and the alarm he had caused us. He escorted us home, and was welcomed by my father, the more warmly when it transpired that he was of good family. He was an Englishman, on a hunting-tour, he said. He was staying close by, and became a constant visitor at the house. The sequel is—*banale*. I fancied myself in love. My brother, to whom the stranger was

personally antipathetic, had contracted a secret marriage with my late companion, and they had gone to Petersburg, where my brother was commissioned in our Regiment of the Transfiguration. Left alone, we were not long in following my brother's example: we were married secretly, on account of my father, whose pride of race was worthy of a Galitzin, and in the winter the family moved to Petersburg. There my brother's suspicions were aroused, and, determined to drive this Englishman from Petersburg, he sought an opportunity of quarrelling with him. One night there was a terrible scandal at the Club. My brother accused my husband of cheating, and a meeting was arranged. Late that night he caused my brother's arrest. Oh, in my unhappy country it is not difficult to rob a man of liberty and even life on the merest suspicion! I will spare you my tears, my distraction, and give you the facts briefly. I learnt that my brother had been denounced by my husband. He was doomed. I never saw him again: *he died*. When it is inconvenient to substantiate a charge against a political prisoner in Russia, he has a convenient way of dying. From that moment I had but one thought, but one passion,—revenge! My husband was expelled the country, and on the frontier his carriage was wrecked by bandits, and himself—as I thought—assassinated. I sought oblivion of my wrongs and plunged into the sea of politics. I became Prince Schouloff's most able lieutenant. In a word, I became 'Bella-Demonia.' My desperation made me famous; but, though employed by the government, my sympathies were always with the oppressed, and many a life have I saved when it has been to all intents and purposes doomed. But why continue? Even such feverish excitement as mine becomes wearisome, and just when I was most weary I met Captain Goddard. For the first time I felt glad that I had been spared the commission of a crime, that my hands were innocent of my husband's blood."

As she finished speaking, Lady Arlingford rose.

"You have forced me to listen to a discourse," said she, coldly, "that cannot possibly concern me and can only be painful to yourself."

"You will change your opinion," answered the Princess Galitzin. "I told you this story to illustrate the point of our discussion. I tell you it is well for you that all people do not gauge a woman's virtue by the possession of a husband; for *you* have never had one, and are unfortunate enough to be the mother of a child not born in wedlock."

"I! How dare you——"

"How dare I? Why, the man who murdered my brother and with him his wife and unborn child, the man whom I hounded hungry for his life, is alive! Because the man you think to be your husband *is mine!*"

"My God! it is not true!—it cannot be true!"

"I tell you that the man who robbed me of name and dignity, of my very birthright of gentlewoman, who made of me a character for such women as you to sneer at, is alive. He *was* John Vyvian Fane; he *is* Viscount Arlingford."

"Ah, you are only saying this because I offended you. I did not mean to be so cruel. See, I kneel to you to ask you for the truth. Will you swear to me that what you have said is true or untrue?"

"It is true, so help me God! And I will prove it."

When Mrs. Dashton entered the room, Lady Arlingford lay senseless at the feet of the princess.

CHAPTER III.

WEAVING THE WEB.

WHEN, half an hour later, the Princess Galitzin entered her rooms at her hotel, she found Prince Schouloff seated, patiently awaiting her arrival.

"I came to tell you," said he, rising to meet her as she entered, "that there are new complications, of which you are ignorant, and which it would be well for you to know."

"Well?"

"Lord Arlingford's position with regard to his wife is considerably altered since yesterday."

"I think not."

Schouloff looked at her critically for a moment, and then resumed:

"I learn that her ladyship is willing to forget and forgive everything, and proposes to be re-married to him."

"You are wrong in your facts, prince," answered she, with a hardly perceptible smile. "Lady Arlingford is *not* willing to forget or to forgive, and she has no intention of re-marrying him, for she has never been divorced."

For a brief moment it flashed across the prince that the woman's mind was wandering; but, if so, her placid smile belied the fact. He contented himself with answering simply,—

"I do not understand you: you speak in riddles."

"Of which you would like to have the solution."

"Where is that solution to be obtained?" queried the prince, patiently.

"Why, of Lady Arlingford, of course."

"I should like to see her," said Schouloff, reflectively. "Do you think she can receive me at this time?"

"I am sure she will be charmed, prince."

"And where is she now?—can you tell me?"

"Here."

"Here! Where?"

"In this room,—before you."

"In heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"I am she."

The words were said simply as the princess dropped into a chair. For a minute not a word was said. Then the prince sprang to his feet and exclaimed,—

"I see it all! You married this man in Russia, did you not?"

"Yes."

"It was thus that he had access to your apartments and stole—my letter?"

"Exactly."

"Does any one else know of this? Of course not."

"Yes. I have seen the woman he pretended to marry this afternoon, and I told her. It was time."

"How did she take it?"

"As you might suppose."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"It is the last weapon I hold in reserve to compel Arlingford to confess his share in the plot that ruined Goddard. Until that confession is obtained, I hold my rights over his head. Once Goddard is free, the annulment of our marriage is an easy task; the time that has elapsed, the circumstances,—everything will assist; and *you* would require no assistance."

The prince had been standing staring into the fireplace. Now he turned, and, looking her full in the eyes, he said, calmly,—

"And then?"

She blushed violently, and answered not a word.

"Never mind," continued the prince. "I have shown you that I have your happiness, rather than mine, at heart: I will prove it yet further to you. We shall meet at Mr. Briggs's at half-past nine. In spite of the snares we have tangled around the feet of Arlingford, he may yet brazen his way out, at least temporarily. I will come prepared with the last and most coercive resource, which we have in the Russian police."

"You will dare?—here in England?"

"You forget that John Vyvian Fane was a duly-enrolled member of the Third Section?"

"Forget it!"

"Well, though no formal extradition treaty exists, the arm of His Majesty the Tzar is long enough to reach his servants, wherever they may be. Leave it to me."

"Willingly. Till to-night, then?"

"*Au revoir.*"

CHAPTER IV.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

It was shortly after eight o'clock, and Mr. Cincinnatus Q. Briggs sat at his table in the library of his house in Hereford Street, busily engaged in writing.

From the point of view of the ordinary English novelist, whose knowledge of the American gentleman is bounded on the East by his steamer acquaintance with the travelling salesman and on the West by the charming stories of Bret Harte, added to the occasional "gun" stories of more or less inventive bar-room loafers, whose daily bread—or, more accurately speaking, whose daily whiskey—is obtained by their ability to amuse the crowd, Mr. Cincinnatus Q. Briggs was a most disappointing American. His rooms were furnished with the tasteful simplicity of a scholarly traveller's den. The carpets were unsullied by promiscuous expectoration, the walls were decorated with a few proof etchings

and here and there a masterpiece in aquarelle; there were no caricatures of colored deacons, nor were there portraits of fast trotters and the whiskers of Mr. Vanderbilt to be seen. With the exception of a small revolver which lay in one of the pigeon-holes of the desk, there was not a "gun" of any kind to be found, the arms and legs of the furniture had not been whittled into fanciful designs under the bowie of their owner, and the paraphernalia of cocktail-manufacture were conspicuous by their absence.

Mr. Briggs laid down his pen, and, leaning back in his chair,—which, by the bye, he did not tilt upon its hinder legs,—took up the letter which he had just completed.

"I think that this will do," said he to himself, as he read over his composition:

"MY DEAR MR. SAVILLE,—

"I regret to say that Lord Arlingford refuses to avail himself of the opportunity of flight. He has evidently some strong weapon in reserve. He means to fight; and, unless yours are stronger, I fear my stupid cousin will succeed in ruining her life. He is a clever scoundrel, and has adopted the surest means of making her his defender, by affecting to confide in her all that is detrimental to him, and so cutting the ground from under every one else's feet. I send you this as arranged, that you may bring all your batteries to bear at once. I expect Lord Arlingford at any moment.

"Faithfully yours,

"CINCINNATUS Q. BRIGGS."

He put this letter into an envelope, and, addressing it to Dick Saville at Claridge's, touched a bell.

"See that this goes at once," said he to the servant who appeared at the sound of the bell and took the letter. This done, the American turned once more to his papers.

"Let me see," soliloquized he: "where is that girl's letter? Ah! here it is. *My dear cousin,—You are very kind, but I am quite old enough to take care of myself.*—Yes, quite old enough, but, unfortunately, neither ugly nor poor enough.—*If I had wanted you to take care of me, I should have married you years ago.*—How devilish cruel a woman can be when she thinks fit!—*I don't like to say hard things of a woman, but I am sorry to say I cannot sympathize with the lady who was Lord Arlingford's wife,*—you surprise me, my dear cousin!—*and I must take his word before hers,*—naturally, poor little girl! Um—m. That young woman means business: we Briggs's generally do. It's lucky for her I came to Europe when I did; otherwise she'd have flung herself away on this fellow to a certainty. But I think, my lord Arlingford, that you have reached the end of your rope, and I'll lay odds that it isn't from any scruple of your own that it doesn't hang you. Well, I came to Europe for excitement, and, egad! I'm likely to get a genteel sufficiency of it to-night. Thanks to you, my lord, I witnessed the beginning, and am about to witness the end, of one of the liveliest sensations that London has known for a good many years."

At this point Mr. Briggs's soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of a servant announcing Dick Saville.

"Mr. Saville!" exclaimed Briggs, "delighted to see you. You're early; but you can't have got my letter yet?"

"Letter?" replied Dick: "what letter? No. I only dropped in on my way to fetch my wife, to ask how things were going on. I dined at the Club to try and find out if anything fresh had happened. I've brought the papers for Arlingford to sign: here they are in duplicate."

Mr. Briggs took them and glanced over one.

"I think Captain Goddard must be a remarkably forgiving man, to consider such a reparation sufficient," observed he. "On my side of the water a man in his position would, I fear, fill a man in Arlingford's with leaden bullets, and the jury would differ singularly on the verdict to be returned."

"I said something of the sort to him," returned Saville. "But he pointed out to me that there was nothing to be gained, but rather the reverse, from greater publicity. All he insists upon is that Arlingford should sign this Statutory Declaration and leave the country at once."

"Do you think that he will do it?"

"I think he will; but one can never be sure of such a blackguard. I shouldn't be very much surprised if at the last moment he didn't turn up."

"He told me he would be here at nine o'clock, but I confess I shouldn't be astonished if he weakened at the last moment. I must say, he has reduced the art of bluff to an applied science. When I advised him to give up my cousin, telling him we had the means to compel him to do so, his defiance was superb. I hope for all our sakes that the Baroness Altdorff possesses the power she promises to use with such effect. I tell you, dealing with him is no child's play! No, *sir!*"

"Well, I congratulate you on being quit of him as far as your cousin is concerned."

"How? quit of him?"

"Yes," replied Saville: "owing to very singular circumstances, he will make no further attempt to marry her."

"Is that really so? And these circumstances are——?"

"Eight thousand a year! Did you ever remark, Mr. Briggs, that the greatest scoundrels always get the best kind of love, and that a certain kind of good woman will cling to the man she has chosen—in the face of every reason why she should *not*—with a strength that she would display in no other cause? Well, such a woman is Lady Arlingford. She insists on going back to him."

"No!"

"It is so nevertheless. She has come into eight thousand a year, and proposes to invest it in Arlingford and connubial respectability. This relieves you of all personal anxiety. Lady Arlingford is ready to leave England with him. It only remains for us to see that he signs this document."

"And when will the Baroness—Bella-Demonia—arrive?"

"In good time. She is a capricious mystery, that woman, but her power is enormous. She demands that we unquestioningly submit to her instructions to-night. She refuses to tell us what power she holds over Arlingford, and exacts a meeting with Lady Arlingford before her identity is made known. Altogether, the evening promises to be eventful. By Jove! it's time I ran round for my wife. *Au revoir!* I'll be back inside a quarter of an hour."

And Dick Saville left the room. As he did so, the servant entered with a card, which Briggs read, an expression of perplexity crossing his face.

"Carteret?" he said,—“Major Homer Carteret? The name seems somehow familiar, but I can't place the man.”

"The gentleman said he would be much obliged if you could see him for one moment," said the servant.

"Well, for one moment—show him up."

Major Carteret swung into the room on his best stride.

"I must apologize for calling at this unseemly hour," said he. "You don't remember me, Mr. Briggs. We met at Lord Arlingford's—er—some time ago."

"No apology is necessary," replied Mr. Briggs, gravely. "I remember perfectly. Pray be seated. Er—you wished to see me?"

"It is by Lord Arlingford's request that I am here. I came to say that he cannot be here so soon as he anticipated. Most important business——"

"So I expected," interrupted Briggs. "I think it very judicious——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Briggs," interrupted the major, in turn, "you are mistaken. The business that detains Lord Arlingford is as unexpected as it is urgent,—so urgent that he was unable to keep his appointment with me at the Club: he sent me a line asking me particularly to come here at once, fearing that you might misconstrue his absence. Erghem! I am very glad to have this opportunity of talking over this unhappy affair. I saw Lady Arlingford yesterday afternoon, and after we had discussed the matter she decided to make Arlingford an offer which I shall advise him to accept."

"May I ask if the offer concerns me in any way?" observed Mr. Briggs.

"Most certainly. Her ladyship's offer will cause Lord Arlingford to resign Miss Briggs's hand. Erghem! I have always had a great regard for Lady Arlingford, and it is her wish to re-marry her ex-husband."

"I have heard something of this a few moments ago."

"She looks upon it as the right thing to do for the child's sake, and, though I don't profess to be better than my neighbor, I must say that I agree with her."

And the major inflated his chest till he looked like a police-sergeant.

"I believe," said Mr. Briggs, drily, "that the amount of Lady Arlingford's income through the recent death of her aunt is now eight thousand a year. Am I not accurate, Major Carteret?"

"Quite; but——"

"As Lord Arlingford's *friend*," pursued the American, in the same tone, "you understand, of course, that on the interview of to-night depend his personal liberty, and, consequently, his *ability* to accept his late wife's offer."

"His liberty?"

"He will have to make full confession of his share in the conspiracy by which Captain Goddard was ruined. Er—please be seated. We shall spare Lady Arlingford as much as possible, but Captain Goddard's vindication is the first consideration. Frankly, if he refuses we shall convict him—and his accomplices—of conspiracy and criminal libel. Er—*please* be seated. I have been drawn into this matter by my cousin's unfortunate infatuation for Lord Arlingford."

"Mr. Briggs," replied the major, "I—I feel it is only due to myself to say that though I am, as you observe, Lord Arlingford's friend, I am deeply grieved at the part he took in that unfortunate business."

"I expected as much, and I am sure you are. Your good feeling in the matter simplifies a request I am about to make. Er—we are perfectly prepared to do without your testimony against him, but it might hasten matters to have it. How much do you want for it?"

Mr. Briggs leaned back complacently as Major Carteret sprang to his feet.

"Sir!" shouted he, "how dare you? I—er—er—— Five hundred pounds."

"*Please* be seated."

The major sat down.

"You shall have that amount to-night after the meeting. For the present, good-evening. You will be back in half an hour, if you please."

"Certainly," replied the warrior, and, taking his hat, he took with it his departure.

Mr. Briggs looked after him for a moment, his head slightly on one side.

Then he carefully selected a cigarette, which he thoughtfully lit. Then, walking to the fireplace to deposit the match, he slowly winked at himself in the pier-glass.

CHAPTER V.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

MR. CINCINNATUS Q. BRIGGS's complacent appreciation of his own diplomacy was interrupted by the sudden irruption of Kitty Saville, followed by Dick.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Briggs?" was her greeting. "Dick wanted me not to come. The idea!—as if I would miss seeing my old friend Aubyn Goddard set right. What a long time it is since we met, and how queer that we should both be mixed up in this dreadful business! I little thought, when I sat next to you at dinner and was so impertinent to

you, that night at Lord Arlingford's, that the evening would end so tragically. I suppose you heard about Lady Arlingford's long illness?"

"Yes, but not the whole of the trouble," replied Briggs, surprised at finding himself getting in a word edgeways.

"Well, you know, when she recovered she did nothing but blame herself for the whole affair. I believe that if Lord Arlingford had not been so careless of all decency, she would have begged his pardon. Her people insisted on a divorce, though, and she was too weak to oppose it, and when she got well she confided to me that if ever she found an opportunity she meant to ask him to marry her over again."

"But why?"

"For the sake of her child. Oh, what silly women these good women are! I'm so glad I'm a bad one! I was so impatient with her that we nearly quarrelled; and now that Dick has determined that Goddard shall be set right, she has begged to be allowed to come and give Arlingford one more chance. Oh, that woman is too much of an angel——"

"My dear Kitty," mildly expostulated Dick, "will you confine your attention to the matter in hand, and not expand on your personal feelings?"

"My dear Dick," was the reply, "will you let me say one word without interruption? Mr. Briggs is an old friend of mine: we met but once, it is true, but it's all the same; we should have been old friends if we had met more frequently: shouldn't we, Mr. Briggs?"

"My dear madam," answered the American, "you overwhelm me. To have met you but once, is both a privilege and a privation. It is to have lived and to have ceased living at the same moment. It is——"

"Mr. Briggs! if you finish that sentence I shall have a fit! I'm not accustomed to it. Dick when he intends to be most polite generally says, 'I say, old gal, you're not looking half bad to-night,' or when he means to be most affectionate, 'Here, Tramp! come and be smacked.'"

"Really, my dear," broke in Dick at this point, "these domestic details,—really——" And, at a loss for words to balance his wife's eloquence, he raised her hand deferentially to his lips.

"Why, Dick," exclaimed she, looking at him in alarm, "you're not well. All this excitement has been too much for you. Sit down, and don't talk. Oh, Mr. Briggs, I had a most mysterious little note from Lady Arlingford, just as I was starting to come here. Let me see: what did I do with it? Ah, here it is."

She took a letter from her pocket and read as follows:

"I have heard terrible news this afternoon, and am nearly mad with hope and fear. I will explain all to you. I must speak to the lady whom you call Bella-Demonia alone: so when we meet to-night make some excuse to leave us together for a few minutes. Read this to Mr. Briggs, and ask him to manage with you to do as I wish.—What does it mean?"

She laid the letter down on the writing-table. As she did so, she uttered a little exclamation, and, turning to Briggs, quoth very gravely,—

"Oh! I am so much obliged."

"I am charmed, of course; but *why?*" returned Briggs, in amazement.

"Because at last you've satisfied me that you *are* an American. Now, I wonder if you got this purposely for me, or if it's a toy?"

Her glance had fallen on the little revolver, and, taking it up, she brandished it with glee.

"Be careful, for gracious' sake!" exclaimed Briggs, in alarm. "It's loaded; and, though it's very small, it would kill at this range."

"Oh, goodness!" cried Kitty, as she dropped the weapon among the papers in comic consternation. "But come, what do you make of Lady Arlingford's note?"

"I can make nothing of it. At all events, her request is simple enough. They will both be here in a few moments, and if you will come into the library I should like to show you some etchings I have bought,—a Seymour-Haden, a couple of Wilfrid Ball's, and a Haig or two. I am told they're very fine."

"I should like to see them very much," returned Kitty, "though I don't understand them a bit."

Mr. Cincinnatus Q. Briggs was a most disappointing American. Instead of buying diamonds or pictures to sell, he spent his spare cash on rare bric-à-brac, etchings, and engravings to keep. You might be with him for twenty-four hours and never hear what anything he possessed had cost him. He had not the vaguest conception as to the price of his wines, and, though as ardent a collector of early-printed books and first editions as the most uneducated Westerner settled in New York, he positively knew what books he had, and had "read at" all of them. It is probable that had he been a married man the house he lived in would not have been made over to his wife to cheat his creditors in the event of financial shipwreck.

Kitty was still pondering when Lady Arlingford was announced. Briggs advanced to conduct her to a chair.

"I hope you are not fatigued, Lady Arlingford," said he. "Have you seen Captain Goddard yet?"

"Not yet," replied she. "I expected to find him here. Ah, Kitty, how happy you look! I'm so glad, dear! You got my letter?"

"Yes, dear, but I don't understand it. Have you seen the Baroness Altdorff?"

"Yes,—this afternoon, by accident; and I learnt from her the truth."

"The truth?"

"Yes. She told me who she was and is."

"Who is she? what is she?" exclaimed Dick and Kitty both together.

"You do not know?"

"No. Who is she?"

"*The Princess Galitzin.*"

The words were uttered by a servant who at this moment threw open the folding doors and admitted Bella-Demonia to the presence of

three people whose faces took on an expression of unspeakable amazement.

"Oh, Dick," whispered Kitty, "who is she going to turn out to be next? Are you sure—are you *sure* that she is not Mrs. Richard Saville, among other things?"

"I swear she isn't," replied the no less astonished Dick, in the same tone.

"She'll be somebody else in a minute. I know she will."

"Probably."

Meanwhile, Mr. Briggs, leading the new-comer forward, said to Lady Arlingford,—

"Lady Arlingford, allow me to present to you——"

"The princess and I have already met," said her ladyship.

"Yes," returned Bella-Demonia, "and Mrs. and Mr. Saville I already know. How are you?"

"I was just going—as we have a few minutes yet—to show Mrs. Saville some pet etchings of mine," said Mr. Briggs. "Would you care to see them, princess?"

The Princess Galitzin exchanged a glance with Lady Arlingford, and then answered,—

"Thank you; I would rather see them later, if you will allow me, but do not let me deprive Mr. and Mrs. Saville of the pleasure. I do not feel quite up to enjoying etchings just now."

"Nor I," said Lady Arlingford.

"Well, then," pursued Mr. Briggs, "if you will pardon us for a while——?"

"By all means."

As Kitty left the room, she whispered to Lady Arlingford,—

"Are you sure you are strong enough? Shall I stay?"

"No, no: leave us," was the reply, and the next moment the two women were once more alone.

Lady Arlingford rose. "Will you give me your hand?" she said. "After hearing your story, I don't feel fit to touch you. I must have provoked you beyond endurance by my ignorance. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?"

"If I could wipe out your injuries as easily as I can forgive you,—if indeed there is anything to forgive,—I do so a thousand times over. Can you believe that in knowing your trouble I have forgotten my own? How I wish I could help you! how I should like to prove the depth and reality of my sympathy!"

"You can prove it, and, if you will, you can give me all the peace I can hope to gain out of this sad life. If I should ask something of you that will tax your goodness to its depths, would you grant me my prayer? God knows I feel I have no right to expect so much from you; but——"

"There is no effort I would spare to help you. What can I do?"

"I implore you to give Jack—Lord Arlingford—one chance to clear himself of some of the charges of which you think him guilty. That horrible story you told me—there must be some explanation. Let him speak in his own behalf. I *know* he will do his utmost to re-

pair the injury he did Aubyn, and I am sure Aubyn will bury the past, if only for my sake. Will you not do the same? Influential, protected as you are in your own country, surely you have only to ask for the annulment of your marriage with my—my—husband, to obtain it. Is it not so?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"Because I would help him to atone for his past; because if you will give him his freedom I will still take him back. Oh, don't shrink from me! Hear what I have to say before you condemn me. Remember, I have a child. It is my duty to do all in my power to bring her father back to her."

"And you would live with that man, despising him as you must, because you feel it to be your duty?"

"Even so! It is the least I can do to atone to my little girl for the wrong that has been done her. I should be unable to meet her eyes, as she asks for her father, if I had not done all in my power to redeem him. Will you do what I ask?"

The Princess Galitzin rose, and, walking to the window, appeared to reflect deeply. Then she came back, and said,—

"For your sake, I promise that so far as my own injuries are concerned I will forgive him. But his ruin of Aubyn Goddard I cannot—will not forgive. Not upon me, but on his confession to-night, will depend his liberty. His fate is in his own hands."

"Ah! how can I thank you? I am confident now."

At this moment Mr. Briggs entered the room.

"Captain Goddard has just arrived," said he. "Shall I bring him in here?"

"One moment," said Lady Arlingford. "I—I can bear no more to-night. May I ask you, Mr. Briggs, to let me rest awhile in another room, and then I will go home."

"Certainly: it shall be as you wish," replied Mr. Briggs. "Come in here. I will see that your carriage is ready at any moment."

Her ladyship turned to the princess and extended her hand as she said,—

"May I see you once more before I leave England? I don't know if I am doing what is right, but I hope so."

Bella-Demonia bent her head, and Lady Arlingford left the room with Mr. Briggs.

Left alone, the woman looked after the departing form, and said, half aloud,—

"Who shall say that you are wrong? Not I, indeed,—I who have forgotten my revenge in my new-born dream." She pressed her hands to her head, and turned, just as Aubyn Goddard entered the room.

They faced each other for a few moments without speaking, and then Goddard, advancing, took both her hands in his.

"So I am to thank you for honor as well as for life," said he, gravely.

"That sounds almost like a reproach," replied she. "Have I not done everything I could to atone for my share in the disaster I so unwittingly brought on you? Besides, it was your delirium, and not

the prince, that detained you at Deve-kiui. As far as he was concerned, you were free to go as you had come."

"He is a wonderful man. Having caught me, I wonder he did not kill me: I had given him trouble enough. Besides, he would have been killing two birds with one stone,—or rather two men with one bullet. That evening when I lay unconscious at your feet—yours and his—the scene must have been terrible: it is never out of my mind."

"It is one of the few moments of my life that I am ashamed of. When the prince recognized you and I knew my trick to save you had been useless, I gave up all hope, and in the desperation of the moment I offered to buy your life from him. 'Only let him escape,' said I, 'and I promise never to see him again, and I—my life—shall be given to you!'"

"My God! And what did he say?"

"He said, simply, 'I have loved you as long as I have known you, and you evidently do not understand that emotion as I do. I hope to show you that I can be at the same time a disappointed lover and—a gentleman.' That was all that was said till you were on the high-road to recovery and we laid our plans for the trapping of Arlingford. I am not ashamed to say that I fell on my knees and asked his pardon. It was he who planned and devised so that your capture and whereabouts should be kept a secret from Skobelev."

"How generous!"

"It was well for you that your wound proved so dangerous, and that before you could be moved peace was proclaimed at San Stefano."

Aubyn Goddard raised her hand to his lips, and said, in a voice that betrayed the depth of his emotion,—

"And you have borne all this for me! I wonder why?"

"Why?" answered Bella-Demonia, with a quick smile and shake of her head. "Because you are personally very distasteful to me; because, in short, I do not like you; because we are antipathetic to each other; because you have been so nobly treated that you deserve no sympathy. Are these reasons enough, Aubyn?"

And the man, who was just a man and no longer Aubyn Goddard the Hero, clasped to his breast the woman, who was just a woman and no longer Bella-Demonia the Mystery, as she lay in his arms and gave up her soul to the ecstasy of his kiss.

They were very nearly caught by Mr. Briggs, who entered the room at the moment, or rather just after it.

"Princess," said he, "Lord Arlingford is here. Shall he come in?"

"Wait one moment," returned she. "My plan is much upset by Lady Arlingford's strange determination, but I have promised her my aid. If he signs the papers I am willing to avoid seeing him, and it will be best that he should not know that I have found him. Let me retire for a while, where I can hear what he has to say. This conservatory will do."

"It shall be as you wish," answered Mr. Briggs, showing her to a little conservatory built out over the porch of the house, communicating by a French window with the apartment. As she turned towards it she gave her hand to Goddard, who bent and kissed it.

"Oh!" observed Mr. Briggs to himself. "Ah!"

Then he went to the door and admitted Dick Saville, accompanied by Arlingford and Major Carteret. The gallant major was evidently very nervous: he stood a little apart from his principal and twisted his moustache spasmodically, a fit subject for an artist who might desire to make a "Study of a Man, rattling."

Mr. Briggs motioned the four men to be seated, and took his place at the writing-table. Then, slightly clearing his throat, he observed,—

"As we all know for what purpose we are here, it will, I think, only be necessary for me to read this statutory declaration, which has been drawn up in duplicate for the signature of his lordship."

Arlingford signified his attention, and Mr. Briggs continued:

"The declaration reads as follows: 'I, John Vyvian Fane, Viscount Arlingford, do hereby solemnly declare that the charges made by me against Captain the Honorable Aubyn Goddard were false; that I made the said charges knowing them to be false, and with a specific purpose which was accomplished in the failure of his mission.' Now, Lord Arlingford, if you will affix your signature in the presence of witnesses, we can terminate this very painful meeting."

Arlingford sprang to his feet.

"Sign that?" he cried. "I refuse to sign it! I am willing to say that to the best of my belief I made a mistake; but sign such a monstrous production as that? Certainly not!"

"You know the alternative, Lord Arlingford," said Dick Saville.

"I have told you what I will do," retorted Arlingford, turning upon him, "and there is no power on earth that can force me to do more."

"Perhaps I can persuade Lord Arlingford to sign," said a quiet, rich voice behind them, as Bella-Demonia stepped into the room. Hearing the words, Arlingford started violently and turned to meet the woman's stare.

"Carita Galitzin!" he exclaimed. "My God!"

"Hardly that," replied the princess, in mock deprecation, "but, unfortunately, your wife."

"His wife!" The exclamation broke forth simultaneously from the other four. Goddard started as if he had been shot, and went quickly to the woman's side.

"What do you mean?" he said, in a husky undertone.

"Wait," she replied.

Meanwhile, Arlingford, with a violent effort, had recovered his self-control.

"You will have," said he, sneeringly, "some difficulty in proving that the very hurried form that we went through was a legal marriage, even in Russia, and you will doubtless be too sensible to risk proving yourself to have been my mistress."

Goddard, with a half-cough of rage, sprang at him, but was restrained by Saville and by the princess, who stepped between them.

"Unfortunately," said she, in a tone of withering scorn, "to have been your wife is, if possible, the greater disgrace. You overestimate the honor of a marriage with yourself, and you underestimate the fact that you are in no position to oppose my slightest whim."

"Indeed? Because——?"

"Because on me depends not only your ability to obtain the means of subsistence, but your liberty, your very life itself, belong to me. I have but to hold up my finger and your doom is sealed. You will sign that document *at once*."

"Charming!" returned Arlingford; "but we are in England now, and I am prepared to defend any action you may choose to bring. I refuse to sign. Do your worst! I defy you!" he concluded, violently.

"Mr. Briggs," said the princess, "I saw Prince Schouloff's carriage below. Will you be so good as to call him? Thanks."

And Mr. Cincinnatus Q. Briggs left the room.

"In all the years," resumed the princess, coming close to Arlingford, "during which I sought for the murderer of my brother, I thought that nothing but his death could appease me. Now, however, fortunately for you, I have found a man whose honor is as pure as God's blessed mercy, a man by comparison with whom you are too unclean a thing even to kill."

She turned on her heel and returned to Goddard's side as Mr. Briggs re-entered the room, accompanied by Prince Schouloff.

"Prince," said Carita Galitzin to the Chief of Police, "will you kindly tell Lord Arlingford that if necessary we shall not be wanting in proofs to substantiate our charges of bigamy, nor shall we shrink from the publicity consequent on taking steps to frustrate his present plans?"

"The prince will doubtless remember," said Arlingford, with a cool assurance that was sublime, "that the onus of disproof lies with the accused, and that I am in my own country and therefore have the best chance of assuming the character of accuser. You, as foreigners, will have to go through certain formalities before being able to institute legal proceedings. I shall therefore proceed at once to prove that yours is simply an attempt at blackmail."

"I am compelled to admit that Lord Arlingford's view of the legal position is entirely correct," replied Prince Schouloff, quietly.

Had a thunder-bolt fallen among them, the consternation of his auditors could not have been more lively.

"You agree with him!" exclaimed the princess.

"I am so sure of his accuracy," returned the prince, calmly, "that I have taken the very position he so clearly points out to be the best. The negotiations pending between our respective governments have enabled me to procure a warrant for the immediate arrest of John Vyvian Fane, Viscount Arlingford, and it will be in Petersburg—not in London—that his lordship will have to answer the charge."

"What charge?"

"Murder."

"Murder?" echoed Arlingford, his air of cynic assurance suddenly changing to one of alarmed concern. "You can scarcely charge a man with that of which he is ignorant. You can *charge* him with whatever you please, but I learn for the first time that I have killed any one. Preposterous! May I know whom I murdered?"

"You will find all duly stated in this warrant," answered the

prince, handing him a paper. "Your long residence in Russia, and, above all, your connection with the police, render you sufficiently conversant with our code to convince you that we are acting within our right, and," added he, significantly, "that we seldom act in vain."

"Your methods are at least expensive," ejaculated Arlingford.

"You are well able to judge of that point. My officers are below: you will, I presume, accompany them without further trouble.—Mr. Briggs, will you allow me to write some instructions? Thank you."

And the prince seated himself at the writing-table, whilst Arlingford stared dazedly at the warrant that he held in his hands. A servant appeared and handed a slip of paper to Mr. Briggs, who whispered to the princess. The latter left the room, as Dick Saville approached Prince Schouloff and remarked,—

"Prince, this is a desperate accusation,—and so unexpected."

"Desperate diseases," returned the prince, "require desperate remedies. I feared that he might be unmanageable: so I took this precaution."

"But shall you be able to prove him guilty?"

"That is quite unimportant," was the answer. "Lord Arlingford will doubtless be glad to sign any document before his trial, rather than return to Russia. You understand?"

"May I ask," said Mr. Briggs, who had joined them, "when and where this murder was committed?"

"God knows: I don't," returned the prince, laconically, as he turned once more to his writing.

Mr. Briggs's free and enlightened American mind was confused.

"But surely——" he began.

"My dear fellow," said Dick Saville, taking him aside, "what the deuce is the use of being a Russian prince if you can't prove a man guilty of anything you like on an emergency?"

Meanwhile, Aubyn Goddard had approached the diplomat.

"I am much indebted to you——" he began.

"Not at all," interrupted Schouloff. "I was unfortunate enough to be a party—for reasons of state—to your trouble; it is but right that I should be a party to your vindication. I repeat, for reasons of state I was compelled to act as I did, knowing that I could vindicate you at the right moment. That act was as repugnant to me in the manner of its performance, as to give you my assistance to-day is a pleasure."

Lord Arlingford had finished the perusal of the warrant, and had scribbled a few words in his note-book which he gave to Major Carteret for delivery to his wife. Now he moved towards the door. There he turned and faced the five men. The Princess Galitzin and Mrs. Bradley Dashton entered the room behind and unobserved by him.

"You calculated with perfect certainty," said his lordship, with a brave show of defiance, "and I am not fool enough to resist you and give you the chance of killing me 'in self-defence.' Fortunately, my wife is in a position to institute proceedings, which will be done at once. Egad! you're all very clever, but I observe that Captain Goddard's little card-trick remains still unplanned. The disappearance of that

king of trumps *was* queer, wasn't it? Let me see: I think the suit was clubs."

"You need not tax your memory," said a voice—"Bella-Demonia's"—behind him. "The card is here!" She laid it on the table, and all bent forward to look at it. "You see," pursued the princess, "that this card is one bearing on its back the monogram of a gambling-club to which Lord Arlingford belonged, which was immediately afterwards broken up. The other,—the one held by Captain Goddard,—a two of clubs, will be forthcoming if required. *This* card was given to Mrs. Dashton to destroy, that night, by Lord Arlingford. Fortunately, she did not do so. The reason of Captain Goddard's refusal to show that two of clubs has been explained: so that the signing of this declaration is no longer necessary."

"You will state fully," said Dick Saville to Mrs. Dashton, who was leaning against the writing-table, "how and when this card came into your possession?"

"In any terms you choose to dictate," she said.

Arlingford had been staggered for the moment, but came up to time, game to the last.

"I congratulate you all," said he, with an evil sneer, "on the value of *Mrs. Dashton's* word!"

"You will find that it is to be depended on," said Mrs. Dashton, quietly. "I told you this afternoon that——"

"That I was to do a great many things," broke in Arlingford, in his former tone. "Among others, that I was to marry *you*."

"No; I told you that you should marry no other."

"And *I* told *you* that a man does not marry his——"

"Stop!" cried the woman, her eyes blazing with fury. Her glance fell on the revolver lying under her hand: quick as thought she raised it and fired. Lord Arlingford fell heavily to the ground, mortally wounded.

Amid the general consternation, the Princess Galitzin went to Mrs. Dashton's side. She was fainting.

"Whew! what shall we do now?" said Dick Saville to Prince Schouloff.

"Mrs. Dashton is one of my witnesses," returned he. "I will see that she leaves the country at once. She will never return."

A door was thrown open, and Lady Arlingford rushed into the room. Seeing her husband lying on the floor, she flung herself by his side.

"My God!" she cried, "how did this happen?"

Arlingford, with a supreme effort, raised himself, and, making a sign imposing silence on the others, addressed his wife:

"I—I—the game was up," he said. "I—I—shot myself. Poor little woman! you are well rid of me."

He sank into her arms.

John Vyvian Fane, Viscount Arlingford, was dead.

THE END.

REMINISCENCES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I HAVE been favored with the perusal of advance-sheets of an article on Edgar Allan Poe to appear in *Lippincott's Magazine* for January, and written by my esteemed friend R. H. Stoddard. In it there is a passage relating to Poe's poem of "The Bells" that may be construed in a way very damaging to the poet's honesty, although of course the writer never meant that. But things written in such an off-hand touch-and-go sort of way are apt to be misunderstood, and I desire to correct a false impression that I think is produced by words used concerning the poem referred to. The article says that "The Bells" was sold three times before it ever appeared in *Sartain's Magazine* or *Godey's Lady's Book*. (In *Godey's* of course it never appeared, because the poem was our property.)

It came from Poe in three distinct forms, and at different intervals of time, and, as each of the last two was a great improvement on the preceding, it was but fair that the author should receive additional compensation each time. So, although it is true that it was thrice paid for before it was published, it was so in a sense quite other than that implied, or that I think is implied, in the *Lippincott* article.

In its first original form the poem was the merest trifle, compared with its after expansion and development of thought. The whole was in eighteen lines, and ran thus :

THE BELLS.—A SONG.

The bells!—hear the bells!
 The merry wedding bells!
 The little silver bells!
 How fairy-like a melody there swells
 From the silver tinkling cells
 Of the bells, bells, bells!
 Of the bells!

The bells!—ah, the bells!
 The heavy iron bells!
 Hear the tolling of the bells!
 Hear the knells!
 How horrible a monody there floats
 From their throats—
 From their deep-toned throats!
 How I shudder at the notes
 From the melancholy throats
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells!

Now, it is interesting to compare these lines with the opening stanza of the finished work as we published it in the November number of *Sartain's Magazine* for 1849. How different they are!

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

In its complete form the poem contains one hundred and thirteen lines. Very soon after its publication it was extensively copied, and many believed it was Poe's last work, but that was an error. We thought we had his very last, as it was received from him so short a time before his death, and in the December number announced that "*Annabel Lee*" should appear in January. But by some agency or other it appeared elsewhere before our time, first in the *New York Tribune*, I believe. We printed it as promised, all the same, not because we had bought and paid for it, but because our copy differed in several places from those already published.

I first met Mr. Poe in 1840, on the occasion of William E. Burton, the actor, parting with his *Gentleman's Magazine* to George R. Graham. Burton had been too much occupied with his professional duties as a member of the stock-company at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, above Sixth Street, to have time enough left for editing his periodical unaided, and Edgar Allan Poe rendered him the needed intelligent assistance. Burton sold his subscription-list to Graham because, having quarrelled with Maywood, the lessee of the theatre, he determined to build one of his own in a spirit of rivalry, which he accomplished on Chestnut Street on part of the ground now occupied by the Continental Hotel. This brought Charlotte Cushman, Peter Richings, and other New York performers to Philadelphia for the first time. This enterprise demanded a concentration of all his mind and means, and with so much requiring his attention it would have been impossible for him to continue his *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Graham obtained the list of Atkinson's *Casket*, and also that of a New York monthly, that I think was called the *Atlantic*. It was conducted by Dr. Robert M. Bird, from one of whose drawings of the entrance to the Mammoth Cave I engraved a plate for it. The united lists of all three amounted to but five thousand five hundred. This I know for certain, because Mr. Graham had engaged me to engrave a plate a month for his projected magazine and I also furnished the impressions. By the end of the first year, however, it had augmented to twenty-five thousand. The service rendered by Poe to Burton was now transferred to Graham as co-editor. Besides various literary work, he contributed both prose and poetry. Of his complete stories the first

in order of time was "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and the second "A Descent into the Maelstrom."

The last time I saw Mr. Poe was in 1849, and then under such peculiar and fearful conditions that it can never fade from my memory. Early one Monday afternoon he suddenly made his appearance in my engraving-room, looking pale and haggard and with a wild expression in his eyes. I did not let him see that I noticed it, and, shaking his hand warmly, invited him to be seated, when he began: "Mr. Sartain, I have come to you for protection and a refuge. It will be difficult for you to believe what I have to tell,—that such things could be in this nineteenth century. It is necessary that I remain concealed for a time. Can I stay here with you?" "Certainly," said I,— "as long as you like: you will be perfectly safe here." He thanked me, and then went into an explanation of what was the matter. He said that he was on his way to New York, when he overheard some men who sat a few seats back of him plotting how they would kill him and throw him from the platform of the car. He said they spoke so low that it would have been impossible for him to hear and understand the meaning of their words, had it not been that his sense of hearing was so wonderfully acute. They did not guess that he had heard them, as he sat so quiet and suppressed all indications of having heard the plot. He watched an opportunity to give them the slip at Bordentown, and when the train arrived at that station he stepped to the platform and kept out of sight till the train had moved on again. He had returned to Philadelphia by the first return conveyance, and had hurried to me for shelter.

I assured him that he was perfectly welcome, but that it was my belief that the whole thing was the creation of his fancy, for what interest could these people have in taking his life, and at such risk to themselves? He said, "It was for revenge." "Revenge for what?" said I. He answered, "Well, a woman trouble."

I placed him comfortably, and then went on with my work, which was in a hurry. Occasionally conversation passed between us, and I observed a singular change in the current of his thoughts. He had rushed in on me in terror for his life, in fear that he might be killed, and now I perceived that he had drifted round to the idea that it would be good to kill himself. After a long silence, he said suddenly, "If this moustache of mine were removed I should not be so readily recognized. Will you lend me a razor, that I may shave it off?" I told him that, as I never shaved, I had no razor, but if he wanted it removed I could do that for him almost as close, with scissors. Accordingly, I took him to the bath-room and performed the operation successfully.

After tea, it being now dark, he prepared to go out, and on my asking him where he was going, he said, "To the Schuylkill." I told him I would go too, to which he offered no objection. His shoes were worn down a good deal on the outer side of the heels, and he complained that his feet were chafed in consequence, and hurt him, so I gave him my slippers to wear, as I had no second pair of shoes that would serve. When we had reached the corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets we waited there for an omnibus, and among the things he said was that he

wished I would see to it that after his death the painting Osgood had made of him should go to his mother (meaning Mrs. Clemm). I promised that as far as I could control it that should be done. We entered an omnibus and rode to its stopping-place, a tavern on the north side of Callowhill Street, on the bend it takes towards the northwest to reach the Fairmount bridge. At this place there was light enough, chiefly from what shone out through the door of the tavern, but beyond was darkness, and forward into the darkness we went.

I kept on his left side, and on nearly approaching the bridge I guided him off to the right by a gentle pressure until we reached the foot of the lofty flight of steep wooden steps that ascended almost to the top of the reservoir. Here was the first landing, and with seats, so we sat down. All this time I had contrived to keep him in conversation, which never ceased except while we were on our way up that breakneck flight of stairs. I had reckoned on the moon's rising, but it did not: I had forgotten that each evening it rose so much later. There we sat at that dizzy height in perfect darkness, for clouds hid the stars, and I hoping for the moon which came not.

Here he related to me his late experiences, or what he believed to be such, and the succession of images that his imagination created he described in a calm, deliberate, measured voice as facts, that were as wild and fantastic as anything I have met with in his writings. He said he was in Moyamensing Prison, and through the grated window of his cell he could see the battlemented stone tower, and on the topmost point of the coping stood a young female figure, so radiant, either in herself or in her surrounding atmosphere, that the light on the wall of his room was crossed by the shadows thrown from the window-bars. From this remote position she addressed him in words not loud, but clear, and spoken slowly. Not a word failed to reach his ear, because of his astonishing faculty of hearing. It was necessary that he should hear every question she put and make apt response, or the consequences would be fatal to him. He repeated the words she spoke, imitating the tone and manner. I was profoundly impressed, but I cannot recall the words in my memory now. It's forty years since.

This ordeal safely passed, another was in store for him. He was asked if he would not like to take a stroll around the place, he might see something interesting, and he agreed. In course of their rounds they arrived at a spot where there was a great caldron of boiling spirits. He was asked if he would not like to take a drink. He declined. "If," said he, "I had said yes, do you guess what they would have done? I should have been lifted by the hair of my head and dipped into the hot liquid up to my lip, like Tantalus." "Yes," I exclaimed, "but that would have killed you." "Of course it would," said he; "that's what they wanted, and why they tried to catch me; but you see I escaped the snare. At last, in order to torture me, they brought out Mrs. Clemm and compelled me to have my sight blasted and my heart grieved by seeing them first saw off her feet, then her legs at the knee, her thighs at the hips, and so destroy her piecemeal, all to torture me."

These are examples of the kind of talk I listened to up there in the darkness; but, as everything has an end, so had this, and we descended

the steep stairway slowly and cautiously, holding well on to the hand-rails. By still keeping him talking I got him back to an omnibus that waited for passengers at the tavern door, and when exactly abreast of the step I pressed against him and he raised his foot to it, but instantly, recollecting himself, he drew back, when I gently pushed him, saying, "Go on," and, having got him seated with myself beside him, said, "You were saying so and so," and he responded by continuing the subject he had been speaking on. I took him safe home to Sansom Street, gave him a bed on the sofa in the dining-room, and slept alongside him on three chairs, without undressing.

On the second morning he appeared to have become so much like his old self that I trusted him to go out alone. Regular meals and rest had had a good effect; but his mind was not yet free from the nightmare. After an hour or two he returned, and then he told me that he had arrived at the conclusion that what I said was true, that the whole thing had been a delusion and a scare created out of his own excited imagination. He said that his mind began to clear as he lay on the grass, his face buried in it, and his nostrils inhaling its sweet fragrance mingled with the odor of the earth; that the words he had heard kept running through his mind, but somehow he tried in vain to connect them with who spoke them, and thus his thoughts gradually awakened into rational order and he saw that he came out of a dream.

I had asked him how he came to be in Moyamensing Prison, and he said he had been suspected of trying to pass a fifty-dollar counterfeit note; but the truth is it was for what takes so many there for a few hours only, the drop too much. When his turn came in the group before Mayor Gilpin, it was remarked, "Why, this is Poe the poet," and he was dismissed without the customary fine.

Being now all right again, he was ready to go to New York. He borrowed what was needful, and departed. I never saw him more.

John Sartain.

RESIGNATION.

NO, I care not now for gladness,—I have seen my god of day,
Which—a fool and in my folly—I had thought would shine for aye,
On a fool and on his folly I had thought for aye would shine,
I have seen its downward passage, leaving me and leaving mine,
And I've known the awful terror at the fading of the light,
Known the utter, utter blackness at the coming of the night.

Nay! mine eyes are used to darkness, they would illy bear the day:
Leave me in my realm of shadows, where at length I've used to stay.
Long and dreary was the pathway leading to this dull content,
And I dare not tread it over, now the agony is spent,
Dare no more to snatch at pleasure, fearing still the loser's pain,
Nor, for dread of the awaking, tempt the glorious dream again.

Wilson K. Welsh.

AT LAST:

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN EX-TEACHER.

SIXTH DAY.—THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

"MISS BROWN," said Frank Wayne, quickly recovering his self-possession, though, from old acquaintance, I would not have imagined he had lost it, "I'm more thankful than I can tell, that my daughter has found so good a friend."

I did not for a moment doubt that he fully meant what he said; whatever his faults, he always had been absolutely truthful; nevertheless, I quickly replied,—

"She never would have found me had I imagined that—that——"

"That she was my daughter?"

"She said her name was Alice Hope; I never heard her called by any other name."

"I am very glad," said he, raising his hat,— "I am very glad, for her sake, that you were kept in ignorance. She was christened Alice Hope, and seldom thinks of her family name. Perhaps," he continued, with a frank old-time smile which I never had forgotten, "you'll pardon me if I'm a little glad for your sake too? It is true that she is my daughter, yet every one who has met her seems to think her well worth knowing."

"I should be the last one to dispute it," said I, looking down at the child, who stood motionless as a statue, except that her eyes, larger than ever before, wandered rapidly from her father to me, and from me back to her father. "But I never imagined who was her father, or that his home was anywhere near."

"I'm very sure you did not," said he, all vestige of his smile disappearing. Then came an awkward pause. I wished he would have tact enough to take himself away, even if he took my little friend with him,—take himself rudely if necessary, rather than prolong my discomfort.

"I declare," exclaimed Alice Hope at last, finding her tongue, "I do b'lieve you bofe knowed each uvver, an' I didn't know noffin' about it."

"You're quite right, my darling," said Frank. "I was acquainted with Ruth—with Miss Brown before there was any such little girl as you, and I found her the best woman in the world."

I was unable to make a similar speech in reply, but, for fear the child would ask some question that would make the situation more unpleasant, I said, quickly,—

"Yes, Alice, your father called at our house sometimes, and, besides, we met at church."

"Where are you stopping? I suppose you are passing the summer here?" asked Frank, wisely hurrying to commonplace.

"I am here only for this week," said I, quickly.

"She's over at Miss Dorcas's and Mistress Drusilla's," said the child; "but, oh, dear——"

"Then we are all on the way home. Shall we walk along, and get out of this hot sun?" said Frank.

He took a step or two forward, leading the child; I stood an instant trying hard to frame an excuse to return to one of the farm-houses we had passed, but Alice, looking back, returned, took my hand, and said,—

"Come along, teacher."

There was nothing else to be done. Fortunately, I saw my boarding-house on the hill nearly a mile in front of us; I could soon make an excuse to leave the couple and go home by the shortest route, across the fields. So we walked along together, we three. Meanwhile, there was one of us who did not take part in the discomfort of the others.

"I hope, little darling," said Frank to his child,—something had to be said to lessen embarrassment,—"that you haven't made yourself troublesome in any way to Miss Brown? I would like her to think you the best little girl in all the world."

"I's sure," was the reply, "dat I's been as good as pie. I hasn't cried,—not much, anyway,—an' I's showed her all my doll-babies, an' she's been awful good to me, too; she's 'mused me rainy days, an' talked to me lots, an' tried to teach me lots of fings. She made me lots of paper dolls yesterday, an', oh, what do you fink? She drewed——"

I gave her arm a quick, savage shake. She looked up inquiringly, and I gave her a warning look in return. Then I said, quickly,—

"You should tell your father, Alice, how you were a good Samaritan yesterday."

"Oh, yes; and I'll show him de kittie when he gets home."

"Another cat in the house?" said her father. "I'm afraid we shall have to go into the menagerie business, if you continue to collect unfortunate birds and animals."

We were near the place where I should be able to free myself. Oh that the few remaining steps might be quickly taken! Soon we reached a field through which a path led towards my boarding-house.

"Alice," said I, stopping, "I'll say good-by now, and hurry home, so as not to keep dinner waiting."

"What makes you call me 'Alice' so much?" she asked. "You 'most always calls me 'dear,' an' it's a good deal nicer."

"Good-by, dear," said I, offering her my right hand. She took it, took the other also, and attempted to drag me down to her upturned lips. I raised her, kissed her, once, and whispered, softly,—

"Remember your promise: not a word about that picture."

"What did you say?" she asked, as I placed her on the ground again.

"Nothing of any consequence," said I, turning away.—"Good-day, Mr. Wayne."

"Good-day, Miss Brown."

I hurried along the path through the field as if I were trying to

escape a pursuer. I felt my face ablaze and my heart in a tumult. Had ever woman found herself in a position so uncomfortable, through no fault of her own? I was indignant at fate and at Frank Wayne. Of one thing I was certain: the first train for New York should carry me away from the scene of such humiliation.

Mistress Drusilla met me at the door, and asked for Alice; I said she had gone home,—that we had separated at the foot of the hill. Then I hurried to my room and began to pack my trunks, but within half an hour I had such a headache that I was obliged to lie down; an hour later the pain was so intense that I was obliged to abandon my plan of starting for home that day.

"May I come in, my dear?" softly spoke Mistress Drusilla outside my door the next morning.

"Yes," said I, faintly.

"I hope you're better this morning," said the old woman, standing at my bedside and regarding me tenderly. "Hadn't I better send for our doctor? I did so hope you'd be feeling your very best to-day and to-morrow, for—for it's so distressing to feel poorly Sundays, you know. There's a full day before Sunday, though, and we ought to be able to nurse you into feeling all right by that time. 'Twould be a real pity to disappoint folks that'll be going to church for the purpose of seeing you. They've heard so much about you, you know, my dear."

"Heard so much? About me? From whom?" I asked, rapidly, wondering if I were really awake or only dreaming. How could any one have heard anything about me, when I had met absolutely no one but my landladies and Alice Hope? Could it be that that innocent child—she could not be other than innocent, bless her!—was so confirmed in the gossiping habit peculiar to small communities that she had visited all the other houses near by and talked about me? But, even were this true, what could she have said? During our several chance meetings I had said nothing about myself, or anything else in particular; the child had done nearly all the talking.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know, my dear," said Mistress Drusilla. "I suppose they just heard it from one another. I never said a word, neither did Miss Dorcas, except to mention your name when folks found we had a boarder and asked who it was. They'd all heard of you before, so I suppose they——"

"Heard of me before?" I echoed, raising my head from my pillow in such haste that Mistress Drusilla retreated towards the door.

"Don't get excited, my dear: it's dreadful bad for headaches," said she, venturing to approach me after recovering from her scare. "You see, after Mr. Wayne married Alice Hope—the daughter is named after her—and came down here to live, some of his friends came here summers to board, and one of them married a gal, like Frank's own wife, who'd been born and brought up here, and he told his wife about Frank's first sweetheart, and so when you came, and they heard your name, they couldn't help putting two and two together."

I covered my face with a palm-leaf fan, and wished that darkness might cover me as a pavilion. Mistress Drusilla continued:

"He said Frank's friends never could understand it, for you were a woman of a million,—those were exactly his words, my dear, according to that man's wife,—a woman of a million, and nobody could understand why he had changed his heart to a girl like Alice. She's dead and gone now, dear soul; I've not a word to say against her, for she was as sweet and bright and cheery as a lark on a May morning; but—you'll excuse me for saying it to your face, I don't understand it myself, now I've come to know you. And Frank Wayne has always seemed such a good, affectionate, loyal man: there's no young man in this country who's more respected."

In a moment the silence became oppressive. I was thinking rapidly, for the old woman's remarks had led me, from a sense of humiliation at being an object of village gossip, to reviewing old times. I don't know how it happened; I suppose I merely thought aloud, when I finally said,—

"It wasn't his fault. I gave him no encouragement. I did not think I loved him."

"So we heard afterwards, my dear, through another friend of his, who said you were a prize worth any man's winning, but that Frank had too much of the soul of a gentleman to force himself upon anybody that didn't want him, and I've always said—for I've watched young men in my time—that if his heart was hungering for love that it hadn't got, 'twas no wonder he took Alice Hope in a hurry, for she *was* the sweetest thing, as I've said before, and I don't see how any man could be near her for a little while and not fall in love with her. She'd refused a dozen likely young fellows, some of them very well-to-do, before he came along. But I'm glad everything is fixed between you now."

Again I started from my pillow, and again Mistress Drusilla retreated to the door, as I exclaimed,—

"Everything fixed? What do you mean?"

"Why, my dear, only what I've heard. I don't know where folks found it out, but they do say—I've heard it from several—that you and he had made up, and your coming here just now, seeing he's going to begin his summer vacation next week, made me suppose it was so. I haven't asked any questions of his mother-in-law, old Mrs. Hope, and those that have didn't get much consolation, for the old lady said she didn't know anything about it,—that she never meddled with Frank's private affairs, and was perfectly willing to wait until he should tell her."

Again I dropped my head upon the pillow and buried my face. This, then, was the meaning of the remarks that had been made to little Alice the day before about the possibility of a new mother,—the meaning, too, of the curious looks that had been fastened upon me, which I had attributed to rural curiosity about strangers! To this I must attribute the kiss given me by the old lady at whose house we had taken cider and cake! Oh, it was dreadful!—dreadful!

"I haven't meddled in the matter in any way, my dear, I give you my word," resumed Mistress Drusilla, "except, as I supposed the story was true, hearing it from so many, I tried to bring you and little Alice

together and have you like her. I thought that if you were to be that youngster's new mother you had a right to know her as soon as possible, for nobody comes to know that child without feeling it a loss that they didn't know her before."

"Mistress Drusilla," said I, "I must go away at once; and I beg of you, as a true woman, who can imagine how another woman in such a position would feel, to explain when I am gone, for my sake as well as his, that all this gossiping story is a dreadful mistake. I have not seen Frank Wayne since his marriage; I have not heard from him, or known anything about him. If I had known he lived here I would not have come here for worlds. I selected your house merely through your advertisement in a New York newspaper."

"Mercy on us!" gasped Mistress Drusilla.

"You will do as I have asked, won't you?" I asked, earnestly.

"Indeed I will, my dear; I will do it carefully as if you were my own daughter, though it'll be with a sore heart. I supposed it all true, and I hoped——" Here Mistress Drusilla burst into tears and hurried from the room. As she went out, in bounced little Alice Hope.

"Hello, teacher," she shouted, as if I were half a mile away. "Ain't you up yet?"

"I am feeling very poorly this morning, dear," said I, faintly, as she kissed me several times.

"Well, well, I wonder whewver it's de change of wevver? Gran'ma says she finks dat's what's de matter wiff my fahver, 'cause she guesses he didn't sleep much last night, 'cause she heard him walkin' in his room all sorts of times in de night."

I did not reply. Suddenly the child astonished me with a peal of laughter. I looked up inquiringly,—indignantly, I fear.

"De funniest fing!" she exclaimed. "Gran'ma tole me I mustn't disturb him dis mornin', 'cause he was quiet an' she guessed he was asleep. But I didn't believe just one kiss would disturb him, so I went in ever so softly, an' he was layin' on de lounge, just de way he come in de house. I wanted to kiss him on de mouf, 'cause his mouf is so sweet, but his hand was dere, so I pulled it away a little bit, an' dere was a card in it, an' what do you fink was on de card? Why, your picture! I never heard of such a funny fing in my life."

Bless the receptive depths of my pillow!

"Say, teacher," continued the child, after another laugh, "can't you get well right away somehow? 'Cause soon as my fahver wakes up we'll go off on anuvver 'scursion,—I don't know where, but he don't ever stay in de house days like dis, an' he's just de nicest person to go on a 'scursion wiff dat you ever saw."

"I hope you will have a real pleasant time, my dear, but I can't go. I am suddenly obliged to return to New York."

"Oh, teacher!" was the reply, in pitiful tones. I was sorry for the child, but my heart warmed at the thought that she—she, the dear little thing—would be sorry at my departure. I released my face from the hospitable pillow and looked at her: I saw tears coursing down her chubby cheeks, and a most forlorn expression on the little face which usually was so happy. Then I felt tears coming to my own eyes as I

realized that I was about to lose my little friend,—the first and only friend I had made in years.

"Alice, dear," said I, "come here."

The child sprang upon the bed beside me, smothered me with kisses, and finally pillowed her cheek, as soft and warm as a rose, upon mine. I returned her caresses with all my heart. She was his child, but she was my friend; how much she had been to me during the past few days I had not fully realized until now. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." The child finally concluded the interview by saying,—

"I wish I could stay longer, but I *must* be home when my fahver wakes up; I'm always de first fmg he asks for when he's home."

"Good-by, blessed little girl," said I: "don't ever forget me, I beg of you."

"I don't ever forget anybody," said she, wriggling off the bed and hurrying away.

This breaking of my only tie to the place I was in brought me to my senses and gave me command of myself. Quickly dressing, and completing my packing, I presented myself to my landladies with as composed a face, I fancy, as I ever wore in my life. I asked Mistress Drusilla to find me some one to take my trunks to the station; I even ate a very hearty breakfast, and shamefully snubbed both landladies when they attempted to express sympathy in ways which were extremely creditable to their womanly sense of delicacy.

After breakfast I had nothing to do, so I strolled in the garden. A temptation to go to the pines and recover my hammock was quickly put down. Little Alice might see me there: I had learned that through a rift in the trees a person there could be seen from the garden around her own home. One parting with that child was suffering enough: I could not endure another. Besides, it seemed to me, though the old-fashioned mirror in the hall showed me otherwise, that my face was ablaze, and only the fresh air out of doors could cool it.

I went from one old-fashioned flower-bed to another, picking flowers. My landladies had always told me to clip as freely as I liked, but I had responded only to the extent of a rose or two or a cluster of mignonette. Now, however, as I thought of the heat and solid walls of New York, I wanted to carry with me all possible natural recollections of the country, which never seemed more beautiful than that morning. Mistress Drusilla also was in the garden, hovering about me like a protecting angel,—the blessed old blunderer. She passed me occasionally, apparently to give me a chance to speak if I chose, but I kept silence: the subject of our morning's conversation should not again be alluded to if I could help it.

Slowly I filled my left hand, then my arm, with roses, pinks, phloxes, branches of geranium, sprays of southernwood, and branches of lemon verbenä. Then I stooped over a plant of forget-me-nots; it was the only one in the garden, so approaching footsteps prompted me not to take much, under the eyes of the owner. As I arose I heard,—

"You have very little of it, but can't you spare a single sprig?"

I looked up: the voice was not that of Mistress Drusilla, but of Frank Wayne.

"Certainly," said I, as carelessly, I flatter myself, as if speaking merely to an ordinary acquaintance. Indeed, what else was he, after what had happened? I laid the little cluster in my left hand, selected a blossom, and gave it to him.

"A thousand thanks," said he, placing the flower in his breast instead of his button-hole. Then he seized my hand and said, very fast,—

"Ruth Brown, my daughter says you are going away to-day; and I am sure I am the cause of your sudden departure. I came over to say that I would not have come home had I known you were here, and that it will be far better for me to go at once and leave you to continue your stay. I hear that you came for your health's sake, and I feel like a felon at having disturbed you."

"You are very thoughtful," I replied, "but really I must return to the city at once." At the same time I tried to disengage my hand, but it was impossible. Frank had always been an amateur gymnast.

"Then," said he, "let me say one thing more. You are the noblest woman alive; I thought so when I first knew you, and I never changed my opinion: so I can't bear to have you think ill of me in any way."

"I don't," said I: "I never did."

"I feared otherwise," said he. "At least I beg you to forgive me for anything I ever said or did that pained you. I had a most unformed, aggressive nature in old times; I have seen it plainly in later years, and blamed myself a thousand times for words which I am sure must have offended you. I beg you to believe that they were not intended as they sounded. Ruth,—let me call you by the old name once more,—Ruth, you were my God, and I was merely laying my heart bare before you."

"No one could refuse such a complimentary apology," said I, with a smile. I was anxious to end the scene, for scene I was sure it was: unless my landladies had suddenly changed their natures, those two estimable women were undoubtedly looking from windows commanding that portion of the garden. Again I attempted to release my hand, and I am glad to say I succeeded. Then I turned with great interest to a rose-bush at my left and selected a fine blossom.

"Allow me," said he. "Roses have thorns. Perhaps I know their ways better than you." Then he cut the stem with his pocket-knife and proceeded to remove the thorns, saying, as he did so, "Won't you allow me once more to be numbered among your friends? I took myself away only when in a period of self-examination I believed I was more annoying than pleasing to you. Will you believe me?"

"I never could doubt your word," I replied. "I never did."

"Heaven bless you!" said he. "Then you believed—"

"Please cut me some of these yellow roses," said I: "their stems are a mass of thorns, you see."

"You haven't answered my first question," he replied, attacking the spiny Persian roses. "I asked you to let me be numbered once more among your friends. I know, as I have said, that I was not entirely an

agreeable companion in old times, but I beg you won't think me conceited if I say I am now a better man. I have cultivated the virtue of patience, and I abominate men who insist upon arguing about everything."

"What a remarkable change!" said I, extending my hand for the roses.

"Thank you," said he: "no one has a better right to recognize it." He cut another stem of yellow roses, and, as his knife rapidly broke away the thorns, he continued,—

"I've treated every roughness of my nature as mercilessly as I am treating these thorns. But may I remind you once more that you have not answered my first question?"

"Mr. Wayne," said I, "you know I always liked you—as a friend. The break in our acquaintance was not of my making; you simply ceased to call; then I heard——"

"Ruth," said he: then he began to pour forth his story: how one evening, after leaving me, his conscience took him severely to task and convinced him that he was altogether too rugged and self-assertive of nature to be a fit mate for a woman like me, so had hurried away from the city to try to forget his presumption, and the consequent sorrow. He had gone with a party of friends to the country,—just where I had chanced to come for my outing,—and met a girl of whom he soon became very fond, and who seemed to like him. What had followed I already knew, but he assured me with the utmost earnestness that his married life had been very happy, and that among his recollections of his wife not one was unpleasant except that of having lost her. I was glad he was unable to see with what satisfaction I listened to this part of his story, for I feared a resemblance to what I had seen in some novels, about interviews somewhat similar.

When Frank Wayne ceased talking it was not easy for me to reply. I could only tell him, which I did in entire honesty, that I was very sorry for his misfortune, and that I was very glad that he could find so much consolation by turning to his memory.

"Besides," said I, turning from one of the flower-bushes over which I had leaned while he talked,—“besides, you still have your child, and she ought to be enough in herself to make any one happy for a lifetime.”

"I am so glad to hear you say so!" said he. "I sometimes fear that I estimate her too highly,—her character, I mean: as for herself, as my daughter she would be dear to me were she a helpless idiot. But she is a constant stimulation to my heart and head; she always needs something, always wants to know something, always is so trustful, and affectionate, and sympathizing, and relies upon me, when I am at home, so entirely for everything, that I feel that I have more than any other man to live for. I have unmade and remade myself for that child's sake, and the task has never been hard or unpleasing. Do you know that if that child continues as she has begun, and reaches womanhood with healthy mind and physique, I shall think that I have really been good for something in this world?"

"You will be quite justifiable in such case," said I. He stood so

manly, earnest, noble-looking, and modest, that I could not help admiring him, and wondering why he could not have had a similar face years before.

"Fahver? Fahver?"

Both of us looked in the direction from which the voice came, and we saw little Alice in the edge of the pine grove.

"Teacher? Tea—cher?"

"She wants both of us," said Frank, turning half away, but looking backward at me. "Won't you come?"

To see the child, even afar off, was to break my resolution not to see her again: so I followed the broad-shouldered fellow in front of me, though I could not keep pace with his rapid stride.

"Fahver," said little Alice, who as we approached her got into my hammock, "here's teacher's hammock, an' I want you to swing me in it. Teacher, you get in too; my fahver's strong enough to swing two people."

"Thank you, dear, but I'd rather look at you, I think."

"Oh, come on!"

"You haven't the heart to disappoint a child, have you?" said Frank, with a mock-solemn look which I remembered very well.

"Come on," repeated the child, looking towards me and holding up a doll. "Besides, I's brought Agonies over for you to see before you go, 'cause you said you liked her best of all my dolls. You can hold her in your lap if you want to."

Compliance was easier than continued refusal, so I seated myself in the hammock beside the child, and the dreadful doll was dropped in my lap by way of reward. As the hammock moved to and fro, the child began her familiar song,—

"Swing—swong,
Swing—swong,
Swing, ah, swingee, swing, swong!"

"Say, fahver," little Alice suddenly shouted, "is you gettin' up a s'prise for me?"

"A surprise?" said Frank from behind us, as he gave the hammock another push. "That's hardly a fair question, darling, and so near your birthday, too. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I fought maybe you was; dat's all," said the child, drawing back some flying locks from the brow of Agonies.

"Christmas is a good way off, and your birthday is not long past," said the father, as he continued to swing the hammock. "So I scarcely think s'prises in order. What have you got into your little rattle-trap of a head?"

"I hasn't got anyfin' dere; somebody else put it dere," was the reply. "A lot of folks has been wantin' to know if I was goin' to have a new muvver, an' I fought mebbe you was gettin' up dat kind of s'prise for me."

The hammock began to move more rapidly and higher; at least it seemed so to me, for I began to feel dizzy. Any confidences that

might ensue were not for me to hear. Then I rapidly recalled the remarks I had heard the day before, and what Mistress Drusilla had said to me, and I felt dizzier.

"Stop the hammock, please," said I. "It is too much for my head."

A strong hand on the cords stopped the hammock in an instant, and I got out so quickly that the motion threw little Alice forward to the ground, the first result of which was a long howl. I was on my knees in an instant, and had the child in my arms, trying to console her. Her father attempted to take her, but she clung tightly to me, as I passed my hand frequently across her forehead and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Ground is so awful hard when you lays down on it when you don't mean to!" said she.

"Indeed it is, poor little darling!" said her father. "Don't you want me to carry you right home and bind a wet handkerchief on your forehead, as grandma does when you tumble down?"

"No, I guess not," was the reply. "Teacher's hand comforts my head lots."

"Bless the teacher's hand!" said the father.

"Say, fahver!" said the child, a moment later, "if you is gettin' up a s'prise for me,—dat kind of a s'prise I told you about, you know, about gettin' me a new muvver,—I fink I'd like it to be teacher."

My hand dropped from Alice's forehead; my left arm, with its wealth of flowers, fell by my side. But the child did not fall; she only clung the tighter to me. From the silence that followed I indulged a wild hope that her father had been frightened away. But in a moment I felt warm breath on my cheek, and then a low voice said,—

"Ruth, I, alone, am not worthy of you, but could you consent to be this dear child's mother?"

"Do it! Do it!" exclaimed little Alice, suddenly forgetting her pain and looking into my face with dancing eyes.

What could I do? Only what I did. I arose, took the child in my arms, and kissed her. Seeing this, Frank Wayne put his arms around us, and kissed us both,—kissed us repeatedly.

When finally I placed the child on her feet again, it was for an excuse to cast my eyes downward. As for little Alice, she immediately looked up at her father and said,—

"Fahver, ain't I a good guesser?"

"I suppose so, darling; but why do you ask?"

"'Cause I guessed right about the s'prise,—about de new muvver. I just knowed who it was goin' to be."

"Indeed! How did you come to guess it, I should like to know?"

"'Cause I saw you kissin' her picture dis mornin' when you was asleep on de lounge."

"Alice—darling!"

"I did, sure's I'm alive. Anyway, it was in your hand, an' your hand was right against your mouf. I told gran'ma about it, just before I come over here, an' she said she guessed it was a sure sign."

Then it was Frank's turn to look down and flush, so I felt en-

couraged to look up : seeing his embarrassment, I found courage enough to laugh. He raised his head quickly, with the rarest smile I ever saw on a human face, and said,—

“I’ll be glad to be laughed at to all eternity, if you’ll do the laughing, Ruth—darling.”

I went to New York that afternoon : happy though I was, and strong enough to meet whatever the world might thereafter have in store for me, I could not let the village gossips see me again and whisper to one another, “I told you so.” But first, three people sat in that hammock and talked rapidly and cheerily of the future : the smallest of the three did the most talking, but whenever her father attempted to restrain her I stopped him, reminding him that I had promised only to be Alice Hope’s mother, so she was the person most concerned.

All this occurred more than a year ago, yet none of the parties concerned seem to have any cause for regret. The only notable change—except that I am the happiest woman who ever lived—is in Alice Hope : her dolls, or “babies,” as she persisted in calling them, are entirely neglected ; even Agonies, whom she most pitied, departed unmourned in an ash-barrel. The child spends all her waking moments in as close proximity as possible to a tiny being whom she calls “Buvver.”

John Habberton.

THE END.

RETROSPECT.

WANDERING where mortals have no power to gauge
The enormity of night that space outrolls,
Floated or paused, in shadowy pilgrimage,
Two disembodied souls.

One towered a shape with dark wild trailing shroud,
With face by sorrow and anger seamed and drawn ;
One loomed a lovely glory, as when some cloud
Swims deep in baths of dawn.

World after world they gazed on, till beguiled
They drew toward Earth, and hovering where she swept,
One with a saturnine dejection smiled,
And one with slow tears wept.

“On that star,” said the spirit of sombre mien,
“As Dante I passed through pain’s most blinding heats” . . .
“On that star,” said the spirit of look serene,
“I suffered, and was Keats.”

Edgar Fawcett.

HOW I SUCCEEDED IN LITERATURE.

AFTER a few more rounds in literary society of the upper sort, I determined to leave the ladies of New York to fight it out among themselves. I may here state that I have a habit which has often proved very irritating to my enemies, of coming up smiling after every round.

Dukes are "in" at present, and thus, *à propos* of the feminine pugilists of New York society, I take pleasure in offering to the readers of these humble memoirs two authentic anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington: I mean the first one, you know.

Upon witnessing a desperate struggle on the part of some young officers of his staff, or his army, or whatever it may have been, with an overpowering force, the Iron Duke remarked, in his native brogue, "Begad, how them puppies do fight!"

Upon the auspicious occasion when he shook hands with the Emperor Napoleon, before "going for" him on a Marquis of Queensberry basis, the Marquis of Wellesley spake thus:

"D'ye think the loikes o' me
Would shpake to the loikes o' you
On this 'ere bloody field
O' Waterloo?"

Meanwhile, I was quietly pegging away at my writing and my studies. My education was barely finished, and I had economized on it as much as possible in time and money, because I was anxious to become self-supporting at the earliest convenient moment. An influential letter of introduction at the establishment of Harper & Brothers led to the acceptance of several articles from me in the course of the winter for their magazine. *Appletons' Journal* again came to the rescue with the payment made for various Venetian papers which appeared at different times during the following year. I did some miscellaneous writing for minor periodicals in the way of short sketches of travel, and thus managed to keep my little pot boiling.

But at last the moment approached when I felt that I must choose between the beaten track and the unbeaten, the conventional, the timid, the respectable, the well-fed, and the bold, the unconventional, the starving, and—oh, horrors!—the Bohemian! A literary woman should know all sides of life: she should be as free as the air, and her movements should not be hampered by senile suspicions nor the necessity for coming home to luncheon! I formulated then for my own private benefit a proposition which I have since freely uttered aloud,—viz., that the woman who earns her own living is entitled to her own personal independence, that no hard-working student or professional girl should be expected to "entertain boarders," even her own kindred, and that it is quite unpleasant enough to have to fight the stern, cold world, without making the home circle the centre of military skirmishes based on the idea that the young are "uncontrollable" because they won't go to church.

I had already begun to realize that my general foreignness caused me to be regarded with suspicion, and I, on my side, had taken a profound dislike to my native land, especially the prosperous and respectable side of it. The sensitized, sympathetic, Italianized part of me nearly died of general disgust with the institutions of glorious America, and a sense of antagonism crept into my youthful heart which has never entirely vanished. I felt myself in the position of a poor foreigner, oppressed by a sense of the brutality, the injustice, and the hypocritical, humbugging pretence of "social equality" which characterize the wealthy Philistine middle-class that governs this country. I also felt that I was considered to represent the "pauper labor of Europe." I looked upon any person who got three square meals per diem as robbing the poor. And as for clothes! Dear me! One of the prettiest evening gowns I brought to America with me cost sixpence a yard, and I had a velveteen skirt instead of a velvet one because velveteen was quite good enough for Her Royal Highness, and my one silk gown was looked upon at Venice as rather pretentious, because English girls were not wearing silk. I had not been a month in this beautiful country before the howl began. *Sartor Resartus!*

Shade of Carlyle, thou who, in spite of thy disagreeable manners, didst hold fast to the eternal verities, tell me, from out those unknown regions where thou art now wandering, is there any mortal cure for the American female fetich-worship of clothes? Clothes, clothes, clothes, nothing but clothes! And then they have the calm cheek, these female clothes-horses, to stand up in church, shake down their overskirts, and yell out, "Nothing but leaves,"—fig-leaves, of course!

"It doesn't matter how you get your clothes, nor who pays for them, as long as they're on your back!" Such is the sum and substance of the American female gospel of gowns, and such, within strictly moral and religious limits, was the gospel preached at me.

Nice ideas to instil into the youthful female mind! I smiled a smile of bitter Anglo-Venetian incredulity and contempt. In those days I was young. Now I'm old,—old in experience gathered in genteel American boarding-houses. I no longer fight Mrs. Grundy: I dodge her.

I often look back upon the time when I was "jist over." I tremble retrospectively at my own temerity. Here was I, a microbe, as it were, setting up the doctrine of plain living and high thinking as practised by mediæval monks, Venetian proletarians, Henry Thoreau and Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the face and eyes of all pretentious, extravagant New York.

At that time I had no definite prospects whatever. I had been given to understand that if I would apply to the head of a certain publishing-house for a ten-dollar-a-week position as a desk-drudge I would probably get it. Thereupon I indignantly shrugged my shoulders and turned up my Plantagenet nose, and remarked that I had not come four thousand miles to be a publisher's slavey. I mentally resolved to live by my wits and exploit my friends rather than be tied to a miserable desk in a publisher's office. Besides, I knew I would be expected to go to church!

My mild disagreements with my aged chaperon-cousin came to a

head when I declined to attend a "mothers' meeting" to hear that plutocratic amateur poetess, Miss Palfrey, read a beautiful hymn!

I suddenly announced my matured and carefully-pondered intention of leaving the house and the protection of my venerable relative and stepping forth into the "wide, wide world."

Let us draw a veil over the scenes that ensued. (This is the way the *chique-y* novelists of the early English school shirked working out their details.)

I shall merely recall one phase of the situation. Any one who had happened into the handsomely and appropriately furnished back parlor of an up-town brown-stone-front New York house one December morning might have observed a small young woman with flowing hair, a somewhat neglected *toilette de matin* (which included a hole in her stocking that she was too lazy to mend), an obstinate and sullen expression of countenance, and three wrinkles on her bangless brow, crouching against a "register" in the wall, warming her spinal column and reading—what do you think she was reading? "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Now, if there be any one work of fiction calculated to raise the spirits of a young person whose natural guardians are perfectly certain that she is going to perdition at a Maud S. pace, it is "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne!

I started on the downward path with twenty dollars in my pocket. I had previously engaged a room at a hotel where I knew some people who were old acquaintances of my chaperon-cousin, and I thus enjoyed a nominal protection. I fully intended, however, that it should be purely nominal, as I had already made up my mind to take the world on a basis of experience, to find out in my own person exactly how unprotected girls and women were treated when they attempted to help themselves, and to gain a knowledge of life which should make me something more than a writer of those namby-pamby stories which represent the average of female literature.

"At last," thought I, "I have reached a *milieu* where I may freely speak of myself as a Bohemian without shocking a decorous community. Glorious, thrice-glorious freedom, on the European plan!"

I was now in the thick of what is called "chromo-literary society." You outsiders who do not know your New York are probably not aware that literary society proper looks with scorn upon "chromo-literary," although one merges into the other with pleasing indistinctness. Personally, I confess to a preference for "chromo-literary" society. It slanders you behind your back, but then it's always polite to you to your face, and it's very jolly and amusing, and if it hasn't any gold in its pocket it has plenty on its hair, and the bloom on its amiable cheeks is warranted to stand any amount of osculation.

The hotel at which I was living swarmed with literary persons, male and female. The lady whose indulgent chaperonage I enjoyed gave literary receptions, and was very kind in asking me to receive with her. I had a remarkably "nice time," as you Americans say, and I called myself a Bohemian to my heart's content. I was just settling down into a state of pleased self-satisfaction, when I received a shock.

I was one day getting myself up in a new American gown and monkeying before the mirror in a state of high glee over my new American "bang," representing the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual social emancipation. "Bangs" were tabooed at Venice as being "low," "common," "vulgar," "underbred," and only worthy of Americans and young persons from the London Gaiety-Theatre? No! Restaurant, ignoramus!

Suddenly a distinguished literary man was announced. Now, there was going to be a reception down-stairs, and I was not at all pleased at the idea of having my afternoon spoiled. I breathed a fervent prayer that his intellectual high-and-mightiness might not stay very long. My prayer, however, was not answered,—probably because I did not go to church! On the contrary, he stayed two mortal hours, and, with the delightful Turkish March beating its dainty tattoo over my head, and my best young man (for I had already set up a best young man) potentially hovering about the house, I had to sit and restrain my tears while his nibs basted me for calling myself a Bohemian. What do you think he said?

"Owing to your calling yourself a Bohemian, and your foreign manners, you will be taken for what you are not," he reiterated, with grim severity, glaring at me over his spectacles. Goodness knows what he meant! The converse of the proposition would be that I should not be taken for a literary female, for which heaven be praised! And then some people wonder why I do not like so-called men of letters and carefully avoid their chaste society!

Now, if I had been let alone by all these well-intentioned people, I should probably have ceased to air myself as a Bohemian at an early date. But every one nagged me so that, on the principle of requesting a pig to go to Cork if you wish him to head for Kinsale (Cork and Kinsale being in opposite directions), I made up my mind to say I was a Bohemian every time I opened my mouth. It was not long before I discovered that if I expected to succeed in literature I must create an interesting personality for myself, which, I believe, in professional literary circles is considered illegitimate. I simply accentuated my natural bent towards the Bohemian tone. It proved a good card.

I left the society of my excellent but unpleasant literary Mentor in an abject frame of mind. He had the New England desire to reform somebody, and so he evidently thought he'd reform me. He didn't succeed, however.

When the Yanks squeezed her flat,
She said, "What of that?"
This courageous young lady of Venice!

I went up-stairs to my chaperon, and, the reception being entirely over, I wept on her shoulder and told her how the Distinguished Literary Man had slated me for calling myself a Bohemian. She sympathized deeply with my grief, and remarked that she considered the D. L. M. an "old muff." A week later, I received a reproachful letter from the wife of the D. L. M., saying that she had it on the best authority that I had spoken of her honored consort as an "old muff." There was another D. L. M. in the house, and *his* wife was particularly

thick with my chaperon. It didn't take me long to find out how the missing links had been forged. I said little, but I privately compared this circle of distinguished literary persons with a lot of village dress-makers, and I put a voodoo on the whole crowd. I have reason to believe that the voodoo has worked.

In the mean time, I proceeded to write a novel,—the same which is presently to adorn the pages of this magazine. I wrote it squatting on the floor of my modest apartment, in the intervals of receiving calls from some of my numerous sparks. I had about fifteen male creatures of various sizes and complexions dancing attendance on me. I think some of them were fortune-hunters. I lived mostly on bluefish, because it was cheap and filling. I also took rather a shine to green apples, for the same reason, and because they reminded me of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a symbolic sense. I began to cultivate literature on a little oatmeal, but one of my men, who was the lineal descendant of a Dutch baker, recommended wheaten grits so warmly that, as a personal compliment to himself and his pedigree, I substituted that cereal for the other.

At that period of my existence I was an altruist. Every time I had a manuscript accepted and paid for, I thought of some starving woman whose loss had been my gain, whom I had crowded out of the market, so to speak. I was likewise a Proletarianist. This *weltachmerz* from which I suffered was unquestionably sincere, but it was remarkably inconsistent. I have passed hours in gloomy meditation over the wrongs of the starving needlewoman, but if I had been asked to sew for the poor I should doubtless have managed to mislay my thimble. I had also a great desire to rise from the people. I loved the "People." When I was a mere kid I read and reread with avidity the socialistic chapters of the "Wandering Jew." I went to school at Paris opposite the little red cabaret where Gérard de Nerval and Baudelaire and the rest of that gang of shady pessimists used to get their cocktails. The Commune was only just over, and the bursting of an obus in some neighbor's back-yard was by no means an uncommon event. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*, were in the air and on the ruined walls of the half-burnt public buildings, and I loved to make "Madame" furious by scrawling the hateful words over my copy-books. The sight of the dead Mazzini, the novels of Guerrazzi, and a large acquaintance with Italians of the liberal and progressive sort, together with that association with Gustave Courbet which I have recorded in the pages of *Lippincott's Magazine*, combined to make of me a kind of poetic Utopian socialist, dwelling upon a scheme of existence in which artistic Bohemianism, mediæval monasticism, and modern proletarianism should be at one. Nice ideas to begin life in America with, weren't they? It's only by a fluke I haven't ended on the Bowery!

I really don't know where I got the idea that literary persons in America were expected to rise from the people. I thought it the proper thing to study by the light of a blazing wood fire after doing the "chores." This programme was not strictly practicable at Venice, inasmuch as the homes have no hearths; but I used to lie on the floor in the unappreciative society of a wall-eyed, epileptic bull-dog and hug

a *scaldino* filled with hot coals to represent the traditional pine logs, and read the "Life of Alice and Phœbe Cary," sent across the ocean to me by the same aged relative who afterwards objected to the society of Bohemians. Inspired by this somewhat effusive work, I used to wish that I had been born on a stony farm in the wilds of Ohio, that I might have enjoyed the pleasure of rising from the people. Thus I came to America with the distinct intention of rising from the people as much as was consistent with my personal circumstances. I may here say that I have been greatly misunderstood in my aims. Some vulgar persons have actually thought that I was a "social scratcher," when I was merely an honest proletarian anxious to make her way in the world by her unaided efforts. .

I came to the conclusion that I was having altogether too easy a time for a native author, and I proceeded to manufacture some

EARLY STRUGGLES!

Who ever heard of an author worth a row of brass pins without "early struggles"? I made up my mind to combine the youthful starving Chatterton idea with the pallid seamstress business. I deliberately undertook to live through a prearranged series of proletarian experiences. I have invested about five thousand dollars in "experience," besides being "greatly misunderstood." I suppose Mr. Walter Besant might have realized what I was up to, but in America they don't understand intellectual "slumming." If Ralph Waldo Emerson or Henry Thoreau had undertaken to lead the ascetic life in a New York hall bedroom, he would have been asked why his relatives didn't support him, and he would have had charitable ladies at his heels.

It was while I was an alleged actress that I realized the great American corner-grocery female ambition. I created a *salon*! Ghost of Sophie Arnould, to whose career I endeavored to approximate in my humble, strictly moral way, don't frown upon me when I say that my *habitués* were chiefly male! I have never taken much stock in the *Éwigweibliche*, and I don't see the use of being an actress if you've got to know women. The chief ornament of my *salon*, which was a very cold one, for the simple reason that I went without fire all winter because starving needlewomen did, was that child of genius known to fame as the "Roaring Rattler of the Rio Grande." His smile alone would make a literary *salon* lively and an old woman young. I have known cases of senile friskiness induced by his cheerful presence.

I owe a good deal to my various landladies. Bastien Lepage and myself have reason to speak well of this much-abused class. I have found them uniformly kind and considerate, and they never dunned me when I was "hard up." If I ever get promoted to the literary Valhalla, I shall hang up a wreath of yellow immortelles with an inscription in black-paper letters, "To My Landladies."

After being an actress and a model, I thought it was about time to think seriously of rising from the people. I began to soar. I got my start as a newspaper art-writer through the kindness of an artist whose acquaintance I made in my professional capacity. I became attached to the *Graphic*, and, having surveyed the literary field once more, I

concluded that writing on art was likely to prove the best pot-boiler I could find. It did not involve office-drudgery, and it carried me among congenial people. Artistic and literary criticism helped me through some years. The *Morning Journal*, the *Star*, the *Art Age*, the *Critic*, and the *Magazine of Art* kept me fed and lodged. I was gowned, booted, gloved, and amused, on miscellaneous literature, ranging from the *Century* and the *Forum* down. Art-letters for out-of-town papers maintained me in candy, flowers, and cigarettes. It takes a great deal to keep a young woman going at New York! Tailors' bills, you know!

I am proud to write myself down the authorized translator of M. Alfred Stevens's "Impressions on Painting,"—a book destined to take its place as one of the minor classics of modern art.

Enfin, I may fairly call myself a successful literary woman, inasmuch as I have made an excellent living for myself by my pen for eleven years. My acting and posing brought me in one thousand dollars. I had fifty pounds given me when a child, which tided me over my second horrid hot American summer. From my immediate family and friends I have received loans (generally of a forced character and long since in process of repayment) which in amount would about equal the cost of a decent funeral. I have had small Christmas and birthday doles bestowed upon me by relatives who deprecated my "blunders," and at the head of these stood that long-suffering aged dame before whose bewildered eyes I danced like a jack-o'-lantern, working out my salvation in my own way. She is dead, now, and she didn't leave me any money, either. She has gone where Bohemians cease from troubling. The last thing she did before she died was to read my now celebrated article "How I Became an Artist's Model." It apparently produced a fatal effect on her stern New-England soul!

My "Early Struggles" are about over. I have risen from the people. I feed high. I don't have half the fun I had when I was hard up and "starving." I am no longer a proletarian. I am a self-made woman, and I worship my maker! I'm going to give her all the new gowns she wants, and she may have as many caramels as she can eat without falling ill!

Now you see, my dear young readers, how easy it is for a shrewd, clever girl to succeed in life even without money capital, if only she will keep her wits about her and remember that all roads lead to Rome. It doesn't matter how you get there, as long as you arrive on time. My early experiences in this city had the effect of an ice-cold bath. They braced me up wonderfully. I may say that I owe far more to my enemies than to my friends. Starving cats make the best mousers! A good many well-meaning people have gotten in my way and I've been obliged to kick them aside. The price I have paid for success is—cynicism! I'm a hardened old cynic.

I may as well state just here that, having now risen from the people, I am quite ready to marry a millionaire. I should also like to make another statement. I do not want to marry (large caps, please, Mr. Printer) A POOR YOUNG MAN, not even one with a PEDIGREE.

Charlotte Adams.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF TRAVEL.

IF, under the sun, there is any subject upon which there exists unqualified unanimity, it seems to be that of the desirability of travelling, its delights as pure enjoyment, and its inestimable advantages for mental and physical improvement. If not in that primary stage of mewling and puking in our nurse's arms, surely in the immediately succeeding one of school-boy whining our minds are imbued with the idea that to go abroad is altogether excellent. It is well-nigh time to establish a cult of Travel, and to embellish it with an æsthetic ritual. While fully recognizing the advantages of European travel, both from the purely eudæmonistic and the educational point of view,—appreciating, too, the superior facilities afforded in many instances for scientific or artistic study,—one may yet reasonably be brought to the conclusion that, under the circumstances under which ninety-five out of every hundred go abroad, neither is the effect so intellectually stimulating, nor, to the candid and analytical traveller, the pleasure so unadulterated, as popular laudation would lead one to expect. Far too multitudinous and complex even for mention are the motives which urge what is grandiloquently called “our annual hegira,” but we cannot fail to notice, as chief among these, obedience to fashion, the innate belief that the unknown and unfamiliar is the magnificent, and the self-deception that going abroad is something positive, or, as Henry James felicitously makes one of his strong characters say, “then I shall seem to be doing something.” But it will be said that many of those who cross the Atlantic every spring have never been before, and, going but for a short time, can reap only benefit, all of which is undeniable. Every one will allow that a trip of this kind is a desirable educational as well as pleasurable undertaking; but this is by no means—and here lies the import—equivalent to admitting that whenever one has means and leisure, one cannot better enjoy or improve one's self than by going to Europe; and yet so prevalent is this travelling mania that any person possessing those prerequisites is constantly asked, “Why don't you go abroad?” as if in the United States one were merely wasting time and opportunity. The condition of mind which dictates such a question is oftentimes that most abhorrent to Nature,—utter vacuity. That is but a pseudo-culture which must be nurtured in foreign lands, and its owner, who seeks but exotic pabulum, is in an overwhelming majority of cases but an intellectual weakling. At a time when this country possessed neither the facilities for culture nor the possibilities of comfort and luxury it now can legitimately boast, Emerson, himself courted and made much of abroad, wrote, “I observe that men run away to other countries, because they are not good in their own. . . . For the most part, only light characters travel. . . . Can we never extract this tape-worm of Europe from the brains of our countrymen? One sees very well what their fate must be. He that does not fill a place at home cannot abroad.”

The moral effect of travelling, too, is very often injurious, as it engenders a laziness which a lifetime does not escape. We may practise self-deception with the idea that we are very energetic and mentally active, when we are daily rushing hither and yon to see this or that; or when temporarily settled somewhere we may imagine that with the circumambient air we are imbibing a something that will tell for improvement and edification. All this, however, is radically different from the laborious concentration of effort which alone is beneficial. In very truth one may say of sight-seeing and constant change of abode what Lowell says of reading new books:

One can stand it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.

Then we hear so much about travelling enlarging one's ideas, and a much-travelled man is generally taken as a synonyme for a man thoroughly versed not only in men, but in things; while he whose life has been chiefly spent away from America is esteemed, in colloquial parlance, as well as geographically, a man of the world. Now, the truth is usually the reverse of this popular figment. The rapid, roving, restless traveller necessarily takes but a cursory view of things,—a view the superficialness of which we Americans have had occasion to smile at more than once, when foreigners have written of us. But, assuming that our deified traveller has "lived" abroad,—that is, has spent years there,—and also that he has had the *entrée* into the better social life, not that which is open to the average American,—assuming all these advantages, and in what particular is this man superior to him who has studied life at home? There are two, and only two, suppositions that can accredit superiority to such a man, and, *miserabile dictu*, these suppositions are tacitly held by the whole of Snobdom. The first is, that human nature is different in Continental Europe, and in England, from what it is here; the second, that the society of those countries is in itself superior to our own,—suppositions which need no labored refutation.

There is an influence that drives many of our leisured class abroad, which is no less intrinsically absurd than it is to be deprecated in its effects. The influence is that of the public disapproval—to use no stronger word—of those who do not daily work to increase their wealth, no matter whether it be small or great. The "gospel of labor" is preached with a bigotry and fanaticism far less tolerant than that begotten by any religious sect, and the evangelists of this school are prevented alone by the recognition of the right of personal independence from instituting inquisitorial means to compel every healthy male adult to engage actively in some business or profession. Inebriated with such sophistical potations as that no one should be a consumer without being a producer, these ultra-advocates of "work" run amuck, slaughtering all hated idlers. Fearing such blatant attack, and finding so few associates, many of that class which is most needed here seek other countries, where their refining and cultivating influence is cause for welcome reception, rather than for contemptuous slight as drones in a busy community. In literature, science, and art, as well as in our social life, we need the

active assistance and silent patronage of the class which does not daily work to merely increase its wealth, which is not immersed in industrialism, and which does not see in excessive philistinism the most highly evolved culture and refinement. But upon this class travel is too often silently forced as a means of escape from opprobrium. Thus do we drive from our shores many of our most beneficent citizens; and yet, thinking that they go of their own accord, we seek to follow them at the first moment our own occupation permits. How much rather the part of wisdom to court our leisured class, and, for ourselves, recognize all the good there is in travel, but not, when we regard our own country, invert the glass and look through it from the big end!

C. Davis English.

KNOW THYSELF.

SEEK ye the battle-ground, where be the foemen found
 Worthy thy steel?
 No Alexander need sigh for a grander
 World to reveal.

Oh, there's a world to win back from the hosts of sin,
 Sorrow, and death:
 On with the warfare, then,—close with the foes of men,
 Bating thy breath.

Not with the clash of arms, not with war's loud alarms,
 Hurl thy defiance;
 Not on the tongue or pen, not on the strength of men,
 Place thy reliance.

Let but thy guiding star, shining from skies afar,
 Illumine the way;
 Let but the inner voice whisper, and make thy choice
 Clearer than day.

Thou art the battle-ground,—thyself the foeman found
 Seeking thy life;
 There is a world within—oh, what a world to win!—
 On with the strife!

Then, when the fight is done,—then, when the field is won,—
 Know'st thou thyself.
 Let the loud peans roll, on through the gladdened soul,
 That, beyond fear or doubt, thrills with the inward shout,
 "Victory! victory!
 Conquest of self!"

Elliott Cowen.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

VIII.

51. *Where is "Adam's Peak," and what legends cluster round it?*

"Adam's Peak" is in the island of Ceylon, where, the Arabs say, Adam bewailed his expulsion from Paradise and stood on one foot until God forgave him. The Portuguese first called it "Pico de Adam," the Arabs having called it "Kaaba" (Arabic for "square house") and built a mosque over it, that it might serve as a Mecca to those wishing to visit the spot where Adam first worshipped after his expulsion. The stone is said to have been originally white, but the sins of mankind have turned it black. To go to Ceylon and not to ascend the Adam's Peak is said to be worse than to go to Rome and not see the pope. As Adam stood in deep despair upon the mountain-top, his foot left an impression in the stone on which he stood, which is still shown, while his tears of penitence formed the little lake from which, to this day, pilgrims drink with unshaken faith.

The Buddhists likewise have their legend of the Sripada, or footprint on the sacred summit. Buddha, ascending again to his celestial regions, left the impression of his foot, where last he touched the earth, on the highest point of Samanala. The Brahmans also, the Mohammedans, the Chinese, and the Portuguese have all their sacred history about this mountain-top, but no religious controversy has ever been heard of. For more than two thousand years all have prayed and worshipped peaceably around the gigantic footprint, each in his own way. It is a little difficult to recognize the impression of a human foot in the flat, rocky basin measuring five and a quarter feet by two and a half feet, but faith overcomes all obstacles. The reddish rock is surrounded by sweet, sacred flowers, areca-nuts, and little heaps of rice, the offerings of the faithful. The tiled roof rests on twelve small green pillars, and is surmounted by two gold cupolas. The devotions of the pilgrims consist of low bowings and prayers before Sripada, gifts of flowers and incense, burning of candles, ringing of small bells, and presents to the priests of rice and gold and silver coins. Rags of old clothes are also considered a worthy sacrifice, and the words "Sadu, Sadu," are often repeated. The panorama from the summit is one of the most beautiful and remarkable of the earth. The ascent is made for many miles under the green roof of a palm forest, round whose pillared stems beautiful creepers climb and unfold their gigantic brilliant blossoms. The last part of the road is difficult, a high staircase cut roughly in the rock, with heavy iron chains as balustrade.—
CÉDIPUS.

52. *What was the name of the "simple village maiden" whom the "Lord of Burleigh" married?*

The Lord of Burleigh famed in Tennyson's ballad was Henry Cecil, afterwards the Earl of Exeter, whose ancestral home was Burleigh or Burghley House in Northamptonshire. Before the incident which the poem has made idyllic, he had been already married for fifteen years to a very beautiful wife, Emma Vernon, but the marriage was unhappy, and he was divorced in 1791. He had lost his money, too, at the gaming-table, and seems to have been so much under a cloud that his uncle, who then held the title, advised him to retire to very private life for a while. Betaking himself to an obscure village in Shropshire, Bolas, he lived for a few weeks at the inn under the pseudonyme of Mr. Jones, and then induced a small farmer of the neighborhood, one Mr. Hoggins, to give him lodgings. Here he fell in love with the charming young daughter of his host, Sarah Hoggins, and won her for his bride in October, 1791. Before or about this time he had purchased land and built a house, where he took his wife, and where they lived for nearly two years: so that the journey of the poem was not the "wedding-trip" it there

appears to be. But in 1793, when the death of his uncle brought about Mr. Cecil's succession to the title and estates, such a journey did follow. His wife, unconscious of her rank, visited with him the "ancient homes of lord and lady" that "lay betwixt his home and hers," wondering much at the attention everywhere bestowed upon her husband. At Burghley House they were received with acclamations, and there the amazed lady first learned that she was the Countess of Exeter. The earl presented his wife with pride to his own family; but, while her loveliness and sweetness of character won her respect and affection from all, she seemed ever conscious of some lack of qualification for so high a station, and, oppressed by it, died in 1797, leaving two sons and a daughter. There is at Burghley House a picture by Lawrence, known as "The Cottager's Daughter," containing portraits of the Earl of Exeter, the Countess Sarah, and Lady Sophia. —McNOLX.

Our correspondent has given the generally-accepted story of which Tennyson availed himself in his "Lord of Burleigh" (Burghley, by the way, is the present spelling of the family seat). But, as other correspondents—"Davus," "One of a Thousand," "Poet-Laureate of the Fools," etc.—point out, many of the details of the story are involved in doubt. A long controversy in the English *Notes and Queries*, participated in by writers who claimed to be relatives or friends of persons who had known the earl and his wife, succeeded only in establishing these further facts,—that the countess had four children, and not three as Tennyson states (one, however, died in infancy), that she did not fade away under "the burden of a greatness to which she was not born," but was always cheerful, that "Mr. Jones" never assumed to be a landscape-painter, but, on the contrary, excited grave suspicions by having no apparent means of support, and that after her death the earl married a third wife. For the rest, it is variously asserted that Cecil lodged with Mr. Hoggins; that he never lodged with Mr. Hoggins; that Mrs. Cecil was first made acquainted with her husband's rank when he succeeded to the earlship; that she was acquainted with it a year previous, when his uncle, the then Earl of Exeter, invited the couple to Burghley House; that Cecil sent Sarah to London to be educated before he married her; that he did not so send her; that Sarah was beautiful and refined, her quiet manners being greatly admired by Queen Charlotte; that she was buxom and good-tempered, but decidedly vulgar, etc. Her portrait by Lawrence in the billiard-room of Burghley Hall rather supports the latter description. Cuthbert Bede says her father was a laborer, her mother a washer-woman, and Cecil first saw his bride standing at the tub helping her mother.

Tennyson may have read the story in one of Hazlitt's Essays, for Hazlitt tells it in much the same manner as Tennyson, without the excuse of poetical license. A drama called "The Lord of Burghley" was published by Churton in 1845.

53. What was the legend of the Seven Golden Cities?

This question might refer to either of two legends current in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. One of them relates that, when the Moors were over-running Spain, seven bishops, with their persecuted followers, took ships and sailed off into the unknown West. At length they came to a rich and beautiful island, where they landed and burned their ships, that none might return. Thus the island was peopled, and seven beautiful cities were built, over each of which a bishop ruled. From time to time travellers were blown to the shore of the

island by adverse winds, but none were allowed to return to tell of the marvellous riches of the place, of the cities rich in precious metals, of the buildings adorned with gold and precious stones. But the island was often put down on the maps of the time, and it is said that the story is one of the things which suggested to Columbus that there might be land in the West.

The other legend, and the one to which the question most likely refers, is that of the seven cities of Cibola. This story was current among the early settlers of Mexico, and many efforts were made to find the wonderful places. Fray Marcos, a Spanish missionary, heard of this country and its marvellous riches from the Indians among whom he was travelling, and he resolved to push his way into the kingdom of Cibola, as it was called. As he proceeded, he often heard of it, and even came upon men who said they had visited and seen the golden cities; but just as he supposed himself in sight of one of them, his party was attacked and all but himself were killed. When he returned to the settlements he spread the story, and his statements were corroborated by others, among them an Indian, Tezozomoc by name, who said that his father had been a trader in ornamental head-dresses or feathers for them, and he had visited the interior north of the Gila River and had brought back large quantities of gold, got in exchange for his feathers. He had once accompanied his father, and had seen seven cities, each as large as Mexico, built on a regular plan, with high houses, and whole streets taken up by gold- and silver-smiths. This report was corroborated by the return of De Vaca and a party of the survivors of the ill-fated expedition of Narvaez. Other accounts said that Cibola was "the finest country of the world," that its seven cities were built of stone, the door-ways of the houses being ornamented with precious stones, that the people had their commonest dishes made of gold, that they wore balls of it suspended from their ears and noses, and that they "even used thin plates of it to scrape off their sweat." Mendoza, Viceroy of Mexico, sent an expedition to seek for the "Seven Cities," but all in vain; and from time to time various other expeditions were sent, never, however, with any success. It is worth noting that recent speculation has identified these cities with some of the pueblos of New Mexico, and that a recent expedition to that part of the country has in view their discovery, thus showing that even now they are not considered altogether mythical.—OWEGO.

The name of the district of the "Seven Cities," a volcanic tract in the island of St. Michael, Azores, is a survival of the first of the above legends.

54. *Who was Herne the Hunter?*

It is safe to say that the present age would have made few inquiries about Herne the Hunter were he not one of the moths preserved in the amber of Shakespeare's genius. In fact, the legend that Mrs. Page narrates to the assembled conspirators in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" contains almost all that is known about him,—that "Herne the Hunter, sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest," "a woodman," according to "an old tale" then "received . . . for a truth," walked round about the oak long called by his name, "in winter," "at midnight," "huge ragged horns on his head," and shaking a chain "in a most hideous and dreadful manner," while he brought about all sorts of misfortune.

Much information has been gathered about Herne's Oak, but little about Herne himself,—or Horne, as some early editions call him. He is supposed to have committed some dire offence,—perhaps stealing the king's deer,—and, to escape the consequences, to have hung himself on this oak, which his ghost was reputed for ever after to haunt.

No reference to the legend is found in other writers of Shakespeare's time, but in a British Museum manuscript of the time of Henry VIII. Mr. Halliwell has found among the names of the "hunters whiche be examyned and have confessed for hunting his Majesty's forests" that of "Rycharde Horne, yeoman," and he suggests that this is the person sought for. It seems very probable, notwithstanding the anachronism he points out of "introducing a tale of Henry the Eighth's time into a play supposed to belong to the commencement of the fifteenth century," for every one knows that Shakespeare did not scrutinize too closely the

stones he builded into his palaces, but took whatever lay quarried for his hand. Moreover, the legend in his day had probably already lost its label and passed for an antiquity.

In a note in Staunton's Shakespeare it is said, "The fact is now established that a family of the name of Herne was living in Windsor in the sixteenth century, one Gylles Herne being married in 1569."—McNox.

55. *What is the origin of the weathercock?*

Weather-vanes are of very early origin. Vitruvius mentions one, which he calls a "triton." This is described by Beckmann in his notice of ancient wind-indicators. It was a tower built at Athens by Andronicus, of octagonal form, each side of which was faced with a representation of the wind towards whose quarter it looked. (It is well known that all the different winds were personified by the ancients.) Its spire was surmounted by a copper triton, constructed so that, when it was turned by the wind from any quarter, it pointed with a rod to the image which represented that particular wind. Each side of the tower bore beneath the architrave a Greek inscription of its corresponding wind, with appropriate illustrations of its attributes.

A document of earlier date than 1151 describes a Syrian tower surmounted by a copper equestrian statue which turned with every wind; beneath the vane were emblematic figures, one of which was a scorpion. Beckmann says, "In the Latin of the Middle Ages we meet with the words *gallus* and *ventilogium*. The latter is used by Radulphus, who wrote about 1270. We find mention of weathercocks in the ninth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. There is no doubt that the *cock* is intended as an emblem of clerical vigilance. In ages of ignorance the clergy styled themselves the cocks of the Almighty, whose duty it was, like the cock which roused Peter, to call the people to repentance, or at any rate to church." In the Bayeux tapestry, several of the ships' masts are depicted as carrying vanes. The following inscription is found on a weathercock at Brixen: "Dominus Rampertus episc. gallum hunc fieri præcipit an. 820."

Du Cange says, "Vanes were anciently made in the form of a cock (hence weathercock) and put up in papal times to remind the clergy of watchfulness."

In the *St. James Chronicle*, June 10, 1777, a writer says, "The intention of the original cock-vane was derived from the cock crowing when St. Peter denied Jesus."

Gramaye (*"Historia Brabantiae,"* p. 14) says, "The custom of adorning the tops of steeples with cross and cock is derived from the Goths, who bore that as their warlike ensign."

(Query? St. Peter's inconstancy is commemorated by the cock; the cock is the national emblem of the Gallic nation, proverbial for its fickleness; the weathercock, again, is a symbol of fickleness. Is any connection to be noted among these facts by the curious?)

The usual form of a vane on a tower, castle, or other secular building was a banner; on ecclesiastical edifices it was generally a cock upon a cross, reminding the people both of the repentance of Peter and of the duties of repentance and Christian vigor; sometimes it was a cross surmounted by a ball, symbolizing the redemption of the world by the cross of Christ. Apart from symbolical reasons, the large tail of the cock is well adapted to turn with the wind, and for a similar reason the arrow or fox may be chosen. On the church of St. Lawrence in Norwich there is a vane formed like a gridiron, with the holy martyr extended upon the bars.

Dr. Brewer says it was by a papal enactment made in the middle of the ninth century that the figure of a cock was set upon every church steeple, as an emblem of Peter, who denied his Master three times before the second crow of the cock, on hearing which, he remembered the warning of Christ, went out, and, repenting, wept bitterly.

A manuscript Latin poem (date about 1140) preserved in the cathedral of Oehringen, and published by M. Eidelestand du Ménil, gives an explanation attached to a weathercock in the mystical mediæval times. Its substance is that as the cock keeps watch from the high tower, hears the angels' songs, is crowned on his head like a king, and spurred on his feet like a soldier, protects and collects

grain for his flock, etc., so the priest should keep watch, should be exalted and nearer to heavenly things than laymen are, should have supreme authority and strength, and should protect his congregation, giving to them the "flowers of the Scriptures" and all spiritual comfort.

Outhbert Bede mentions the vane at Fotheringay Church, Northamptonshire, which represents the Falcon and Fetterlock, the badge of the Dukes of York.

The following lines are by Durandus :

Vultis nunc presbyteri supremam rationem
 Scire quare, nitens ære, Gallus Aquilonem
 Dividit in apice ecclesias, latronem
 Errantemque spectans quemque? Omnibus sermonem
 Canit Pœnitentis. Nam Petrum ad dolorem
 Imprimis civit efficax, cum lapsus in scopam
 Hic Dominum negasset; tu Gallum digniorem
 Ad elevatam crucem revocare peccatorem.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

56. Whence the phrase "Good wine needs no bush"?

A bush, usually of ivy, was formerly hung out at the doors of taverns, probably in allusion to Bacchus, to whom the ivy-bush was sacred. The proverb merely means that where the wine is good, no bush or other sign is necessary, for its reputation would draw customers without public advertisement.

The old poets and dramatists have many allusions to the custom of hanging out a bush. In Lyly's "Euphues," A. 3, "Things of greatest profit are set forth with least price. Where the wine is neat, there needeth no ivie bush." In the "English Parnassus," by Allot, in a sonnet to the reader,—

I hang no ivie out to sell my wine:
 The nectar of good wits will sell itself.

In the reign of Edward III. all the "taverners" in the city of London were summoned to the Guildhall and warned that no sign or *bush* would thenceforward be allowed to "extend over the king's highway beyond the length of seven feet."

Skeat says, "It is well known that the bush was that tied to an ale-stake."

An old form of the saying is, "Nowadays the good wyne needeth none ivye garland."

The Romans used the ivy as a sign for a drinking-house, and Larwood and Hotten, in their "History of Signs," give the Latin proverb, "Vino vendibili suspensâ hederâ non opus est" (or, "nihil opus").

The French form is, "A bon vin il ne faut pas de bouchon," and "bouchon" is defined by Bescherelle and Littré as "bouquet, rameau de verdure," and any green bush—evergreen, ivy, laurel, holly, or broom—is apparently used in France for this purpose. In George Sand's "Le Meunier d'Augibault," the miller, refusing to take payment from the heroine for a night's lodging for herself and servants, says, "Non, puisque, je vous le dis, je ne suis pas aubergiste. Voyez, nous n'avons ni houx ni genêt à notre porte."

The custom is still prevalent in some parts of England, such as Warwickshire, Herefordshire, etc., and in Gloucester at the Michaelmas fair all private houses where ale, beer, cider, etc., are for sale (the privilege of selling liquor without a license being granted during the fair) display a "bush," a wreath or garland of ivy, boughs of trees, or merely a bunch of flowers, outside the door.

In "Legends of London," a collection of tales, vol. i. p. 19 (Coulburn & Bentley, new ed., 1832), is this drinking-song:

He that will an ale-house keep
 Must three things have in store,—
 A hog's-head of ale his guests to regale,
 And a bush to hang at his door,
 A hostess to fill the tankard at will,—
 And what can a man wish more?
 Merry hearts,
 Ay, what can a man wish more?

To us, the most familiar association of the proverb is with the epilogue to "As You Like It," where it is quoted.

A Scotch saying is, "Gude ale needs nae wisp," for sometimes the "bush" was merely a wisp of hay or straw, or a bundle of twigs.

Similar Spanish proverbs are, "El vino bueno no ha menester pregonero" ("Good wine needs no crier"), and "El buen vino la venta trae consigo" ("Good wine will sell itself").

The slang phrase "he is bosky"—i.e., drunk—may be derived from this custom.

In modern times a sign of gilded grapes took the place of the "bush."

After the execution of Charles I., a Cavalier innkeeper painted his bush black.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WHO was Vivien?

MIRIAM JONES.

Vivien, or Vivian, in the Arthurian romances, is a fairy whose personality is somewhat confused. She is usually held to be identical with the Lady of the Lake (Tennyson, however, in his "Idylls of the King," keeps the two entirely distinct), but under the name of Vivien only malignant qualities are ascribed to her, while as the Lady of the Lake she frequently performs beneficent actions. Sir Thomas Malory adds another element of confusion by calling her indifferently Nimue, Ninive, or Nineve (*query*, Nymph?). So far as it is possible to harmonize the various legends, Vivien seems to have been an enchantress who dwelt at the bottom of a lake and held her court there. Some accounts make this lake merely a mirage raised by her arts to hide her palace from intruders. She presented Arthur with his wonder-working sword Excalibur, and she brought up the young Lancelot at her court. But she was chiefly famous as the seducer of Merlin. Of this part of her story there are different versions. In Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" the wizard is the pursuer, and she, having wearied of his love, and fearing him, moreover, as a devil's son, made him go under a rock, "and wrought so there for him that he came never out, for all the craft that he could do." Then she departed and left him. The French romances make Merlin tell the charm to Vivien, and she tried it on him merely to see if he had told her true. When the spell had shut him up beneath a bush of laurel she grieved sorely to find that she could not undo her work. In Tennyson's poem of "Vivien" neither of these stories is exactly followed: his Vivien wrings the secret from the unwilling enchanter by her wiles, and then exults in her victory.

WHO was Unibos?

LAURA MCL.

Unibos is the hero and title of a Latin poem, of about the twelfth century, which was first printed in 1838 in Grimm and Schmeller's collection of mediæval Latin poetry. This is the first record in literature of a folk-story which dates back to an unknown antiquity and in all its essential features is the common property of almost every Aryan nation. Andersen's story of "Little Klaus and

Big Klaus," Lover's "Little Fairly and Great Fairly," and the tale of the "Young Calender" in Guelette's "Contes Tartares," are all based on the same original.

Unibos, a clever peasant, plays various tricks upon his enemies. He discovers a treasure and pretends that he received it at the fair in payment for the hide of his bullock. His enemies thereupon kill all their cattle, take their hides to the fair, and ask such exorbitant prices that they are laughed out of the town. Unibos then claims that he has a magic trumpet which will raise the dead. He smears his wife with blood and pretends to have killed her. He blows his trumpet, and she comes to life again. His enemies buy the trumpet for a fabulous price, kill their wives, and blow the trumpet over the corpses in vain. At last his enemies seize upon Unibos and tie him in a sack, with the intention of throwing him into the river. They stop at a tavern to drink. A swineherd passes by, and Unibos persuades him to get into the sack. The swineherd is accordingly thrown into the river, and Unibos's enemies are greatly surprised at a turn in the road to come across him driving pigs. He tells them that at the bottom of the river he found a beautiful country stocked with all sorts of cattle and had carried a few pigs back with him. Thereupon his enemies throw themselves into the river.

WHO was the Trumpeter of Säkkingen?

A. S. K.

"The Trumpeter of Säkkingen" (*Ger.*, "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen") is a mock-heroic epic by Joseph Victor von Scheffel (1853). The metre (unrhymed trochees) is imitated from Heine's "Atta Troll," as well as the careless joviality, the nonchalance, the quick changes of tone, the frequent audacity. The interpolated rhymed songs are also full of the grace, tenderness, and archness of Heine at his best.

The story tells the adventures of a certain Werner Kirchof, a wandering musician of the seventeenth century, whose grave is in Säkkingen. Forced by his guardian to study law, his pleasure was to blow a trumpet, sing songs, and drink beer. Being expelled from the university for singing a love-ditty under the windows of the grand duchess, Werner quits the Neckar valley to roam through the world a merry errant musician. At Säkkingen he falls in love with the baron's daughter Margaret, blows a serenade near her castle, and so arrests the attention of the baron, a passionate lover of music, who sends for him to remain in the castle. He does gallant work in defending the castle against a rising of the peasantry, is wounded, and tended by Margaret, who returns his love. But the baron will not listen to his suit, and Werner, in despair, wanders away again, and, after many adventures, becomes leader of the pope's choir in Rome. Hither Margaret comes, in search of lost health. In the Sistine Chapel she recognizes her lover, and faints. Explanations follow, the pope ennobles Werner by translating his German name into the Italian *Marchese Campo Santo*, and gives the young couple his blessing.

WHO was the author of "Father Tom and the Pope," where was it first published, and how can I obtain a copy?

L. V. S.

"Father Tom and the Pope, or a Night in the Vatican," is an amusing little skit by Samuel Ferguson, which appeared anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, 1838. It has been attributed to William Maginn, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Brougham, Father Prout, John Fisher Murray, etc., and has been claimed

by several gentlemen who never distinguished themselves in any other way; but the real authorship is now undoubted. It has been republished in Ferguson's Works, and separately in various editions, and it may also be found in Rossiter Johnson's "Little Classics," vol. ix. It is understood to have been suggested by a public controversy between the Rev. Richard T. P. Pope, an Episcopalian minister in Cork, and Father Thomas Maguire, of Killeshandra, which took place in Dublin in 1827 before a vast audience. Father Maguire got the better of his adversary by quoting passage after passage from the early fathers; but when the controversy was over Mr. Pope discovered that not one of these passages was to be found.

Father Tom tells in the broadest Irish brogue how he spent a night at the Vatican with the Holy Father and over the pipe and the potheen engaged in a controversy which is a rollicking burlesque of the scholastic theology.

BOOK-TALK.

WE are all in danger of being mastered by appearances. We are continually confounding what seems with what is; we lose sight of substance in show, of the spirit in the letter, of the thing signified in the symbol. Bastiat, the economist, has amusingly chronicled his irritated impatience at the density of the average intellect, which cannot be made to appreciate that money is not wealth. This same density runs through all human affairs and governs our actions. The representative of values is looked upon as the true valuable. The miser is a *reductio ad absurdum* of this frailty. Wealth is valuable only as representing so much comfort and happiness, yet the miser forfeits all comfort and all happiness in the effort to accumulate it. The rank that is the guinea-stamp enforces more respect than the gold underneath. Nay, if the stamp be genuine, the public care not though the gold be counterfeit. We boast of our ancestry, forgetting that if on the shoulders of our ancestors we stand so high, every cubit added to our ancestry takes off a cubit from our own stature. To be born well means that we have been less handicapped than our neighbors in the race of life, and therefore that there is less glory in our winning, more disgrace in our losing. Yet we are proud of being well-born. Evidences are more than facts. Hereditary qualities descend, therefore he who inherits a title is presumed to inherit the manly and noble qualities which earned the title in the beginning. We accept the presumption and care nothing for the fact. The man with a title may be a lout, men honor him more than a *parvenu* who actually possesses those noble and manly qualities of which the title is evidence, not proof. The ability to acquire wealth is admirable, therefore we worship wealth even when it has come by accident into the hands of a fool. Take the converse of the proposition. Disgrace results from evidence, rather than from the best-known facts. The most notorious libertine feels that he is under a ban when his vices take the form of illegitimate issue.

It is our superficial qualities that impose upon the multitude. Reputation is more than character. Style and address conquer where sturdy worth fails.

Good clothes carry more weight than a good conscience. "Our manners count for more than our morals," says Mr. Howells, the prophet of the Letter. See how the popular voice misnames things. Nice people are the people whom you always want to shun; good people are usually good for nothing; and the best people are the people least worth knowing. The respectable classes are the classes that do nothing to earn the respect of posterity. It is hard to steer one's way through the various cants that infest the world. It is hard to draw just conclusions from the prevalence of any way of speaking or writing.

Here is Walt Whitman's "November Boughs" (David Mackay & Co.), a collection of pieces in prose and verse. To the people who live in the appearances of things, to the people who love shams and conventions, to the people who worship the isms which the past has bequeathed, Whitman has no message to convey. He does not live in the trim little parterre which human genius has reduced to order, he is a portion of the great unconquered chaos that surrounds us here, there, and everywhere. His voice comes far away from the distance. You have to pause to listen, and are not always sure you have heard aright, but somehow you feel that the very Distance is the truest part of yourself, and that the far-off voice reveals to you the deeps of your own soul. The things you have vaguely felt are here uttered, and then for the first time perhaps you recognize that you have felt them. Whitman himself tells us in his excellent preliminary essay "A Backward Glance o'er Travelled Roads" that the word he would put primarily for the description of his "Leaves of Grass" is the word *Suggestiveness*. "I round and finish little, if anything; and could not, consistently with my scheme. The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine. I seek less to state or display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme or thought,—there to pursue your own flight." But the most characteristic and illuminating passage in this essay is where Whitman tells us, "Ever since what might be call'd thought, or the budding of thought, fairly began in my youthful mind, I had had a desire to attempt some worthy record of that entire faith and acceptance ('to justify the ways of God to man' is Milton's well-known and ambitious phrase) which is the foundation of moral America. I felt it all as positively then in my young days as I do now in my old ones; to formulate a poem whose every thought or fact should directly or indirectly be or connive at an implicit belief in the wisdom, health, mystery, beauty of every process, every concrete object, every human or other existence, not only consider'd from the point of view of all, but of each. While I can not understand it or argue it out, I fully believe in a clue and purpose in Nature, entire and several; and that invisible spiritual results, just as real and definite as the visible, eventuate all concrete life and all materialism, through Time. My book ought to emanate buoyancy and gladness legitimately enough, for it was grown out of those elements, and has been the comfort of my life since it was originally commenced."

This is the age of *rifacimientos*, of condensations, of compilations, of royal roads to learning. It is the age, also, of wide-spread, though superficial, education. Now, in spite of Pope, a little knowledge is better than no knowledge at all. Indeed, when a man has mastered the whole sum and substance of human knowledge he has drunk only a drop of the Pierian spring. We are far too apt to consider that no books can be profitable save those which commend themselves

to the scholarly taste. We forget that men and women cannot assimilate instruction that is uncongenial to their habits and constitution of mind. You couldn't recommend Kant to a clown, or even to a hard-headed, sensible business-man. But it is possible so to present his life and his philosophy that some faint ray shall illumine the inner life of the average man. What does the average man know about Kant? He has a dim notion that there was such a person, that he thought a good deal about some very hard things, and that other people admired him for thinking. But some careful student takes hold of Kant's philosophy, boils it down, as it were, to the level of his own understanding, flavors it, mayhap, to his own taste, losing a great deal, of course, in the process, and he may find others to whose capabilities the beverage shall be suited, comforting them for the present and educating their taste for the future. In a humble way he is a public benefactor. The English Men of Letters series and the various other series that followed in its wake have been educators of the public.

Not every one has time to make a study of even English literature. Yet many intelligent men are glad to have the choicest masterpieces of that literature pointed out to them. Chambers's "Encyclopædia of English Literature," Charles Knight's "Half-Hours with the Best Authors," and Charles Morris's "Half-Hours with the Best American Authors" supply a real need. And now the same Mr. Morris has added to the debt which the public owes him, by supplementing the latter work by his "Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), four handsome volumes, in which good selections are made from the literature of Greece and Rome, of Germany and the North, of France, of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Russia. The translations are by many hands, as they ought to be, for the value of the work depends upon the fact that the compiler has utilized the best obtainable translations. Carlyle, Urquhart, Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, J. C. Mangan, Charles T. Brooks, and many others, have produced translations that are excellent English prose and English verse, and nobody need attempt to supersede them. The selections show a wide and catholic taste, and the biographical and critical notes are painstaking.

"Lelia Lee, and other Poems." By Rev. Stokely S. Fisher. (J. N. Amos & Sons, Cambridge, Ohio.) On its back this book is labelled "Fisher's Poems. Vol. III." Among its charms may be mentioned a frontispiece portrait of the author, which evidences a noble striving to look intellectual, several wood-cuts that have already done service elsewhere, been disabled, and retired, three hundred pages of bad "poetry," badly printed, and a preface by the publishers, in which they tell us that they "have enjoyed even the publishers' labor in preparing this work for the bookbinder" and volunteer the interesting information that "Rev. S. S. Fisher is yet quite a young man, and his poems are written, not as the literary hireling composes, but between hours of study and hard work, as they come to him in his busy life." Nor should we fail to take notice of the author's own preface, in which he forfeits the claim to intellectuality asserted by his portrait. With a charming candor, he says he cannot conscientiously make the usual apologies of young authors, "as no persuasion on the part of friends could cause me to print verses in my own opinion altogether unworthy the attention of my readers; neither can I honestly express fears that I shall not be appreciated, at least as much as I merit, by a public by which all my poetic ventures have been so kindly received."

"Information for Authors." By Eleanor Kirk. (Published by Eleanor Kirk, Brooklyn, New York.) The literary career has a fascination for many eager minds, and is popular among prospective bread-winners because of the ease with which it seems to be entered. But the professional man of letters (the being styled by Rev. Fisher's publishers "the literary hireling"), who looks back upon years of struggle, disappointment, hard work, and moderate gains, knows that his trade is like all other trades, and requires not only aptitude and application, but the same investment of capital in the shape of that time which is money, the same apprenticeship, and the same slow, toilsome acquirement of the *secrets du métier*, as any other calling in life. This little book may seem to help would-be authors in their search for the secrets, but, after all, these are learned through experience only, and cannot be taught by rote. The most Miss Kirk can hope for is to give a starting-point.

"Testa. A Book for Boys." By Paolo Mantegazza. Translated from the Italian of the tenth edition by the Italian class in Bangor, Maine, under the supervision of Luigi D. Ventura. (D. C. Heath & Co.) Everybody remembers Thackeray's cartoons of the bather who in picture I. seizes a bottle as it is floating by him on the waves, in picture II. is engaged in opening it with a gleeful smile, in picture III. utters the disgusted comment, "Tracts, by jingo!" The boys who receive this book will be much inclined to cry, "Tracts, by jingo!" when they open it. In Italy the book has gone through ten editions. But in Italy, as elsewhere, parents buy books, and not children. The book has merits, however, and the translation is very good.

"Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages." Compiled by Robert Christy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) These two handsome octavo volumes constitute the best collection of proverbial literature that has yet been made. The work is only a collection, however, arranged systematically under alphabetical headings (and therefore more handy and convenient than Ray's or Hazlitt's compendiums). It makes no attempt at giving the history, philosophy, or *rationale* of proverbial literature. A book of the latter sort is sadly needed. We have Trench's Proverbs, it is true, and Kelly's, good enough so far as they go, we have books like Cobham Brewer's, interesting and unscholarly, but no serious attempt has ever been made to trace the origins of popular sayings, or to investigate the legends and traditions which have grown up around them.

"Ilian; or, The Curse of the Old South Church of Boston." By Chaplain James J. Kane, U.S.N. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) Chaplain Kane has an opulent imagination, a good deal of invention, and some constructive power. He has planned a story whose plot is original, ingenious, and even startling, and he has interwoven some thrilling episodes and many graphic descriptions. As a whole, the story is a good one, and maintains its interest to the end, but it will be found that the interest depends upon the matter rather than upon the manner. Mr. Kane's style is crude and cumbersome.

"Shakespeare and the Bible. Parallel Passages and Passages suggested by the Bible with the Religious Sentiments of Shakespeare." By G. Q. Colton. With an Introduction by Rev. Robert Collyer. (Thomas R. Knox & Co.) A thirsting public will be glad to learn that this volume is prefaced by a fine steel engraving of the compiler. He is a handsome man, and wears good clothes.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

MARCH.

IN the calendar of early Rome March began the year, and with the 25th day of this month the legal year began in modern nations until comparatively recent times. In Rome, however, March became first the second and then the third month, as January and February were successively placed before it. It received its name from Mars, the god of war, which was given it by Romulus, as the Romans believed, in honor of his reputed father, though, according to Ovid, the Italians had a month named March before Romulus, but placed differently in the calendar. The Ancient Saxons called this month *Lenet-monat* (length-month), in reference to the rapid lengthening of the day at this period of the year. From this Saxon word for "length" came the word Lent, the forty days of the Lenten period of fast being principally included within this month.

The beginning of the year with the month of March seems a custom much more in accordance with the conditions of nature than the present arrangement of the calendar. This is particularly the case with the adoption of March 25 as the opening day of the year. The sun has then crossed the equator in his northward journey, and winter is definitely at an end in those regions of the north temperate zone which have been the chief seats of civilization. The long reign of snow and ice has passed, the blustering winds of early March are stilled, the enlivening rays of the sun are awakening the dormant life which for months has slept within the frozen ground, and are beginning to make a luxury of that atmosphere which but recently had a shiver

in its every touch. The winged and songful creatures which fled before the first breath of winter to the tropic regions of the south are sending their advance-couriers to learn if summer has yet come back to the North; and up the flowing streams hasten the silver-finned fish, returning from their winter home in the ocean-depths.

Now, where but recently the glassy ice rang like metal beneath the skater's heel, the freed waters run in eager haste down their accustomed channels, each brook and rivulet singing as if for joy at its release from its late captivity. And from the soil, but now frost-bound and rigid as stone, innumerable plants are peeping timidly up, as if half afraid to venture from their underground retreat, yet eager to bask once more in the warmth and light of the flooding sunbeams. The grass greens visibly before our eyes; the buds are slowly swelling on the trees, while on some hasty maples a red sheen of blossoms breaks from the flowing life within; the willows show an emerald tint on their flexile branches; everywhere the world of plants seems full of inner vitality, ready to burst into leaf and flower and make the brown and bare world once more "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The bluster of early March has done its work in purifying the air, and the sunniness which late March often brings us is the "open sesame" to the untold treasures of leafiness and bloom which have long lain hidden in barren ground and brown tree-trunk, and which ere April is half gone will transform the world into a realm of beauty and delight.

EVENTS.

March 1.

1553. Rabelais, the celebrated French humorist, is said to have died about this date, though the exact period of his death is in doubt. In early age he became a Franciscan friar, but soon left the order and studied medicine, after becoming an adept in several languages. His great work, "The Pleasant Story of the Giant Gargantua and his Son Pantagruel," is one of the world's masterpieces of humorous and satirical literature, and satirizes the church with a freedom and boldness remarkable for that century.

1711. The first number of "The Spectator" appeared. This, with "The Tatler," formed the first attempt in England to amuse and instruct readers by short and cheap periodical papers. "The Spectator" was planned by Addison and Steele. It ended with the eighth volume, on December 20, 1714.

1781. The State of New York ceded to the United States all its territory in the country lying north of the Ohio, and adopted its present State boundaries.

1785. The first daily newspaper in New York, and the second in the country, was issued under the title of *The New York Daily Advertiser*.

1811. The Egyptian Mamelukes were decoyed into the power of the Turkish pacha Mehemet Ali and massacred at Cairo. This celebrated body of troops was originally formed of Turkish and Circassian slaves, as a body-guard for the Sultan of Egypt, about 1240. They held possession of the throne for nearly three centuries, and were always so turbulent and dangerous that the above-named blood-thirsty measure was taken to bring their power to an end.

1815. Napoleon, who had left Elba on February 15, landed in France. His march upon Paris was like a triumphal procession, the armies sent out to oppose him joining him, and the people greeting him with enthusiastic joy. He reached Paris on the 20th, the royal family having fled a few days before.

1845. Congress passed acts for the admission of Florida and Iowa into the Union. On March 1, 1867, Nebraska was admitted.

1870. Lopez, the president of Paraguay, was killed as a consequence of the war with Brazil and the Argentine Confederation. He had provoked this war in 1864, was totally defeated and proclaimed an outlaw in 1869, and killed in 1870.

1871. In accordance with the terms of the treaty of peace between Germany and France, about thirty thousand soldiers of the German army entered Paris. They remained in that city for forty-eight hours, and marched out again on March 8.

1882. The experiment of smoothing the water by means of oil was successfully tried at Peterhead, England, by Mr. Shields. A force-pump with twelve hundred feet of lead and iron pipe was used to throw the oil upon the waves at the harbor's mouth, which were then running high, but became smooth as soon as the oil-pump began to work. Vessels in danger at sea have since then on several occasions used oil to smooth the waters, with great success.

1887. The steamboat W. H. Gardner was burned on the Tombigbee River, near Gainesville, twenty lives being lost.

March 2.

1556. Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was burned at the stake. He had signed the patent which settled the crown upon Lady Jane Grey, and on the accession of Queen Mary was committed to the Tower on a charge of treason. Subsequently his enemies withdrew this charge and prosecuted him for heresy. He recanted the opinions that were deemed heretical, but was burned nevertheless.

1791. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, died. He was born in 1703, and from early life manifested strong religious inclinations. His brother Charles and several other Oxford students had associated for religious improvement, and were called Methodists on account of their methodical habits. John soon became the leading spirit in this association, and afterwards began a course of open-air addresses which quickly brought round him a large circle of followers. To the new sect, thus formed, the college name

of Methodists was given. Wesley was a man of fine intellectual power and high organizing ability.

1797. Horace Walpole, son of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated British prime minister, died. He was noted as a wit and literary gossip, and published a number of works, among them the well-known novel "The Castle of Otranto." His letters are highly admired.

1848. Louis Philippe, the "Citizen King" of France, finally left that country, in consequence of the popular uprising, and took refuge in England. His life had been one of great vicissitudes. He favored the French Revolution, and took part in the campaign against the Austrians in 1792; but, being summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal in 1793, he escaped to Belgium. For years afterwards he lived a wandering life, returned to France in 1814, and in 1830, after the dethronement of Charles X., was made king. He died in 1850.

1856. A volcanic eruption and earthquake took place on Great Sanger, one of the Molucca Islands, in which nearly three thousand lives were lost.

1861. The Territory of Dakota was organized.

1876. Belknap, Secretary of War in President Grant's cabinet, who had been accused of selling official places, and had resigned his office, was impeached by Congress. On the trial thirty-five Senators found him guilty of official corruption; twenty-five, not. He was acquitted August 1.

1877. Rutherford B. Hayes was declared the duly-elected President of the United States, by the Electoral Commission appointed to decide the disputed contest between him and Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic candidate.

1879. A disastrous fire broke out in the town of Reno, Nevada, which destroyed a million dollars' worth of property.

1882. Queen Victoria, on entering her carriage at Windsor Station, on her return from London, was fired at by a man named Roderick Maclean, but received no injury. The assailant was committed on a charge of high treason.

1886. A strike took place on the Texas Pacific Railroad. On the 6th a general strike began on the "Gould system" of Southwestern railroads, several of the lines being blockaded by the strikers.

March 3.

1813. The first successful daily newspaper founded in Boston was issued on this day. It was named *The Daily Advertiser*.

1820. The State of Maine was admitted into the Union. It had been separated from Massachusetts and formed into a separate Territory in 1819.

1820. The Missouri Compromise bill was passed in the night preceding this day. This act settled the first serious slavery dispute in the United States, by permitting slavery to exist in the new State of Missouri, which had applied for admission, but prohibiting it in any other trans-Mississippi State north of 36° 30' north latitude.

1849. The Territory of Minnesota was organized, with St. Paul for its capital. This place, now a large and flourishing city, was then made up of a few log huts.

1861. The decree for the emancipation of the Russian serfs was issued. By this notable act twenty-three millions of enslaved peasants were to be set free within two years. The Russian peasantry had originally been free landholders, but had been gradually reduced to slavery by the encroachments of the nobles. This decree simply restored the ancient rights of which they had been deprived.

1880. General Lewis Melikoff, the newly-appointed dictator of Russia, was shot at while leaving his carriage. The would-be assassin, a recently-baptized Jew named Mladetaki, was tried at once and hung the next day.

March 4.

1193. Saladin, a famous Sultan of Egypt, died. This celebrated personage—Salah-ed-Deen, or Salah-eddin, to give him his proper name—gained his fame by his successful wars with the Crusaders in Palestine. He took Jerusalem from them, but his career of victory was arrested by the armies of the Third Crusade, under Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Philip Augustus of France. Beginning political life as Vizier of Egypt, he ended it as the Sultan of a vast empire, dying at Damascus. His chivalry and magnanimity of spirit excited the admiration even of his enemies.

1681. William Penn received his grant of lands in America. This grant conveyed to him the territory west of Delaware Bay and River and north of the province of Maryland, to which was given the name of Pennsylvania, or Penn's Woods.

1777. The United States Congress met in Philadelphia on this day, and continued in session there until September.

1789. The first Congress under the newly-adopted Constitution of the United States assembled in New York, which remained the seat of government till the autumn of the following year,

when Philadelphia became the capital city.

1880. Lieutenant Schwatka with his party reached the most northerly Hudson Bay station on his return from his search for traces of the Franklin polar expedition. He had crossed on the ice to King William's Land, on the coast of which he found many relics of the lost expedition. The party were five months in getting back to the mainland.

1882. An attempt was made by two aeronauts to cross the English Channel in a balloon, but they were driven northward by the wind, and descended into the ocean. Their cork jackets and a neighboring vessel saved them. The experiment was subsequently tried by Colonel Fred Burnaby, who started from Dover and descended near Caen, France. He travelled two hundred and fifty miles, at an average speed of thirty miles an hour.

1882. There was great excitement in London on account of the sale of the large elephant Jumbo to Barnum. The excitement was quieted by the statement of the Zoological Society that the animal was dangerous, and by Barnum's promise to return it if desired. We have elsewhere chronicled the tragic fate of Jumbo.

1883. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, died. He was a statesman of unusual ability, who had opposed the secession of Georgia, but afterwards joined the Secessionists. He was elected to Congress in 1874, and chosen Governor of Georgia in 1882.

1887. A serious railroad accident took place, by the breaking down of a bridge under a train, near Boston, Massachusetts. Twenty-four of the passengers were killed and one hundred and fifteen injured.

1889. Benjamin Harrison, the newly-elected Republican candidate for the Presidency, was inaugurated at Washington. Seventeen preceding Presidents had been inaugurated on March 4,—viz., George Washington in 1793, John Adams in 1797, Thomas Jefferson in 1801 and 1806, James Madison in 1809 and 1813, James Monroe in 1817 and 1821, John Quincy Adams in 1825, Andrew Jackson in 1829 and 1833, Martin Van Buren in 1837, William Henry Harrison in 1841, James K. Polk in 1845, Zachary Taylor in 1849, Franklin Pierce in 1853, James Buchanan in 1857, Abraham Lincoln in 1861 and 1865, Ulysses S. Grant in 1869 and 1873, Rutherford B. Hayes in 1877, James A. Garfield in 1881, and Grover Cleveland in 1885. Washington's first inauguration took place on April 30, 1789. March 4 was chosen for this purpose rather by accident than design. A committee appointed by the Constitutional

Convention chose the first Wednesday in March, 1789, as the date for the first Congress under the Constitution to meet. This date happened to be March 4, which has since then been used as the date of Presidential inauguration.

March 5.

1750. The first theatre in New York was opened on the evening of this day, with Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Richard the Third." It was situated in Nassau Street. Regular performances continued for fifteen months.

1770. The "Boston Massacre" took place. A party of British soldiers, who had been insulted by the people in the streets, fired into the crowd, killing three and dangerously wounding five. This affair created great indignation, and was one of the important events that led to the Revolution. The sober second thought of history, however, has exonerated the soldiers, who were forced by the mob into the use of their weapons.

1886. The strike of the conductors and drivers of the New York street-railways ended in the victory of the men, who were granted their demands.

1887. An explosion in a coal-mine near Mons, Belgium, caused the death of one hundred and forty-four miners.

March 6.

1615. Francis Beaumont, the celebrated dramatist, died. He had been educated at Oxford, and studied law in the Temple. In London he associated with Ben Jonson and other *habitués* of the Mermaid Inn, and became the intimate friend of John Fletcher, in conjunction with whom he wrote a considerable number of popular dramas. Though far below Shakespeare in power, they were dramatists of great ability, and lyric poets of fine powers.

1821. The insurrection in Greece which led to the war of independence broke out. The war began on April 6, and the Greek patriarch at Constantinople was put to death by the Turkish government on April 23.

1877. A fire on Broadway, New York, destroyed property to the value of more than a million and a half of dollars.

1882. Servia was proclaimed a kingdom. Prince Milan, a member of the family of Milosch Obrenovich, who obtained semi-independence for Servia in 1816, was made king, under the title of Milan I.

1885. A serious explosion took place in the coal-mine of Karwin, in Moravia. More than one hundred lives were lost. Most of these were suffocated, others

burned. It was the most terrible accident of the kind ever recorded in Austria.

March 7.

1862. The battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, was fought on this and the preceding day. In this battle the Union forces were attacked by the Confederates, but held their ground and repelled the enemy, largely through the skill and courage of General Franz Sigel, a German officer.

1867. A concerted rising of the Fenians took place on this and the two days preceding. There had been an outbreak on February 11, and on March 5 the police-barrack at Kilmallock was attacked by two hundred Fenians, who were driven off. On the 6th affrays occurred in other quarters, and on the 7th a thousand Fenians seized the market-place at Drogheda, but retreated on the approach of the police. A rising took place near Dublin, the telegraph was destroyed, an attack on the police-station at Tallaght repelled, and two hundred and eight prisoners taken. In consequence of these outbreaks, many Fenians were tried and convicted. Others of those arrested were released, some of them being sent to America.

1876. The French election took place, resulting in the triumph of the moderate republicans. The Assembly met, and elected F. P. Jules Grévy President, on March 18.

1880. Serious strikes and trade-disputes broke out in various parts of the United States, on account of the advance in prices and demand for goods. The strikes began with the piano-makers of New York. The cabinet-makers, carpenters, marble-polishers, and stevedores of that city followed, and the cotton-spinners and painters throughout the country. These were succeeded by the metal-workers and colliers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and other States. More than two hundred thousand in all took part in the strike.

1883. John Richard Green, a distinguished English historian, died. He was born at Oxford in 1837, was educated at Oxford, and officiated as a clergyman from 1860 to 1868. His principal works are the favorite "Short History of the English People," a larger "History of the English People," and "The Making of England."

March 8.

1858. The siege of Lucknow, India, began. We have described, under date of September, 1857, the relief of the besieged garrison of this city. It was afterwards strongly fortified by the rebels,

and was attacked by Sir Colin Campbell on this date. It was taken by successive assaults from March 14 to March 19, its capture going far to end the mutiny.

1862. One of the most remarkable events of the American civil war took place. The blockading fleet in Hampton Roads was assailed by the iron-clad ram Merrimac, which had been covered at Norfolk with a sloping roof of railroad-iron. It attacked and sunk the frigates Cumberland and Congress. On the next day the iron-clad Monitor entered the harbor. This was the first of the turret-ships, its flat deck being nearly flush with the water, and its guns in a revolving turret. There followed the first combat on record between two iron-clad war-vessels. The fight continued for five hours, when the Merrimac withdrew for repairs, being seriously disabled. This event revolutionized naval warfare.

1882. Extensive floods occurred in the Valley of the Mississippi, sixty thousand persons being left homeless and an enormous quantity of property destroyed.

March 9.

1566. David Rizzio, an Italian musician, the favorite of Mary, Queen of Scots, was dragged from the presence of the queen and assassinated by Lord Darnley and others.

1661. Cardinal Mazarin died. This noted personage succeeded Richelieu as prime minister of France, having been recommended by Richelieu for that position. He held the office for many years under Louis XIV. There is much diversity of opinion as to his ability as a statesman, though there can be but one opinion as to his skill as a courtier.

1847. General Scott's army was landed near Vera Cruz, Mexico, and on the following day a severe fire was opened upon it from city and fortress. The bombardment did not begin till March 22, and was so severe that the garrison offered to capitulate on the 26th. The surrender of the city was made on the 29th.

1851. Oersted, a celebrated Danish natural philosopher, died. He gained great fame by his researches upon magnetism and its influence upon electric currents, which were the foundation of the science of electro-magnetism and the basis of the recent method of producing the arc electric light.

1862. The Ocean Monarch, a 2195-ton ship, foundered in a gale. It had sailed from New York on the 5th, loaded with provisions.

1864. Dr. Shapira, a noted dealer in antiquities, committed suicide at a hotel in Rotterdam, shooting himself through the head with a revolver. He had

offered the British Museum, for one million pounds sterling, an alleged manuscript of the Old Testament, which was pronounced spurious.

March 10.

1793. The insurrection in La Vendée against the French revolutionists began. Several severe battles with the republican armies followed, and the war continued till 1796, when it was brought to an end by General Hoche.

1799. The siege of Acre by Napoleon began. The city was successfully defended by its garrison, and relieved by an English fleet under Sir Sidney Smith. This celebrated city had been several times taken and lost during the Crusades, and was taken by storm in November, 1840, by the allied fleet which was sent to aid the Turks against the Egyptians.

1820. Benjamin West, one of the most eminent of early American painters, died. He produced many striking historical pictures. One of his most celebrated works is "Death on the Pale Horse," now in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Philadelphia.

1863. The marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandrina of Denmark took place, being celebrated in London with great pomp and display.

1872. Mazzini, a distinguished Italian patriot and writer, died. He was born in 1806, and at an early age devoted himself to securing the liberation and unity of Italy. He became the leader of the republicans at Rome in 1849, and after their overthrow went into exile in London, where he continued his revolutionary labors, not ceasing until Italy was finally freed and united. He was the author of several valuable works.

1880. Captain Webb completed the experiment of remaining sixty hours in the water, with but one rest of twenty minutes. He did not seem the worse for his long flotation. The water was at a temperature of 75° to 80°.

March 11.

1702. The *Daily Courant*, the first daily newspaper ever attempted, was issued in London, its office being near the locality of the present *Times* office. It consisted of a single page of two columns, and professed to give foreign news only.

1793. The Revolutionary Tribunal was established in Paris. With this the "Reign of Terror," the most bloodthirsty period of the Revolution, began. The Tribunal was abolished December 16, 1794.

1864. The embankment of the Bradfield reservoir, near Sheffield, England,

gave way, flooding that city and the country for twelve or fourteen miles around. About two hundred and fifty persons were drowned, and property to the value of over a million and a half of dollars was destroyed.

1874. Charles Sumner, one of the ablest and most distinguished of American statesmen, died. He was an orator of excellent powers, and an unyielding opponent of the pro-slavery party in Congress before the civil war era. In 1856, in consequence of a speech made in Congress, he was attacked in the Senate-chamber by Preston S. Brooks, a Southern member, and beaten with a cane until he became insensible. He never fully recovered from the effects of this assault, though most of the remainder of his life was passed in the Senate.

1888. The remarkable storm in the Middle and Eastern States known as "The Blizzard" began on this day in a rain, which changed to a snowfall accompanied by a gale of wind. On the morning of the 12th a heavy snow was falling, with a gale reaching from forty to sixty miles an hour. The snow ceased at noon, but the wind blew it into impassable drifts, and continued to do so during the 18th. The railroads everywhere in Pennsylvania and New York were blocked up, and several days passed before travel was generally resumed. On some roads the trains were stopped for a week. The telegraph-wires were down in every direction, and the principal communication between Philadelphia and New York was by telephone, whose wires, being heavier than those of the telegraph, stood the storm.

March 12.

1507. Caesar Borgia was killed in battle. He was a son of Pope Alexander VI., and brother to the celebrated Lucrezia Borgia, and was distinguished in that age of perfidy for pre-eminence in cunning, cruelty, and faithlessness. He was successful as a military commander, and gained the reputation of being equally successful in getting rid of his enemies by poison. He was finally defeated in battle, taken prisoner, and sent to Spain, escaped and joined the army of the King of Navarre, and was killed in an engagement near Viana.

1879. A severe inundation took place in Hungary. The dams of the river Theiss gave way, in consequence of continued rains, and the town of Szegedin was nearly destroyed. Out of 6566 houses only 881 remained, and over seventy of the inhabitants were drowned.

1881. A collision occurred in the English Channel between the Duke of

Buccleugh and the Benin, two large merchantmen. It was broad daylight and the sea smooth, and they had seen each other while several miles apart. Yet the Benin, in blind obedience to supposed new naval regulations, kept her course, collided with the other vessel, and sank in a few minutes. Her crew was saved. It was a remarkable evidence of fidelity to red-tape rules.

March 13.

1569. The battle of Jarnac was fought, between the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. of France, and the Huguenots under Louis, Prince of Condé. The Huguenots were defeated, and Condé was killed in cold blood by Montesquieu.

1781. The planet Uranus was discovered by William Herschel, the celebrated astronomer. He was watching some small stars in the constellation Gemini, when he perceived one new to him. Continuing to observe it, he found that it moved, and supposed that it might be a comet. Observation soon proved it to be a planet. It was first named Georgium Sidus, after George III., then Herschel, and finally Uranus, in accordance with the general system of naming the planets. The perturbations of this planet led, in 1846, to the discovery of Neptune, the outermost planet of the solar system.

1783. The Count Belgiojoso, an East Indiaman, was wrecked off Dublin Bay, one hundred and forty-seven lives being lost.

1841. The President, a passenger-steamer from New York to Liverpool, was lost. She had sailed from New York on the 11th, encountered a terrific storm on this day, and was never afterwards heard of. Among the many passengers on board were Tyrone Power, the actor, and a son of the Duke of Richmond.

1848. An insurrection broke out in Vienna, in consequence of the Hungarian revolt. The emperor was forced to fly. He returned, but was obliged to fly again by a second insurrection on October 6. The city was held by the revolutionists till October 30, when it was bombarded and capitulated.

1881. The Czar Alexander of Russia was assassinated in the streets of St. Petersburg. He had been driving with his brother in a closed carriage from the Winter Palace. On reaching the Catherine Canal, an explosion behind the carriage wounded the horses and killed a by-stander. A soldier caught the assassin. The emperor, who had left the carriage, ordered him to be removed, and turned to walk home. He had gone but a few

steps when a young man threw a bomb at his feet. It exploded, breaking both legs of the emperor and otherwise injuring him. He died in three hours after being taken to the palace. The bomb-thrower escaped, but those concerned in the plot were afterwards taken.

1882. Vast fields of ice were reported extending two hundred miles southeast of Newfoundland. One hundred and fifty bergs were counted between Cape Race and Bonavista. The entire zone of steamship-travel was occupied with dangerous floating ice.

1884. An explosion took place in a coal-mine at Pocahontas, West Virginia. There were one hundred and twenty miners in the pit, all of whom lost their lives. Houses were wrecked at a considerable distance.

March 14.

1590. The celebrated battle of Ivry was fought. Henry IV., at the head of the Huguenot army, totally defeated the Duke of Mayenne and the army of the League. In this battle Henry roused the courage of his soldiers by the inspiring remark, "If you lose sight of your ensigns, rally round my plume: you will always find it on the high-road to honor!"

1757. John Byng, an English admiral, was shot for cowardice before the enemy. He had failed in an effort to relieve Minorca, then blockaded by a powerful French fleet. It was the English ministry who were really responsible for the failure, and they accused Byng to save themselves from public odium. He died with heroic fortitude.

1803. Klopstock, a celebrated German poet of the last century, died at Hamburg. His famous work is the epic poem called "The Messiah," which had remarkable success and opened a new era in German poetry.

1886. The Oregon, of the Cunard line of steamers from Liverpool to New York, was run into by an unknown schooner about eighteen miles east of Long Island, and so injured that she sank. The night was clear and the sea smooth. She was struck amidships, making a hole in her side eight feet in diameter, and sank about eight hours afterwards. The passengers and crew were all saved, but the mails and baggage were lost. The schooner left no trace, and is supposed to have foundered.

March 15.

44 B.C. Julius Cæsar was assassinated. This celebrated personage, who had first gained reputation by his oratorical powers, and the favor of the people by his liberality, became supreme in power

through his remarkable military career in Spain and his subsequent overthrow of his rival Pompey. Making himself Emperor of Rome, a conspiracy of republicans was organized against him, and he was killed in the senate-chamber, his body being pierced with twenty-three wounds.

1856. The steam ferry-boat New Jersey, plying between Philadelphia and Camden, took fire and became unmanageable in mid-channel. About fifty lives were lost by the disaster.

1881. Severe shocks of earthquake took place in southern Italy. The first shock occurred on March 4, killing one hundred and fourteen persons at Casamicciola, in the isle of Ischia, and wrecking the town. On the present date another shock added to the destruction.

1884. E. Weston completed his walk over England of five thousand miles in as many consecutive hours, Sundays and Christmas excepted. In this enterprise he traversed the most of England, and daily delivered temperance lectures:

March 16.

1619. Richard Burbage, an eminent actor of Shakespeare's time, died. He was a friend of Shakespeare, and personated the principal characters in his plays.

1801. The *Invincible*, a seventy-four-gun English frigate, was lost near Yarmouth, the captain and great part of the crew being drowned.

1867. The evacuation of Mexico by the French armies was completed, leaving Maximilian to fight his battles alone. He was quickly taken prisoner, and shot on June 19.

1883. Karl Marx, a noted leader of the German socialists, died. He was banished successively as an agitator from Germany, France, Belgium, and Germany again, after which he resided mainly in London, as a leading spirit in the International Association. He published several works.

1883. An official report stated that the phylloxera had destroyed nearly two million acres of vines in France and injured one and a half million acres more. The total industry was threatened with destruction. Forty thousand acres had been planted with American vines, as better able to resist the parasitic insect.

March 17.

The early English calendars declare that Noah entered the ark on this date and left it on April 29. Just why they chose this date for the occurrence is not clear.

493. St. Patrick is stated to have died on this day, at one hundred and twenty-

one years of age, though his death is variously dated from 464 to 493. He was born at Bannevan in Scotland, and is supposed to have been one of the first that preached Christianity in Ireland.

1640. Philip Massinger, an English dramatist contemporary with Shakespeare, died. Eighteen of his dramas are extant, of which "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" still keeps the stage.

1776. Boston was evacuated by the British. Washington had, on the night of March 4, taken possession of and fortified Dorchester Heights. This position commanded the city, and the British commander, despairing of taking the American works, decided to evacuate. Washington's army marched into the town as the last of the British ships sailed away.

1800. The Queen Charlotte, a British ship of the line, of one hundred and ten guns, was burned in the Mediterranean, and out of her crew of eight hundred and fifty more than seven hundred perished by burning and drowning.

1848. An insurrection broke out at Berlin. The city was declared in a state of siege on November 12, and the king issued a new constitution on December 6. This was one of the revolutionary outbreaks which followed the revolution in France in nearly all the states of Europe.

1856. Miss Adelaide Phillips, the popular singer, made her *début* in opera at the Academy of Music, New York, in "Il Trovatore."

1860. Anna Jameson, a celebrated writer, died. She was born in Dublin in 1797, lived for a while in Canada, and afterwards entered upon the study of literature and the fine arts in England. Several of her works are devoted to art, others to biography and travels. Among them are "Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns," "Lives of the Early Italian Painters," and "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art."

March 18.

1718. Inoculation for the small-pox, long practised in the East, was first tried on a person of English birth. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, then at Belgrade, caused her infant son to be inoculated with small-pox virus, preliminary to the introduction of the custom into England. Her missionary efforts were not well received, and inoculation had to fight its way against deep-seated prejudice, much obloquy being visited upon Lady Mary. It slowly grew in favor, until superseded by vaccination.

1745. Sir Robert Walpole, a celebrated English statesman, died. He was prime minister of England for over twenty

years, under George I. and George II., and, though political progress was checked and wars were avoided during his administration, the country prospered.

1768. Laurence Sterne, the humorist and novelist, died. He was born in Ireland in 1718, took holy orders, and became vicar of Sutton, England, where he published the first volumes of his humorous novel of "Tristram Shandy," a work which attained great success. He completed this work in 1767, and published his popular "Sentimental Journey" in 1768, the year of his death.

1817. Horne Tooke died. He was an active reform politician, and a friend of John Wilkes, but his reputation is due to his "Divisions of Purley," a work which treats of language and is full of good thoughts and original observations.

1868. The steamboat *Magnolia* exploded her boilers on the Ohio River. Eighty lives were lost.

1871. The communal insurrection began in Paris. The troops fraternized with the insurgents, who shot two generals, took possession of the city, and barricaded the streets. An election was held on the 26th, which resulted in favor of the insurgents, and the government of the commune was proclaimed on the 28th. Paris was retaken on the 28th of May, but not until the communists had done much damage to public buildings and monuments.

1885. A dreadful colliery explosion took place in the Saarbrücken collieries at Camphausen, Germany. More than one hundred and fifty lives were lost, the disaster being the worst of the kind ever known in Germany.

March 19.

1628. The colony of Massachusetts was founded. Six gentlemen of Dorchester, England, bought from the Council for New England a tract of land extending from three miles south of Massachusetts Bay to three miles north of the Merrimac River, and stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. John Endicott, with a few people, was sent over, and founded Salem. The Massachusetts Company was chartered by Charles I., March 4, 1629.

1631. The tract of land since known as the Connecticut Colony was assigned by the Earl of Warwick to Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brooke, John Hampden, and others. Colonists were sent over in 1635, and a fort was built at the mouth of the Connecticut River, called Fort Saybrook, in honor of the two lords above named.

1818. A powder-mill exploded near Wilmington, Delaware, killing thirty-five persons. The shock was felt forty

miles away. This was one of the first serious accidents at the Duponts' mills, which have exploded disastrously several times since.

March 20.

687. Saint Outhbert died about this date. He was an Anglo-Saxon monk of the monastery of Holy Isle, and afterwards Bishop of Durham. Marvellous legends of his miracles were circulated and believed, and his memory was much venerated.

1727. Sir Isaac Newton died. This celebrated personage, perhaps the ablest mathematician that ever lived, is best known as the author of the theory of gravitation, that conception of the mutual attraction between all particles and masses of matter which has replaced all older theories of the binding force of the universe, and still holds good in spite of all efforts to replace it with other theories. Newton's greatest work was his mathematical demonstration of this theory, a monument in mathematical science which stands unrivalled.

1852. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Harriet Beecher Stowe's most celebrated work, was published. This work, which professed to lay bare the conditions of Southern slavery, had a phenomenal success, and did much to strengthen the anti-slavery sentiment in the North.

1860. A dreadful earthquake destroyed the greater part of the city of Mendoza, in the Argentine Confederation, South America, about seven thousand persons perishing in the ruins.

1883. The eruption which had broken out in Mount Etna grew serious. An earthquake shook Catania, and was followed by shocks in the mountain, and the opening of fissures from which lava flowed. It was the first eruption on the southern flank of the mountain since 1792.

March 21.

1804. The Duke d'Enghien was shot by order of Napoleon. He was arrested in Baden, though on neutral territory, taken to the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, hurriedly tried before a military tribunal on a charge of conspiracy, sentenced, and shot. This deed excited deep indignation, and is still looked upon as one of the worst crimes committed by Napoleon.

1829. A disastrous earthquake in Spain devastated Murcia. Numerous villages were destroyed, and six thousand persons perished.

1843. Lamotte-Fouqué, a German poet and novelist of high ability, died. He served in the army against Napoleon, and after retiring produced many beau-

tiful poems and tales. The work by which he is chiefly known is his exquisite story of "Undine," one of the most charming imaginative conceptions in existence. On the same day died Robert Southey, an eminent English writer. He wrote numerous poems and prose works, and enjoyed high celebrity in his time, though now little read.

1881. The Opera-House at Nice, France, was totally destroyed by fire, during the performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor." Soon after the opera began, an explosion of gas took place which set fire to the scenery. A frightful panic followed, and the audience rushed in a struggling mass for the doors. Before those in the gallery could escape, the stairs took fire and cut off their retreat. Fortunately, the audience was very small, not more than a hundred and fifty persons being present. Of these sixty-two lost their lives.

1886. Geronimo, the murderous chief of the Apaches, surrendered to the United States troops under Lieutenant Maus. On the 31st he escaped from his guard and again took to the mountains.

March 22.

1765. The "Stamp Act" was passed by the English Parliament. Its purpose was to add to the British revenue by a stamp-duty on American official documents. It was everywhere resisted, and raised such commotion that Parliament repealed it early in the following year.

1832. Goethe, the greatest poet of Germany, and one of the greatest of the world's poets, died. Born in 1749, he was the author of numerous works, all of marked originality, and several of which gave rise to new schools of German literature. He is best known outside his native land by his great dramatic poem of "Faust," one of the noblest works of poetic thought and diction in existence.

1859. A terrible earthquake devastated the city of Quito, South America. About five thousand persons lost their lives. Disastrous as this occurrence was, it was far surpassed by the earthquake of February 4, 1797, in which the city was overwhelmed and forty thousand persons destroyed.

1885. The British military expedition from Suakin was surprised by the Arabs, who broke through the line of earthworks and threatened a serious disaster to the expedition. A severe struggle ensued, in which the Arabs were slaughtered in great numbers and finally repelled. The British lost heavily, and two-thirds of their camels and mules were killed or injured. Suakin

is still a place of severe contention between the Arabs and the English.

1886. The strike on the Western railroads became general. On the 23d twelve locomotives were disabled at Kansas City, riots took place at St. Louis, and troops were sent to protect the mails. On the 30th two trains were wrecked, but on the 31st the strikers were ordered back to work by the Knights of Labor.

March 23.

1854. A treaty of commerce was concluded between the United States and Japan by Commodore Perry, who had been sent there for that purpose. The first American expedition, under Commodore Perry, had reached Yeddo in July, 1853, on which occasion the Japanese government seemed disposed to continue its policy of exclusion, but was induced to change this by the boldness and determination of its visitor. This treaty was the first step in the great progress of Japan which is one of the marvels of the nineteenth century.

1868. The impeachment trial of President Johnson began on this day. It ended on May 26, with a vote of thirty-five for "guilty" and nineteen for "not guilty." This being less than the two-thirds majority required by the Constitution, a verdict of acquittal was rendered.

1885. An insurrection broke out in Manitoba, British America, among the half-breeds of the North Saskatchewan River, headed by Louis Riel. Three Indian chiefs joined the revolt, which rapidly spread over much of Winnipeg Territory. The insurgents, who claimed that they had been ill treated in the disposal of their lands by the government, were finally put down, and Riel was taken and executed.

March 24.

1387. One of the earliest naval victories of England was gained on this day. The Earl of Arundel defeated a Flemish fleet of one hundred sail, and captured eighty.

1603. Queen Elizabeth died. Her reign began in 1558, and was one of the longest and most glorious of English reigns, the country advancing greatly in prosperity under her rule, while in literary production it attained an eminence never since surpassed.

1801. Paul, Emperor of Russia, son of Peter III. and Catherine II., was murdered by conspirators. His reign had been marked by numerous acts of folly and tyranny, and his assassination was due to the impatience of the nobility under the rule of a tyrannical fool. He was succeeded by his son, Alexander I.

1844. Thorwaldsen, one of the greatest of modern sculptors, died. He was born in 1770, on the sea between Iceland and Denmark, his first studies being in Copenhagen, his later in Rome. Here he produced many noble works. One of his most striking productions is the image of a wounded lion, cut from the living rock near Luzerne, Switzerland, of colossal size, and designed to commemorate the heroic fidelity of the Swiss guards who fell August 10, 1792.

1878. The Eurydice, an English training-ship, was wrecked in a squall off the Isle of Wight, while returning from the Bermudas. The captain and about three hundred of the crew perished. The vessel was afterwards raised and taken into Portsmouth.

1882. Longfellow, in the opinion of many the greatest of American poets, died. He was born in 1807. His literary industry was very great, and his works include a very considerable number of his own poems, and several compilations of poetry, translations, and works in prose. As a poet, his tenderness, simplicity, and clearness of thought have given him a wide reputation and endeared him to the readers of every civilized nation.

March 25.

1748. A fire broke out in Cornhill, London, which consumed two hundred houses. It was the most destructive conflagration that city had experienced since the great fire of 1666.

1807. The English Parliament decreed the abolition of the slave-trade. It had been abolished by Austria and France at an earlier date, and was brought to an end in the United States in 1808.

1843. The Thames Tunnel was opened for foot-passengers. This famous work was begun in 1825. Its length was thirteen hundred feet, height twenty feet, width thirty-five feet. The tunnel was closed in 1866. The Tower subway, an iron tube tunnel, was begun in February, 1869, and opened in April, 1870. The rapidity with which this was finished, as compared with the former, is a striking proof of the great progress of engineering science.

1865. Fort Stedman was taken by the Confederates. This was an earth-work in the line of Union intrenchments around Petersburg. An early-morning assault was made on it, the defenders surprised, and the fort captured. But it proved a death-trap to the captors, many of whom were killed and most of the others made prisoners, the fort being quickly retaken by the Unionists.

March 26.

1780. The first Sunday newspaper was issued in England, under the title of *The British Gazette and Sunday Monitor*. It was followed by the *Observer* (1791), *Bell's Messenger* (1796), and the *Weekly Dispatch* (1801).

1812. A terrible earthquake occurred at Caracas, Venezuela, nearly twelve thousand of the inhabitants of the city being destroyed.

1856. The first street-railway in New England was opened for travel. It was called the Cambridge Railroad, and ran from Boston to Cambridge. Street-railways at that time were in the experimental stage, and the projectors of this road found so much difficulty in selling their bonds and stocks that the contractors were obliged to take nearly the whole amount.

1872. Severe earthquakes took place in California, destroying several small towns. About thirty persons were killed.

March 27.

1794. Congress authorized the construction of six war-frigates. This was the beginning of the American navy. The war-vessels of the Revolution had been sold at the end of that contest, and in the intervening period the country was without a navy.

1807. The trial of Aaron Burr for treason began. This trial was in consequence of his actions in the Southwest, he being charged with the organization of a conspiracy to separate Louisiana from the United States. Nothing positive could be proved against him, however, and the trial ended on September 18 in his acquittal. His political career was ended in the United States, for his actual guilt was generally believed.

1860. The first Japanese embassy to the United States reached San Francisco in the steamer Powhatan. It consisted of two princes of the highest rank in Japan, and two associates of nearly equal rank, with a considerable body of attendants and servants. They were treated with the greatest respect in all parts of the country which they visited, and the treaty which they bore with them was formally ratified. They left for home from New York on June 29, in the United States steamer Niagara.

March 28.

1520. Raphael, the most eminent of modern painters, died. He was born in 1483, became a pupil of Perugino, and very early showed indications of remarkable genius. He continued to study during his whole life, changing his style

at successive periods, through the influence of the works of the several great artists of that time. As Michael Angelo was the last great artist of the classic school, Raphael was the first of the modern school, and by his noble works gave an impetus to art which is still felt. Many of his great paintings still exist, and serve as studies of the utmost value to modern artists.

1814. The United States frigate *Essex* was attacked in the Bay of Valparaiso by a British frigate and a sloop of war. A desperate and long-continued contest ensued, but the *Essex* was at length overpowered by the superior force of her assailants and forced to surrender.

1854. England declared war against Russia. France had done so on the previous day. This action led to the Crimean War, in which Sebastopol was besieged and finally taken by the allies. The war ended in February, 1856, and a treaty of peace was concluded on the 30th of March.

March 29.

1772. Emanuel Swedenborg died. This celebrated personage was one of the most remarkable men of modern times. Born at Stockholm in 1688, he became an able engineer, naturalist, and mathematician, and in his writings advanced scientific theories which are claimed to have anticipated some of the greatest of modern discoveries. He is best known, however, through his theosophical writings, in which he claimed to have extraordinary powers of intercourse with superior beings, and advanced a theory of the constitution of the universe which has gained many adherents. These are associated into the religious sect of Swedenborgians.

1849. The Punjab was annexed to British India, at the close of the wars with the Sikhs. This great region of northwest Hindostan was a highly valuable accession to the English territory in India, and has flourished under English rule.

1865. The movement of Grant's army to drive Lee out of the defences of Petersburg began this day, and continued during the next two days, the month ending in a charge of the force under Sheridan's command on the Confederate works at Five Forks, in which five thousand prisoners were taken and the army put in position for the decisive action of April 1.

1867. The Dominion of Canada was constituted, an act being passed for the union of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick under one government, with a Parliament to consist of the queen, a

Senate of seventy-two members, and a House of Commons of one hundred and eighty-one members. Since that date Canada has been extended to embrace all British America, with the exception of Newfoundland.

1834. Serious riots broke out in Cincinnati, on account of the release of murderers through incompetent or venal administration of justice. Several instances of this kind had occurred, the final one being the sentence of a man named Burners, who had murdered his employer, to imprisonment only. The mob attacked the jail, which was stubbornly defended, troops being called out. Numerous attacks were made, which were repelled with great loss, there being thirty-eight killed and fifty-two seriously wounded. The disturbances continued three days, during which there were nearly two hundred and fifty casualties.

March 30.

1282. The terrible outbreak known as the "Sicilian Vespers" took place. The French had conquered Sicily in 1266, and continued to treat the Sicilians with great indignity. A conspiracy was formed to bring their rule to an end. On Easter Monday, 1282, a bride at Palermo was rudely handled by a Frenchman, when a Sicilian stabbed him with his own sword. In the tumult that ensued, two hundred French were killed. The populace ran through the city, crying, "Let the French die!" and killed all they could find, of every age and sex, until eight thousand had been slaughtered. From Palermo the massacre spread throughout the island.

1638. A company of emigrants sailed from Boston to Connecticut. They purchased land from the Indians, and laid out a town which they called New Haven. The first emigrants to Connecticut had reached there in 1633, and others came overland in 1635. These formed the settlements of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield.

1867. A treaty between the United States and Russia was signed, by which Russian America was sold to the United States for seven million two hundred thousand dollars. The formal transfer was made on October 9. The new territory was named Alaska. Its area is estimated at five hundred thousand square miles, and its coast-line is greater than the combined lines of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States.

1870. A proclamation was issued by the Secretary of State announcing that the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution had been ratified by all the States. This ended the task of reconstruction,

and all the Southern States were admitted to representation in Congress.

1882. The steamboat *Golden City*, on its way from New Orleans to Cincinnati, took fire near Memphis. It was headed for the wharf and moored, but the line parted and the flood swept away the boat, then a mass of flames. Of one hundred persons on board, about thirty-five, mostly women and children, were burned or drowned. The second engineer remained at his post till cut off from escape by the flames.

1883. A serious accident took place on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, near Mason's Station, Ohio. Fifty-three lives were lost.

March 31.

1827. Beethoven, the celebrated musical composer, died. He was of Dutch extraction, and was born at Bonn, Prussia, in 1770. He composed many instrumental pieces of the highest order of excellence, and the favorite opera of "Fidelio." He became deaf in the prime of life, and grew morose and unhappy from the loss of power to enjoy music.

1841. A fire broke out in Broome Street, New York, in which one hundred houses were burned before it could be arrested.

1850. John C. Calhoun died. This distinguished American statesman represented South Carolina in Congress for many years, became Secretary of War in 1817, and was elected Vice-President in 1824. He was re-elected in 1828, in the first Jackson administration, but resigned in 1832, and was chosen Senator by South Carolina. He became a leader in the nullification excitement of that year, but was overawed by Jackson's threat to arrest him as a traitor if any overt act of treason should be committed. He became Secretary of State in 1844, and continued in public service till his death.

1855. Charlotte Brontë died. This highly popular novelist was born in 1816, in 1846 published a volume of poems in company with her sisters, and in 1848 published her celebrated novel of "Jane Eyre," which had a highly flattering reception and at once gave the authoress a lofty standing in the literary world. She wrote several other novels, of superior literary finish, but none of them with the force and originality displayed in "Jane Eyre."

1865. The steam transport *General Lyon* caught fire when off Cape Hatteras, and was entirely consumed. There were on board more than five hundred persons, nearly all of whom perished.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia leads the seven largest Mutual Companies in the three essential elements of excellence,—viz., Strength, shown in ratio of assets to liabilities; Cheapness, shown in ratio of surplus earning to premiums [in 1888 the Penn's ratio was 83 per cent.; the next highest was 27 per cent.; the lowest, 11 per cent.]; Care, in selection of risks, as shown in low mortality.

INFORMATION THAT WE ALL WANT.—All the troubles of Spring complaints can be relieved quicker by Murdock's Liquid Food than by all other preparations known, as it will make blood faster, and new blood will cleanse the system of disease. Twelve ounces of Liquid Food will make equal to eight per cent. in weight and strength weekly.

The results obtained at our Free Surgical Hospital for Women—114 beds and every bed free, including operations—confirm our claim, as there have been between 2000 and 8000 patients, representing 90 distinct classes of operations, with only 22 deaths, and we operate every week in the year. During the summer months most of the surgical hospitals for women in the United States are closed, the surgeons being unwilling to operate on account of the high rate of mortality, but by the use of Murdock's Liquid Food and Suppositories, before and after an operation, we build up the patient so much as to make it safe to operate, and gives a rapid recovery.

The women who have been operated on have suffered from 1 to 24 years, and were under medical treatment most of the time. We have had some of the severest cases known in surgery. The women recover their health and strength and are restored to usefulness; all gain in weight, some cases 45 pounds in 16 weeks, 25 pounds in 6 weeks, 35 pounds in 31 weeks, this one had five operations.

Our patients come from all sections, from the Provinces, and from the United States, all of whom we are proud to refer to, as many of them had been treated or rejected by other hospitals, and we pride ourselves on having not only the largest but the best equipped surgical hospital in the United States for women: In Massachusetts our Liquid Food is a household bottle; for the friends of our patients realize that it must do as much for their families in need of local treatment.

We will forward our Annual Reports, also Essays read on our Liquid Food before the American Medical Association and British Medical Association, etc., if advised.

Mothers, if your baby does not thrive, never change its food, but add five or more drops at each feeding of Murdock's Liquid Food, and its lost or needed vitality will be restored in less than thirty days. When you are weaning the baby or when it is teething, take one teaspoonful to a tablespoonful yourself before each meal and on retiring, and you will receive as much benefit as the baby.

MURDOCK'S LIQUID FOOD CO., BOSTON.

ATHOLE BROSE.—Athole is a district in the northern part of Perthshire, Scotland. Brose is Scotch for "broth." Athole brose is a pottage or drink made originally in Athole by pouring boiling water on oatmeal and introducing a few condiments. That it is a pleasant compound appears from Hood's epigram :

Charmed with a drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaims with glee,
"Potstausend ! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,
How goot der Athol Boetry must be !"

The name "brose" or "broose" is also given to a race at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church, the prize being a smoking bowl of spice broth. In time the name was transferred from the prize to the race itself.

SCIENTIFIC SKILL IN PIANO-MAKING.—The last twenty-five years even have not only witnessed a complete change in the outward appearance of the instrument, but have given us, in place of a tinkling, tinny tone, the broad, luscious, musical quality and full vibration which add new delight to the charms of piano-forte composition. The advent of the upright and its growth in popular favor have also marked this period. The American upright, like the American grand and square, is unique and approachable by foreign makers only as American principles are recognized and adopted. Our manufacturers can, therefore, safely claim the honor of leading the world in this department of mechanical skill. As an illustration of the above may be cited the house of O. C. Briggs & Co., No. 5 Appleton Street, Boston, the popularity of whose instruments is due to constant application of scientific principles of construction. While old notions may be respected so long as they are of value, advancement would be retarded by excessive conservatism. The Briggs piano has been praised by many competent judges.—*New York Tribune*.

GUESS, in the sense of "think" or "believe," as in the phrase "I guess the mail has arrived," etc., is generally looked upon as a gross Americanism. But, like most so-called Americanisms, it is simply the survival of an old English use of the word, which was formerly in excellent repute, as may appear from the following extracts :

"Amylia will be lov'd as I mote gheesse."—*Spenser*.

"Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yarde long, I guess."—*Chaucer*.

"Already by thy reasoning this I guess."—*Milton*.

"If thou canst the harder reason guess."—*Pope*.

"A poet must confess

His art, like physio, but a happy guess."—*Dryden*.

"She, guessing that he was a gardener."—*John* xx. 15, *Wicliffe's Trans.*

"Nobody, I guess, will think it too much."—*Locke*.

"Guess rightly of things to come."—*Raleigh*.

BUCKWHEAT-CAKES are usually supposed to be a New England invention, and indeed within the last quarter of a century the American visitors to Paris have made the fortune of a *spécialité de buckwheat-cakes*. But in very fact the cakes are of French origin, and those who like them may eat them to-day in their primitive simplicity as *galettes de Sarrasin* at almost any village west of the Seine in Normandy.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER, and also the most attractive and convincing methods of advertising medicines of this class, originated with Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. The popular verdict proves the superiority of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and numerous imitations of the means of bringing it before the public prove that other advertisers know a good thing when they see it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has, for more than forty years, been the great blood-purifier of the world. In using this medicine people find they get the worth of their money, and hence its wonderful popularity.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a well-deserved reputation in this locality for restoring to healthy, vigorous action the vital organs when they have become weakened or exhausted. I have used it in my family for this purpose, especially after the system had become depleted from malarial attacks. I have advised its use among my neighbors, and it has always proved invaluable."—**C. C. HAMILTON, Emberson, Texas.**



"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—**MRS. L. A. STARK, Nashua, N.H.**

"There is no remedy that gives so good satisfaction as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I use it in my practice whenever I need an alternative. In fact, all your remedies are first-class."—**DR. JAS. H. STONE, Tappan, Ohio.**

"Having used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with great benefit, for the cure of an inherited affection, I can cheerfully recommend it to others suffering from similar complaints."—**S. E. CLARKE, Druggist, Medina, N.Y.**

"I consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla an excellent remedy and would like it to be in every household."—**L. J. JENKINS, M.D., Tung, Tenn.**

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price, \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Best Cough Cure, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral strengthens the vocal organs, allays irritation of the mucous membrane, and prevents the inroads of consumption. In every stage of that disease, this medicine relieves coughing and induces refreshing rest. Colds, Coughs, Croup, and Sore Throat are always benefited and, in most cases, promptly cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

THE black cockade (a star-like piece of black leather, usually surmounted by a fan) which is often seen on the hats of liveried servants was unknown in Britain until the accession of the house of Hanover, and was then introduced by George I. from his German dominions. It seems to be understood that the right to use it belongs to naval and military officers, and the holders of some offices of dignity under the crown, such as privy councillors, officers of state, supreme judges, etc. But it is somewhat difficult to draw the line, as the privilege is one of which the law takes no cognizance. Naval cockades have no fan-shaped appendage, and do not project above the top of the hat.

THE General Agents of the Penn Mutual Life are to be found at all important points in the country, from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. All persons contemplating life insurance who may wish an intelligent presentation of the subject should confer with the nearest agent of this company.

As a matter of economy of expenditure and safety of investment, the advantages will be readily apparent, and the information cheerfully given without regard to the ultimate decision.

"ONE swallow does not make a summer." This is an ancient Greek proverb, and may be found in Aristotle in this form: "One swallow maketh not a spring, nor a woodcock a winter." (*Ethic. Nicom.*, lib. i.) In Attica the children were given a holiday when the swallow first appeared. Horace connects the zephyrs of spring with the arrival of the swallow. In Italy and Spain the proverb still runs, "One swallow does not make a spring." But in more northern latitudes the swallows appear later, and their proverbial literature denies that a single swallow makes a summer. In Northbrooke's "Treatise against Dancing," 1577, the proverb reads, "One swallow proveth not that summer is near." Shakespeare, in "Timon of Athens," Act III., Scene 6, says, "The swallow follows not the summer more willing than we your lordship." Dr. Fowler gives the 15th of April as swallows' day.

INVESTMENT life insurance is attracting a very large share of attention at this time, and we assume because it has been conclusively shown that men may in this way have their lives insured for a long series of years, and at the end of the term receive all they have paid to a Company, together with a moderate rate of interest thereon. This is especially true of the Penn Mutual Life, of Philadelphia. We have seen some of the results of this form of insurance, and they would be surprising if they were not true, but they are fully vouched by the statements of the policy-holders.

"GRASS WIDOW" was originally "grace widow,"—that is, a widow by grace or courtesy, not in fact. In England the term is bestowed on an unmarried mother or discarded mistress. In this country it means either a divorced wife or one separated from her husband. It appears to have first come into general use in the days of the California gold-fever in 1849, and did not then carry any reproach with it, but designated the adventurer's wife left at home for an indefinite period. Probably the fact that she often had "to pick up her own living," as the grazing phrase hath it, may have assisted in the not unnatural corruption from "grace" to "grass."

THE
WITNESS OF THE SUN.

BY
AMÉLIE RIVES,
AUTHOR OF "THE QUICK OR THE DEAD?" ETC.

"On the earth the broken arcs ; in heaven the perfect round."

ROBERT BROWNING.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

TO
MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,
A THANK-OFFERING.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1889.

THE WITNESS OF THE SUN.

I.

WHAT was one to do with a young girl who sketched ideal heads on her slate underneath half-finished sums in decimal fractions, who altered the profiles of the Roman emperors in her Italian history, and who frankly declared that the unexplained draperies above the figures in the Sistine Madonna reminded her disagreeably of the parted curtains in a *coupé-lit*? Miss Matilda Herbert acknowledged herself at a loss. She even suggested, on occasions, the advisability of resigning her position as governess in the Demarini household. To this, however, the countess would never so much as give ear. Her good Herbert was as much a part of her daily life as her warm bath or her mandarin orange before breakfast. She had superintended the education of Ilva for ten years, why not for half as many more? Besides, one could easily prevent any tampering with the imperial outlines by purchasing an unillustrated history; and as for the presumptuous criticisms of Raphael, her good Herbert had only to close her ears and affect deafness.

When Ilva began the *Æneid*, however, it was even more painful. She openly ridiculed the famous hero, and not only laughed but drew him to scorn on that ever-to-be-dreaded slate,—yes, pictured him in ghastly white outlines, with tears twice the size of his noble head coursing down entirely to the wooden frame of her slate.

"He is always crying," she said. "*Dio mio!* fancy trying to make a hero of a man who is always as damp as they say the climate of England is! He cries for everything,—absolutely. The fires of love? Pouf! He could have put them out with a bucket of tears in less than twenty minutes. He a hero! He was an ass. See, here are his ears. Look, signorina, I make his ears!" And at this juncture she would hold up the slate with another libellous representation of the celebrated Greek.

Ilva was at ten a very tall child, with a figure which, though delicate, was supple and strong as steel. Her hair, of a pale silverish

gold, suggestive of moonlight through amber, grew in five well-defined points above her noble, low brow. Her skin had the clear whiteness of almonds which have been soaked in water. Her eyes, large and lustrous, were the tint of a spring rain-cloud,—that indescribable bluish gray-violet which seems to make blue cold by contrast, gray harsh, and violet sentimental.

Her nose and mouth, while handsome, were too large for her face, at present. In a word, with some very lovely points she was plain, and with decided grace of movement she was, on occasion, awkward. Being entirely aware of these disheartening facts, she felt them the more keenly, perhaps, as her little friend Nathali Zanova was a dainty piece of plump perfection, whose nurse was stopped many times a day with admiring exclamations and inquiries: "Oh, what a beautiful little angel! What hair! What eyes!—like a fawn's. One could see the little beauty was of the nobility;" and then sometimes in an aside, "What a contrast! The other has fine hair and eyes, to be sure, but so pale; and then her mouth and nose! She makes a capital foil, however. The little cherub's mother must be a clever woman." Nathali, for her part, was as conscious of her charms as her friend was of her defects, and had a little strut which she assumed upon the street or in the public gardens, and which irritated Ilva to a limitless degree. This was, of course, when they were much younger. Nathali was now twelve, and Ilva ten.

She was not so intimate with Nathali as of yore, finding her too much occupied in coveting the toilets of her mother's guests, and musing upon the probable magnificence of her future marriage, which she frankly avowed she hoped would take place almost immediately after her *début*. Ilva did not care for toilets, and had startlingly precocious ideas concerning love and matrimony. On the eve of her tenth birthday she had begun a romance in the following manner:

"Married love is like champagne with the sparkles out." This sentence the good and indefatigable Herbert had found and at once torn up; but, as Ilva said, with an expressive little grin which showed both rows of sharp little teeth, "No matter! It is written in my brain. You cannot tear my brain up and put it in your waste-basket, Herbert. That is all."

She was very moderate in her ambitions. She only desired to become a painter more great than Sanzio, a poet more original than Dante, and a novelist more striking than Alessandro Manzoni.

The countess, who was perhaps fonder of her peace than of the Demarini jewels, did not occupy herself much with the affairs of her little daughter, beyond seeing that she had plenty of clothes and school-books, and taking her sometimes to drive in her victoria.

Ilva decidedly preferred walking alone to driving with her mother. At the back of the Villa Demarini there rose abruptly a steep hill, in whose side were set rough stone steps, which led to a level space on top, crowned with olive-trees and ilex and the ruins of a little marble temple. There was also a marble seat, with some Latin words curving about its weather-beaten back. There were numberless grasshoppers and lizards, and a rose-tree which was in full bloom, its red petals

resting upon the broken limbs of a fallen wood-god below, like drops of fragrant blood. Still farther up there were pines. The hill-side was tawny and resinous with the withered needles. The living leaves above seemed ever mourning their dead comrades below; all night and all day they sighed ceaselessly. Then there were always orioles in the great oleanders, so tame that they would peck crumbs from the girl's hands and even from the top of her bright head. There could be nothing more delightful, Ilva thought, than to lie at one's ease along that old marble seat, with one's locked hands for a pillow, and watch the restless blue of the sea between the serpent-like stems of the old olive-trees. Their leaves had the dusty silver of a moth's wing, even in the brightest sunlight, and their gentle clapper reminded this somewhat fantastic child of a subdued accompaniment of castanets to which the sunlight danced. One could see so far, too, on every side. There lay the village to the right, its white walls and houses glittering in the garish light, like the foam-cap of that great green wave of verdure which rolled all the way from the foot of the distant mountains. Then to the left the pretty huddling of another little village, farther away, among its palms and olives and pomegranates and almond-trees, and the white gleam of the broad road, and the dashes of color in the skirts of the peasant-women who moved along it to and from the village, some with great panniers of lemons and oranges upon their shoulders, some driving or riding the shag-eared little donkeys that ambled placidly beneath similar burdens. From this delectable eminence they were only blurs of pale and ruddy gold to Ilva, in the same way that the sea was only a vast twinkle, as vividly blue as the wet wing of a bird that flies through a sunbeam while one looks. There were no waves, only that endless, tireless dance of azure light which reminded the girl of the breath-broken light of the sapphires which she was sometimes allowed to clasp about her mother's throat on grand occasions. Yes, that was just the way they shimmered. How if one were a giantess and had a giant lover to whom one might say, "No, never will I be thy wife until thou hast hardened that sea there into a sapphire pendant, for which thou must also twist me a great rope of golden stars and of sunbeams. Yes, and when thou hast completed that, I will have thee drag down the canopy of heaven to make me a robe, and I will have also the sun for a clasp to my girdle, and the Milky Way for a veil, and I will have—yes, I will have—I will have——"

II.

But here she had been interrupted in her soliloquy. She knew who he was the moment she looked up. She had seen his photograph the afternoon before, when she had been allowed to come in for dessert at luncheon and the people at table had been discussing him. He was the young Russian who had just written a terrible novel, for which he was to have been exiled to Siberia, but, owing to some powerful influence, the Czar had merely banished him instead. She had wished then with all her heart to see him and speak with him. She thought perhaps that he would listen to some of her manuscripts and have a sympathy

for her. She too was going to be a great novelist. Perhaps she might even be banished from Italy some day. She had been extremely angry when her mother told her that she could not possibly allow her to be at luncheon again to-day. Ilva's anger was of the steely, white-hot kind that always burns one's self far more than one's adversary. She had come to her olive-hidden retreat as usual, and had brought with her some sheets of note-paper, upon which she had written again, in large, determined letters, "Married love is like champagne with the sparkles out." How that would have impressed the young Russian,—that sentence which she felt to be masterly! She was sure no one would have suspected that a little girl of ten had originated it. And in his photograph he had such kind, deep eyes, and such a gentle, high-arched mouth. She was sure that he would have encouraged her and felt for her. And then to be denied all these delightful possibilities merely because she was yet in short frocks and wore her hair in a hideous queue! She had torn the thick bands apart, in a kind of impotent frenzy, as this thought had come to her, and was lying back among their riotous splendor, when the voice had interrupted her.

Nadrovine thought her asleep until her murmured soliloquy caught his ear, and he listened in silence until she hesitated; then he interrupted her with these words:

"And what wilt thou have next, little Titaness? Possibly the keys of paradise to hang up in thy drawing-room under a knot of scarlet ribbon. Or is blue thy color?"

"I do not know quite what you mean, signor," she replied, sitting erect, and gathering back her unbound hair with both hands. "I am sorry you heard me saying such silly things. You will think me very foolish."

"I don't see that there was anything very silly in your words," said Nadrovine, kindly. "To tell you the truth, I thought them very pretty. Are all your ideas as big as those?"

"They are not small," she admitted, with some reserve, and a haughtiness which he thought very appropriate to her pale and sternly-out little features.

"You are one of Madame Demarini's daughters, are you not?" he then asked, following out his own train of thought rather than trying to sustain the thread of their conversation.

She looked at him calmly. "Yes, I am Ilva," she replied. "Please don't mention having found me up here. Nathali's nurse would be sure to think it a good place for her to play in. Nathali is my friend,—or used to be."

"You like, then, to be alone?" said Nadrovine, who was still standing. He chinked some bright pebbles which he had boyishly transferred from the beach to his pocket, as he looked down at her gravely. He thought the pale, unchildish face, with its oriflamme of vivid hair, singularly interesting and attractive. "You like to be alone? Is that it?" he repeated.

"Yes, that is it," she answered. "I am never alone except when I am up here. No one ever comes here but me, the steps are so steep, and there is always so much wind. It is not cold, though; it is never

cold here; and if one wants to write, one has only to make paper-weights of bits of stone. That statue's three fingers and heel make capital ones, and the bench is delightful for a table."

"Ah, you write?" said Nadrovine, amused, but not allowing any sign of it to escape him. He had known several little girls who wrote, and he was always very ready indeed to read their manuscripts. "May I sit there by you?" he said now; "and will you show me some stories, if you have them up here with you?"

The swift rush of color to her pale face made her radiant for a moment. It was as rosy and as sudden a transformation as that in a pantomime. Nadrovine saw in that moment that she would probably grow up to be very beautiful. He was beginning to wonder what she would read to him from her little blotted roll of manuscript. They were always blotted, he remembered, and always in a roll. But, lo! on the bit of paper she slipped into his hands was only one sentence, unblotted and heavily legible: "Married love is like champagne with the sparkles out." He read it once, once again, and then looked at the little authoress somewhat curiously.

"What is this, doushka?" he asked. "The title, or a sentiment that you are going to enlarge upon? And where did you ever get hold of it?"

Then said Ilva, proudly,—

"It is mine. It is not a title. I wrote it."

"Wrote it? Composed it?" echoed Nadrovine, looking as astounded as her expectation had pictured him. Then, with a sudden change of tone, "How old are you, little one?"

She looked at him, and caught back another wisp of hair which the wind had blown loose again. "I am ten,—ten one week ago," she answered. She was very anxious to know what he would say next, and moved unconsciously a little nearer to him along the old marble seat. Then this celebrated and banished young Russian did a rather strange thing: Ilva, thinking of it afterwards, wondered how she could have allowed it. He put a gentle and at the same time strong arm about her slender shoulders and drew her to his side, still holding the sheet of paper in his other hand.

"Doushka," he said, "I have a little cousin whom I love very much. She is just a year older than you. She too wishes to write, and some day I think she will do so to her heart's content. I say to you just what I would say to her, Tear up these words, and try to forget them. Also, never write of what you cannot, in some sort at least, comprehend. Softly, now. Don't be angry with me. Don't pull away. It is a very clever sentence,—cleverer, perhaps, than you have any idea of. It might have been written by one three times your age. Still, it is an unpleasant sort of sentence, too. Let me see. How can I best explain to you? Well, then, for instance, suppose you had said, 'Married love is like champagne, unpalatable and flat when one allows the cork of sympathy to become shrivelled.' That isn't perhaps as clear, but it is more hopeful. If you ever write, doushka,—and I trust you will,—pray, above all things, let your books be hopeful. Do not write so that when one reads one will say, 'Ah, well, in all probability I too

will be dragged down into just such a quagmire. What is the use of struggling?" No, make your stories, even those that may be sad, so full of hope that one, having read them, will leap up, saying, 'No matter if things are sad, there is brightness in all. I see no reason why I should not try to be happy like Carlo, or Bettina,' or one of the charming people you are sure to write of. There, that is a neat little sermon, and you furnished the text."

Ilva knit her brows, but was not exactly offended. "I do not quite understand why you do not like my sentence, but I hope you do not think it wicked. I only meant it to be true. It seems to me it is like that. I will do as you say, however: I will tear it up." She stripped the sheet of paper, as she spoke, into several little ribbons, and then tore these across once or twice. "There," she ended, slipping them into his hand with a gesture which was both impulsive and imperious. "Keep it to remind you that I promise to do as you say."

"Indeed I will," said the young Russian, heartily. He took the slender, strong little hand and kissed it lightly. "You are to write only what is brave and hopeful," he said, as if speaking to the long fingers which lay upon his palm; and they tightened slightly in answer.

Then he stooped and lifted a book from the sunburnt grass. He had at first thought it a pretty box of some sort, for its cover was of old Dutch silver-work, with the Demarini crest set in opals,—altogether a very superb and inappropriate volume to share the siesta of a little girl who wore a rumpled brown holland frock and lay on her back in the sunshine as regardlessly placid as the lizard that basked near by. He held it on his left hand and opened it. It was a volume of Ariosto's unabridged poems.

"And have you read this, doushka?" he asked, beginning to feel more puzzled and amused and a little horrified. She leaned over and gravely turned one or two leaves with an air of proprietorship.

"Is it not lovely?" she said. "Yes, I have just begun it to-day. I was trying to make some poetry myself when you came."

"And could you not?" said Nadrovine, still smiling rather dubiously.

"No; I do not think I have that talent," she replied, with some sadness. "The rhymes are like so many gnats buz-buz-buzzing, when I only want to fix my ideas. Do you ever write poetry, signor?"

Nadrovine said no, that he did not. Suddenly he put out his hand and drew her down beside him again. "No, I do not write poetry," he repeated. "But I can tell charming fairy-tales. Do you care for fairy-tales?"

"Oh! so much!" exclaimed Ilva.

"Then," said Nadrovine, "I will tell you one. Here it is. There was once a little princess——"

"Do not make it commonplace," interrupted Ilva, with one of her frowns. "I wish you had said a little peasant-girl; all fairy-tales have princesses. But no matter."

Nadrovine laughed, showing teeth which were splendidly white and regular. "My story will disappoint you, I fear," he said, in reply to

these rapid interpellations; "but, since my heroine was a princess at first, she must remain one now. She had not a very commonplace name, at all events: they called her Liott. She also had the most uncommonplace dwelling conceivable, for she lived in a palace of ice, which was far more beautiful than anything which you or I ever saw. She had the most charming dresses and jewels, and every toy that one can imagine, but her chief delight was in her gardens. There grew thousands of flowers, from great red roses like these overhead, to the little wild flowers that all children love."

"Ah, yes, that is very natural," put in the Signorina Demarini. "I like those much better than any others myself."

"And I," said Nadrovine, seriously. "One day, then, Princess Liott was in her garden, which was separated from the fields beyond by a high hedge, and, peeping through the hedge, she saw the most gorgeous blossoms in all the world. She had never dreamed of such beautiful flowers, not even when she lay awake at night and pressed her fingers on her eyelids to see the splendid lilac and gold and green wreaths that grew and faded and paled and sparkled again."

"Yes, are they not beautiful?" asked Ilva, becoming absorbed in this not at all commonplace fairy-tale. "You have so many touches of nature: that is what makes your books famous, I suppose."

Nadrovine went on without replying:

"The flowers that Princess Liott saw were much more lovely, and she would have squeezed through the hedge after them, had not the governess caught her arm. 'My princess,' said she, 'do not touch those flowers: they are poisonous, in spite of their beautiful colors, and will forever stain your little white hands.' But the princess was haughty and would not be controlled. She broke from her governess into the lovely field, and gathered the jewel-like blossoms right and left, until she was tired with stooping; then she ran back in triumph to show her governess how silly her warning had been; but later, when her governess took the great nosegay from Liott's hands, they were all seamed and blackened, as though they had been burned, and not only that, but the fumes had risen from the red and yellow bells and had blackened poor Princess Liott's fair skin and dimmed her lovely eyes."

"Was she never pretty again?" said Ilva, slowly.

"She was never quite white again," said Nadrovine; "and she always sat with her hands folded palms downward in her lap: so I suppose the ugly stains and seams never went quite away."

"That is a very sad story," said Ilva, still slowly.

"Doushka," said Nadrovine, "books are sometimes more poisonous than flowers. You see, my story is commonplace after all: it has a moral."

She kept her bright, direct glance on him, still turning slowly the leaves of the book which rested on his knee.

"Is this a bad book?" she said, at last, in a low voice.

"It is not good for you to read, little one."

She suddenly lifted it from his knee. He thought she was going to walk proudly off with her rightful property, but instead she turned with a beautiful, impulsive straightening of both arms towards him.

"Take it," she said. "I give it to you. Keep it, and¹ remember that I have promised you."

Nadrovine was silent a moment, and then drew the child to him.

"This is far too valuable a book for you to give away unpermitted," he said, gently; "but your promise, which is many times more valuable, I take and keep."

She frowned a little, and the gold lights grew in her dark eyes.

"I bid you take it," she said. "It is mine: no one else has a right to it: my grandmother left it to me in her will when I was—oh! a mere speck—a baby. Here; that is my name. You see? Take it."

Nadrovine was extremely touched.

"Doushka," he said, and as he spoke he put a shapely brown hand on her blowing hair, "I cannot take your beautiful book for my very own, but I will keep it gladly until you wish for it again."

She said nothing in answer, and, stooping towards her, he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"You are very good to me," she said, in a stifled voice. "You seem to care. Why do you? No one else does. I might read every book in the house if I chose. Nathali is watched over and cared for. She is so beautiful. Have you seen her? But I—I am ugly!"

And she turned and rushed away from him down the rough, irregular steps, sobbing as she went, and leaving a very perplexed and astounded young Russian novelist behind her.

She did not see him again until she was seventeen.

III.

This little episode with Nadrovine had a distinct effect upon the girl's character. There were many things every day that she denied herself, in thinking that he would not have approved them. She seemed to herself to have become the Princess Liott of his little allegory, and was very bent on keeping her hands clean at least, since they could not be small and white like Nathali's. She no longer drove the dusty toads from under the big aloes, into the little pool on the east terrace. She tried not to say insolent things to the very exasperating Herbert. She bore like a Stoic such lies as Nathali saw fit to tell of her from time to time, and she abandoned her alterations in the profiles of the Roman emperors, in order that she might give her undivided attention to the reproduction of Nadrovine's sharply-cut features. He became to her a sort of embodied conscience, and she fell into one of those pure and romantic idolatries of which only an innocent girl is capable. She heard of him very often. Sometimes her father and mother would discuss his career and personality. Sometimes the guests at the villa would do so. Sometimes she would herself see articles in the different papers concerning him. He was founder of a new school, they said, one which did not pluck the wings from ideals and leave them to crawl, but which pointed out a possible butterfly in every ugly, realistic grub which nibbled the flowers of rhetoric. The child carefully cut out such articles and put them away in a little enamelled box which had once held bon-bons. This box had a lock and key, and she

wore the key about her throat on a bit of ribbon. As his profile dominated all her sketches, so what she fancied to be his character was given to every hero in her fantastic stories. As the years went by, however, his wraith became paler and more transparent, until, instead of coloring circumstances, as it were, the vivid hues of surrounding facts became more and more apparent through its dwindling mist.

When Ilva was seventeen, she told herself that she had been ridiculously sentimental, and that this Nadrovine whom she had adored so long would be the first to smile at her for a romantic little school-girl. She still kept the newspaper cuttings which spoke of him, however, but she took the key from about her neck and put it in her writing-desk.

She often thought of the hour when she and Nadrovine would meet again, and whether he had kept the silver book, as he had promised, all these years. She wondered, in fact, if he remembered her.

One day the countess said, as they sat together on the terrace late in the afternoon,—

“By the way, Ilva, Nadrovine, the great writer, comes here this evening to dine. Your father brings him. It is only a family dinner; and, as there is such an awkward number, I am going to permit you to dine with us.”

“I shall like it very much. You are very kind, mamma,” said the girl. Her heart beat a good deal, and she felt that the color had risen to her cheeks. It was so strange to think that she was to see him after all these years, and so very pleasant to think how different he would find her, in appearance at least, from what she had been at their last interview.

She was very careful with her toilet that evening, plaiting and replaiting, herself, the luxurious swaths of her hair, until they were as lustrous as so many twisted flames, pinning the knot of tea-roses which she was to wear in five different places on her corsage, and stopping at the last moment while her maid sewed new rosettes on a pair of bronze shoes which she particularly fancied.

“Ah,” said Nadrovine to himself, when she entered the room, “she is as lovely as I thought she would be.”

Her childishly simple gown of white gauze was cut squarely from her long and supple throat, and fawn-colored gloves came up nearly to the puffed sleeves which surmounted her graceful shoulders like some airy order of epaulets. There was a gold-colored ribbon about her waist, and a knot of it among the lace at her breast. The tea-roses were mingled with the lace and ribbon.

As for Nadrovine, he had not changed in the least. He was now twenty-nine, but his light-brown curls were as free from any tinge of gray as they had been seven years ago, and he carried himself with as virile a grace. When he smiled on speaking to her for the first time, she saw that his teeth were as brilliantly regular as ever and his mouth as handsome. He had the thin curled lips which, when not cruel, are so beautiful. Ilva thought of numberless things which she would like to say to him. She wondered, should they chance to be thrown together for a few moments, what he would first say to her. After dinner they went out on the terrace and had cigarettes and coffee and

liqueurs. There was much soft moonlight through a silver fleece of clouds. It made transparent the tender leaves of a young grape-vine near which the girl sat, and threw delicate moving shadows over her white gown and arms. She had wound some thin white stuff about her head and shoulders, and the golden ribbons at her waist and bosom reminded him of stray sunbeams. Some people had just called informally, and he came and sat down in a great bamboo chair near her, while they were making their greetings.

"You have never asked for the silver book," was what he said to her; and she replied, not lightly as she had meant to, but very seriously,—

"And I never will."

"What! you will never read Ariosto?" said Nadrovine, smiling. "I find him a charming poet."

This was not quite what Ilva had expected. She returned his smile with a rather haughty look.

"I dare say I should find him charming also," she replied, after perhaps a second's pause. "It is merely a whim."

"So, then, you have whims, like any other mortal, signorina?" said Nadrovine, still smiling. "I fancied that you were going to develop into a startlingly original young lady, from the glimpse I had of your childhood. I have whims myself. They are very disagreeable. Take my advice, and give them to me to keep with the silver book."

Ilva thought him impertinent. She was bitterly disappointed. Her pretty, childish breast swelled angrily under its knot of gold ribbons. Is anything so annoying to a young girl as to be taken for exactly the age that she is? She was just seventeen, and he treated her as he would have done any other little girl of seventeen. She began to dislike him. She began to find disagreeable the lines of that sharp-cut profile which she had so often drawn on slate and paper and even on the stiff hem of her white petticoats. He was apparently absorbed in his own thoughts during the silence which followed. He leaned his head back against the olive-wood trellis that supported the grape-vine, and allowed the smoke of his cigarette to escape through his handsome nostrils. He was, in fact, thinking of her,—gentle and tender thoughts, such as some men will give young girls into whose pure minds they see as through a crystal opening. He thought her renunciation of Ariosto as lovely as it was childish, and, seeing that she was offended, regretted having teased her. He turned suddenly and threw away his cigarette.

"Doushka," he said,—how well she remembered the tone of his voice as he pronounced the odd little Russian word!—"see, do not be angry with me. It was only in jest that I spoke. It is very good and lovely of you to have kept your promise all these years. I am going to ask you to let me send you back your silver book with marks at those passages which I think you would enjoy. Will you?"

The feeling of personal dislike for him melted away with these words, but the annoyance at being addressed as though she were a child increased, if possible.

"You are very good," she said, a trifle stiffly.

"Ah, you said that to me once before," replied Nadrovine, with the

smile which she was beginning to watch for, "but so differently. There were tears in your voice as well as in your eyes then. What a strange little creature you were!" he went on, speaking more to himself than to her. "I have often regretted that I did not see more of you as a child."

"Perhaps you would have had more regrets the more you saw of me," said the girl, slowly. "I believe that I was a very disagreeable child."

Nadrovine made a light gesture of dissent. "Oh, we should have understood each other," he said, easily.

"Do you think so?" asked Ilva. She held a little fan of amber with gold ribbons between her eyes and the moonlit glare of the sea. He thought that the moonlight shining through it reproduced the tint of her hair exactly. She could not make out his expression, for the background of sparkling water. Nadrovine caught the nettled tone in her voice.

"Why? Do you think so?" he said, gently.

"Oh! I? How can I tell?" she answered, arranging her roses. "It is your gift to guess at situations. You are famous for it. If you say so, yes, I suppose we should have understood each other,—yes, assuredly."

"You mean that we do not understand each other now," said Nadrovine. She replied by another question.

"Do you think we do?" she said; but, before he could answer, the countess approached with some guests who wished to meet Nadrovine, and Ilva spoke no more alone with him that evening.

She went to her room feeling a good deal as though she had lifted a charming flower to her face and the bee within had stung her. She had thought so often of this meeting, had listened so many times to the earnest, beautiful things he would probably say to her. She had even committed one of her prettiest poems to memory in order that she might repeat it to him when he inquired about her writings. She remembered with a fresh feeling of irritated disappointment that he had not asked so much as one question concerning them. Altogether, it had been a very flat and uneventful conversation. He had only said what any other man might have said under the circumstances, and she, on her side, had only been rather rude, she was afraid.

Nathali Zanova came over the next morning full of the celebrated Russian's advent in the neighborhood.

"And you actually sat at the same table with him?" said she. "*Dio mio!* that I had been inspired to ask myself to dine yesterday! What did he talk of? They say he is as beautiful as a Greek god. Is he?"

"Some Greek gods are very ugly; don't you think so?" said Ilva, chillily. "There is one in the Vatican with a broken nose who is quite hideous. Signor Nadrovine is not at all like him. I don't think he is like any of them."

"Ebbene, I should have said like one's dream of a Greek god," cried Nathali. "You dear, literal girl!" She took Ilva about the waist and attempted to kiss her.

"Please do not, Nathali," said the girl. "You know I do not like to be kissed."

"Yes, by me," said Nathali, good-humoredly; "and yet I have very pretty lips. Ebbene, wait until you have a lover."

"I shall never kiss any man but my husband," Ilva replied, with loftiness.

"Oh-h! so there is going to be a husband, then, after all," said Signorina Zanova, smiling her large-toothed but still pretty smile. "A month ago you were never going to marry."

"One can never tell," answered Ilva, calmly, notwithstanding, however, she blushed rather warmly. Nathali was almost as exasperating on occasions as the good Herbert. She was a very large-limbed woman, not so tall as Ilva, with a pale, well-cut, rather voluptuous mouth, which was generally open in a perpetual air of wonder, eyes which were too wide apart, and coarse, beautifully brown hair, cut abundantly above her thick eyebrows. Her figure, although well shaped, was too compact to be graceful. One always felt that it must be with a sense of duty accomplished that the Signorina Zanova unbuttoned her corsage at night. She was a woman who became herself extremely, if one may be allowed a certain liberty of expression,—that is, her mind harmonized entirely with her physique. Had she been allowed to select a body to contain her soul, one felt quite certain that her present shape would have been her choice. Her big limbs ended in the tiny hands and feet which are the ideal of beauty with so many women and which men generally fail to admire. As a little girl, Nathali had possessed the arms of a well-stuffed chair and the legs of a piano. As a young lady, voluminous sleeves and draperies only permitted one to observe hands which corresponded to the little tassels which usually finish off chair-arms and feet not much larger than the casters in which piano-legs always terminate. She was nineteen, and had been in society for a year, and was always consciously or unconsciously reminding Ilva of her less fortunate position. She would rush over to the Villa Demarini, on the day after a ball, with handfuls of gay ribbons which she had received in the cotillon and which she ostensibly brought for the collars of Ilva's dogs. Ilva, for her part, was quite sure that Nathali really brought them to show what a success she had had at the ball. Nathali's purse was as well filled as her bodice, which may perhaps somewhat account for the brilliancy of her social career, and she had an American friend, a woman even larger and more exuberant of limb than herself, who taught her to emulate the little Joseph in apparel and to use American slang. This being sometimes translated into Italian was a very astounding thing to hear.

The difference in the feelings of the two girls for each other may perhaps be concisely explained by saying that the ways of Ilva wearied Nathali, while Nathali herself wearied Ilva. She would often escape, when she saw the Zanova coupé approaching, and run far out into the great orange-gardens that flanked the house. Sometimes it would be her fate to be intercepted in her flight. To-day was one of those days; and, to complete matters, Nathali insisted upon talking of Nadrovine.

"My dearest child," she now proceeded to remark, "do you know they say that, although he is so distinguished, he is a perfect Don Juan?"

"I forbid you to say any more," interrupted Ilva, in a tensely quiet voice. Her eyes had those golden lights which flash in the eyes of some angry dogs, and which with her always meant violent emotion of some sort. She went and threw wide the venetian blinds of one of her windows. "Is it that Mees Sherlow who has taught you such conversation?" she continued, leaning against the window, and not regarding Nathali, whose mouth was more open than usual. "If it is so, do not think that I will listen to it. Such talk is abominable, disgusting, odious to me. You used not to say such things, Nathali. It is like the fairy-tale where the toads fell out of the girl's mouth. You might as well come and pour a handful of mud into my lap: I would thank you quite as much."

Nathali turned quite pale.

"You are horribly rude," she said. She took off her heavy rings and tossed them in her two hands with an attempt at carelessness. "There is nothing so odious as a prude," she remarked, after a while.

"Except a woman who repeats unclean stories and anecdotes," replied Ilva, coolly.

"I do not repeat unclean anecdotes," said Nathali, sullenly. She rose and put on her rings again, and took up her sunshade, which bristled with orange- and cherry-colored ribbons. "It is nothing to say that a man is a Don Juan. All men sow their wild oats nowadays. If Nadrovine were not a——"

"Do not dare to say it again!" cried Ilva, springing to her feet. She seized the back of a chair which stood between them and held it tightly with both hands. "If I am rude," she said, looking steadily at her friend, "it is you who make me so."

"Oh, it is not of the slightest consequence," said Signorina Zanova, who was now scarlet as the bows on her sunshade, with unmitigated rage. "If I had known you were already enamoured of the man, I would have said nothing to you. *Addio, cara mia*; a better temper to you soon, and a sunny wedding-day."

She flourished her parasol with the air of one who offers the last insult to an already infuriated foe, and left the room.

As a matter of fact, Nadrovine was not in the least a Don Juan. It was no especial question of morality with him, however. He was a rather cold, excessively refined man, who found no amusement in *liaisons* of any kind. He would have been equally amused and touched by Ilva's warm defence of him. Of this young girl he was especially fond. Such natures are more capable of comprehending and returning the affection of children than those which are more sensual; and Ilva was in truth a child as yet. She sat down, after Signorina Zanova had departed, at the window which she had opened, and began to go over the years since the day upon which she had first met Nadrovine. She had not realized until a few moments ago how much he had again become to her, in spite of their uncongenial conversation.

She thrust back angrily the idea which Nathali had forced upon her. It gave her the same feeling that possessed her when she found that her maid had tossed a nosegay into the slop-bowl. It was a very blossom-like sentiment which she had always cherished for Nadrovine, and she felt as though her friend had dropped it into a figurative slop-bowl.

IV.

It was only three days afterwards that Ilva saw Nadrovine again. The countess had driven into the village early in the afternoon to do some shopping, and the good Herbert was indulging in her usual four-o'clock siesta, shut into her own room. The house was very dark and cool and empty, and the day outside very vivid and hot and crowded with sweet sights and noises and perfumes,—the sounds of birds and of the sea, the voices of children wrangling good-humoredly, the fragrance of sunburnt fruit. On the eastern terrace the grass was blue with fallen figs, and the orioles made golden flashes among the pomegranates in the tree just outside the girl's window. She could see the clustering blossoms among the roots of the orange-trees, and the twinkle of the sunlight on the wings of the bees humming over them. All about and above and beneath her were brilliant winged things, that dipped and glanced and alighted and took flight again, and there were some variegated butterflies that looked like living jewels. The day seemed holding out its arms to her. She took a big white sunshade whose rose-colored lining appeared to blush for its unfashionable proportions, and, lifting a book at random, went out into the fragrant, vibrating glare, under the pomegranate-tree, over the fig-strewn grass, up the rough stone steps that led to the ruined temple on the olive-crowned hill-top, and so into the temple itself. She threw herself on the sun-bleached grass and lay down upon it, leaning her head, with its cushion of burnished hair, against the old marble seat.

Everything gleamed tremulously through the rising heat. The tall wild flowers and weeds seemed shuddering against the violent blue of the sky beyond. One of the slender Corinthian columns which had remained standing, had wavy outlines, as of a white, ever-ascending flame. The vast grass-fields below rippled like another sea. So intensely still was it, save for the sounds of leaf and bird and waves, that she could hear distinctly the soft dropping of the ripe figs upon the thick turf and a bird whetting its beak on a fallen marble capital near by. She was very warm, and yet a purring wind crept over her every now and then and kept the heat from growing oppressive. She had a great flare of fire-colored azaleas at her belt, and an intoxicated sleepy bee had fallen into one of the gorgeous chalices and droned and struggled intermittently with a palpable affectation of energy. One of the orioles, which were yet very tame, poised on delicate, whirring wings and tore at the red petals mischievously.

She did not even open the book that she had brought with her, and she had been thinking of Nadrovine for some moments, when he spoke to her. He had been watching her just as he had done seven years ago, and, as he had also done on that occasion, had mistaken her shut-

eyed quiet for sleep. She rose to her feet with a supple, unhurried grace which did not escape him, and put up her hand to her hair,—the instinctive gesture of a woman whose hair-pins are forsaking her.

"I wish you had been soliloquizing this time also," he said, with a smile, as he stooped to lift her shawl and book from the grass; and then Ilva was very glad that her umbrella was lined with pink, for she felt herself reddened a little.

"And I am thankful that I was not," she answered, candidly. "I am not much wiser than I was seven years ago, and I might have uttered just some such nonsense."

"I assured you then that I did not think it nonsense," said Nadrovine, gravely. "I do not think so now; and I remember it perfectly, word for word. You were wondering how it would feel if one were a giantess and had a giant lover to whom one could say——"

"Pray don't repeat it," exclaimed Ilva, with an imperious gesture.

"But if I think it charming?" said Nadrovine.

"That is impossible," she said, smiling all at once. She had one of those full, lissome mouths which adapt themselves exquisitely to a smile. Her whole face changed with it as water under a float of sunlight. The contour became more childish, and yet somehow her expression was more that of a woman. She sat down suddenly on the marble seat and drew aside her white skirt to make room for him.

"Let us talk," she said, impulsively. "I have some things to say to you."

"It would take many hours to say all that I wish to say to you," replied Nadrovine, seriously. "In the first place, do you still write?"

"He had taken his place by her, sitting sidewise, with one elbow resting on the back of the bench and his hand supporting his uncovered head. With the other hand he clinked some pebbles together, as she remembered him to have done during that memorable interview. He had thrown his hat on the ground, but it had left a red mark across his forehead. His hair clung damply to his temples. Signorina Zanova's remark about the Greek god came back to her. It was the face of a Greek, certainly. Ilva had a cynical disbelief in deities. She liked to look at him, but, being afraid of seeming to stare, turned her eyes presently to the azaleas in her belt.

"Oh, yes, I write, sometimes," she said, rather vaguely.

"Only sometimes?" asked Nadrovine. "Sometimes is the arch-enemy of success; and I remember you very ambitious."

She lifted her eyes again to his face, and his met them.

"Perhaps I am ambitious now," she said, with a half smile.

"I am rather inclined to think it is not 'perhaps,'" replied Nadrovine. He was reflecting upon the loveliness of that direct, gentle gaze. Most of the young girls of his acquaintance dropped their eyes with a puppet-like certainty under an at all prolonged look, while others returned such glances too boldly.

She charmed him very much. He was almost afraid to allow the conversation to take a serious tone, for fear she would disappoint him. She was looking away again now. A little white butterfly had alighted

on the laces above her breast, and rose and fell with her soft breathing, as daintily as a bird upon a wave.

"If you have a sweetheart, signorina, be sure that he is thinking of you," said Nadrovine, suddenly.

She turned her eyes from the sea to him with a rather startled look.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because a white butterfly has alighted upon your dress. It is a sure sign."

She glanced down, and saw the pretty thing opening and shutting its silvery wings with all the coquetry of a conscious beauty manipulating her fan. She breathed more gently than ever, in order not to disturb it.

"Is that a Russian superstition?" she said, after a moment.

"I really do not know," Nadrovine replied. "But I seem to have heard it all my life,—and the one about a bird flying into a room."

"What is that?" said Ilva.

"They say that it is a forewarning of death or of a great sorrow. Myself, I am not superstitious. One night in Russia I heard a tapping at my window, and, like the melancholy young man in Poe's romance, opened it. There was nothing so startling as a raven outside, however,—only a little brown bird who had been attracted by the light. I let him in, and, after flying distractedly about, he made himself quite comfortable on the back of a tall chair. Then three more rapped and gained admittance, and all four spent the night with me. In the morning I fed them and set them free. But they seemed only to bring me good luck. I got many things that I wanted soon afterwards."

"A nightingale flew into my room once," said Ilva. "He was so frightened, though, poor little soul, that he killed himself by beating his head against the wall. It made me very sad at first; but I reflected that he might have been put into *pasta* by some peasant, and so was somewhat comforted."

"You call him poor little soul," Nadrovine observed, smiling. "I see that we share a belief."

"Oh, there must be birds in heaven!" the girl exclaimed, quickly.

"And why not?" said Nadrovine. "One knows there are horses,—made of fire, but still horses. It seems to me that birds have quite as much right to be there."

"Oh, much more," said Ilva, gravely. "I am sure that there must be many of them."

"One might say that the angels were a species of fowl," continued Nadrovine, gravely. "In all the pictures they have great wings covered with feathers."

Ilva looked at him, still seriously, but her eyes laughed under their broad lids.

"I have always thought they must be so uncomfortable," she said. "One would have always to be considering them, like a court-train or a travelling-case."

"What a prosaic simile!" cried Nadrovine, and then they both laughed. It is as impossible for two people who have laughed together

to remain ceremonious in manner, as for a person to maintain strict dignity during a first lesson on the violin.

The butterfly was alarmed into flight by the gay sound, but they moved nearer each other.

"I begin to recognize the little girl I used to know," said Nadrovine. "When I first saw you the other night I thought you had become very stiff and conventional and difficult. You were rather severe with me also."

"Was I?" said Ilva. "Well——" She paused, and looked at him, laughing somewhat. "I, too, thought you very disagreeable," she said.

"And I tried to be so charming."

"That was the reason, doubtless. If one wishes to be odious, one has only to try to be charming."

"And does your rule work both ways, signorina? If so, I shall begin to behave accordingly."

She looked at him again, and again laughed.

"I like you very well as you are," she told him.

"But you do not know me as I am," persisted Nadrovine: "you only know me as I seem. If you are as cynical as you used to be, I shall feel a dread of your knowing me better."

"As I used to be?"

"Yes, when you wrote that terrible sentence, 'Married love is like champagne with'——"

"Do not!" cried Ilva. "It is as bad to quote one's sayings to one, as to tell one that you once heard Patti or Scalchi sing the song that one has just sung."

"But tell me, then, signorina, do you still believe that?"

"I have no experience," said the girl, demurely. "Some day when I am famous——"

"Ah, then you do intend to be famous?"

"If I can. Now, there you have experience. Tell me, is it pleasant to be famous?"

Nadrovine changed his position before replying. He leaned forward, and, resting his elbows on his knees, fitted a blade of grass between his joined thumbs.

"I will tell you what fame reminds me of, doushka," he said, a little absently. "There is a picture by Van Dyck of Charles V. in the Uffizi in your Florence, that is my idea of fame. The king is in full armor, on horseback, and an eagle holds a wreath of laurel over his head. The eagle seems to me to be an admirable type of fame. When he finally consents to crown one with the laurel, he at the same time gives one a sharp dig with his mighty beak."

"I thought you had everything in the world," said the girl, impulsively. Nadrovine lifted his thumbs, with the carefully-arranged blade of grass, to his lips, and blew a shrill little blast.

"That reminds me so of my boyhood," he said, before directly replying to her. "I had an old nurse who used to make me those whistles by the hour. She predicted, by the way, that I should have nothing in the world that I wanted."

"But you have fame, success, renown?" said Ilva.

"Only a little of each, doushka." He called her by the uncouth term of endearment absolutely without thinking. She seemed as much a child to him as she had done seven years ago in her brown holland frock and flowing mane. But she was not as much a child: she was like a rose-branch on which some flowers are in full bloom and others yet in the bud. It remained for him to discover this, however.

"Only a very little of each," he repeated.

"But," she said, with some impatience, "how can that be? You are known in many countries? Your books are translated into many tongues? You are honored and fêted wherever you choose to appear?"

Nadrovine threw away the grass-blade and turned towards her, again running his hand deep into his curls and so leaning upon it.

"Does it not occur to you, signorina," he said, "that if my measure of success were quite full, its contents would not rattle so noisily?"

"Bah!" said Ilva, with energetic rudeness, "that is unworthy of you! That is fallacy. Why not be honest and acknowledge that you are famous and successful? I should like you so much better."

"Would you?" he said, a little curiously.

She had furled her big white parasol, and the brilliant sunset light was full upon her. Her spirited head was tilted rather imperiously backward. One could see the pulses of her throat stirring the lace of her white gown. Her hair and eyes seemed to concentrate the surrounding brilliancy.

"I should, I should," she assured him, vehemently. "It is as false as though I were to look in my mirror and turn simpering away to murmur, 'How ugly I am!'"

Nadrovine looked at her, amused, but roused.

"So you do not make a secret of what your mirror tells you?" said he.

"*Dio!* no! Why should I? I have eyes, and I have an excellent appreciation. It is absurd to imagine that I do not know I am handsome. There is this about it only. I do not admire myself. I am too slight, too pale. I like magnificent women, with brilliant coloring like an oil-painting. I am like a pastel. But because I and some others do not admire myself, is no reason why I should deny that I am handsome."

She paused, still looking at him, with her straight, dark brows drawn into a slight frown.

Nadrovine forgot for a moment that she was only a little girl of seventeen, she looked so thoroughly the woman, with her superb pose and air of displeased royalty.

"You have expressed it for me admirably, signorina," he said, at last. "I do not admire myself."

"Be honest, then, and confess that others admire you."

"Do you?" he said, smiling, but with quickness.

"Is not that a little impertinent?" she replied, but also smiling.

"Perhaps. But I was going to say that if you admire me I will confess myself a success."

"That is even more unworthy of you than several other remarks

you have made this afternoon. I did not think that you would attempt flattery." She turned her head away, and he thought that she was angry.

"I am sorry if you think I meant to flatter you," he said, after a slight pause. "Are you very much vexed with me?"

"No, not vexed," she said, in a low voice.

"What then? Disgusted?"

"No, no," she said, hastily. Then, with a little movement towards her sunshade, which lay on the seat beside her, "Is it not getting rather late? Had we not better go in?"

A sudden thought struck Nadrovine.

"Doushka," he said, gently, "will you look at me?"

"I would rather, that is, of course," she replied, turning hurriedly. It was as he had thought. Great tears stood in her eyes. Nadrovine felt a strange stirring in his breast. He let slip all his chill delicacy of manner, while the blood sprang into his face.

"I beg you to forgive me. I beg you to forgive me," he said, unsteadily. "I forgot for a moment that I was not talking to a woman of the world, who would know how to accept such an absurd speech for its worth."

Had he wished this time to utter the most insidious piece of flattery in his power, he could not have reached the desired result more completely. To be mistaken for a woman of the world is as delightful to a young girl as for an older woman to be likened to a child. Her beautiful, luminous eyes did not fall from his.

"One hates to be flattered by those whom one esteems, as much as one likes to be flattered by those for whom one doesn't care," she said. "When one doesn't care, one laughs for thinking how silly people can be, to fancy one is going to believe such words, and so amuses one's self. But when one does care, it is different."

Nadrovine got to his feet and walked to the edge of the little bluff. He stood there a few moments, and then came back to her.

"I will not say all to you that I feel," he said, looking down at her, "lest you think me crazy. But will you tell me that you have forgiven me?"

"Indeed, indeed I will," she said, happily. "I do not think you will ever speak so to me again."

"No, I do not think it likely," replied Nadrovine.

Ilva was very light-hearted the rest of that evening and all the next day. She felt that Nadrovine comprehended her better than at first and would not hereafter treat her so entirely as a child. She got out the different notices of him and read them over. What a brilliant man he was, after all, and what exquisite romances he wrote! She buried herself in a hammock and read one all day. It was as though he were speaking to her. She recognized one or two things that she had already heard him say.

V.

Nadrovine tried to analyze the feelings which had possessed him when he saw the tears in the girl's eyes. It escaped him, however, as

a float of light escapes a child's grasp, falling each time outside of the fingers that would seize it. He was entirely conscious of the light, but it danced elusively and would not remain still to be analyzed. He realized only one decided emotion, the wish to see the eyes again, and—alas for the humanity which in his romances he so lauded!—to again behold them full of tears.

Had she been the ordinary type of a pretty, unsophisticated young girl, the tears would have signified to him mere moisture. But she was so extremely removed from anything ordinary that they occupied in his mind a place as unique as the drops which the fairy hung in every cowslip's ear. How vigorous and spirited she had looked while pouring forth all that tirade against him! She reminded him of a young Caryatid who was fully capable of supporting the temple of her convictions. He was not, as a rule, fanciful, but he fell to wondering how her lovely curves would express themselves beneath the folds of a Greek peplos. There should be a crown of red roses on her hair, some of their shaken leaves upon her breast, one of her long white arms sunk deep into thick grass. Some one said of Vernet smoking, "Pif! paf! pouf! and he makes a man." "Pif! paf! pouf!" and Nadrovine made a goddess.

Not content with that, he fashioned a sultana, whose great, violet-gray eyes were like rain-washed amethysts. He surrounded her with Circassian girls, who fanned her with wonderful plumes that leaped like flames from long wands of ivory. He went further, and created a little Russian, whose heavy hair drifting over her dress of palest blue and pink was as sunlight athwart the late sky outside.

Nadrovine was as fond of dreaming with his eyes open as are all who will acknowledge it. There was not a pretty woman of his acquaintance whom he had not espoused in imagination, and from whom he had not divorced himself the following day, or week, or month, as the case had been. One would have annoyed him in his writing-hours, one would have expected too much, one had coarse elbows when she took off her long gloves at a dinner. All made him smile. Ilva, on the contrary, made him frown,—a perplexed frown. She would probably never annoy him in his writing-hours, as she wrote herself. Her elbows were as complete as flowers. Then he had always remembered her with a tenderness which now made itself remembered in turn.

He leaped to his feet all at once and became very serious. He would not allow himself to think of her in a light way, no matter how pure. He had respected her as a child; how much more should he respect her as a woman! For she was a woman, he told himself, although the ghost of her child-self haunted her voice and speech and gestures, even at times the expression of her face.

She had occupied always a high place in his thoughts. She should occupy one higher still, and in mounting to her new position she should close the door of her past dwelling behind her, as the chambered nautilus closes the door of its old habitation. She should become to him the type of noble womanhood, his Madonna Mia, whom he would help along the gracious ways wherein her feet were set. He was not

thinking of love, the love that leads to marriage. Custom and a corrupt society had given him rather a gross idea of such love. He would never attempt to catch this Psyche by her wings, but would make so alluring the gardens in which he walked that she would alight among his flowers of her own free will. Theirs would be an ideal love, the winging of two souls to one object. He had entirely forgotten for the moment that Etiquette rules in Demeter's place, and that even souls are not undiscussed of domestics.

Nadrovine was not rich. He was, in fact, rather poor, although he would inherit great wealth on his mother's death. His poverty, however, was in a great degree the result of carelessness. He made and spent money with equal ease. He decided now that he was thoroughly capable of supporting a wife, should he ever look upon such a possibility as serious. The girl passed and repassed before him. Again and again he saw her tear-filled eyes. The faint perfume of the azaleas at her belt disturbed him. He seemed again to hold her hand,—the pliable, lovely hand, that had been so quiet, and yet so strong, within his. It was her latent strength, as much as her beauty, that he found enchanting.

At this point in his meditations he went and leaned over the terrace of the villa at which he was stopping, and looked down into the sea. The night was very sultry, and the whisper of the water sounded like an invitation. Nadrovine was much given to nocturnal swimming. It was long past midnight, and no one besides himself was awake in the house. He went down the sea-steps, after fetching his bath-sheet, and plunged into the tremulous net-work of moonlit ripples. Even this did not change the tenor of his thoughts. As the cool waves caressed and clasped him, he found himself wondering if Ilva Demarini were a good swimmer, and, if such were the case, how delightful it would be to cleave that gleaming highway which led even to the portal of the rising moon, with her beside him. He could fancy her flower-like limbs in their drenched white garments, and the flow of her radiant hair into the flow of the sheeny water. She would turn her noble head every now and then and smile and speak to him. If she grew tired, she should give herself into his arm, and he would swim with the other and so sustain her.

"I am thinking a great deal about that young girl," he said to himself, with some wonder, as he resumed his clothes and returned to his room. He went and lifted her silver book from a carefully-locked case which stood on his writing-table, and, seating himself, began to mark such passages as he considered appropriate for her to read. He was familiar with Ariosto, but re-read many stanzas, with that added interest which we always take in the pre-imagined appreciation of another.

When he next called at the Villa Demarini, not only was he told that the countess was out, but that the signorina had gone for a walk. As he passed along the terrace on his way back, it suddenly occurred to him that he would rest for a few moments among the ruins of the little temple on the hill-top. He found there a palm-leaf fan, a scarf of some gauzy, smoke-colored material, and the second volume of Taine's

"English Literature." He lifted his brows a little as he took the book into his hand and began turning the leaves. As he glanced over the pages, some words scribbled in pencil caught his eye. He paused and read them. They were written at the end of the chapter on Ben Jonson, and were referred by an asterisk to the sentences regarding the complete idea which "conceives of the entire animal, its color, the play of the light upon its skin, its form, the quivering of its outstretched limbs, the flash of its eyes, and at the same time its passion of the moment, its excitement, its dash."

"This is surely very strange!" Ilva had written. "When on the other page Taine spoke of the ordinary mind trying to imagine an animal unseen of actual eyes, I closed mine, and, for example, imagined a tiger (a beast which I have never seen). I saw—nay, I heard the crisp crackling of the jungle reeds and grass, with their russet-verdant lights filtering through, the water curling among the thick blades and stems, the flash of ragged and tawny reflection as the great beast came padding through, the serrated edges of the stiff blades dragging along his sleek sides, the play of light among the supple wrinkles of his hide, the darkening and yellowing of the great eyes as his pupils contracted and dilated at the sight of a drinking form. More than this, I felt with him, marked the angry jerking of his tail's tip, and the sheathing and unsheathing of his bluish-brown claws in the oozy soil."

These hastily-scrawled sentences had a subtle charm for Nadrovine, they were so entirely different from the sentiments which most young ladies scribbled on the margins of their favorite volumes. Had Ilva ornamented the margin of the pages with many a "Bella! Superba! Bellissima!" it would have seemed to him only the natural result of a young girl's perusing so vivid a book. This account of a mind-seen tiger aroused his surprise and a decided degree of admiration. He felt that his interest in her was a crescendo, where in all other cases it had been decidedly a diminuendo. "Without doubt this little girl has a singular fascination for me," he said to himself, impatiently. "I come to call. She is out. I am conscious of actual disappointment. I take up a book she has been reading, see some words that she has written on the margin, and thrill like any school-boy over the autograph of his first flame. I wonder if it can be possible that I—— Ough! I am idiotic! I shall go and begin work on that twenty-third chapter." As he was setting forth with this laudable determination, however, there came to him a sound of voices laughing, voices that approached nearer each moment, and as he stood at the top of the stone stair-way, Ilva appeared at the foot with a pretty child astride of her shoulders. Its small hands were clutched in her riotous hair, and her white woollen gown, full of wild flowers, was pinned up about her waist. She held the child's dainty ankles in one shapely hand, and the other grasped several dolls and a straw hat with a gold-colored lining. As she bent her head in the effort of climbing the rather difficult steps, she did not catch sight of Nadrovine during her ascent, and the child was too delighted with her tawny-maned steed to take much notice of anything else. All the way up she chattered gayly:

"And you will tell me a story? and then we will have chocolate? and a ball? You will invite the orioles, won't you, darling cousin? and the lizards? Do you know their tails break off—snap!—if one tries to catch them that way? The olives are so black now; but we can pretend they are dates. Have you grapes, cousin? And the apricot I gave you? Oh! and the little knives and forks?"

"Yes, yes, yes, to everything," replied the girl, merrily. "But, darling, if you pull out all my hair, there will be no golden wire to strangle the naughty prince with."

"Oh! do I pull you, my very dearest?" said the little rider, distressed; then, all at once breaking off, "Look! is that the prince?"

"Who? where?" said Ilva, staring. Then she too stopped. "Is it you?" she asked, and to her dismay felt the warm color wrap all her face.

"Unless it is my doppelgänger," said Nadrovine, gravely. "And so I am the prince who is to be strangled with a golden wire? What have I done so wicked as all that?"

"You will have to ask Lotta," said Ilva. "I am only chief executioner. I am not informed about the offences."

The pretty elf on her neck swung round in order to look earnestly into her eyes.

"Oh, cousin!" exclaimed she, "but you do know about the prince! He stole Nicoletta's sash to draw himself up to Viola's window."

"That was indeed a crime," said Nadrovine. "But why do you particularly strangle him with a golden wire?"

"Oh, because—because—because it suits his complexion," ended the elf, nodding triumphantly at him. She was as unlike Ilva as possible. Her dark hair, falling in dense, web-like masses about her small pale face, had absolutely no reflections. Her eyes were a clear sea-gray, with soft shadows above and beneath them. She was exquisitely formed, slender and graceful as a dragon-fly. In her little white pinafore were three more dolls.

"You must introduce me to these young ladies," he said, smiling, and holding out his hand. The small Lotta placed one of hers sedately in the clearly-marked palm.

"This is the bride," she said, indicating a damsel in white satin with a very fluffy coiffure and gigantic flesh-colored kid arms. "She is to marry the prince."

"Oh! then she must be Viola," said Nadrovine.

"No, oh, no, indeed!" Lotta assured him. "It is Viola whom he loves only; it is Nicoletta whom he is to marry."

"Ah!" said Nadrovine, seriously. "Then he is rich?"

"No, no!" replied Lotta, vehemently: "it is Nicoletta who is rich. Don't you see? Else, of course, he would marry Viola."

"Dearest little one," said Ilva, "who taught you all this? It isn't fair for Nicoletta to have all the money."

The child looked at her shrewdly.

"Mamma has all the money," she said. "Aunt Anita has not a——"

"The apricot! I have dropped it!" cried Ilva.

Then, as the child ran after it, she turned impetuously to Nadrovine.

"Do not think I have been teaching her such things," she said. "I keep her with me as much as I can, but, do what I may, she sees too much of the servants."

"I never think anything of you but what you would like to know," said Nadrovine. She turned away towards the child, and wiped the fallen apricot on a handful of grass.

"Now we will have the feast," she said. "Ask Signor Nadrovine to gather you some olives, if you wish them."

He went to the gnarled olive-tree and returned with a handful of the shrivelled fruit, and in the mean time Ilva had set out the mimic repast on the old marble seat, with her lace-edged pocket-handkerchief for a table-cloth. The little set of red-and-gilt china glittered brightly in the afternoon sun. There were several dishes composed of a grape each, and Nadrovine cut the apricot, as Lotta directed, into three pieces. There was a lump of sugar for each of the dolls, and Lotta bit a corner from hers with her sharp little teeth, to offer Nadrovine.

"Who is the charming young lady in blue?" he asked, as he crunched this original gift.

"Who? Francesca? She is the Signora Marilli. She hates her husband dreadfully, and is in love with the prince, and flirts disgustingly, and——"

"Don't you think it is time to strangle the prince?" asked Ilva, who was seated on the dry grass, braiding up the abundant brown locks of Nicoletta. Lotta agreed that she thought it was, and, having risen, shook out her pinafore and said that she would go to prepare the place of execution.

"Get a nice long one!" she called to Ilva over her shoulder.

"To what does that refer?" said Nadrovine. Ilva laughed,—a little confusedly, he thought.

"Why, it is dreadful nonsense, you know," she replied, "but she is such a dear child. She means a strand of my hair."

Nadrovine regarded her absently while she drew out the glittering almost invisible filament from her masses of burnished coils. "And round his heart one strangling golden hair," he said, half to himself.

"Ah! Rossetti," said Ilva, with one of her swift glances. "I do not always understand Rossetti; but that is beautiful."

"It is profoundly true," said Nadrovine.

"What! you believe in the men who have died for love?" said the girl, smiling.

"Do not you believe it?"

"For love of themselves and of their own way, yes," she said, mischievously. "I don't believe in strangling golden hairs, though. But then one can't blame Rossetti for writing rather bitterly of golden hair."

"Why?" said Nadrovine, who had long passed the stage when he feared that her conversation would disappoint him.

"Why? That is evident, I think. Did he not lament his wife to such an extent that he buried all his manuscripts with her, and did he

not afterwards have the poor woman disturbed in her grave that he might recover them, and found that her beautiful golden hair had grown all about them? Perhaps it is not true; but I have heard it many times."

"Then the strangling golden hair must have been true in his case. He died rather young, you know."

"Yes, but he died of insomnia."

"And don't you think a strangling golden hair would be very likely to cause insomnia?"

"I know that you are joking," said Ilva, lightly. "And it is useless to try to prove to me that men are faithful to their dead. They wear loyalty so many months, as women wear crape, and then take another bride, as a woman puts on colors."

"And you think all women faithful?"

"Not all, of course, but nearly all. Why, surely you will acknowledge that?"

Nadrovine looked down a moment into his hat, which he held between his knees.

"I will tell you what I think, signorina," he said. "The most faithful thing, after a dog, is the woman whom one has ceased to love."

He liked to bring the blood-stain to her clear brow.

"One never ceases to love," she said, haughtily. "If one ceases, as you call it, one has never loved. One may have a passion, of course, and that may cease: I do not suppose you think of such cases?"

"Do you mean to say that if you loved once it would be forever?" said Nadrovine.

She remained quite still for a moment, leaning on her hand, with her long fingers sunk deep into her hair and her eyes on the sea. Presently she looked at him steadily.

"Yes," she replied.

Then said Nadrovine, in a voice not familiar to himself, "I believe that you would."

The old proverb about the devil may be applied to Love: speak of him, and he is sure to appear. He is a confirmed eavesdropper, and never hears his name mentioned that he does not hasten to the spot. The things that he overhears are generally so pleasant that he has never been broken of this reprehensible habit.

"I believe that you would," Nadrovine repeated.

"Of course; yes. Why not?" said Ilva, hurriedly, disturbed by the new note in his voice. "How long Lotta takes! Lotta!"

Nadrovine smiled, leaning his head back against the marble seat. The leaf-shadows trembled across his throat, and it looked so sensitive in its brown clearness that the girl wondered the dancing flecks did not tickle him.

"Lotta! Lotta!" she called again.

"Now, if these were the days of Pan," said Nadrovine, looking down upon her, his smile gone, "do you know what would happen?"

"No," she replied, returning his gaze as if compelled, but with an unmoved serenity.

"Why, there would come a little faun, a charming little kid faun,

out of the ilexes there, and he would flute away on his reeds until the dainty Lotta danced away on his arm, out of sight, out of hearing."

He paused, as if expecting her to say something.

"And then?" she asked, mechanically.

"And then," said Nadrovine, gravely, "then we could continue our talk together."

A gleam went over her face, like the reflection of a white bird's wing in shadowed water. She felt a rebellion against his words, and yet she wished that she had allowed Lotta to go with her nurse that afternoon. She answered, however, with perfect simplicity,—

"You do not like children?"

"On the contrary. But there are some things that I like better."

"Ah? It is that?"

"It is that, signorina."

She turned to him suddenly with all the frankness of a flower that wears the sky's livery and sees no presumption in the act.

"Dear Signor Nadrovine," she smiled,—he saw the light strike clearly through the opal brightness of her little teeth,—“can you mean seriously that it gives you pleasure to talk to me?”

Nadrovine did not smile in reply. He was very grave, and his eyes met hers in a level look.

"It gives me the greatest pleasure that I know," he answered, and their eyes held each other.

"You are very good," said Ilva, presently, in a low voice, possessing her eyes again. She held out both hands to Lotta, who had returned after arranging elaborately the place of execution, and pretended to let the child pull her to her feet.

"Why, you are quite a little Amazon!" said Nadrovine.

"Pouf! that is nothing," replied Mademoiselle. "I fence. I fence with Victor. I can do un, deux, un, deux, trois, doublez, dé-doublez—*fendez-vous!* I fence better than many boys. They get so angry. They want to poke one. George—he is my other brother—said, 'Cré! cré!' to me one day when I disarmed him. He danced: he did, indeed. He looked very ugly. I said, 'I pity your wife, *mon cher*,' and was so calm that he would have liked to slap me. He would have slapped me if he had not known that Victor would tell and he would get slapped himself. You see?" She bared one pale little wrist, with its purplish thread-like veins, and moved it from side to side, exposing the flexile muscles.

"It is like steel," she said.

Nadrovine examined it seriously.

"A kiss would make you a bracelet, mademoiselle," he remarked, finally. "And you fence with this elf's love-charm?"

She looked at him unabashed and unoffended.

"I fence well," she assured him.

"I do not doubt it."

"And I am learning Italian. Which do you like best, the way that Signorina Zanova says 'Cecilia,' or the way that Ilva says it?"

"How does—Ilva say it?"

"This way, as if it were sweet in her mouth,—'Sheshilia.' I like

that best. It sounds as though she kissed it before she let it get away."

"Yes, I like that best," said Nadrovine.

"Very well. And when I am grown I will fence with you."

"Ah, yes, but it must be with foils."

"Why?" asked the child, puzzled.

"Because, mademoiselle, to fence with a young demoiselle without foils is to commit a great indiscretion."

"Si?" said Lotta. She then carefully arranged Prince Zi-Zi's sash, and, being weary of the conversation, announced that it was time to strangle him.

"A strange game," observed Nadrovine, as he followed them to the place of execution.

"Yes, but not so strange as it seems until one knows," explained Ilva, somewhat hurriedly. "As soon as he is strangled he is supposed to come to life as a good prince, and to turn monk for stealing Viola's sash."

"It was Nicoletta's sash, was it not?"

"He becomes good,—a monk. We have a great rosary made of berries."

"A monk?" said Nadrovine.

His tone arrested the girl. She paused in her task of tying a slip-knot in the strand of hair, and looked up at him. His eyes dwelt on the far sea-blue. She felt suddenly apart from him, as though the sea had broken through the grass and flowers between them.

"I wished to be a monk once," he said, turning to her at last.

"And now?" she said, gently.

"And now? Not always. Sometimes. Not always. It must be a peaceful life."

"After one has lived," said the girl. She regarded him with a serene wisdom in her large eyes.

"You do not think, then, that I would make a good monk, signorina?"

"Perhaps, after you have lived," she repeated, smiling.

"Is not that something like saying that one would make a good ghost?"

"Perhaps."

"If I were a ghost," he said, suddenly, "I would haunt you. I would be in the wind outside your window, and you should feel me in the mists rolling in from the sea. If things were not as I wished them, I would disturb you sadly. I would blow in draughts upon such cavaliers as I did not approve. I would give them rheumatism, influenza, —everything unlovely."

"In that case you would make a better monk than ghost, signor." She did not look in the least conscious, and arranged the golden noose about Prince Zi-Zi's neck with calm fingers.

"Perhaps," he said, imitating her enigmatical tone of a moment before.

VI.

They executed the poor Zi-Zi, had another feast, in honor of his revival, and then prepared to descend to the villa.

"But my story!" said Lotta, hanging back. "You haven't told me a story, dearest Cousine Ilva, and I feel so unsettled when we cease our play without a story. The day doesn't end right. It is as if the sun went down, splash! like a sponge into the sea, and put everything out. When you tell me a story, I come slowly, slowly to the idea of going to bed, and then I put myself to sleep thinking about it."

"Can you refuse that?" said Nadrovine; and Ilva drew the child to her and fondled her delicate cheek.

"Signor Nadrovine is the one whom you should ask," she said. "He is far cleverer than I about telling stories. People make books out of his stories."

"Oh! books!" said Lotta. "I have many books. What I like is to feel that it is coming out of your lips, quite, quite new, and that you don't know any more than I do what the next thing will be."

"The prettiest story that I ever heard as a little girl was told to me by Signor Nadrovine," said Ilva.

Lotta regarded Nadrovine with palpably increasing respect.

"If you would but tell me one, monsieur!"

"There is a charming one that I think of," replied Nadrovine. "It is called 'The Princess of the Silver Book,' and I do not know how it ends, any more than you do."

"Why, how strange!" cried the child. "Cousine Ilva told me a story once, and it had a name almost exact——"

"Ah! the poor, poor Nicoletta!" said Ilva. "We are trampling upon her. Poverina! There! there! Hush! You see she will cry, my sweet. You will have to console her yourself. She is such a mother-baby. There!"

Lotta received her suffering daughter and tossed her back and forth with an air of dainty matronliness which reminded one of a peach-bough swinging a blossom.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" she crooned. "But it is her own fault. Nini asked her yesterday how her migraine was, and she said she had quite recovered,—that she never felt better. She should have said, you know, 'Thanks, I am well, but not so well as yesterday.'"

"Ah, yes; you must teach her that our Italian ideas are not to be laughed at. But she must have a new sash in place of the one that Zi-Zi stole away. Come to my room quite early to-morrow; I have one that I will give her,—such a pretty, rosy thing, like a little strip of that pink sky there."

Ilva was hurrying on, delighted at having turned the child's attention.

"Oh, dearest Cousine Ilva, thank you! Nicoletta wishes to give you her hand. She is nearly springing from my arms with delight. I can scarcely hold her. Dearest Cousine Ilva, do give her a *bacigno*,—a wee, wee one. It will so please her!" She looked on with the bland smile of motherhood during this performance, and then, as she

received the cheered Nicoletta into her arms and settled her gauze skirts, she said over her shoulder to Nadrovine,—

"It was 'The Prince of the Silver Book.' I had almost forgotten to tell you."

For the second time that afternoon, Ilva felt herself blush from forehead to throat. In spite of her wish to appear unmoved, she hastened her steps towards the house.

Nadrovine questioned the child in his grave way. "That is a coincidence, is it not?" he said. "Was it a fairy-story? and was the prince happy in the end?"

"He was great; that is much better than being happy. Cousine Ilva says that it is much better."

"Would you rather be great than happy?"

"I should have to think about that," replied Lotta. "I do not always wish to do what I ought. But then to be great!—to have one's way always!"

"To be great," said Nadrovine, "means never to have one's way."

Lotta tried to subdue the incredulity that swept over her small face at this announcement.

"I tell you what I should like to be," she said at last, waiving the subject. "I should like to have an invisible cap. When people displeased me, I would put on my cap and serve them as I wished. Oh, the fun that I would have! Oh, the droll things that I would do! Oh!" She drew a long breath, and tucked Nicoletta under her arm in order to clasp her hands ecstatically.

"What sort of things?" inquired Nadrovine.

"Why, for instance, when mamma took me to church and the curé preached too long a sermon, I would pop on my dear little cap, and steal on tiptoe behind him, and pinch his nose together so that he would sound as though he were wheezing through a toy trumpet. Oh, the poor man! how comical he would look! And then when they sought me, there I would be as still as a mouse, and the little cap in my pocket. Oh, I would rather have that than the big gold cross on the Madeleine, and a queen's crown, and diamond shoes, and live dolls! Cousine Ilva's prince wasn't at all like that, though. He was of a great dignity, and always spoke in a gentle voice, and called people—the princess, I mean—'doushka.' That means 'little darling,' or 'dear little one.' He was the most charming creature. His eyes were of light, and his hair of sunbeams, and he always made people do good things without looking ridiculous. That is so difficult!" She sighed, and smoothed Nicoletta's hair.

"That must have been a beautiful story," said Nadrovine, feeling Ilva's embarrassment without looking at her, and hastening to change the subject. "I shall try and get your cousin to tell it to me some day."

"Oh, I am sure she will," Lotta assured him. "Won't you, cousine dearest? You would tell it now if we begged you, would you not?"

"It is too late. The story is too long. And there! there is Marie beckoning to you."

She kissed the child and gave her a gentle push forward towards her nurse, after waiting for her to make her stately adieux to Nadrovine.

Miss Herbert was sitting with her fancy-work on the terrace, and looked up as they approached.

"Has mamma returned?" asked Ilva, after greetings had been interchanged. "Is Aunt Cecilia in the drawing-room?"

No; Madame Boutry was still lying down, with a headache, and the countess had not returned.

"It is cooler out here," said Ilva, hesitating. She did not wish to seem to dismiss him, and yet she shrank from forcing herself upon him.

"Let us stay outside, by all means," replied Nadrovine. "The sunset will be superb, and I am sure poor Miss Herbert would dislike being dragged in-doors."

"Shall we walk, or will you bring chairs?"

"Let us walk, if you are not tired."

"Oh, no! I am only tired of being still. I stooped too much over Lotta's dolls. It has made my head heavy. It will be delightful to walk."

"I brought your book with me. Shall I leave it with Miss Herbert? Or perhaps it is a copy that you do not wish to remain about the house. I had the indiscretion to read some of your marginal notes. You will forgive me? You know what an interest I take in your writing?"

She stood looking at him, stung by a rush of mingled sensations.

"How presumptuous, how silly, you must have thought me!" she exclaimed.

"Why, no. It is a remarkable bit of writing,—terse, original. If you are not displeased, I am delighted to have seen it. You have great imagination."

"Do you think so?" said Ilva, in a low voice. Her heart seemed to shake her with its rapid beating, for his approval or disapproval meant much to her.

"Yes, great and original," replied Nadrovine. "You will let me see some of your manuscripts, will you not?"

"Some. Perhaps. They are very badly written. I have never shown them."

"I wish all the more to see them."

"Do you?" said the girl, for want of a better remark. "It will be quite a task to read them. They are written on both sides of the paper. I believe that is a mistake."

Nadrovine was regarding her side-face as they walked up and down together.

"You are very serious in this," he said. "It is a very serious thing to you, is it not?"

"Very. I love nothing so much. I cannot imagine life without it. Do not encourage me to talk, signor, if you intend laughing at me. I believe that you are in earnest, but I have no past experience by which to judge. I have never spoken of this before to any one."

"I am sure you do not think that I would laugh at you," said

Nadrovine. His tone convinced her. She drew in a long breath of relief, and let it escape softly, that it might not sound like a sigh.

"It is very good of you to be interested," she said, in a restrained voice. "You must have so many people talk to you in this vein."

"On this subject; not in this vein."

"There are so many things that I should like to say to you, I do not know which to say first."

"I hope that you will take time to say them all, signorina. Believe me, nothing could delight me more."

"Oh, but there will not be time. I shall not see you often enough."

She paused, feeling that she had said something which had better have remained unspoken. She was too candid to try and escape by means of a subterfuge, and stood before him wordless, and too overwhelmed to do more than control her expression of dismay.

"I suspect you will see me oftener than you have any idea of," said Nadrovine, with ready tact. Her evident confusion was as delightful to him as the frankness of the silence which admitted it.

"You are very, very good," replied Ilva, and paused again.

She thought hopelessly of the conversations that would have to pass between them before she could speak to him without embarrassment, and tilted her fine head with a certain air of restrained eagerness.

"I say nothing that I wish!" she exclaimed, impatiently. And then, before Nadrovine could correct her, "I wish to tell you some simple thing, and I deliberately say something else. But I will tell you quickly, before my tongue runs away with the words, how I thank you for your good words. They encourage me. They are much to me. I have read all your books. Herbert has them. I have marked some of them with my thumb-nail. Herbert will not have pencil-marks in her books, but she does not notice the nail-marks. Some of them made me breathe as though I had been running. The one where they take away poor Sovosky's dog at the Siberian frontier, and one of the soldiers kicks it, and it whines and tries to get to Sovosky, and the soldier kicks it again and breaks its leg,—my face stung when I read that. I hated that soldier. I could see the dog, and poor Sovosky with the tears freezing on his face. Tell me," she continued, eagerly, "did you ever see a scene like that?"

Nadrovine paused a moment before answering her, looking down at the grass between them, and her high-curved foot sunk into its soft mat. Then he lifted his eyes to hers.

"My father is in Siberia," he said.

Ilva pressed her hands together, feeling the same hot smarting in her face that had stung her when reading of Sovosky and his dog.

"Siberia? Your father? He is in Siberia?"

They stood in silence, looking out over the sea, where in swirls of citron and vermilion a few sails were dissolving like feathers thrown against flame. Presently she said, in an undertone,—

"I do thank you for telling me that. I feel it. I feel it so much more than I can say. I cannot say how much."

"I can feel how much," replied Nadrovine.

A long, narrow veil of sea-blue gauze that she held over her arm

blew out and clung to the cloth of his sleeve. It was like a visible sign of the airy thread of sympathy and confidence connecting them. He could have kissed it, so strongly had his feeling for the girl grown in this short, unlooked-for interview.

"You must not think that I told you this to harrow up your feelings and make you sorry for me, signorina. To be true, I love my mother best, although I always looked upon my father with an almost awed admiration. It will explain to you many things in my books which might otherwise seem unnecessarily bitter,—this fact of my father's exile, I mean. My mother has borne it more bravely than I have. She is very wonderful. You will like each other, I am sure. I am sure, at least, that she will like you; and she is very beautiful."

"If she will let me like her," said Ilva, hesitatingly. "The friends of friends are so apt to be enemies, and one's mother so rarely likes the people whom one is fondest of."

"My mother and I are the exceptions that prove your rule, signorina."

"You always agree?"

"We have never yet disagreed."

"And she is beautiful? Is she at all like you? I mean, is she dark or fair?"

"She has ink-black hair, and emerald eyes, and a skin like milk. She is nearly as tall as I am,—too tall, say the little men and women. She is five foot ten, supple and majestic, and with such a sweet voice."

"Oh, one does not care whether a woman is tall or short, if her voice is sweet," said Ilva. "Then you must be like your father? And was he tall also?"

"Two inches taller than I am. You will think us a race of giants."

"How lovely she must be, with her sweet voice!" sighed the girl.

"I do not wonder that you worship her." The Countess Demarini was short and rather stout, and her voice, when she took the trouble to speak, had an asthmatic wheeze that gave way occasionally to a complaining whine.

"You have her picture?" continued Ilva, a little shyly.

"Yes,—two miniatures,—one in her Russian dress, one in a black satin gown. If you would like to see them——"

"Oh, yes," said Ilva, "please."

Nadrovine took out his watch, opened it, and held it towards her. The face that she saw enthralled her. It was of a long, oval contour, clearly pale, save for the scarlet of the full, round lips, surmounted by night-colored hair, and made brilliant with dark-green eyes slightly prominent under thick, heavily-curved lids. The nose was short and well cut, the ears symmetrically placed and clasping closely the small, self-possessed head, the forehead high, boldly modelled, shaded by a few short curls melting into a violetish haze at the temples.

The pretty Russian head-dress set with pearls and emeralds brought out vividly the tones of this charming face.

"How very beautiful! How you must love her!" cried Ilva.

"And how young she looks!"

"Yes," replied Nadrovine, also gazing at the miniature in the

young girl's palm, "she has a remarkable appearance for her age. That miniature was painted only two years ago; and she looks no older now. I am glad that we agree in this instance as well as in many others, signorina. I will tell my mother of your approval. She is coming shortly to Italy to spend the rest of this year with me."

Ilva turned on him her wide, clear gaze.

"Then I may see her; we may know each other. But I am afraid that young girls bore a woman like Madame Nadrovine."

"Perhaps," said Nadrovine. "You would not bore her."

"Ah, but how can you tell?"

"We agree so perfectly."

Ilva looked once more at the miniature that she held, and then returned him his watch. It was warm with her hand, and he kept it in his own for a minute or two. The western light was in her eyes and on her hair, and a sweep of mystic rose-gray throbbed behind her. She was still looking at him.

"I cannot tell you how kind I think you for the interest that you have shown in my work, in my wish to work," she said, rapidly. "I know how very, very pale my hopes and ambitions must seem to you, —to you who have accomplished so much. I do not wish to say too much, to be what Herbert calls 'gushing,' but I do wish you to know that I appreciate all that you have said to me of kindness and encouragement."

"It is you who have been kind to me," replied Nadrovine.

"But the whole world is kind to you. It is nothing for one unknown person to like what you write, and it is everything for me,—your approval, I mean. I shall work so hard now. I seem to feel a new zest: I am already longing to get my pen in my fingers. I may have something that I shall not feel ashamed to show you, after all."

"I shall wish to see whatever you have written. Believe me, I speak honestly."

"Ah, well, I cannot destroy your ideal of my power by doing anything so rash as that," said Ilva. She laughed a little, and drew the dim blue veil about her head and throat. He thought that her eyes must be like the eyes of Pandora before she had opened her box. "Perhaps she too picked the lock with a pen," he reflected.

"There is one thing that I must tell you before I go," he said, suddenly. "You will think me trite, and possibly morbid."

"What is it? Say it," returned the girl, with her eager imperiousness.

"It is this: that writing is a hard art. One has to suffer,—especially a woman,—especially a woman who has the courage of her opinions."

"That means that you think I have the courage of mine, does it not, signor?"

"I do think so, assuredly."

"But, then, if I am willing to suffer?"

"We are all willing to suffer as long as suffering means a vague pain which does not disturb our poise, or individuality, or surroundings. Ask yourself how you could bear to part with one of your hands."

She lifted one of her delicate hands, held it between herself and the fading sunset, and hesitated.

"The idea of being maimed is always so horrible."

"There are worse things than losing one's hand, doushka."

"What is worse?"

"To have the eye of the public always at one's key-hole. A man might go mad for that, thrust his pen through the opening and put it out, and so have no readers for his manuscripts. The sensation of being eternally pried upon,—there is nothing much worse than that; and that is the penalty."

They were silent for a few moments, and then Ilva said, with a gentle dignity,—

"I will remember. I thank you for telling me."

She turned, and Nadrovine followed her to the piazza, before which the Countess Demarini's carriage had just stopped.

VII.

Nadrovine was candid enough with himself to acknowledge, as he drove back to his lodgings, that he was interested in the girl to an absorbing degree. She had for him, in contrast to all other handsome women who had attracted him, that subtle charm which one only recognizes after one has yielded to its spell. She seemed to him as graciously and serenely pure as her own eyes, and as vivid in her unusual naturalness as their changing lights. It was perhaps—or rather probably—the fact of her mother's being an American that gave her the untrammelled grace of gesture and expression which so delighted him, and she had evidently been without guidance save that which the long-suffering Herbert had ventured to exercise. He was also keenly conscious of the subtle flattery contained in the disclosures of Mademoiselle Lotta. He had evidently been the hero of all the young girl's day-dreams. She had thought of him constantly, and he represented to her the entire world of men. Nadrovine had always cherished an aversion to marriage. He felt this aversion melting away as he fancied those quiet eyes transformed and wavering with the love-light that he should have kindled, those lips so placid and undisturbed in their delicate curves trembling with words of confession. He did not realize how intensely her individuality had impressed him, until in his conjectures he found himself wondering what type of man would finally win and marry her. He shrunk from it as sensitively-organized people will sometimes shrink from throwing a flower into the fire. There was no man of whom he could think as husband to that slender, Psyche-faced child without a shudder of revulsion and apprehension; for he was one of the few men who recognize that a woman may be married while her soul remains unwedded, and that the fate of the victims of the Minotaur was preferable to this. He realized that the only love to which such a woman would yield would have to be as supreme in its reverence as in its fire, a white flame, still, pure, and ever-ascending. Her dreams would be a man's only rival; but then few have ever estimated the force in the rivalry of an ideal. The man who is measured by a woman's imagined

lover is far less fortunate than the man who has to deal with an actual being. Nadrovine recognized all this; but underneath and ever present was that consciousness of having dominated those girlish dreams, of having figured as "The Prince of the Silver Book."

He was often at the Villa Demarini during the next fortnight. Sometimes he would see Ilva, generally in the presence of her mother and Miss Herbert; while once or twice he had the good fortune to find her alone with Lotta among the ruins of the little temple on the hill. She finally consented to show him one or two of her manuscripts, and he was singularly haunted by them,—vigorous original essays and poems, decidedly ungirlish in their handling of subjects which she could only have imagined. He saw that there was genius throbbing under the crude richness of language and ideas, and told her so. She did not say much, but the look in her eyes was sufficient. He was beginning to tire of seeing only gratitude and appreciation in those clear eyes. She seemed made for love,—the love of a man who has recognized that God created him for one woman and who has lived his life with a view to their ultimate meeting. Nadrovine had so lived his life, and the girl was growing inexpressibly dear to him.

He had the good fortune to find himself beside her on horseback late one afternoon in June. They were on their way with Miss Herbert, Lotta, and her two brothers to visit an old castle belonging to a cousin of Count Demarini, a haunted place which boasted murders and blood-stains, and, best of all in the eyes of the two boys, underground dungeons with great stone doors. They were wild to inspect these gloomy places, and chattered of them all the way over.

"What strange creatures boys are!" said Ilva to Nadrovine. "They seem to delight in all sorts of cruel, grewsome things!"

She was dressed in an English riding-habit, sitting square and straight on her neat hunting-saddle, and riding a handsome chestnut with one white hind stocking and a star between his eyes.

"I confess that I don't like boys," she added, pausing as though to wait for his expression of disapproval.

"Sometimes one finds a boy whom one loves," replied Nadrovine, "but it is very rare. The two little animals in front are very pretty, with their blue eyes and blond hair, but they are little animals for all that."

"So different from Lotta. She is like a sweet fairy," said Ilva. "And how deliciously she manages her pony! One wants to take her, pony and all, into one's arms."

"She adores you."

"Yes; she has a great ideal of me. I fear for her when it is dispelled. It takes a great deal of self-control to live up to a child's ideal of one."

"Or a woman's," said Nadrovine.

"Do you think that many women have ideals of men, nowadays, Signor Nadrovine? I know very few women, but those that I do know seem to me hardly to do men justice."

"That is perhaps the reason, signorina, why we do not live more nobly. We know that most women do not expect it of us."

She turned on him her frank smile and the glow of her believing look.

"Why do you say such things, except in your books? I know that you have lived nobly."

"I was only speaking of men as a class. I have had my mother's belief in me to live up to. I owe much—nearly everything—to my mother."

"She must deserve your worship, signor."

"You will think so indeed when you know her. I expect her next week. I am like a lover awaiting his lady,—as restless and nervous as a boy."

"It must be almost divine to a mother to have such a love," said the girl. "It is the most beautiful love of all. Do you not think so?"

"No, signorina."

"You do not?" She flushed a little, but asked her question bravely.

"No, doushka; there is one love which, when it is as God meant it to be, is more godlike than any on earth. The love of Christ for the Church is not compared to the love of a father for his child."

"No?" said Ilva. She could control her voice, but not the violent leaping of her heart.

"Can't we ride faster?" here called Miss Herbert, who, unlike most Englishwomen, did not ride well, disliked a trot, and was only happy when cantering. "We can see nothing of the castle before sundown if we do not hurry."

"There will be a moon," said Nadrovine under his breath.

His heart was beating rapidly also, and he wished poor Herbert in many an unpleasant place.

"Yes, nearly a full moon," said Ilva. They set their horses in a gallop and soon overtook and repassed the others.

"How you would enjoy a ride over the steppe!" said Nadrovine, as they drew rein. "I can see you on a black Russian horse with your hair loose."

"Oh! oh!" said Ilva, relieved at finding an excuse to laugh. "One never rides with loosened hair except in Perrault's fairy-tales. Fancy how slovenly one would look in a top-hat with one's hair flying!"

"I was thinking of the contrast between the horse's mane and your hair. You have such wonderful hair. It is like a little child's, and it is so thick. It must weigh your arms down to comb it out."

"Ah! here we are at the gate," said Ilva. "What hideous stone griffins! but the gate itself is beautiful."

"There are three more miles through the grounds," called Miss Herbert. "We must hurry, my dear!"

They galloped up to the door of the castle. It was a great square pile, draped with vines, and surrounded by huge cedars and olive-trees. They were shown over it by the cicerone, a withered creature with dull eyes and an even duller mind. He had not a word to say, but threw open doors on gloom and beauty alike with the same unvarying stolidity of countenance.

They were retiring rather disappointed with their jaunt, when Victor and Georges precipitated themselves at the same time upon Miss Her-

bert, crying, "The dungeons! the dungeons! We must see the dungeons!"

"Well——" said Miss Herbert, weakly.

"Do you care about it?" Nadrovine asked Ilva.

"Now that we are here, we might as well see them," she replied; "and the boys seem beside themselves."

It was therefore decided that they should visit the dungeons. Pietro, the cicerone, arranged a very mediæval-looking torch in a species of iron cup, and prepared to lead the way.

"Why don't you take a lantern?" asked Nadrovine.

"We have no lanterns, Excellency," replied the automaton.

"Then a candle or a lamp?"

"Candles and lamps blow out, Excellency."

"In that case, your idea of the torch is capital," said Nadrovine, dryly; and they all laughed,—all except Pietro, who descended the narrow stairways like a statue in motion, with no expression on his face whatever, either of amusement or distaste.

There were four of these underground cells, each damper and more slimy than the last. The mud seemed to be at least an inch thick on the soggy floors, and the slime clung in ropes to the trickling walls.

"Let us go in, just to say we have been in," urged the boys; and so all six went and stood in the hideous place, shrinking involuntarily from the coated roof and sides. The doors were of stone a foot thick.

No one spoke.

"Three men were starved to death in there, so it is said," droned the cicerone, giving voice to his first remark. He would not enter, but stood just without, thrusting his torch back and forth and waving it about to give them a full view of the horrors which surrounded them. They started. It seemed almost like the utterance of a ghost. The only unimpressed beings were the two boys, who flitted in and out like will-o'-the-wisps, their fair hair seeming to catch fire from the fitful torch-light.

VIII.

No one could quite tell how it happened. There seemed to be a sudden scuffle, a sharp cry from Pietro. The torch fell hissing in the mud just beyond the great door, and the door itself closed with a heavy jar. Everything at once became quiet. No sound reached them from the outside. In the ooze of the floor the great knot of resinous wood lay sputtering and sending up a heavy coil of smoke. The faces of the four who were shut in were seen wide-eyed and strained in the dull glow. Miss Herbert drew Lotta up into her arms and pressed the child's face down upon her shoulder.

"Victor! Georges!" cried Nadrovine, "open at once!"

He struck the stone with his hands. No grave was ever more silent than the place into which they had been shut. The fallen torch smoked on slowly to its final spark, and the cell was filled with the tarry smoke. Then a thick, soundless darkness closed about them. Lotta began to sob in a nervous ecstasy of fear.

Ilva felt Nadrovine close at her side, though he did not touch her.

"I am not afraid," she said, before he could speak. "Shall we have to wait long?"

"I cannot tell," he replied. "Those little——" he addressed some terms to the sportive young Boutrys between his closed teeth. "They should be soundly flogged," he ended. "I fear you will take a horrible cold in this vile den. Wait a moment."

Ilva felt something soft thrust under her feet; she trod upon it with a smile which seemed strangely unnecessary in that thick blackness.

"Is it not drier? You do not feel the damp so much?" inquired Nadrovine, anxiously.

She said, "No. I thank you so very much."

Lotta went on sobbing, and the sound was almost a relief to them.

There passed what seemed to them a long time.

"I have some matches," said Nadrovine. He struck them one after another until they were all gone, and looked at his watch.

It had been only four minutes since they were locked into the cell.

"This is terrible!" cried Miss Herbert, shrilly. "What can have happened? I will see that those boys have a just punishment,—a severe caning."

"And I!" said Nadrovine, grimly. They felt that Miss Herbert nodded approval before again bestowing her attention on the frightened Lotta.

The minutes slowly passed. Ilva could hear the loud ticking of Nadrovine's watch in the dense silence, and it seemed strange that it should continue on its way so calmly,—as strange as that the rich Italian sky swept cloudless overhead, and that the fair afternoon moved on to night uninterrupted.

"I can't understand why they do not let us out at once," said Ilva, finally. "Do you suppose that the cicerone does not know how to open the door?"

"It may not have been shut for many years," replied Nadrovine. "He may not understand how to uncloset it. Are you cold? I seem to feel that you are shivering."

"You felt that? How strange! I was shivering; but I am not cold. After all, it is a grewsome feeling, being shut into a place like this."

Involuntarily they spoke in whispers and drew nearer to each other. Nadrovine was standing between Ilva and Miss Herbert, and put his hand on Lotta's little head to reassure her while he spoke.

"It cannot last more than ten minutes longer, at the utmost," he said. "Evidently the cicerone has gone to get aid of some kind. You must have conquered both Victor and Georges at fencing this morning, mademoiselle, to cause such spite."

"I f-f-fenced with Georges," sobbed Lotta, "and b-b-broke his f-foil, and then I made V-Victor angry b-by saying he would be a s-s-sneak if he told—if he t-told M-m-aman when Georges pushed me. Oh, will it be long, m'sieu? Please hold my other hand. Please hold me very tight, Mees Herbert. I wish you would tell me a story about light places, and sunshine, and bright blue and pink flowers! It will help me to compose myself. You know truly I believe myself to be

dreaming." She fell into nervous sobbing again, and buried her head in Miss Herbert's shoulder.

"If one had only brought one's goloshes!" murmured that patient creature. "But, then, how could one imagine such a contingency? Hush, hush, my dear child! I will tell you a story, if you will only listen." She went off into a long, rambling narrative in which she and her four brothers and sisters all played conspicuous parts.

"You are still shivering. I am sure that you must be cold," said Nadrovine. "You are too near that damp wall." He put out his hand to ascertain her position, and it came in contact with her soft hair.

"If you would lean on me!" he said, in a low voice.

He found the slight, ungloved hand and drew it through his arm. "How you tremble, my poor child!" he whispered. "This will have a terrible effect on you."

She did not answer at once, and then said finally, in a low voice, "I am glad that you are here. I feel safe."

"Doushka!" he whispered, in an indescribable tone.

Ilva felt that a tremor ran through him also. She strove to control herself.

"I—I think if only Miss Herbert and Lotta and I had been shut into this dungeon, that I should have suffered a great deal. I think of all sorts of horrors. I seem to feel those starving wretches crawling and cursing in the mud at my feet."

She felt herself drawn closer to him, a perceptible, imperious movement.

"You are not afraid with me?"

"No."

"You trust me?—you believe in me?"

"Yes."

"You feel that I would stand between you and all evil?"

There was a pause, and then she said, clearly,—

"I feel that."

"Ilva!" said Nadrovine. She felt his arms close around her. She did not repulse him. His lips rested against her forehead, and all the darkness seemed to press in golden throbbings against her closed lids.

She stood locked in his arms, wordless, for a long while. They could hear Miss Herbert droning out her chronicles of Matilda and Alfred and John and Charlotte and their troubles with their kitchen-gardens, and how they were paid fourpence for every turnip that they brought to perfection, and sixpence for every carrot, and how they discovered a new species of rose by mixing the seeds, and how they made enough money by it to purchase a brass lecturn for a gift to their father on Michaelmas, etc., etc., etc.

Ilva felt sure that Lotta was right and that they were all dreaming. Those quivering lips on her forehead were the only real things in this chaos of unusualness and living gloom.

As for Nadrovine, the past seemed to have broken in a mighty wave on the shore of the present, and to have left him stranded there. All his ideas and theories of the last ten years were no more in this surge of emotion than shells and strips of sea-weed on the actual sea.

He knew that to clasp in his arms this fragile piece of girlhood, feeling her content to be there, was sufficient, and that the hope of sealing, on some future day, her pure and sensitive lips with his, held for him more possibilities of joy than were contained in the cup of fame pressed down and running over. He loved her as women should pray Heaven to be loved,—with a keen recognition of all the traits that he did not himself possess, and a determination to consider them most when he understood them least,—with a reverence as intense as it was sincere for the child in her, which is part of every complete woman, old or young, an absolute belief in her delicacy of soul and body, an adoration of her very self and spirit, which constrained him rather to imagine the love as seen in her eyes than as felt on her lips, and an awe for her purity which made him think that, while as her lover he might dare to caress her mouth, as her husband he would only venture to kiss the utmost edge of her garments.

In a few moments more the door was opened for them.

It was as Nadrovine had thought: the cicerone had had to procure the aid of two other servants before he could move the heavy block of stone. Victor and Georges were scampering homeward, in dismay at what they had done.

Nadrovine and Ilva rode forth beneath a sky which seemed to float like a golden bubble above them,—a bubble blown upward from the great bowl of the earth which hollowed to the horizon. The pines seemed dripping with sherry.

"They are like green beards of Tritons drenched in wine," said Ilva, fancifully, as if speaking to herself.

Miss Herbert, urged by wrath, had for once conquered her fears, and had ridden ahead at a smart gallop to overtake and lecture the two culprits. Lotta at her heels on her Polo pony forced the pace, and they were both soon beyond sight and hearing.

Ilva, feeling Nadrovine's eyes upon her, moved uneasily in the saddle.

"Doushka, give me your hand," he said, at last.

She put it, palm up, in his.

"Do you give it to me really, my shy one? Is it mine to do with as I like?"

She could not trust herself to speak, but made a downward movement of assent with her chin.

"Then first," said Nadrovine, raising it to his lips, "this, and afterwards—this." He drew a ring from his own hand and pushed it firmly to the base of her slight finger, saying, in a low voice,—

"With this ring I seal thee to me. Thou art mine, my betrothed, my promised."

She trembled, and he released her hand.

"Will you see if you can read the motto cut in the stone, doushka?" he asked, after a long pause. "The light is fading, but the letters are very clearly cut. Try."

She held her hand towards the mellow tremble overhead, and read aloud, falteringly,—

"*Esto sol testis.*" It is Latin, is it not? I do not understand Latin well. What is the meaning?"

"Let the sun be a witness," replied Nadrovine. "Let a man strive to keep his life so clean and without reproach that the sun can search its every cranny without bringing unwholesome or ugly facts to light. It is not the family motto. It is the motto that I selected for myself and had cut in that sapphire when I was a boy of fourteen. I wish you to wear it now and share it with me."

He smiled, and, stooping, kissed the ring as it lay like a drop of blue sea-water upon her pale hand. "I wish the sun to be a witness to my love for you."

"Oh!" said the girl, dropping her reins and placing both hands against her throat.

The horses had stopped together on the crest of a little hill.

"What is it?" asked Nadrovine, quickly.

"Nothing. I love you so!" She leaned towards him, holding out her arms. Her eyes dwelt full and clear upon his. He bent to her, and she pressed his head against her for a moment, looking out over it into the red ball of the sinking sun that he had invoked to witness their betrothal. It seemed to her as though she were gazing through a flaming orifice straight to the core of heaven. Her heart was a prayer within her. It would have been almost a sacrilege to form words with her lips at that unspeakable moment.

They rode on in silence for a long while, until the last fires of the splendid, cloudless sunset were blotted out by the soft gloom of twilight gray as a moth's wing. The green lights of the first few stars shone down upon them through the rich haze, like glow-worms seen through a vast cobweb. Overhead was the sound of the wind in the pines and the call of the nightingales. The night opened about them like a great flower sleepy with perfume. They seemed folded in its warm petals,—a part of it,—as content as the small creatures that live in roses. He held her hand, and her life seemed flowing into his through that close clasp. He could not believe in a time when this proud sense of ownership, of duality, had not possessed him. The great, glorious, changing, growing night seemed without meaning save as a setting for that young creature at his side, with her hair which seemed woven of the spiritualized sunlight which one sees in dreams, and her eyes which seemed to hold all shadows and light, all love and pain, in their serene depths.

He felt that even pain with her would be outwardly a calm thing, a great stillness, as her love was now. But she spoke to him presently.

"I seem to have belonged to you always," she said, with her beautiful candor. "I seem only to have a right to myself through you. Your love makes me glad to be myself; because if I had been any one else, no matter how great or good, you would not have loved me, and your love is best. No, no: you must not speak; you must not contradict me. Just let me say what is in my heart. I feel that what is there must run into your heart like a stream into the great sea. It is wonderful to think that I have your love,—I out of the world! It is as though a great star were to concentrate its light all on some little flower, and say, 'I will shine only for this flower that I love.' It is as though some high one in heaven were to refuse to sing in the great choir, that his voice might be heard only in the dreams of some

poor woman upon earth whom he loved and waited for. Ah, do not interrupt me! It is so big in my heart. It strains it. I have no one else to speak to,—indeed, no one that I care to speak to. You are the only one,—the very first,—the first since I was a little child and I gave you my silver book. You helped to form my life. You helped to make me into what you now love. You were like a song through the silence of my life,—like the song that Pippa sang so unconsciously, always, always at the right moment. Always your memory was with me at the right moment. I never had a wrong thought, a wrong impulse, that your face did not come to me as clear, as clear,—it was as clear as that white magnolia flower there in the moonlight. And your eyes would look so grieved. I longed to ask your pardon, to have you take my hand and say that you forgave me. I dreamed about you sometimes when I was awake, sometimes when I was asleep. When I used to fancy how it would be if you were dead, it seemed to me that my life would never stop going on, on, on, on. And my heart seemed like a tiresome voice insisting that I was alive. I would try not to listen to it; but it would seem to fill the room. And then I would lie quite still and think, ‘After all, it is you who love him, my heart. Beat on, beat on! Oh, do not stop! without you I could not give him my love.’

“And then I would imagine you married to some one,—some one fair and tall, having great dark eyes, and wonderful hair with deep shadows and lights, like the lights on moving water,—some one whom you loved. It was like a band squeezing my heart. It was as though crabs had my throat and side in their nippers. I would get up and go to the window and fill my soul with the night. And then peace and rest and gentleness would seem to flow down to me through the stars, as though their rays were silver threads binding my soul to heaven. I would say, ‘Perhaps it cools his eyes to take the stars deep, deep into them. Perhaps he kneels sometimes and looks up at them as I am looking now.’ And then I would say, ‘Give him peace too, dear stars. Give him rest, and a cool quietness, and thoughts of the shady places of heaven, as you have given me.’ And then I would sleep. I was only a child; but I loved you. Oh, I loved you!—not so much as I do now, but much—much——!”

She lifted his hand, and would have pressed her lips upon it, but he stopped her.

“Not that! not that!” He could not speak.

She waited for him, looking up at the gathering stars in mid-heaven. “My heaven-hearted one! my spirit-love!” he said, at last. “How am I to speak to you? How am I to put into my blunt man’s words the story of my love for you? Let me prove it to you, beloved! Do not wait for me to speak. There is nothing that I can say after what you have told me. Even the passion of sunlight would seem too earthly after the starry sweetness of your words. You are all to me,—everything. You are sun and stars, the night and the day, the inland and the ocean, reality, dreams, ambition, fruition. You surpass my ideal, inasmuch as it is not in the power of a man, no matter how clean and high his life has been, to evolve out of sheer imagination

a woman like yourself. Were a man, even faintly, to imagine such a woman, she would seem in his dreams unreal, evasive, cold. You are as real to me as music, as the May, as the light on summer hills, as warm as the heart of summer, sweeter, more full of possibilities. There is nothing chilling about you, and when I draw you to me, so, and feel your sweet life throbbing in my arms, I wish that day might never break again, but that we could live on in this trance of content, closed in by this vast night, watched over by the stars with their light in our hearts."

"My man of men," said the girl, "was I not right to love you?"

"You humble me! you humble me!" cried Nadrovine, passionately. "I had thought my life a clean one until your love shone on it. And now it seems full of dark places!"

"It is full of my love," she said, pressing her cheek to his, and touching his bended throat lightly with the ends of her long fingers.

"I cannot speak," he said. "Forgive me. I have no words. I have dreamed of such a love,—of such a love as I feel for you, I mean. There are no words. I will listen to you."

A lustrous quivering began to fill the air,—the light from the rising moon. All things were radiant with it. White flowers appeared here and there from the shadows, as the stars had appeared at first in the heavens. As the silver edge began to gleam behind the almond-trees on a rise near by, she turned to him with an exquisite shyness, lifting her face to his in the tranquil light.

"Let the moon be a witness, also," she said, on a catching breath; and, stooping, Nadrovine put his mouth to the word-stirred lips. It was a kiss long and gentle, but such a kiss as he would have given a child. He could not have kissed her as a lover then, even had she desired it. But she smiled with perfect joy, drooping her head a little, and grudging even the night-wind its touch upon her lips.

They parted in utter silence, Nadrovine holding her upon his breast a moment when he lifted her from the saddle, and making silently the sign of the cross upon her forehead.

IX.

Nadrovine was a man whose nature was too refined for his life to have been coarse. He was moral rather from inclination than from principle; although principle would have restrained him to a great degree even had his tastes been different from what they were. Crime had no attraction for him, and he would as soon have turned from galloping upon elastic turf to plunge along through a muddy lane, as to have turned aside from the pursuit of his art to accept caresses that bored him. There are such men. They are termed icicles by the ignoble and given small credit for their course of action. "We will give a tiger credit for not eating men," say the wise, "but a horse is graminivorous: why should we praise him because he does not feed upon flesh?"

In truth, Nadrovine was not cold; but the fires of his nature were as deeply buried as those of earth, and when they were quiescent ice

and snow could form above them, and so the wise were deceived. The hearts of most men are like the grates in inns, where the wood is laid ready for kindling; and the smile of any pretty woman is enough to set it in a blaze. Nadrovine's heart resembled a volcano, and it depended upon his own nature and the voice of one woman as to whether or not the hidden flame would be discernible.

To those who have an indomitable patience, love in its highest and most complete form invariably comes. Whether it be for pain or gladness, those who have dreamed loyally of Love, not condescending meanwhile to distract themselves with Philotes, will always feel, at last, his hands in theirs, and see the tears and laughter of his eyes. As Nadrovine rode slowly home beneath the tremulous splendor of the stars, yesterday seemed as far beyond him as though he had slept for a thousand years and been awakened by a kiss. He seemed always to have loved her,—always to have belonged to her, as she had said of herself in regard to him, with her pure frankness. In truth, it is never anything but what we have given up that comes to us. He had given up, long ago, all idea of bestowing or receiving love, and now his breast actually ached with a magnitude of devotion such as he had never ventured to describe, even in his most impassioned romances. Here was a love which seemed the beginning of everything instead of the end of a great many. Instead of resigning all other women in order to possess this one, he felt that in contrast with her all others ceased to exist. They became mere ciphers, which served to increase the value of his unit by passing behind her, and he wondered that he had not recognized in her as a child the spirit which as a woman would enthrall him.

He entered the cool hall of the pretty villa which he had taken in order that his mother might spend the rest of the summer with him. There was a heavy scent of roses on the air. An armful of the deep, orange-colored flowers lay on a low table under some wax-lights, and two or three had fallen on the red tiles of the floor. As he stood absently looking at them, the faint odor of a cigarette passed through a curtained door and floated towards him. At first he was scarcely conscious of it, then started, and, turning, entered between the curtains into the apartment beyond.

"Ah, at last!" was breathed rather than spoken.

His mother, leaning back among gold-colored cushions with a knot of the orange roses at her breast, reached up languidly with her beautiful, half-bare arms and drew his mouth down upon hers. The perfume of the cigarette-smoke upon her breath and in her hair irritated him, and the roses jarred upon him after the wonderful freshness of the night outside,—being of the rare, hot-house species which one invariably associates with dinners and balls.

The slight shade of annoyance, however, only accentuated the radiant expression of welcome which had lighted his face when she first spoke.

"Have you waited long?" he said. "I did not expect you until to-morrow. Is your room in readiness? Have you as many apartments as you wish? Small one, how good it is to see you!"

She leaned over him as he knelt at her side, caressing his curls by nipping them with her lips which she drew in over her teeth, and pull-

ing them so as to cause him a slight pain. His chin she had taken into one of her strong, flexile palms, so that he could not pull away, and her other hand was behind his throat.

"I have everything. I have you, my little dear one!" she replied. "It seems to me as though I can never forget that you were once my baby, and that you lay with your little face buried in my throat, and pinched me with your sharp little gums to show when you were hungry. I feel you now,—no longer than one of these roses, stem and all; and so soft! You smelt always of ironed linen and dried violets. I can sniff your little damp head on the flannel now. And that is all gone forever! Vladimir, if you ever marry I don't think I shall make a great noise. I think I shall go very quietly to your bride's house to take her a wedding-present; and when she is asleep, with her white throat bent backward for your dreamed-of kisses, I shall give it one snip, deep to the left, with my little, crooked toilet-scissors, and then strike her across the lips, very lightly, once with my gloves. Come! How pale you are! How you scowl, my great one! Come into your old small one's arms and let her tell you that really your bride shall be as her own child, and that she will kiss the pretty throat and mouth many times for the kisses that you will have left there. Ah!" she added, pressing her lips again to his, "but it is absurdly delicious to think that I am not called on to share you yet,—that you are all mine,—all that you do not put in those books of yours. But there is something different,—a look, a pose, a—I don't know what. Is it a new book? Have you been writing a love-scene?"

She drew back, pressing him from her with a hand on either shoulder and regarding him steadily from narrowed lids with her dark-green, jewel-like eyes. "Ah, yes! you have been writing one of those descriptions where one feels through the people one is writing of. You have trembled with your hero beneath the kiss of some beautiful woman. He has taken her in his arms, and your breast has throbbed. Go!—go and bring it and read it to me. I will not even smoke while I listen." She gave him a little push forward, but he leaned against her knees, saying that he was tired and had written no love-scene.

"Not with pen and ink, perhaps," replied his mother, "but there has been one written on your mind's tablets lately. Do not deny it! There is a certain look upon your face of which I am a connoisseur. Well, then, tell me of it! I would much rather hear it related than read."

Nadrovine moved his head as it lay against her arm, to signify that he had nothing either to read or to relate.

"Ah, bah! you are a stupid, sweet monster, like that fellow with the ass's head in the play. I am to be your Titania and tickle your ears as you sleep, I suppose? Now rise at once, and seat yourself opposite me, that I may look at you. But not on poor Scud!" she added, as Nadrovine prepared to throw himself into a low wicker chair in front of her. There was lying in it a dapper fox-terrier which she shook unceremoniously from the silk cushion upon the floor. "He is a nice little beast. I do not wish him out of the way, yet. And, besides, the proper method will be to chloroform him, not to mash him to a jelly."

"Why do you have a fox-terrier?" asked Nadrovine. "A Russian greyhound, or a deer-hound, or even a Siberian blood-hound, would suit you far better than that fidgety little *gommeux*."

"Precisely why I like him, dear, great, but not always discerning one! I dislike women who are eternally posing for harmonious effects. I am naturally expected to own a sleuth-hound, or some monster of that sort, and to drive with my horses Russian fashion; therefore I prefer a fox-terrier and a curricie with a pair of English bays harnessed in the usual manner, as becomes a fading beauty with more than five gray hairs visible in the most conspicuous waves of her tresses, and whose son writes novels which add at least a hundred years to her age."

She put one of her exquisite feet, in its silk stocking and small embroidered *mule*, on the edge of the chair in which he was sitting, and rubbed it gently against him as she talked. She was nearly head and shoulders taller than the Medici, but the Medici could not have supported her plump body upon those fine, delicately-modelled ankles.

Madame Nadrovine's wrists and ankles would have been too small, had it not been for the perfect, lithe symmetry of her whole superb figure. Her white flesh was as hard and elastic as the flesh of a young horse, and she had the eyes of a girl. Those eyes in the rich maturity of her face were like some flowers of spring blooming in the heart of summer. They were a girl's eyes, but experience spoke from every curve of the deeply-cut lips.

"A fading beauty!" echoed Nadrovine, clasping the narrow foot. "Small one! some one has been praising you lately, else you would not venture to say such a thing. And so you have five gray hairs? Give them to me, and I will have them made into a paint-brush to color that pretty mole on the left of your chin, there."

"*Le bon Dieu* has saved me that trouble, *mon cher*," replied his mother, tranquilly. "But your thought is a kindness, nevertheless. I will smoke now, I think. My cigarette-case, if you please." She extended her hand,—one of those beautiful hands whose palms look like crumpled pink tissue-paper, and yet which have the strength of machinery.

He handed her the simple silver case with its cipher—S. N.—in gold, and she snapped back the lid with an impatient click, finding it empty.

"I am rather glad of that," said Nadrovine, lazily reaching for papers and tobacco. "I enjoy nothing much more than seeing you roll cigarettes."

"Baby! I love you!" she replied, pressing him with a little movement of her foot. "By the way, Vladimir, have you your horse with you?"

"Czarina, you mean? Yes. Will you ride here?"

"Ride?" She paused to look at him, with the moist rose tip of her tongue against the cigarette which she was rolling. "Will I ride here? Dear great one! can you fancy me in any place two days, two hours, without being on horseback? If I am ever translated, I trust it will be in a saddle rather than a chariot."

"My horses are at your disposal, most dear."

She rose to light her cigarette over the lamp near which they were sitting. The light caught her curled eyelashes and the jut of her strongly-marked brows. He thought he detected a slight tremor at the corners of her mouth.

"Why do you smile?" he demanded, somewhat quickly.

"Oh, well,—at nothing,—at a thought." She pulled the fox-terrier's ears between her thumb and little finger, holding her cigarette in her first and third. Then, suddenly lifting her eyes upon his,—

"Am I 'most dear'?"

Nadrovine started perceptibly. He felt his cheeks sting, and a certain bigness about his heart, which beat fiercely.

"Am I?" repeated his mother, serenely. She blew some rings of smoke from her rounded lips, and he thought with an absent-minded fancifulness that they looked like the ghosts of kisses.

"Why should you ask me such a question?" he inquired, finally, with abruptness.

"Why? Oh, because it suggested itself! I wondered. I put my wonder into words. There is the whole story."

"You will always be 'most dear' in your own peculiar way," said Nadrovine. He looked down at his left hand, surprised for the moment not to feel the familiar ring upon his finger. His mother followed his glance.

"In—my—own—peculiar—way?" she repeated, curiously. And then, "Your sapphire, my scribbler dear?—your unequalled 'Esto sol testis'? Where is he? Not lost?" There was again that little flicker at her mouth's edge.

"No, not lost," said Nadrovine.

"Well, and what then?"

"I took it off."

"You—took—it—off?" repeated his mother, with the same almost imperceptible pause between the words. She smiled openly this time. "And, pray, where did you put it?"

"Where it will be even safer," he answered, rallying suddenly. "Where the sun will be a better witness than ever."

"Oh! So!" said his mother.

"Come!" cried Nadrovine, rising to his feet. "It is so hot in here! Look at the poor moths on the table there, and your book curling in the lamp-light! Let us walk on the terrace. I know that you love the sea."

"Come, then," she replied. She stretched an arm out on either side, and let the end of her cigarette fall from her relaxed fingers. Her gown of cream-white Chinese silk hid the straining of her supple figure beneath its numerous folds. "Ah," she said, with clinched teeth, "that was a renewal of everything. Pull me up, and I can walk with you all night." He drew her to her feet, and they passed together into the hushed and radiant night without. A strong sea-air entered their nostrils, and lips parted to speak, changing the woman's mood and intensifying that of the man.

"One wishes one's self a star on a night like this!" she said, opening the folds of silk at her neck and expanding her splendid chest.

"One wishes to be loved only by God and children!—one's own child,"—she pressed upon the shoulder of her son,—“and the children of misfortune.”

“My mother!” he said, forgetting, in that thrilled moment, even the eyes of Ilva.

“My son!” she returned. She stopped, hesitated, confronted him. “‘For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God!’” she repeated. “Vladimir, that might read, ‘For we, the women thy mothers, are jealous women!’ To give up! It is impossible. It is impossible, Vladimir! To give up our own to strangers! To be forsaken! Our Lord has said that we must be forsaken. Yes! and God also said, ‘Honor thy father and thy mother!’ It is terrible! Why do those great words contradict each other? To give them up, our own, our heart's blood!—to give them up to little, pretty things who do not even know what it means to accept them,—to take them from us!”

She spoke to the sea, holding her strong throat with a hand on either side.

“To give them up, their eyes, their voices, their days, their nights, the talents and passions that they have drawn from our breasts. To give them up!—always to give them up! To be forsaken! To be content to be forsaken! To feel that we are second to what will forever be first with us! To remember our pain that gave them being, and to endure pain more frightful in resigning them! To know that they will never be wholly ours again! To know that their arms are only nests for others, their hearts quickened with another's image, their lips waiting for her, that heaven means only the possibility of her presence! Jealous? Jealous? Vladimir!”—her voice rang through him,—“where is your ring?”

X.

The sound of the sea seemed to cease for Nadrovine. He heard only the pumping of his quick blood past his ears. His mother's face shut out the phosphorescent line of surf beyond,—a face which was a shadow, broken only by the glittering questions of her eyes. He was dumb, overwhelmed by a vast distaste to sharing his secret even with her. He had not meant to reveal it for some days. Ilva, he knew, would remain silent until he told her to speak. His mother waited, moveless, wordless. He could hear her heart beating a little out of time with his,—more quickly and unevenly. She was still holding her throat in both hands, and her silk gown made a subdued, crisp noise in the varying wind which was not unlike an echo of the advancing, receding waves below.

He spoke at last, taking down her hands from her throat and placing them against his breast.

“Trust me, my mother!” he said. They were the first words that came to him.

“Show yourself worthy,” she answered. “Let me trust you. Your ring, Vladimir!”

He stooped and kissed the hands that he held.

“If I tell you in a week, small one, will that do?”

"Why in a week?"

"It is a whim,—a desire. I beg of you, give me this week. Have you never wanted a week out of your life all to yourself, for no particular reason?"

"But why a week? Why not two weeks? Why not two days?"

"You will trust me?"

"I must!" She drew her hands impatiently away,—turned from him. The moon shone through the thin folds of her gown on either side, and her noble figure was dark between them. Nadrovine followed her.

"You will do as I ask, little mother?"

"Why a week?" she reiterated, turning upon him.

He began to experience that sensation of hopeless exasperation which possesses one when questioned against one's will.

"I have said 'a week,'" he answered, controlling himself. "It is a short time. This is Tuesday night. Next Tuesday night at this hour I will tell you."

"Perhaps I shall not care to know then," she said, harshly. All softness had passed from her face. It was as expressionless as an inland lake when no wind is stirring.

"As you please," said Nadrovine. He stood looking down at the sea, with his profile turned towards her. The pain of being misunderstood was upon him, and that stripped feeling which accompanies any attempt of another, no matter how dear, to unveil our holy of holies.

"The sea is the water of youth," remarked his mother, turning abruptly, her voice light and unconcerned again. "Paris is like Mr. Hyde, and the Riviera is like Dr. Jekyll, where one's health is concerned. I feel much younger!"

They talked of his work and prospects, walking up and down in the moonlight until nearly one o'clock, when his mother left him to go to bed. She made no allusion to their first topic of conversation, but kissed him good-night on the cheek instead of on the lips.

If men realized how their mothers love them, there would be a new force in the world.

Nadrovine, on the contrary, thought his mother exacting and lacking in consideration for him.

He came upon her the next morning shortly after sunrise, with little Lotta Boutry at her side.

"An elf, Vladimir!" she called to him,— "a genuine elf! She is coming to breakfast with me. I have promised to have some woodbine for her to suck, and some candied violets for an *entrée*. She says she can fence,—with a bulrush, no doubt!"

"Oh, Signor Nadrovine," cried Lotta, "if this is your maman, I do not wonder you tell charming fairy-stories and that Cousine Ilva loves so to hear you talk! She is even more beautiful than you,—your maman, I mean,—and she speaks as charmingly!"

"Who is 'Cousine Ilva'?" said Madame Nadrovine.

"Your buttons are too much to the left, Mademoiselle Lotta," corrected Nadrovine. "Draw your right shoulder a trifle backward, I pray you."

"Cousine Ilva," said Mademoiselle Boutry,—"I thank you, Signor Nadrovine,—Cousine Ilva is the Signorina Demarini. She and Signor Nadrovine, your son, are the greatest of friends. They take long rides together,—long, long rides. And talk! Oh, how they talk! One can hear them when one has ridden far ahead,—a sort of murmur like a bee caught in a flower,—um-um-um-um. Signor Nadrovine used to tell Cousine Ilva stories when she was a little, *little* girl. He called her 'doushka' then. He was 'The Prince of the Silver Book,' I feel convinced."

"Why?" said Madame Nadrovine.

"Because he calls her 'doushka.'"

"Oh! So he calls her 'doushka' now?"

"Yes, madame."

"And what does she say in reply?"

"She looks another way, or says nothing, or says, 'Signor?'"

"You observe, do you not, *chérie*?"

"I used to observe more than I do now, madame, but maman has broken me of it somewhat. Whenever I look in the least solemn, she says, '*Qu'as-tu, chérie? As-tu de bo-bo?*' Miss Herbert says that means, in English, 'Art thou in the dooms?'"

"Thou hast not the 'dooms' this morning, then, little one?" said Madame Nadrovine.

"Oh, no!" replied Lotta.

"And what did you say your cousin Ilva was named?"

"She is the Signorina Demarini."

"Demarini?" repeated Madame Nadrovine. She knit her deeply-modelled brows. "Demarini? And your uncle, the Signor Demarini, what is he like?"

"I do not know him well. Fanny says that he has the nose of a shadow when one holds the candle in a wrong position."

"A Roman nose, then?"

"It has a hump, madame."

"How do you know, *petite*?"

"By his portrait in Aunt Anita's locket. But his hair, oh, it is lovely! Like astrachan. So black! so curly! One would not think of his nose again when one had looked at his hair."

"You are a delightful morsel," said Madame Nadrovine,—"as complete as a little mole on a pretty woman's cheek."

"You have two moles," said Lotta, composedly, "and of such a lovely brown. They are just like little bits of a negro's skin pasted upon yours. Maman had a little negro page one year. He stole so much sugar that it gave him some disease and he died. He was odious. I prayed not to be glad. But it was at Christmas. *Le bon Dieu* had so much to attend to that probably he did not listen to me."

"Why?" asked Madame Nadrovine for the second time.

"Oh, well, because," replied Mademoiselle Boutry,—"because I *was* glad. He used to bite pieces out of my wax dolls and chew them. He was very odious. One could not call one's dolls one's own, when he was by. Little negroes are hateful things. One night maman let me sit up to see an eclipse of the moon. It came to me then. Little

negroes are like eclipses of the stars. We—we white children are like real stars, and little negroes are like eclipsed stars,—brown, dull and horrid. Fancy a heaven of eclipsed stars, monsieur, with an eclipsed moon for maman! Bah!" She galloped ahead a little way.

"I wish to chaperon her at her first ball, great one," said Madame Nadrovine over her shoulder.

"You like arduous tasks," replied Nadrovine, dryly.

"Arduous!" exclaimed his mother. "I should like to drive a comet with its tail for reins—that is all! Brilliant! The child is a fairy, with a diamond for a mind. One could write on crystal with it."

"Or glass," said Nadrovine.

"Oh, yes, glass," repeated his mother,—"*glass made from the ashes of great men and the sands of time.*"

"You will spoil her, small one."

"If I did not, men would. It is always better for a woman to be spoiled by women than by men."

"But she is a child, not a woman."

"Children are born women in this nineteenth century. You hear how she talks?"

"Yes; it makes one laugh and shudder at the same time."

"To say the least, that is a novel sensation. One generally combines tears with shuddering,—not laughter. Here she comes back again."

Lotta approached them on her pony, her cheeks like the inner lips of conch-shells, her hair riotous in the sharp morning wind.

"Oh, madame!" she cried, "see what a droll thing I have found! A little shell! So fine! so pretty! And yet when one holds it in one's hand it puts out horrid claws into one's palm."

"Throw it away," advised Madame Nadrovine.

Lotta regarded it gravely. "Cousine Ilva says that there is a lesson in everything," she remarked. "I have decided already upon this queer creature. It is like the curé of our village. He is so smooth, so quiet on the outside,—his shell, you know,—and then as soon as one begins to listen, to really be interested, he puts out his claws and scratches one. He hints at one's friends, especially when they are sitting in the front row and have new gowns on. Marie Dinôt had a new cap one Sunday, and a blue gown that maman gave her, and he said some things—some horrid things—about head-dresses and fine apparel. Marie fairly squirmed. I really wished to spread my own gown over her, she looked so embarrassed; and really, you know, it was immaterial to me."

"You are a little Samaritan," remarked Madame Nadrovine.

"Oh, I should like to be!" said Lotta. "But it is beyond me. Numa Roumestan"—she patted the pony's flat and muscular neck—"will not carry double. I could not take any one on my horse and pour oil on him,—not possibly,—because Numa would kick so frightfully."

"But you would wish to?" suggested Madame Nadrovine.

"Oh, yes, with all my heart. I would ride away and get Cousine Ilva, and she would tell me what to do."

"How good this Cousine Ilva must be!"

"There is no one so good, nor so pretty."

"Not even I?" asked her new friend. Lotta reined in Numa, and shaded her eyes in order to observe her carefully.

"You are not pretty," she announced, finally. "You are like a great picture which has been painted many years. Young girls might make you look like a picture,—a little pale, you know; but you make them look just what they are,—only young girls. I say it so badly. One feels you, madame, and one sees them. Your hair is so beautiful, like purple-beech leaves, and your eyes are the color of the moss on which they fall when the wind loosens them. Your skin is like a white cloud. It makes one think to look at you. When one looks at my cousin Ilva, one wishes to know what *she* thinks."

"Your name should be 'Wonderful,'" said Madame Nadrovine. "You are the only child that I ever coveted."

"If one could have two mammas," replied Lotta, "I would pray for you to be my second one."

"And how old are you?" asked her friend.

"Nine," answered Lotta, adding, gravely, "But I feel as though I had lived much longer. Other children of nine seem very young to me."

"I should think so!" murmured Madame Nadrovine.

XI.

Lotta found herself seated at a light wicker table, facing her new and fascinating acquaintance, with a plate of great silverish-blue hot-house grapes before her, a gold knife and fork, and a glass of pale-yellow wine at her side.

"Must I drink this?" she inquired, simply.

"If you wish," replied Madame Nadrovine.

The child tasted it and set it down.

"It is wine, is it not?" she asked. "I like it."

"Yes; it is Tokay."

"Cousine Ilva does not like wine. That is something the color of her hair."

"Then she is very fair?"

"Oh, very! Her eyes are darker than these grapes, but her skin is like—like—— It is whiter than yours, madame."

"And she and my son are great friends?"

"Oh, great! They ride, read, walk. I will taste that wine again, if I may, madame."

"Certainly, *chérie*. It is very light, like sunbeams. It is good for you. Will you drink my health?"

The child lifted the delicate glass to her thin, curved red lips.

"May you grow more and more beautiful every year, *chère madame*," said she.

"And may you increase in wit and in the likeness of Voltaire!" returned Madame Nadrovine, bowing over her second glass.

"Who was Voltaire?" asked Lotta, pausing with a grape half

pressed from its juicy sheath. "Was he the man who said, 'Il y a des fagots et des fagots'? Cousine Ilva says that Shakespeare said, 'There are men and men,' before Voltaire said that. It was in my last lesson."

"A sound lesson," said Madame Nadrovine.

"It was a very hard one to learn," replied the child.

"Ah, we all find it so," remarked her friend, smiling. "Will you have some more of my pretty wine?"

"Yes, thank you so much. It must be made of sunbeams: it makes me feel like dancing, as they do. It seems as if I had a thousand things to tell you and as if they ought all to be said at once. I do not know where to begin." She swallowed another mouthful of the Tokay.

"Begin where you wish," said Madame Nadrovine.

Lotta held out her little hands and looked at them earnestly. They seemed strangely alive,—to have an existence apart from hers. At the same time a joyous importance possessed her: she believed that the green-eyed lady opposite her would attach great meaning to whatever she said and was anxious to hear her speak. She nodded her little head wisely. "I will tell you something," she announced, in a low voice. "I have never told it, even in my prayers. It is about Signor Nadrovine."

"Indeed?" said his mother. She replenished the glass of Tokay, and then leaned on an indolent white elbow, waiting for the child to continue.

"Yes, it is about them both,—about Cousine Ilva and Signor Nadrovine. It is my belief, madame—— Did I spill that grape-juice on the cloth, madame? I trust not. I have been taught never to spill things. My little American governess taught me. She never spills anything. She is charming. Her eyes are of a dark brown, with little three-cornered lights in them. But I was not going to talk about her?" She stopped with a slightly dazed expression, and put this statement in the form of a question.

"It was about my son and your cousin Ilva, was it not, *chérie*?"

"Yes. Why doesn't Signor Nadrovine come to breakfast? Does he never get hungry? Why did he leave us?"

"He wanted to ride longer, I suppose. But the great secret which you were going to confide to me, *petite*?"

"Oh!" said Lotta. She pushed the glass of Tokay a little from her, and regarded it seriously, screwing her small brows together. "Oh!" she said, again. "It is not exactly a secret. An idea. My idea, madame. Only an idea of mine. A silly idea, perhaps. I think they are in love, like Graciosa and Percinet in the fairy-tale. Aunt Anita is like the Duchess Grognon. My aunt Anita is Cousine Ilva's mother. She is an American too, but she left her beauty in America, she says, with her American name. It was Ann. She is Anita in Italy. She has a long black tooth in front. It is like one of the black keys on a piano-forte, the rest are so white. She says the nerve was killed. But she has a great many left. She says that *they* will kill *her*. They go to sleep when she is quiet and reads yellow books, but when I play with Zi-Zi and Nicoletta they wake up and begin to jump

up and down. That is the time when Cousine Ilva takes me to the little hill, and when Signor Nadrovine comes, and we cut up apricots and have feasts and strangle Zi-Zi and Signor Nadrovine steals the hair. I saw him. He wound it around his finger. I believe Cousine Ilva saw him too. She didn't say anything. But her eyes looked. You know people's eyes *do* look. His *do*,—Signor Nadrovine's, I mean. They look at her as if she were an apricot and they wished they had teeth, so that they could eat her up. They *do*, indeed. Indeed, indeed they *do*. Oh, madame, how I am talking! My tongue seems to go of itself. I have such a pleasant little aching in my elbows and knees. I could ride right into the middle of the sea, and I don't believe it would drown me. I believe it would roll up on each side, as it did for the Israelites. That is the way Mees Herbert does her hair. I have often thought the part looked like the path through the Red Sea,—it is so red, *red*, you know, and it is heaped up in such big waves on either side. I imagine that the hair-pins are the Egyptians all sunk out of sight in it. And the little steel points in her comb are the good Israelites, that have gotten safely over. Cousine Ilva says she loathes that comb. She used to learn her multiplication-table by looking at it, and she never *could* remember how many of those little steel points there were. Sometimes I wonder if any one ever called Mees Herbert 'doushka.' It would be almost like calling Saint Cecilia 'Cici,' or Saint Pierre 'Pierrot,' would it not? Oh, how I talk! Will you forgive me? Will you give me just three more grapes? They are like the three bears, only they haven't bears' paws. I don't know why I said that. It doesn't seem to have much sense. But then wise things don't seem to have much sense. Those words cut in the ring that Cousine Ilva wears around her neck,—she showed them to me and explained them, but they seemed not to have much meaning to me. Something about the sun. It was Latin. I don't think the Latin people could have understood each other very well. Perhaps they prayed in French, you know, madame. I am sure God speaks French. It would seem so unnatural for him to speak English, or German. He must understand them all, of course, but I am *sure* that he himself speaks in French."

"And the words on the ring were Latin?"

"Cousine Ilva told me so. She kissed it. It was an Italian kiss, no matter what the words are. It seems silly to wear a ring on a ribbon. One might as well wear one's shoe on one's hat. I beg you to forgive me, madame. I really feel as if my eyes and nose and ears would begin to talk presently. I feel so happy, and yet I feel like weeping, too. I seem to love you more than any one in the world, and then that makes me wish to cry, because there is Cousine Ilva, and maman, and my dear friend Signor Nadrovine. I should have said your dear son. Please think I meant your dear son, or merely your son, whichever you prefer."

Again she lifted the wineglass to her lips. Madame Nadrovine, still leaning on her elbow, watched her lazily, a smile just lifting the corners of her round lips. She used sometimes to catch dragon-flies by their steel-blue wings and dip them in her wineglass until they were

quite intoxicated, watching their subsequent efforts to fly, with just such a flitting smile. They would whirr their wings helplessly for a second or two, and then deliberately turn their long bodies over their heads in a species of leisurely back summersault. She had the same sense of amusement now in noting the actions and words of the child opposite her, after her fourth glass of Tokay : besides, she was learning all that she wished to know, in the easiest and most detailed manner.

"So she wears this ring on a ribbon around her neck?" she asked, finally. "What color is it, *chérie*?"

"The ring, or the ribbon?" demanded Lotta, as solemnly as though affairs of state depended upon the reply.

"The ring."

"The ring is blue,—a black-blue. The ribbon is white. I asked her why she did not wear it on her finger, and she said, 'Because.' That was only last night. I slept with her. Nini pinched me, and I went to Cousine Ilva's room in the middle of the night, and she was sitting up reading her Bible in her chemise, and I saw the ring around her throat. I will have ten rings when I have a lover, one for each finger, and they must be of ten different colors, and I think I will have little bars of music cut on them instead of words. Tra! la! la! Tra! la! la! Just fancy! I could hold up my hands and one could play a tune on the piano by looking at them. Oh, madame, why, why do I say such things? I am not so silly usually, nor impertinent. I talk too much, but not so much as I have to-day, and then I cannot stop. My mind seems to be running on a little track, with steam to push it. If I let it stop, it will run off the track and break, or so it seems to me. Do you know, madame, I believe my head is lined with that lovely yellow wine? I seem to see with the backs of my eyes as well as with the fronts of them, and my head is such a lovely pink inside, with a lining of that yellow wine. I feel as though I must come into your arms and put my head just there on that little crease in your bodice. I fancy that your heart is under it. I want you to love me, madame. I beg you to love me. I beg you to tell me that you love me. Oh, I shall be so unhappy, so desolated, if you do not say that you love me! And, madame,"—she held up a slender finger of warning, and fastened her swimming gray eyes on those of Nadrovine's mother,—“and, madame,” she repeated, “you must mean it. I could not bear it if you did not mean it. It would be nothing to me. I would weep indeed. Oh, I feel as though there were a whole ocean behind my eyes waiting to turn into tears at the first cross word.” She dropped her little, dark head on the table, nearly into her plate, and fenced it about with her small fingers. “Oh! oh!” she sobbed, “do not let any one be harsh to me! I could not bear it! I could not bear it! Oh, I do not mean to weep! Why, why is it? I do not cry easily. No one has been harsh to me; and I do so wish to be silent. Why is it that I talk on and on? Oh, if you would—only love me, madame!”

Madame Nadrovine rose, biting her lips, and drew the airy figure into her arms.

"There, there!" she said, soothingly. She adored children, and

this one was peculiarly adorable. She pressed her very close, and nipped the little, moist cheek with her strong lips. "There, there?" she repeated, "I do love you. You are a little darling. I wish you were mine. You are the dearest little dark-light in all the world. Your hair is like a mass of sun-rays that have been turned black for shining on naughty things. Your little mouth would woo a woman from thoughts of her lover. You are a little love, love, love," she crooned, rocking the distressed elf caressingly and singing the words to a minor air. "My little love, love, love. And I love you with all my heart. There, now, go to sleep. There, now, go to sleep. Go to sleep." She rocked her back and forth unceasingly, chanting the word "sleep" in various keys, until the child was actually sleeping on her breast. Then she loosened her arms, and looked down at the slight relaxed figure in its pearl-gray riding-habit, stretched limply across her knees. She lifted one of the little half-curved hands and kissed its pale-rose palm twice, with soft, long kisses. The child's hair was damp, and matted upon her forehead. Madame Nadrovine lifted it, and fanned the warm brow with a crumpled napkin. Lotta slept on undisturbed. Her relaxed lips formed a piteous arch, her slightly-marked, delicate brows twitched uneasily with her dreams. She moved abruptly now and then, and tossed her slender limbs about.

Madame Nadrovine smiled again, shook her head, and drew the parted lips together in a really tender kiss.

"May you never be intoxicated with anything more dangerous than Tokay, you witchling!" she muttered.

Nadrovine entered, and found her bending over the child, who still slept heavily. He came towards them, looking anxious.

"Asleep?" he said. "What is wrong? Asleep at this time in the morning? I fear she isn't well. She looks like a delicate little thing."

"A little body and a great deal of soul," answered his mother, smiling again. "But she may have exhausted herself. She insisted on keeping up with me in all my gallops."

"No doubt that is it," assented Nadrovine. "But she is as white as her collar. What will you do with her?"

"I shall order a trap of some kind and drive with her at once to the Villa Demarini," she replied, serenely.

Nadrovine stooped to pick up her napkin, which had fallen near his feet.

"I will drive you," he said.

"But do not look so worried, Vladimir. She is only tired, I am sure. An hour's nap will refresh her absolutely. You see how quietly she sleeps?"

"Is it natural for sleeping children to be so pale?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, no doubt you know much better than I, but I will confess that I don't like that ghastly pallor. A trap will be at the door in ten minutes."

He left the room, and his mother sat silently, still rocking the sleeping child, and smiling to herself from time to time, with her eyes on the sea beyond.

XII.

Madame Nadrovine got into the phaeton without changing her habit, still holding Lotta in her arms. She tilted the child's hat above her face, in order to prevent the white morning light from disturbing her. Nadrovine drove the little chestnut cobs in silence, wondering less regarding this whim of his mother's than as to how much Lotta had revealed to her. The sea had that air of freshness which convinces one that it has just been created,—a long sparkle of cold blue against a belt of fawn-brown sand, like a band of sapphires against the skin of a mulatto. One felt the unsunned wind between one's eyelids in a cool kiss, sweet with opening flowers as the hair of a woman moist with sleep. The moon floated overhead, a shred of light on the dark cobalt of the sky. There were clouds near the horizon, small puffs of silver-white and green-gray. This cool, trembling morning, however, signified a hot noon. It was as full of the promise of mid-day as a girl's kiss of the passion of womanhood. One knew that four hours later the moon would have melted from sight, that the sea would plunge heavily in waves as of oil, that the crisp wind would sink to a sultry sigh along the hot, steaming sands, and that to look at the copper dome of the sky would cause one about as much pleasure as to write an ode to the Queen of the Salamanders on an August afternoon in Tangiers.

In the Villa Demarini no one seemed awake. There was a gardener's boy training the geraniums on one of the terraces, and a black caniche seriously regarding the sea with ears erect. He was so absorbed in his contemplation that he did not even bark as the phaeton drove up.

The gardener's boy, however, dropped his shears, and came somewhat sheepishly to hold the horses while Nadrovine got down and extended his arms for Lotta.

"But what is one to do?" asked his mother, making no movement to resign the child to him, and looking up at the closed blinds. "One can't leave the poor mouse on the veranda, and yet one doesn't wish to rouse the whole house."

The gardener's boy touched his hat.

"Gracious madam," said he, with a glutinous German accent, "the young gentlemen are awake, but they are hiding for fear that the young lady is killed. They stopped to talk to some boys on the shore, and the Fräulein galloped away. They thought that perhaps she was drowned. The Fräulein Ilva was bathing, and I told her. She rode off on Herr Georges's pony. She has been gone half an hour. No one else is awake. The Fräulein and her brothers ride always alone at this hour in the morning."

"In what direction did the Signorina Ilva go?" asked Nadrovine, quickly.

"Towards the village, mein Herr. Shall I awaken the nurse-maid?"

"Suppose we drive towards the village and try to meet her?" suggested Nadrovine to his mother. "She must have turned back by this time."

Just at this moment the short strokes of a pony's legs sounded on

the gravel, and Ilva approached them, her gown of pale-blue gingham modelled damply to her shoulders and arms, her thick hair uncoiling at her throat, hatless, gloveless, even shoeless, in her haste. She was paler than Lotta, and her lips quivered. Nadrovine lifted her from the pony without even greeting her, and assisted her into the phaeton beside his mother. She could not speak, but put her hand on Lotta's little body and began to draw deep breaths, the color running gradually back into lips and cheeks.

"I am afraid you have been sadly frightened," said Madame Nadrovine, at last. "It was very thoughtless of me to keep the child, but she fascinated me so that I was scarcely responsible. She is a perfect little Rosalind with a Titania's body, and of such a charming order of beauty."

"This is my mother, signorina," said Nadrovine.

"I—I—thank you!" replied the girl, and then blushed intensely. "I mean, I am most happy to know you, madame! Signor Nadrovine has spoken much about you. Will you tell me how you found her? Was she thrown? Is she unconscious, or only asleep? Her mother worships her so. It would have killed her."

"Oh, I think she is merely exhausted," answered Madame Nadrovine. "If she could be undressed without waking her——"

"What is all this?" cried a voice behind them. "Has anything happened to the child?" A tall figure approached,—the figure of a man with closely-curling dark hair, soaked from his sea-bath, a large, aquiline nose finely cut, clear lips, pale but handsome, and the complexion of a seckel pear.

"Madame Nadrovine!" he exclaimed.

"Myself, count," she replied, bowing slightly. Her eyes wore an amused expression above her grave mouth.

"Dear papa," said Ilva, "will you lift Lotta out and carry her upstairs? I would like to put her to bed before Aunt Cecilia wakes."

Her father held out his arms mechanically, and Madame Nadrovine lifted Lotta's little limp form upon them.

"Do not jar her, count," she enjoined. There were veiled sparkles of mischief in her verdant eyes as she watched him ascend the steps of the veranda with the sleeping child in his arms.

"Will you not have a glass of wine, madame?" asked Ilva, somewhat nervously, as her father disappeared. She was painfully conscious of her dishevelled appearance in contrast with the complete attire of the woman in the black habit and top-hat. She felt that those eyes, with their jade-colored high lights, were taking her in from head to foot, and that her damp gingham gown was attracting their criticism.

"I will get you a glass of wine myself," she repeated, vaguely.

Madame Nadrovine made a gesture of negation with her handsome, ungloved hand.

"Thanks!" she replied. "I have had my grapes and coffee, and also a glass of Tokay. I fear we are detaining you, mademoiselle. We will call again to ask after the little Lotta."

"You will have nothing?" asked Ilva, disappointed in spite of

herself. "It will not take a moment. My aunt will wish to thank you."

"Nothing will afford me more pleasure than to give her another opportunity," rejoined Madame Nadrovine, graciously. She made a few more amiable remarks, and was driven off by her son just as Count Demarini appeared on the veranda, having consigned Lotta to her nurse.

"This afternoon," Nadrovine had whispered to Ilva as he passed her to get into the phaeton. Her heart was throbbing with emotions as contradictory as strange, when her father ran hurriedly down the steps and put his hand on her shoulder.

"How long have you known Madame Nadrovine?" he asked, abruptly.

Ilva lifted to him her frankly surprised eyes.

"What a coincidence that you should know her so well, papa!" she said. "I have met her this morning for the first time. How beautiful she is! It is almost unearthly. Her eyes are like a Lorelei's, so green and liquid,—just the tint in a hollowing wave. Where did you know her, papa?"

"She has been the beauty of Paris for two seasons. Is she to be here long? I thought her in Hombourg."

"She is to spend the summer with Signor Nadrovine, her son. How absurd, papa, that she should have a son as old as that! She looks like his elder sister. What strange, strange eyes! All the green lights of heaven and earth seem to shine in them alternately,—the light of water, of grass, of glow-worms, of stars, of lightning, of peacocks' breasts, of precious stones. But, dear papa, I have not said 'how do you do?' to you. I sat up very late last night to welcome you, but they said that the train was three hours late, and so I went to bed. Have you been here long?"

"An hour,—two hours, perhaps. What is the matter with the child?"

"With Lotta?"

"Yes."

"I do not know. Nothing serious, I am sure. Madame Nadrovine said that it was probably exhaustion."

She was rather in awe of her father, but took his hand and kissed it shyly, while he stood silent, pulling the ears of the caniche, who was fawning upon him with wriggling body and lapping tongue.

He smiled absently and stroked her cheek and throat. He was proud of her beauty and talents, but utterly unfamiliar with herself. She was a school-girl still, and he might as well have tried to take interest in an expurgated edition of the poets.

"Dear papa, it seems so long since I have seen you!" she said, in a low voice. She pressed timidly against him, feeling the need of parental love to complete the love of the lover. Her mother was the last person in the world from whom she would have sought sympathy, either openly or surreptitiously, but her father, though seldom at home, and rarely noticing her, was always amiable on those occasions when he did condescend to pay her some little attention. As for the girl, she loved him with that blind and idealized affection which imaginative

people sometimes bestow on those whom custom bids them revere, regardless of circumstances. His slight caress thrilled her very heart's core, and she longed to hide her face on his knees and tell him of her love for Nadrovine and ask his approval. She was frightened at the wonderful reality which life had suddenly assumed. All her past seemed receding, like a chaos of dreams from which one has been roused by a fall. She longed for some one to assure her that other women had given themselves, their ambitions, their ideas, their hopes, as utterly as she had done.

"You love me, papa?" she said, impulsively, looking down at his hand which she still held, that he might not see the tears which blurred her eyes. He started. A tear had fallen on his hand. Ilva wiped it hurriedly away with one of her own.

"Love you, my little Silverhair? Why, of course! Why are you crying? Is Miss Herbert harsh? I must speak to her."

"No, no, papa," said the girl.

"Then what is it? Why do you cry?" His voice had an impatient ring, which she detected instantly in spite of her agitation.

"Lotta! it was Lotta!" she hastened to assure him. "I was so alarmed about her. I wondered if you or—or mamma would be so much grieved if I were to be hurt,—to die, perhaps. Oh, papa, do not notice me! I am very silly. I am thoroughly unnerved. I expected to come across the poor little thing lying dead at every corner that I turned."

"Poor little cat!" said her father, fondling her shoulder. "Too bad! too bad! I must speak to Cecilia about letting the children ride alone. There, now! go and change your clothes, my dear, and lie down. Have you a book to read? There is Feuillet's '*Roman d'un jeune Homme pauvre*.' you are old enough to read that, I should think. It has an excellent moral. It ought to be in the library, on the second shelf of the bookcase, near the door. Or '*I Promessi Sposi*.' you might read that. Tell your mother that you have my permission."

"Thank you," said the girl, biting her lips to repress a smile. Evidently her father did not know that since she could first read she might have perused every book in the house without fear of interruption. "Thank you, papa," she repeated, and began to walk slowly away in the direction of the house. They had been standing near the edge of the terrace.

Count Demarini called on Madame Nadrovine that afternoon, to take her the heart-felt thanks of Lotta's mother and his wife, who were both too much overcome by the child's still somnolent inclinations to appear in person. They were afraid of sunstroke, and sat all day fanning the slumberer, one on each side of her little bed, with expressions of controlled apprehension.

Madame Nadrovine was alone when the footman announced Demarini, teaching Scud to sing, by striking dismal chords on a mandolin and pulling his ear to accentuate the torture.

"How is the poor little one?" she said, placing the mandolin on the floor at her side, and resuming her rings, which she had taken off to facilitate the singing-lesson.

Demarini seated himself opposite her, fondling the fox-terrier's head much as he had fondled that of his daughter during the past morning. He kept his eyes on Madame Nadrovine's hands, while she kept hers upon his downcast lids.

"They fear a sunstroke," he replied.

"Ah! bah!" shrugged she, "what a thing it is to have children! What cowards they make of one! The child was worn out."

"Yes, probably," assented Demarini. He returned her compelling gaze presently.

"I thought you were in Hombourg?" he said, under his breath.

She lifted her brows until there were two or three fine wrinkles in her smooth forehead, tuning the mandolin meanwhile to another key.

"And so I was. What would you have? One can't stay in one place forever?"

"One could," said Demarini, uncertainly, "if one were permitted," he added, in a low voice.

"One could do numberless things if one were permitted," replied Madame Nadrovine.

Again Demarini looked at her,—a flashing look. It lit up his swarthy face like the gleam from an almost extinguished fire on the ceiling of a dark room.

"Do you think I knew you were here?" he asked.

"I? Oh, it is much too warm to think. Besides, coincidences fill up every inexplicable gap in life."

"You know that I would not have come when it was not your wish. I would not have called this afternoon save to explain my presence in your neighborhood."

She made him a little bow, full of mockery and a teasing amusement.

"I am in your debt, monsieur."

He half started to his feet.

"You are not angry? You do not bid me go, Sereda?"

"Pardon me, count, I took a slight cold in sleeping near an open window on my way from Hombourg. It has made me a little deaf. Will you have the kindness to repeat that last sentence?"

He stood before her, grasping his hat in both hands, the veins in his temples swelling.

"You know that I love you to madness," he said, controlling himself. "I have called you by your name before. You know that I had rather be laughed at by you than caressed by any other. You own me absolutely, body and soul."

"And you own a charming daughter. She is like a young Psyche, a Psyche who will never make the mistake of dropping hot oil on her Cupid. She will peep at him by moonlight or the reflection of a star in a mirror. But that damp blue cotton gown was as charming on her pretty bust as a peplos."

"Do you tell me to go?"

"My dear Demarini, if I told you to go you would assuredly stay."

"I would do what you told me."

"Do what you wish, I pray you."

"You are ungenerous."

"I have tried to overcome that fault in vain."

"You torture me."

"Your endurance is that of a hero."

"You know that I only live for your pleasure."

"I fear that your sacrifice is vain."

"Sereda!"

"I beg of you, monsieur. My name is not ugly enough to be picturesque. There is an English rhyme that I remember:

'Call me Daphne, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doria.'

There are four names to choose from. Any substitute will do."

Demarini missed an excellent opportunity by his lack of knowledge. With what an air he could have finished the quotation, "Only, only call me thine!"

Madame Nadrovine had taken an unfair advantage of his ignorance of English.

He could only repeat himself passionately:

"But you do not tell me to go? You do not tell me to leave Italy?"

Oh! que je suis fou! Que je vous adore! Que je vous adore!"

He caught the loose sleeve of her gown and pressed it against his lips.

"It is not yet paid for," she laughed, regarding him lazily. "It is the property of Félix that you are caressing."

"You wear it: that is sufficient. Why do you always mock me?"

"That I may not be mocked myself."

"You do not hate me?"

"I have not capacity for so extreme an exertion."

"And I may call upon you?"

"If you will take the chance of finding me out when you call."

"It is enough to live under the same constellations that shine above you."

"And what when it is cloudy?"

"It is better to share clouds with you than sunshine with another."

"You deserve something for that speech."

"What? what, Sereda?"

"A kind message to take back in regard to the little Lotta. Say that I will call to-morrow afternoon to drive her in my phaeton. And now I must pray you to excuse me," she concluded, looking at a little watch which hung from a thread-like bracelet on her left arm. "I have only three-quarters of an hour in which to make my toilet for dinner. Say to the little one that I love her dearly and await our next interview with impatience."

She took a cigarette from her case, after extending it to Demarini, who extracted one eagerly with trembling fingers, and lighted it unconcernedly as he left the room. He saw her slightly smiling face, with its placid, downcast lids, in the pale light of the fuse, as he glanced back at her before letting the folds of the portière fall between them.

Scud had jumped up in her lap, and was lapping her smooth chin with his thin pink tongue.

"The little beast!" said Demarini, shutting his teeth hard on the last word. He had the aversion of most men to seeing a pet dog in contact with a woman, and when that woman was the object of the sincerest folly of his life it became insupportable. He would have wrung the dog's neck without the slightest compunction, could he have been sure of remaining undiscovered.

XIII.

No sooner had Demarini left the house than Madame Nadrovine's whole aspect changed entirely. She threw the just-lighted cigarette from her, and watched it smoke of itself on the red tiles of the floor, holding either arm of her chair and caressing her under lip with her tongue, in absolute absorption. Scud touched the half-extinguished cigarette with his inquisitive black nose, and sprang back uttering a short howl of pain, to seek protection in the skirts of his mistress. She stroked his dapper little head absently, her great eyes fixed on the floor a yard or two beyond.

"I have it, Scud!" she exclaimed, finally. "It is as clear as your eyes, my beauty!" She hugged him in the nook of her arm as though he had been a child, and he cuddled up to her, making little wet noises of pleasure with his flexible tongue.

"We shall see what he will have to tell me next Tuesday, little sleek one! Now kiss my ear because I have confided in you, *petit*!"

Scud saluted the salmon-pink ear turned to him, with rapturous iteration. He looked into her face precisely as if he understood everything, and then pushed a soft paw into her cheek as a baby pushes its soft hand. He was an exceedingly human little beast. Madame Nadrovine felt as though she had really confided her plan to an approving friend. She kissed the little dog twice on the top of his smooth head, and then put him down from her lap.

The next day she called again at the Villa Demarini, to inquire after Mademoiselle Boutry. Ilva was the first to enter the drawing-room. She had on a Roman shirt, and her bare throat rose charmingly from its loose folds. Madame Nadrovine noted the extreme beauty of her slight hands and wrists. Her blond hair was arranged loosely in a strange coiffure: one could not tell where it began or ended. It looked as though her head were cased in a helmet of silverish gold. "Lotta seems quite herself to-day," she said, adding, half awkwardly, "She seems also in love with you, madame."

"I fear, then, that she is fickle, mademoiselle," smiled Nadrovine's mother. "Yesterday she was your ardent slave."

"Sensitive children are always won by beauty," replied Ilva, and then flushed, feeling that she had said something bluntly flattering.

"How *gauche*! how utterly unsophisticated!" said Madame Nadrovine to herself. "But she has a wonderful profile,—like those on old coins. And what a figure!—the hips of a girl and the breast of a goddess!"

Ilva, wishing to appear at her best, naturally appeared at her worst. Madame Nadrovine left, wondering what Vladimir saw in the child beyond that beauty of youth which she adored and the adorer so soon outgrew.

She called to Nadrovine that evening as he was returning with the pressure of the girl's lips yet pulsing upon his.

He approached slowly. She was pulling the dried leaves from some heliotrope-plants, her purplish-black hair falling in a heavy plait far below her waist. Some of the violet heliotrope-branches were thrust through the girdle of yellow brocade.

"I called at the Villa Demarini this morning, Vladimir," she said, without pausing in her occupation. "The little one has quite recovered. And I saw that pretty young girl again. She is as adorably lovely as she is deplorably silly."

"Silly, small one?" asked Nadrovine, with a smile whose complaisance goaded his mother to a frown. "In what did her silliness consist?"

"Oh, as for that, I do not recall exactly. It was the general impression. But, of course, if she is not silly in your eyes I accept your judgment, you have known her so much longer than I have."

"Since she was a child of ten," replied Nadrovine.

"Indeed?" said his mother. She drew down a yellow rose which drooped from a trellis overhead, and began stripping it of its blighted outer leaves. "It is strange what opposite impressions different people make on different people."

"Yes; I have thought that," admitted Nadrovine.

His mother changed the conversation with her usual unflinching tact. An hour later they were dining alone together, the last flush of sunset striking across the silver and glass of the dinner-table and firing Madame Nadrovine's thick hair.

"I suppose you have heard of Neivensky's marriage?" she said, holding her interlaced hands about her small claret-glass. "Of course it will be the end of his career."

"Why?" asked Nadrovine. He was thinking of that last look in Ilva's eyes,—a look of intense love and pleading. "I fear your mother does not like me. Try to make her like me," she had said to him. She had held him from her except for that last kiss. "I feel that she would not wish it," she had whispered. And she had agreed with him that it was best not to tell either his mother or her own until a week had passed.

"It would be so much to happen all at once. I will be so thankful to have my heart beat quietly for a little while." Those were her words at parting. He had not touched her, except to take from her that one kiss, not yet the kiss of a lover,—she lifted her lips so frankly. He could not bear to rouse her from her ethereal dreams. She would only love him more when she comprehended.

"Why?" he repeated.

"Oh, it goes without saying," answered his mother. "She is a little country-girl,—as lovely as one's dream of a cool brook in summer, but so ignorant of everything, even of love, which she undoubtedly possesses in great quantities."

"You have seen her, then?" said Nadrovine.

"Twice. Her eyes were glued on him, and she spoke to one without turning her head. If there could be as many babies as disillusion during the next six years, perhaps they might be happy."

"Do you think the only hope of married people lies in their offspring?"

"In those cases where men of genius marry commonplace women, I do, most assuredly."

"And what when men of genius marry women of genius?"

"One might as well say, 'How if man's inclinations and Heaven's decrees ran in the same direction?' or, 'What if love were ever given by two people in like proportion?' I must say, Vladimir, that outside of your novels your remarks are the reverse of sagacious. If men of genius were to marry women of genius, the story of the garden of Eden would sink into insignificance, and one would accept the grave cheerfully as the consummation of such an existence, smiling at the idea of a heaven where there is no marriage nor giving in marriage."

"But you believe in the marriage of true minds?" ventured her son.

"It is a union as vague as that of Saint Cecilia and her heavenly lover,—who, by the way, permitted her to be beheaded! After all, those celestial unions invariably end by one of the participants losing their heads: do you not think so?" She smiled provokingly with her long eyes, and reached for a bunch of grapes, holding back her sleeve with one supple hand.

"I think it depends," said Nadrovine, beginning to realize that the task of breaking his engagement to his mother would not be an easy one. "It depends upon the people," he continued; "and also upon what one considers a 'celestial union.'"

"Oh, that is easy enough to explain!" exclaimed Madame Nadrovine. "It is where souls are chiefly mentioned and bodies are regarded as mere accidents; where love-looks are more than kisses, and words than hand-pressures. These are the wings of love. Lovers amuse themselves in pulling them off, as little boys find occupation in maiming flies. When this is accomplished and love is left crawling, they forget that it once had wings, and speak of it as though it had been always the mere grub that it now appears."

"That is not your real idea of love, I am sure, small one," said Nadrovine, with a sudden grip of revulsion which he conquered at once. "Pure love sanctifies the body which it inhabits. And its wings grow stronger with each effort to fly,—like the wings of a young bird. A true man cherishes each feather of the wings of love, instead of attempting to pluck them out. You have some reason for wishing to tease me: is it not so?"

His mother lifted her brows slightly without looking at him. "It is true, then, that you believe what you say in your books regarding love?"

"Why should you think otherwise?"

"Merely because you have lived nine-and-twenty years in the world, and that most people who have lived that length of time have seen it that it is not good."

"There may be good love in a bad world, may there not, dear small one?"

"There would be more probability of bad love in a good world." She stopped in her reckless speech, noting his chilled expression, to rise and droop over him with her exquisite grace of motherhood.

"How seriously you take my frivolous chatter, dear great one!" she said, letting her lips move against his cheek in forming these words. "Of course there is good love,—the love of all mothers for their children,—my love for you!"

This short conversation served to show her how completely in earnest he was. There was that seriousness of speech and manner which only accompanies a great and sincere passion. There would not be the slightest use in arguing with him: of that she was convinced absolutely and at once. Any frustration of what she chose to consider this disastrous affair must depend upon her, and upon her alone. She was quite determined, and the next time that Demarini called he found her in. She laughed at him, it is true, and lashed him unmercifully with her steely wit, but she did not forbid him to repeat his visit, and she consented to ride with him on the following afternoon. They met her son, his daughter, and Lotta on their way home.

"How lovely, how lovely your mother is!" sighed the girl. "But something tells me that she will never like me."

"She has only to know you," said Nadrovine.

"But it will be so hard for me to let her know me, feeling that she has an antipathy for me."

Nadrovine smiled with the perfect confidence of a man thoroughly in love regarding his lady's powers of charming.

"You smile because you think that I am exaggerating," said Ilva; "but I feel such an absolute conviction that it is more serious than you think."

They were walking down the old rose-garden towards the sea. She had changed her habit for a gown of thin, soft, white stuff which fell in supple plaits close to her slight limbs. There was an old-silver girdle about her waist, and she had pulled a branch of blush-roses diagonally through it. The pink flowers were reflected faintly in the dull silver. A band of the same metal held her elastic hair in place, but it was loosened above her eyes, which were the color of the sea at twilight, under her clear brows. Lotta was some way in front of them, absorbed in her dolls and Gaulois the caniche.

"I feel that it is serious," said Ilva, raising her eyes to his. "I feel that I can never make her like me."

"But, doushka, you have seen her how many times?—once, is it not?"

"And, oh! I was so embarrassed, I could think of nothing. I stammered, I said everything wrong. She must have thought me quite a little fool; and I could see even in that short time that to be foolish was the worst of all in her eyes. Generally I am so calm. I have never known what it is to feel ill at ease."

"You were too anxious, my princess."

"Yes, perhaps that was it. But I have spoiled everything."

"You have spoiled me," smiled Nadrovine.

"In what way? What do you mean?"

"Why, all faces are so meaningless to me since I have seen yours. The world is so empty where you are not. It makes my heart beat just to think of your eyes, and to remember your lips——"

He drew her to him by her slight wrists.

"Dear heart, why do you tremble?"

"You are trembling too," she whispered.

"It is because I love you so much."

"And I——"

"Divide my love by all the stars of Italy, and perhaps yours will be half of that."

"Multiply your love by every snow-flake that has ever fallen in Russia, and perhaps it will equal one-tenth of mine."

He released her wrists and took her gently but strongly into his arms. Her lovely blond head leaned back against his breast, her lips were parted, her eyes fastened upon his. A sweet, intense pallor swept her face from brow to chin. She felt the deep throbbing of his heart beneath her cheek.

"Ilva," he said, "I have never kissed you as a man kisses the woman whom he loves above all others, and who has promised to become his wife. Will you let me give you that kiss of kisses? It will make you mine forever. No ceremony, no words of man, could seal you to me more entirely, my little one, my poet, my wife. Will you give me your lips as a sign that you have given me your heart and your soul?"

She did not answer him, but neither did she attempt to draw away. He felt the slight, quivering arms press him a little closer, and then he bent his face upon hers. She sank down weeping from that controlled yet masterful caress, the tears of a young girl who feels that she has given her past and future irrevocably into the hands of another, and who knows that she can never be entirely her own again, in this world or in any world above.

"I love you, I love you," was all that Nadrovine could win from her in reply to his entreaties and self-reproaches. "No, no! you have done nothing. You have not wounded me. I—I love you more than ever. But there is something gone,—something that can never be the same. We can never live over the last half-hour again. Oh, how awkwardly I say it! I feel the same, and yet different. It is like these roses in my belt. They are roses, but their stems have been broken; they have been gathered." She cried softly, hiding her face in her hands and leaning it against his breast.

"My rose, whom I will wear forever," he whispered, pressing the small head against him. When she looked up at last, he drew the sign of the cross in her own tears upon her lips.

"They are doubly mine now," he said, with the smile which she thought like light. She reached up, drew down his head, and kissed him of her own accord, timidly, upon both eyes.

It was Tuesday afternoon.

XIV.

On his way home, Nadrovine recalled the fact that he had promised to reveal to his mother this night the history of his missing ring. The recollected clasp of Ilva's arms about his body seemed to give him strength, and he determined to announce his engagement as soon as he entered his mother's boudoir. He ran up the shallow steps easily, noiselessly, smiling to himself. He imagined the scene that would follow his disclosure; but it was almost pleasant to think of enduring even such pangs for the sake of his lady. He lifted the portière softly and paused on the threshold, seeing that Count Demarini was seated near his mother, talking earnestly. No doubt they were speaking on the very subject which he had intended to broach. He hesitated. For an instant her eyes seemed to rest on him, but he felt that he was mistaken, for she returned at once to her conversation with Count Demarini, more absorbedly than before. She had a great nosegay of roses and heliotrope in her hand, and laughed as she pressed them against Demarini's nostrils, hiding his whole face. Her gown, of a curious dull-green silk, had gold threads through it, which caught the light. Her black hair made a shadowy haze about the rich pallor of her face. Nadrovine was pierced by her beauty and the luxurious grace of her sidelong posture.

He saw Demarini seize the wrist of the hand which held the bunch of roses, tear the roses from it, and dash them upon the floor, at the same time drawing her down into his arms. She rested against him, her lips upon his. It was a long, silent kiss.

Nadrovine loosened the portière, and it resumed its heavy folds without a sound.

"It must be nearly eight o'clock. Time to dress for dinner," he said, aloud. He took out his watch and looked at it, walking slowly along the cool hall to the room where he usually smoked. There were no candles lighted yet, and the afternoon glow fell dimly through the swaying white curtains. He went and leaned against one of the arched windows.

The individuality of inanimate objects began to impress him,—the indifference of the sea, the self-satisfaction of white sails moving placidly further and further towards the citrine west. A branch of small white flowers near him seemed vain of their beauty, in their tremulous tossings back and forth. There was an impassive stolidity about earth and sky which irritated him. He heard two servants laughing in the shrubbery on one side, and felt that they had been wilfully impertinent. Twilight descended gradually, like the ceasing of a dream. The sky was alternately a faded blue, a deep indigo, a black-violet in which the gathering stars vibrated, glow-worm green, yellow of tigers' eyes, red of cactus-flowers, the silver of frost in moonlight.

He stood there until darkness had formed densely over land and water, and a servant entered bringing candles. "Take them away," he said. Gloom again surrounded him. He was thinking of his childhood,—recalling the folk-lore in which his mother was so learned, and which she used to repeat to him in her charming voice; the quaint airs

which she used to sing to him, and in which he fancied he heard the barking of wolves, the breaking of horses' feet through the crust of the snow, the cry of the child tossed out as a sacrifice for the others in the quickly-gliding sleigh. He saw his mother upon his father's knee, her black hair mingling with his red-brown beard. Her emerald ring had caught in it one day as she patted his cheek, and he had pretended to weep. She had also pretended to count the tears, and had given him a kiss for each. Then he was a boy, with her breath on his throat as she leaned to help him with his Virgil. Her rich voice had made the flexible verse throb like bars of music. He had been so proud of her. None of his playmates had possessed mothers who could help them with their Virgils. She had risen from a bed of illness to be present at his first communion. He could feel her tremble as she folded him afterwards in her arms and set her lips upon his head. She had sat on the edge of his little iron bed nearly all that night, and then they had prayed together until it was morning. He remembered her kindly smiles and praises of his first interlined manuscript,—her astonished commendation of the one which he brought her a year later, —the pride which broke through her eyes, like light through a forming wave, when he put his first printed book into her hands. She had kissed his hair, his eyes, his lips.

"My mother! my mother!" he whispered, between hoarse sobs, sinking down and taking his head between his locked arms. Then he rose to his feet, passing quickly from the house, and leaning on the old stone gate of the garden, still with his eyes on the sea, in which the stars seemed to collect and scatter like drops of quicksilver. There were footsteps shortly, and a man's voice humming an air from "*Faust*." Nadrovine stepped quietly into the gravelled path before him, and Demarini stopped, hesitating. He did not recognize the figure that confronted him.

"My friends will wait on you to-morrow," said Nadrovine. "A quarrel at cards."

"Ebbene, signor," replied the Italian. He passed on with a perfect comprehension of what had happened, but considered that kiss well bought. He resumed the air from "*Faust*," and Nadrovine heard it ringing out clearly on the tense quiet of the night.

He returned to the house.

"Vladimir?" said his mother, who had come to meet him. She spoke uncertainly, and this went to his heart. He had not yet realized the enormity of it all.

"Vladimir, are you there?" she repeated. He did not speak, but made a movement of assent. They stood facing each other, and the slender curve of the rising moon shed a strange light between them.

"Are you there?" she said again. "What is the matter? Why don't you answer me?"

He moved back as she advanced towards him. "I know,—I have seen— No, no," he said, as she attempted to put her hand on his arm. He tried to continue. "I was going to tell you. I went to your boudoir. I meant to tell you——" He stopped again, shuddering violently.

"You meant to tell me what?" said his mother.

There was an absolute silence for some seconds, and then he replied distinctly, in a low voice,—

"I was going to tell you of my engagement to Signorina Demarini."

There was another long silence, broken only by the sideward movement of his mother's foot on the gravel. "Well?" she said, finally.

"I know all. I saw it all, my mother!" he answered, brokenly, and then, with a repressed cry,—

"My mother! You did not! you could not! Say it to me! Say it!"

She felt herself crushed in his arms. He was holding her fiercely as though he meant to tear a denial from her.

"What—what is it that you wish me to say? You hurt me," she managed to articulate. He released her as suddenly as he had seized her, and lapsed into his former tone of dull constraint.

"I saw you with Demarini," he said, evenly.

She was silent.

"I saw him kiss you."

Still silence.

He continued, "I saw you return the kiss."

"Well?" said his mother. He could almost have fancied that he saw her smile.

"I have challenged him," he replied.

"Well?" she repeated. "I happen to know that you are the better swordsman."

"I do not understand," he said, with an effort,— "I do not understand how it is that you feel."

"Give the *muscadin* a lesson," suggested his mother, smiling distinctly this time.

Nadrovine stared at her. "What is it that you mean?" he said.

She approached him. He could not keep her from touching him.

"Vladimir," she said, "is it possible,"—she paused to laugh a little under her breath,— "is it possible that you think I was serious just now?"

"That you were serious?" He stared at her.

"My dear Vladimir,"—she laughed uncontrolledly this time,— "my dear, dear boy, wait a moment until I tell you." He waited, without moving, until she resumed. "Nothing will give me greater pleasure, I assure you of it on my honor,"—Nadrovine winced,— "than to have you split the forearm of that caniche-haired *gommeux* in your neatest manner."

His whole body was beginning to throb with a violent although repressed disgust. There seemed to be some vile metamorphosis of heaven and earth taking place. This woman who could use the light slang of society to him at such a moment was his mother, and her lips had just been pressed by those of the man whom she designated "*muscadin*" and "*gommeux*."

"What is it? what has come to you?" he stammered. "You are different."

She stood for at least three minutes looking out at the breaking

silver of the Mediterranean, and then, wrapping her arms in the light scarf about her shoulders, began to speak.

"I will tell you everything," she said. "You will be very angry. It may estrange you from me for years, but at the end of those years you will love me more than ever. You will feel grateful to me as you have never felt before. It is this. I see you on the verge of ruining your whole life, your whole career. I determine to save you at any hazard. You will not listen to me. I watch and find that you are determined; that nothing can change you,—no one,—your mother least of all. I go to see this girl with whom you are infatuated. I find her lovely, commonplace, the sort of woman who after a year of marriage would drive a man to suicide. I think, I pray, I plot. An idea comes to me. It is a sacrifice. Ugh! I feel it now!" She made a movement of revolt with her whole supple figure. "It is a terrible self-sacrifice, but mothers will do anything for their sons. I determine upon it. I determine to do it. I nerve myself, conquer myself. Vladimir,"—she broke off and turned to him, her face honestly anxious and eager now in the pale light,—"*I saw you just now in the door-way. It was for that I let Demarini kiss me. I meant you to challenge him.*"

There was again silence between them.

"I do not understand," he said, finally. He noticed that the wind shaking her heavy skirts loosened from them a perfume of white lilac, which produced an unnatural effect of spring in the sultry summer air. "You say you meant me to challenge him?—that you meant me to do it?"

"Yes,—for your own good. Yes, yes. I felt that you were ruining your life,—taking your destiny into your own hands. She would have made you wretched, cramped you, thwarted you; your art would have been absolutely destroyed. There is no misery like that of an artist on finding that he has married one who does not appreciate or love his art. It is like being compelled to have for a companion in heaven one who is always sighing for earth. I saw all this. I knew I could not make you understand. I knew that you would laugh, would scorn the idea, would make a jest of it. You will perhaps hate me now for a while,—for a while: you would have hated me always if I had known this and had not told you, had not warned you, had not prevented you. You will thank me some day. How you will thank me! You will kiss my hands. Vladimir, where are you going? Tell me that you understand. Say that you understand——"

"Do not touch me," said Nadrovine; but she followed him and took his arm into both hands.

"But you understand? you do understand?" she urged.

"Yes, I understand," he replied, in a low voice, loosing her strong fingers and putting her hands from him. "I ask that you will not disturb me now."

"Vladimir?"

"That you will not touch me."

"Vladimir, you will not always be——"

"You must not touch me. I wish to be alone. Don't follow me. I wish to be by myself."

He passed rapidly from her sight among the thickening shadows, leaving her standing there, her arms dropped straight and tense along her sides, her lips pressed inward in a firm expression of restrained pain.

Nadrovine walked rapidly until he found himself among the ruins of the little temple on the hill. The sky above was like the outreaching of a great silver wing, soft with clouds as with wind-ruffled feathers. He could see the lights in the house below, glowing like oranges of flame among the thick branches of the trees. The sea's voice seemed the purring of a somnolent tiger gentle with love and drowsing on distant sands. There was a pale, spiritual light filtered through the floating clouds overhead and resting on a mist of pearl below,—the light that might shine through moonlit water upon a drowned world. He sat perfectly still on the old marble bench, and seemed wrapped in a banner of sunlight, with the subtle scent of azaleas soaking the dense air. He remembered the very folds in her white gown. He remembered the white butterfly that had alighted on her breast. And then it was Lotta's tea-party that he recalled,—the droll little cups of red-and-gilt china, the apricot which he had cut in three pieces, the wicked *Za-Za* who had stolen Nicoletta's sash, Nicoletta herself, and Lucia, and the strange anatomy of their elbowless pink-kid arms.

"Do not be frightened, monsieur: it is only I. I have been watching you. I thought you were asleep until you breathed so loudly. I wished very much to scream at first, because I did not know you; but it was only a moment. As soon as I made up my mind to come nearer, I recognized you immediately. My mamma taught me that once when I was frightened by my own clothes on a chair. She took me up to them and let me feel them; and ever since then I have always gone up to things in the dark and felt them or looked at them very closely. It is such a good plan."

It was little Lotta Boutry who addressed him. She stood with her small feet bare on the cool marble in front of him. Her night-gown made a lawny vapor about her fragile limbs, and the moonlight glanced from her veil of dark hair in lustrous dazzles, as from the leaves of the great magnolia below them. She looked like the spirit of this pale, opal-tinted night condensed into human shape.

XV.

"I hope I did not startle you, monsieur?" she continued, pushing back her damp hair and regarding him earnestly without moving.

"Startle me? Why, no," replied Nadrovine, absently. "But your slippers, little one? You will take cold standing on that chilly marble."

"Oh, I think not," said Lotta. "It feels delicious,—not at all too cool. The night is so warm in the house. I was thinking that the moon looked hot as I came up the stairway. I saw it through a little tear in the clouds. It was like a hot coal through gray ashes."

"But what are you doing here at this hour of the night, little one?" asked Nadrovine.

"I came for my poor Zi-Zi. I forgot him. He has been lying there alone ever since five o'clock this afternoon. He was so unhappy that I could not make up my mind to strangle him, even though Cousine Ilva gave me one of her gold hairs. I know he has been thinking, thinking, thinking out here all by himself. Because dolls must think, you know. I am sure that locomotives do. I am sure they are in a wicked mood when they run off the rails and hurt so many poor people; and then when they run together—what they call a collision—I am sure that they are in love with each other and that they are determined to embrace each other no matter how many people they hurt. I am sure dolls have feelings. If one could alive them with steam, like locomotives, I am sure they would run into each other's arms, no matter how terribly they pinched the fingers of the person who was holding them. I will get poor Zi-Zi and try to comfort him."

She returned with the little doll in his crimson velvet blouse pressed against her bosom.

"He is very, very sad," she said, gravely. "His whole face is wet, he has been weeping so. You know more about men than I do, monsieur: tell me how to comfort him."

"There is no comfort for men's tears, little one."

"But Zi-Zi is only a doll-man. There must be some comfort for him. Suppose you hold him a little while. I must go back to bed before they put out the lights. There is no light in Cousine Ilva's room, and I crept out on my toes to keep from waking her. I could see her in the moonlight, though. She is so lovely. She let me put all the dolls to sleep across our feet, and did not even move, and she let me cover them with her pretty white-and-blue toilet-cover. I slipped out of bed very softly. She did not even stir. Her hair was all between us, like gold. I kissed it. I wanted to kiss her, but I was afraid I would wake her. She said something in her sleep. She looked like an angel. Her hair showed on each side like gold wings. Oh, monsieur, you would write a story about her if you could see her to-night."

Nadrovine drew the child into his arms, but he was trembling, and she shrank back alarmed.

"What is it? why do you shake so? Do you see anything? Never mind, though: I can control myself. Perhaps it is a fairy."

"And so you left her asleep, little one?"

"There is nothing, then? I thought you saw something. Yes, she was fast, fast asleep. She taught me such a pretty verse before she went to sleep, though. I only remember two lines. It was all about different eyes. These are the lines:

Quick to change are eyes of blue,
Brown's of all the sweetest hue.

And then she said, 'Do you know any one with brown eyes, *chérie*?' and I said that you had brown eyes, and she laughed and held me. I was pulling off her stockings. It is so pretty to do,—just like peeling

the dark-blue skin off of a white fig; and she has such pretty little toes,—the nails shine like any one else's finger-nails, and there are little white arches on them. Then I comb and brush her hair. She is like a big, big doll to me. I do love her so! You love her, don't you, monsieur?"

"Yes," said Nadrovine.

"I was sure that you did. And she loves you,—oh, devotedly!"

"*Chérie*, how do you know?"

"Because when I speak of you she comes nearer to me, and takes me in her arms, and keeps her face against mine so that I cannot see it. And whenever your name is mentioned she turns as if it were her own name and some one were calling her. And—and the princes in her fairy-stories always look like you, and when she draws pictures they are all like you. And it was she who made me think of praying for you with those whom I love. And one day when I said to her that I hoped she would marry you, she almost hurt me with kisses, but whispered afterwards, 'Do not say that to any one else, darling, for they would not understand.' But it is true. I do hope that you will be married, and then I would pay you long, long visits, and we would be so happy together. You would wish it, would you not?"

"With all my heart, pretty one. But see, the lights are going out in the house. You must not stay longer. Will you take your cousin a little message from me? And can I trust you to tell it to no one else?"

The child looked at him seriously while stroking the disconsolate Zi-Zi down the entire length of his inaccurately-formed little figure.

"Must I awaken her to tell her, monsieur?"

"Yes,—with a kiss, little one. Tell her where you have been, and that you have seen me, and then say to her the words that I will repeat to you."

"But, monsieur, she has such lovely, lovely dreams; and the next morning she always tells them to me. Suppose I should break one in the middle? One can never mend a dream, you know, no matter how much one may desire to. One may begin by dreaming of a nest of little white doves with pink bills and feet, which one is feeding on stars that taste sweet like bon-bons, and one may be awakened and go to sleep again to dream of a large cat that has eyes of green fire and red-hot claws which scratch and burn at the same time. I really know, monsieur, because I have had such things happen, and it is so distressing. And then, too, Cousine Ilva's dreams are so beautiful. She hears water falling like music that makes itself. And sees flowers whose perfumes are so sweet that to them it is like loving. And great, silver-white peacocks, with purple-and-gold eyes on their tails. And jewels poured out on the ground, which are the lovely thoughts of good little children that the angels turn into precious stones to feed the poor. The sapphires are one's thoughts of the blessed Christ-Child, and the pearls of the Holy Spirit, and the rubies of God. And when one wishes to help others it is diamonds, and when one is sorry for one's sins it is emeralds. And amethysts mean kisses to those who do not expect them. And a topaz is just a kind word, even if one only

speaks it to one's self and nobody hears. And there are many, many others; but I forget. Oh, I could not bear to disturb one of her dreams, monsieur!"

"No, my sweet one, I can well believe it; although such souls have beautiful dreams whether they wake or sleep. But you will tell her the words I say to you as soon as she wakes, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, truly," said the child, earnestly. "What are they? I must hurry, and I wish to learn them correctly."

"Say to her, then, my little heart, that the words on the blue ring that she wears around her neck are part of my message to her, and ask her to trust me whatever happens; that, whatever it is, it could not be avoided. And"—he held the child's face in his hands, so that he could look into her eyes—"and that I love her, that I will always love her."

"I am sure that you do," said the child, simply. "It makes your face so good."

Nadrovine carried her in his arms down the stairs and to the edge of the last terrace. As he put her gently down she kissed him of her own accord, a little, damp, child's kiss that went to his heart. He knelt down and drew her against his breast for a last caress.

"Good-by, my dear little Lotta," he said. "And say your little prayer for me twice to-night."

"I will, monsieur. But I have already said it once."

"Then make it three times, my dear little true one, and it will help me when I am sad and troubled."

"Dear monsieur," she replied, agitated vaguely, her lips quivering, "my prayers will be that sadness and trouble may not come to you."

"One might as well pray against the coming of death, little one. But there, I am talking at random. Run, run, before the last light is put out. I will wait here for you."

He gave her a last kiss, and then stood watching her airy figure until it was gathered into the evasive shadows of the old garden. It seemed to him as though she were the wraith of his youth, vanishing as he looked, and leaving behind only a pulsing gloom and the yearning sounds of a summer midnight. The great harmony of the sea wounded him, as we are wounded by a voice that sang at the funeral of one we loved. It was the sound most associated with her,—with her words, her tears, her laughter,—a profound, subdued undercurrent of rich cadences, above which her clear tones rose like the night-call of a bird above the sonorous breathing of a great forest. He stood and looked at the pauseless swaying of the moonlit tide below him, and knew that he could never again endure that majestic sight nor bear the rhythm of its throbbing monotone. It is hard to be deprived of love and of the sea at the same time,—only those who love the sea can understand how hard. Nadrovine's heart surged up for one bitter instant in a passion of revolt and rebellion, that instinct of savagery which possesses us when we first learn that circumstance is lord of all, and that the result of the actions of others, and not man, is often master of his fate. He had not allowed himself to think of his mother, or, rather, as yet he felt nothing in regard to her. That part of his nature which used to vibrate at the least memory of her seemed numbed

and incapable of sensation. He walked back and forth along the broad turf-path, with that hungry feeling growing in his heart which besets those who walk alone through scenes where their dearest have once been with them. And then he became racked with an unconquerable longing to see her, to speak with her, to take her in his arms, if only for one moment. To know that it was impossible only rendered the painful longing more frantic. He thought, with a sharp contraction of regret, of how many better messages he might have given the child to take her, and in so much sweeter a way. At least he could have sent her a knot of her favorite blush-roses: they would have lain on her pillow all night and in the morning have been pressed against her face. But this thought disturbed him with a sudden sense of revulsion. Ah! he remembered. He paused, and stood perfectly still, lifting his shoulders a little, as though to withstand the buffet of an inrolling wave. His mind wandered to commonplace things. He remembered that his man had neglected to replace some books, which were to be returned, in the packing-cases. The petty prick of irritation returned with the thought. They should have been sent back at least two days ago. There was also a roll of proof waiting for him on his writing-table. He began reconsidering a chapter which he had determined to omit. The sea came rolling towards him, insistent, unavoidable, like a great genie daring him to forget for even a moment. Turning, he walked steadily in the opposite direction, but those dithyrambic surges of deep sound, beating up against the steely arch overhead, seemed to descend upon him in great floods, and to inundate his mind with their individuality, until he was powerless to think any thoughts save those which they recalled.

XVI.

It was at seven o'clock the next morning that Madame Nadrovine was roused by the entrance of some one who walked softly through the gloom of the closely-curtained room until reaching her bedside.

"Alma?" she said, half raising herself among the light bedclothes, "is it not very early for my coffee?" There was no reply, but the intruder suddenly thrust wide the venetian blinds of the window facing the bed, and drew back the curtains, admitting a tangle of early sunbeams, which, reflected from a bath near the window, played over the bed and the half-awakened woman. She put up one arm to shield her eyes, leaning on the other. Her hair was braided in one great braid, like that of a little girl. She looked amazingly young, with her bare throat, blinking eyes, and cheeks flushed with sleep and creased by the folds of her pillow-case like those of a baby.

"What is it? Who is it? What do you want?" she asked, unable yet to identify the person who confronted her.

"He is dead! I have killed him," replied the voice of Nadrovine. He was standing with his back to the window, and she could not see his face for the blaze of morning light behind him.

"I have killed him," he repeated, in the same monotonous voice. "I only meant to wound him; but he slipped. He was quite dead in a few moments. The surgeon could do nothing."

His mother stammered, catching her night-gown together at the throat :

"Who is dead? who is dead? What do you mean?"

"It is Demarini. We fought before day this morning. The sun was just rising when he died. There was a horrible likeness with the eyes shut. She is so fair, but there is a likeness. It was horrible. I can never forget it. I will see that face over your shoulder whenever I look at you."

"Bah!—I will not believe it, that he is dead," cried his mother, making an excited motion to leave the bed. "It is some ridiculous sensationalism. One knows the way that surgeons talk,—and an Italian! Ring for Alma."

"No," replied Nadrovine. "I have looked the door. I wish to speak to you alone. It seems so strange. I seem so changed, as though I myself were dead. You know that you have ruined my life?"

"My dear boy, let me——"

"When I say that you have ruined my life, I mean that you have also ruined everything that makes life worth living. You have left me nothing."

"My dear Vladimir——"

"I no longer love you. I would prefer the pain of loving you, knowing you to be unworthy, rather than this feeling of utter incapacity. You seem like a machine,—a beautiful machine which has maimed a man confiding too much in his knowledge of it. Nothing seems real but this hour, this moment. My boyhood and manhood are like the confusion of past dreams. I know that you are my mother, that you gave me birth with pain and have sacrificed much for me, and yet I hope that after to-day I will never look at you or hear your voice again. I know that this absolute absence of all emotion is unnatural. Nature will speak before long, perhaps before to-night, with another of her million voices. Perhaps I shall hate you. I might be tempted to curse you." There was a pause, during which one could hear a gardener's boy sweeping the grass with a broom of twigs. His mother made no reply, but continued to look up at him with her clear, unfaltering eyes.

"Well?" she said, at last.

"I am going before such a change can take place. I wished to see you once more. It will be a final farewell. I hope never to see you again."

"You will say that, of course, as often as you wish," she murmured behind her shut teeth. "Go on."

"I thought that perhaps it might soften me, that I might find something to say to you,—something forgiving. I do not forgive you."

"And then?"

"I will never forgive you. We will never see each other again."

"You will remember that I told you we might be estranged for several years."

"You will never see me again. You will never even hear of me."

"It is natural that you should feel bitter. I expected you to be much more violent. But it is nonsense—about Demarini, you know. Naturally, he swooned from loss of blood."

"There is no doubt of his being dead," said Nadrovine, coldly. "I came to speak to you of one or two things. In the first place, I wish to ask that you will make no effort to discover my whereabouts at any time. It would only annoy and disturb me, and would change nothing."

"He speaks to me,—to me!" whispered his mother, still keeping her eyes fastened on him. She nodded assent.

"Then I wish you to allow Ivan to pack everything that I leave, without being interrupted. I want no one to enter my rooms or arrange my things except Ivan."

Again his mother nodded.

"And then there is this. You have a portrait of my father. It is in a carved silver case set with little rubies. Ah! it is there around your neck. Give it to me, please."

She bared her throat with a superb movement.

"Take it," she replied.

He unfastened it without touching her white flesh, and opened it to assure himself that all was as he remembered it. His own face confronted him,—the face of a boy of eighteen, with blond curls, rather long. A sudden rush of emotion mastered him. He was blinded, and the blood gathered hotly in his throat. He put out his hand to steady himself, and it fell upon his mother's shoulder. She clasped it with both her own, in a sudden eager gesture of appeal. Her lips moved.

Nadrovine stood staring down at the portrait in his hand, while she watched him ravenously, her parted lips still forming unuttered words.

"He is softened. It has touched him. My great love has melted him. He will forgive me."

These were the sentences that she framed in silent but rapturous certainty. He turned suddenly, withdrawing his hand from beneath hers, and tossing the open case upon the bed.

"It has always been so. You have always put me before him. I never knew it until now. I might have known. I might have known that such light-heartedness as yours could never have been feigned. What woman who loved her husband could have laughed and danced and reigned, as you have done, with him, her husband, rotting in Siberia? I have been a fool! I have been a fool!"

He went to the door and unlocked it. She thought that he would come back, but he opened it and passed through, closing it after him.

"It is a natural mood. It will pass," she said, consoling herself by speaking aloud as she rose from bed.

She walked to the open window and half closed the blinds, shutting out the sunlight. There was a half-finished letter on her writing-table,—an order for some new morning gowns. She took up the pen and began to finish it mechanically, thinking of other things all the while that she wrote. Not for an instant did she believe Demarini to be dead. All the frivolous details that she was describing interwove themselves oddly with her thoughts, and the scenes of the past twenty-four hours appeared again to her, seen through folds of lace and muslin and behind the fluttering of pale-green ribbons, and hats garnished

with apple-blossoms. She ended the letter and sealed it with elaborate care, spoiling two or three envelopes in the process, and then reopened it to say that, after all, she had decided to have the gown of India muslin made over pale-green silk and embroidered by hand with apple-blossoms in a very delicate shade of rose-color, the sprays being far apart in order to give the costume an airy look. She then sealed it again, even more carefully than before, and rang for her maid, being impatient to dress and yet avoiding beginning. It seemed as though she could not take her bath and have her hair arranged for hours; and all the time she was wondering about Nadrovine, and picturing him in various ways.

It was not until she appeared at luncheon and asked for him that she realized his determination. He had taken the morning train for Paris some hours ago. The servant who told her noticed that she assumed her seat at the table rather abruptly, but beyond this she showed no emotion. The only time that her self-control forsook her was when she became convinced beyond doubt of Demarini's death. Instead of growing pale, the blood rushed darkly to her face, which worked convulsively in an expression of horror. They heard her mutter,—

"Then he will not forgive me."

Her maid wished to undress her, but she motioned her fiercely to leave the room. The girl, who adored her, crouching outside her door, heard the soft footfalls moving up and down for at least two hours, and the noise of her silken skirt hissing in little jerks as her quick impatient strides drew it after her along the tiled floor.

XVII.

Three weeks of unbroken silence from Nadrovine followed the day of his departure. His mother had not left the house once, and for forty-eight hours had been locked in her apartments. No one was admitted. The trays of food left at her door were taken away untouched, while the little Swede, kneeling and listening at the key-hole, could hear nothing,—not a movement, not a sound, not even a sigh.

It was about nine o'clock on the evening of the third day, that Alma, passing through the hall with wine and fruit in her hands, encountered a figure clothed in white standing just within the door of entrance. She stopped and stared in silence, while the figure approached her. It spoke in a soft voice.

"Can I see Madame Nadrovine?"

Alma saw that there was pale-golden hair under its scarf of white gauze, and that its breast rose and fell quickly. She also heard the sound of its escaping breath, and decided that this breathing was too rapid and natural to be that of an apparition.

"Can I see your mistress?" said the gentle voice a second time.

Alma steadied her tray of wine and fruit against the carved iron railing of the stairway.

"I do not think so, mademoiselle," she replied, hesitating. "She has not seen any one, not even taken food, for three days."

"Is she then ill?"

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"No one knows, mademoiselle; for no one has seen her for three days."

"I must see her," said Ilva.

"But, mademoiselle——"

"I must see her," repeated the girl, gently. "Come! you will take me to her, I know. I am in great sorrow, and she alone can help me."

Alma still hesitated, although she began to yield, and Ilva took her little, plump, tanned hand in both her own and pressed it against her breast. "I may be able to help her too," she said. "Give me the wine and fruit, and let me take it to her."

"But—but——" stammered the girl. Ilva, coming close to her and still holding her hands, said, in a ringing voice, low and sweet with the weakness of misery,—

"Listen! listen, my sister,—for all women should be sisters in time of trouble: I only want to help her and to try to be helped by her. I am in great sorrow. My wretchedness is almost past my own power of comprehension. I wish only to stand outside her door and speak to her. You may watch here on the stairs. Why, what harm could I do her? I am only a poor, unhappy girl. Her door is locked, you say. How could I harm her in any way? How could I? Even if I wanted to, how could I? And what is your name?"

"Alma," replied the girl.

"Then, dear, dear Alma, let me go to her door and speak to her through it. You may watch; you may even listen, if you wish."

The girl broke suddenly into tears.

"Go! go!" she exclaimed, sobbing, and holding out the little silver tray with both hands, while averting her face. "Go quickly, and the blessed Lord be with you!"

"And with you!" said Ilva, kissing her. She took the wine and fruit from her hands, saying, with a sorrowful smile, "But why do you weep?"

"I weep because you have the look in your face of those who die young," replied the girl, "and because you are so beautiful."

"It is well to die young," said Ilva, smiling again. "But I love you for your tears, and I will pray for you always with those whom I love."

She kissed her again solemnly on the forehead, and ascended the wide marble stairway. Alma had told her to stop at the first door to the right, and she stood there awhile in silence, before speaking. Then she said, gently,—

"Vladimir's mother?"

There was only silence for reply.

She spoke again, even more softly, more gently:

"Vladimir's mother? Vladimir's dear, dear mother?"

Only silence, profound, vibrating. Again she spoke, with an anguished note of entreaty beginning to throb through her low tones:

"Oh, will you not answer me? Will you not answer me? I only wish to ask you where he is, that I may tell him how fully I forgive him,—how I believed the words that little Lotta brought me. I trust him. I trust him utterly. I feel that he is suffering, that he is in

anguish! I only can help him,—but not without you,—not without you. Even if you hate me, will you not open to me for his sake? You may curse me, you may tell me how you hate me, but I will not care. It is for his sake. . . . Oh, if you would but understand! Oh, if I could but make you understand! I will go into a convent. I will promise you never to see him again. Only I cannot bear the thought of his suffering: I cannot! . . . I cannot! It is driving me mad. I hear only evil words of him from morning until night, from night until morning. Will you not answer me? Are you dead too?"

Still the heavy silence which seemed to press against her ears until their ached. She kneeled down, supporting the tray of fruit upon her knees and lifting upward her pale face in supplication.

"O Sancta Maria," she whispered, "soften her heart; let her heart be softened by the words that thou wilt teach me to say to her."

Again she bent forward, with her cheek against the door.

"Open to me in *his* name,—in *his* name," she murmured. "I only wish it for his sake. Believe me! oh, believe me,—believe me! You may say what you will to me. I will endure any reproach that you offer me. Only open to me. Only open to me, that I may see you and speak with you."

After waiting several moments, during which her lips moved incessantly in whispered words of prayer, she spoke again:

"I will not weary you more; but if during the night you feel that you can speak to me, open the door. You will find me still here. And there is wine for you,—his dear mother,—and some fruit. Oh, you must be so weak,—so weak! My heart aches when I think of it. But now good-night. May angels minister to you! May you be told in dreams of my sincerity! I am ready to promise whatever you wish."

She then stretched herself deliberately along the floor, resting her head against a panther's skin, which she rolled up and over which she placed her gauze scarf in order to have a comparatively cool pillow. It seemed to her that she lay there for hours. She lived over again every scene with Nadrovine since her first meeting with him as a little girl. Alma had fallen asleep on the stairs, and the wax candles in the hall below, unextinguished, dripped in semi-transparent mounds on the tiles beneath and hung in stalactites from the crystal bobèches. One by one they burned low, flared, and went out. Only the languid glittering of the stars which studded the space of sky enclosed by an open window near at hand lighted the great hall. Ilva had not stirred. She lay in an attitude of tense quiet, one hand retaining her improvised pillow in its place, the other stretched above the little tray at her side, like the hand of a mother questioning the slumber of her first-born. Was it not this wine and fruit which was to nourish his mother,—the woman who had brought him into the world to love her and to be loved by her?

It was one o'clock when the door opened wide, and a tall, impassive form appeared on the threshold, pressed forward, as it were, by a flood of light from beyond. The folds of her white crape dressing-gown fell in an almost forbidding simplicity to her bare feet. Her face was

ghastly, her eyes dull and sunken beneath their dark lids. Her thick hair, half braided, was tangled in a lustreless mesh of strands.

Ilva at once rose to her knees, and remained in that position, looking up at her. Presently she ventured to lift her clasped hands timidly, drawing them down at once and straining them against her breast.

"Oh, how ill you look! How ill you look!" she exclaimed, in a pained voice.

Nadrovine's mother stood motionless, still regarding her. Suddenly she moved aside.

"Come in!" she said, sternly.

Ilva found herself in an airy room, charming with hangings of white and gold, and with low chairs and couches covered with old-fashioned silks in faded tints. The bed, with its eight curtains of yellow brocade, was as smooth as though just spread. There were torn papers scattered over the floor, and an overturned inkstand. The ink, sluggishly following an uncertain course, had left a gloomy stain on the bright floor.

"And now, what is it that you wish with me?" asked the woman.

Ilva's heart seemed strangling her.

"That you will tell me where he is. I wish to forgive him. I wish to know where he is. It is only because I cannot bear that he shall suffer. Ah! I know that you will tell me," she ended, in a suffocating voice.

Madame Nadrovine regarded her calmly. "I know no more where he is than you do," she said, at last.

"But, signora!—dear signora . . . !"

"I have told you that I know no more than you do."

"But you love him?—you love him? You cannot desire that he should suffer. If he could only know that I forgive him!"

"For what do you forgive him?"

"Signora, . . . for the death of my father."

"You are indeed lenient, mademoiselle."

"I trust him. I know that it was not his fault. I do not understand, but I am sure of that. I trust him utterly. I am sure that he did not mean to do it."

"I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel!" quoted the woman, in a hard voice, half smiling down at her. "You are deeply in love, it is evident, mademoiselle."

"Oh, yes! yes!" cried Ilva, her face breaking into a radiance of innocent rapture. "You must see how I love him to have come to you. I felt that you hated me, and yet I came. I loved him so much that your hate seemed a little, little thing in comparison. I knew that you would see me. I was sure of it. I thought perhaps that I could make you understand that you had hated me unjustly,—that I was not as you thought me. Believe me, signora, oh, believe me! I love you for his sake, in spite of your hatred. I will do whatever you wish."

"I tell you that I know nothing. Why do you stare at me so? There, sit down. You are as white as your gown. There, sit down, I say. Do you faint? Look! I will shake you if you attempt to faint."

She caught the girl fiercely by the arm, while the great eyes looked up at her, dazed, but untterrified.

"You would not really hurt me?" she said, half questioningly. Madame Nadrovine withdrew her hand in some haste.

"Why should I hurt you?" she asked.

"I knew you would not. It was only a thought. We cannot help our thoughts, you know." Then suddenly she slipped from the chair into which Madame Nadrovine had forced her, and clasped her about with both arms.

"Signora! signora! in Christ's name,—for Christ's sake,—tell me where he is!"

"Little idiot! have I not already said twice, that I do not know?"

"But, signora . . ."

"I tell you I do not know."

"But, signora, think,—think!"

"I say I know nothing,—nothing! Saints! am I not sufficiently humiliated by such a confession, that you force me to repeat it? I tell you that I know nothing. Do you hear? Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing!"

"But, signora, listen. I wish to . . ."

"Nothing, I say! Let me go! You drive me frantic! Let go!"

She drew her robe violently from the girl's hands, causing her to swerve and fall sidelong on the floor. A little sigh escaped the pale lips, and then the slight limbs settled quietly.

The woman stood looking at her for a moment, rigid, fierce, her hands clinched; but she soon saw by the pallor of the face at her feet that the swoon was not a feigned one. She knelt abruptly, and took one of the little, relaxed hands in hers. It was damp and cold. She put her hand on the wavy hair: it was also damp about the brow and temples.

"Wake! wake!" she called, in a stertorous whisper, dragging her upward by the lifeless arms, and then lowering the inert body again upon the floor. She slapped her face, her hands. She poured the contents of a great ebony case of perfume over the inanimate breast. The delicate hue of flesh shone through the soaked muslin, but no signs of returning life stirred its folds. She then caught sight of the decanter of wine on the tray near the still open door, and, seizing it, forced a glassful between the girl's teeth. As the long breath of returning consciousness lifted her bosom, the fasting woman at her side, made ravenous by the smell of the wine and fruit, began to eat the grapes, skins and seed, tearing them from their stems with her sharp teeth, and washing them down with glass after glass of sherry.

XVIII.

When she had finished this strange and hurried repast, she turned, still kneeling, and looked down at the prostrate girl. Ilva's eyes were closed, but she breathed regularly, and one of her hands stirred slightly, like a fallen magnolia-leaf lifted by the wind. Madame Nadrovine felt the girl's heart. It was beating, slowly but firmly.

"Let me help you to the bed," she suggested, in a cold voice. Ilva did not reply. She closed again her dark eyes, which she had half opened, and lay without motion. Madame Nadrovine did not waste further time in words. Thrusting her strong arms under the slight figure, she lifted her and carried her to the great bed, with its eight shining curtains.

She drew the old-fashioned embroidered white satin coverlet from beneath her, and placed it over her up to her breast.

"I thank you," murmured Ilva, again opening her languid eyes for an instant. Invigorated by the wine which she had drunk, Madame Nadrovine began to rub the lifeless limbs with a regular sweeping movement of her strong hands, and as she sat, bending back and forth to her task, she noticed how frail and wasted was the fair face and how transparent the little hands unfolded on the shimmering coverlet.

"She has been fasting too," she muttered to herself in her voice of the past three weeks,—a voice without feeling or inflections. She found that she could not withdraw her gaze from the quiet, pale face. What long, dark lashes she had, curling to her eyebrows with their golden tips which a *mondaine* would undoubtedly have dyed! What fine, narrow eyebrows! What a clear forehead, smooth and bluish, with thread-like veins at the temples! Her soft hair grew in little points, downy and of a pale brown. Above rippled a luxurious tide of silverish gold. The little nostrils were haughty, thin, and high-arched, the lips curved and drooping slightly at the corners. Nadrovine's mother gazed at them as though under a spell, and then her look dropped to the white throat stretched back on the pillow. Her little crooked toilet-scissors were lying near. She could touch them with her outstretched hand. What was it that she had said to Nadrovine only a month ago? She took them up on three fingers and made the motion of cutting in the air. The sherry burned through her veins. A soft touch roused her. Ilva had slipped from the pillow, and was resting her cheek upon one of her hands.

"You are so good to me," she said. "I knew that you were good. He could not love you as he does if you were not good."

Madame Nadrovine let the scissors drop noiselessly among the folds of her dressing-gown. She frowned, however.

"You are clever," she remarked, in her harshest tones. "I made a mistake when I thought you silly."

"No, no, signora! Do not think I say things for effect. He used to speak to me for hours and hours of his love for you. We used to talk of you over and over again. I was afraid, but he used to tell me of your loveliness and goodness, and then I would not be so frightened. Ah, signora, why do you hate me? He will always be yours more than mine. He is your flesh and blood. You have suffered for him. Oh, signora, think of it!—you have suffered for him, and I, no matter how much I suffer, what can I do for him? We are separated forever. He will not marry me with this stain of blood between us. Will you not let me love you? I can have no more. He will never wish me to be his wife now: all that is gone,—gone. I can only be his sister,—your daughter, signora,—your daughter!"

For the first time she began to weep. Great tears glazed her face. Her sobs shook her convulsively, and she grasped Madame Nadrovine's gown with both hands. The woman rose excitedly, pushing her back among the heaped-up pillows.

"Never! . . . never!" she said, in a choked voice. "My daughter? Never!"

She took two or three strides forward. In the centre of the room she paused, turning about and regarding the tear-shaken girl with a splendid scorn.

"My daughter! Are you Demarini's child, you who wish to be my daughter? You wish to have for a mother the mother of the man who killed your father?"

"Ah, signora, that was an accident. My poor father slipped. We were told that by the surgeon who attended him. And I also have *his* words,—the words of your son. They are here in my breast. It was an accident, a terrible, terrible accident. Oh, signora, believe that I have suffered. I loved my father. It was I who watched with him all that first dreadful night,—I and little Lotta. She would not leave me. There was no one else but the servants; and of course I could not have borne that. My mother and my aunt were both ill, and Nini is afraid of the dead. I sat beside him, at his head, so that I could look down upon his face. It was very beautiful. I never noticed before how long his lashes were, like a woman's, and his forehead so clear in the candle-light. At first I could only think of the awful wound in his breast, . . . of who had made it there. I felt as though the sword had pierced me. And then to be thrust by the hand that had caressed me,—his daughter!—that had drawn the sign of the cross upon my lips, and in my tears! I knew that my father had forgiven him. He looked so calm, . . . so good. It was almost the face of a saint,—so pure and placid. And he *was* good,—good and gentle. It must have been some madness. I know that he has forgiven. I know that he would plead for me, signora, . . . would wish me to forgive. Why, I can almost see him, there, there beyond your shoulder——"

In her excitement, with running tears and catching breath, Ilva knelt up in the great bed and extended her arm towards Madame Nadrovine, her eyes fixed as though on some object beyond her. The short, hoarse cry that the woman uttered startled her: it was almost like the bark of some animal in anguish. She wheeled and caught at a chair near her for support.

"You see nothing! . . . Why do you point at me in that theatrical manner? . . . You know that you see nothing! . . . You do it for effect." The words came in hurried bursts, as though forced from her, and the chair trembled with her heavy grasp upon it.

"It is absurd, . . . absurd!" she repeated, sinking down and thrusting back her loosened hair with both hands. "But you are a good actress, mademoiselle."

At these words, Ilva rose slowly from the bed, and stood erect, meeting the sneering gaze of Madame Nadrovine in a calm, level look.

"Since you can believe this of me, there is nothing left for me but

to go, signora," she said, with a quiet dignity. "I wish you good-night."

She made a slight inclination, graceful and self-contained, and, passing through the open door, went swiftly down the broad stairway and into the warm night outside. Madame Nadrovine remained where she was, the scornful smile with which she had greeted the last speech of the young girl still lifting the corners of her lips.

As she had done with Nadrovine, she waited, expecting to see Ilva return and throw herself at her feet in a last paroxysm of pleading and despair. The moments passed on in quiet silence, however, the perfumes and leaf-sounds of the great garden below rising and falling with the indolent wind. She rose finally and approached the open window. In the distant haze of the late and waning moonlight, the girl's figure shone like a small statuette of silver among the dark shrubbery, and presently vanished altogether. Madame Nadrovine turned again towards the lighted room. It was suffocating with the scent of the vervain which she had poured over Ilva during her swoon, and the empty grape-twigs lay in a desolate-looking bundle among the half-filled sherry-glasses. Moths and strange summer insects of all sorts were fluttering and singing about the glittering candles on her toilet-table and writing-desk. Some of them were half burned to death and buzzed in anguish among the silver and ivory brushes and toilet-articles; others, half plunged in the melted wax, strove to free themselves with desperate contortions of their long legs.

The woman stood for a moment gazing absently down at the struggling creatures; then, lifting a brush, she put an end to their pain by a quick tap or two, and, taking fresh candles from a drawer, placed them on her writing-table. A square book of black Russian leather with a heavy lock and monogram in silver lay between the two candlesticks. She opened it, read a page or two, turned to a fresh page, dipped her pen in the ink, and, kneeling down in front of the table, began to write as follows:

"Just God, have mercy upon me, and turn the heart of my son towards me again. Thou knowest that all I have done was for his sake. Thou knowest how distasteful and abominable it was to me beyond words. If I have done wrong I ask Thy forgiveness. I will fast for a year, and sell my jewels for the poor, if Thou wilt but pardon me. Judge me not by the offence, O Lord, but by the love that caused it. If I almost worship my son, O Lord, Thou, whose Son was worshipped by his mother, wilt look leniently upon what for me is a sin. O God, lay not the death of Demarini to my charge. Thou knowest that I did not mean him to be killed. My object was to make a breach between the two families which would prevent my son from marrying an immature child in no way worthy of him. My God, I have been called a hard woman. Thou who madest me knowest that if this is so it is the fault of heredity rather than from any wish of my own; but to my son, O God, I am as melted wax. Lord, give him back to me, if I die with his first look. Give him back to me in love, if his first kiss means death to me. These words are weak and cold to what is filling my heart like bubbling iron. Why didst Thou

send this girl to divide us? Did I not bring him up to fear and honor Thee? Did I not teach him to make his genius an offering unto Thee? Wherein have I failed? Why is this punishment sent upon me? I feel that Thou art angry with me; and yet, Lord, it is not, alas! Thy anger which so much grieves me as the loss of my son. It is not so much Thy anger that I dread, as that it will cause Thee to keep him from me. I feel that Thou art displeased with me for my lack of gentleness to the girl; but I would have been a hypocrite had I pretended to feel any pity for her. Perhaps she deserves it. I do not know. It is nothing to me. Thou seest, O Lord, how utterly I bare my soul to Thee. I hide nothing. I excuse nothing. The thing that I did was wrong, but the love that caused it was sublime. It was the wisdom of the world, but Thy Son hath told us to be 'wise as serpents,' and I did not mean to be less 'harmless than a dove.' I meant not the death of any one. I only wished to save my son, and the great genius which Thou hast given him, from a living death. Let him live to thank me for it. Let him live to recognize that Demarini's death was indeed an accident for which neither he nor I are responsible. Bring him back to me. Soften his heart. Give him to me again. Thou knowest that, with all my sins, I am honest to Thee. Even to Thee I never feign to feel that which is absent. I fear Thee more than I love Thee, and I love my son more than I desire perfect goodness, but if Thou wilt only give him to me once more I will strive to serve Thee even with my hardness. Give him back to me, that I may hear him say, if only once, that he loves me, and then punish me as Thou wilt. Amen."

XIX.

Madame Nadrovine, with the practicality which distinguished her, set about aiding Providence to answer her prayer. She employed in secret the services of one of the most distinguished detectives in France, and, some months from the night of her interview with Ilva, discovered that her son was ill with a slow fever in poor apartments in one of the side-streets of Paris.

She knocked at the door of his room the day after this information had reached her, scarcely waiting for his answer before entering. It was a small room, with whitewashed walls and heavy walnut furniture of that awkward and obsolete order which always manages to rise, like cream, to the top story of old houses. The windows were small, set with panes of greenish glass, and spotted a dingy yellow over the entire upper sash by repeated layers of rain-drops. Opposite, in the watery light of the fading afternoon, the zinc roofs and awnings gave forth a gray glare, which seemed to be reflected in the black ooze of the streets below. A fine and steady rain was falling. The depressing gleam of hundreds of soaked umbrellas passing and repassing far below gave one a sensation of desolation which was augmented by the glisten of the wet cab-tops, and the swallows preening their damp feathers on the branch of a dead tree near the grimy window.

Sunk in an old chair covered with time-dimmed cretonne, was Nadrovine, his face turned listlessly towards the blank patch of sky

visible to him through the clouded casement, his hands resting inertly on a closed book which was sunk between his knees. His dark dressing-gown, folded and re-folded about his figure, gave a wonderful appearance of emaciation. His hair, grown longer during his illness, recalled to his face a look of his youth as represented in the miniature which he had taken from his mother's neck on the day of their last interview. She turned the key in the door, which she closed behind her, and, slipping it into her pocket, advanced a few steps.

She spoke to him. "Vladimir?" she said, in a low voice.

He half rose from the great chair, steadying himself with a hand on either arm. His pale face became suffused with blood.

"It is you? . . . It is you?" he said, on short, rushing breaths.

"Yes, it is I! . . . your mother. Did you think that you could be ill, suffering, and I not find it out?"

He continued to stare at her in silence, his quivering arms retaining him in his half-erect posture.

She came close to him and put forth her hand to force him gently back into the chair, but he dropped from her touch and pressed back among the worn-out springs, making them creak with his sudden energy of sickness.

"I ask you not to touch me!" he panted.

"But you cannot expect me to obey you, dear great one?" she said, bending over him, with the smile which no other had ever seen. "It is the fancy of an invalid,—such a dear invalid! . . . But you have been too much alone, my darling!"

She attempted to run her long fingers through his hair.

"I beg of you . . ." he reiterated, in the tone of one exquisitely tortured.

"Ah, great one, great one, if you knew the anguish you make me suffer, you would try to overcome these fancies of a sick child. You wring my very heart!"

"And you mine!" he stammered. His weak efforts to push the heavy chair still farther from her made the old wire padding and casters creak again. "I beg of you to go," he whispered. "Only go!"

"My darling! . . . When I have just come to care for you! . . . Vladimir, you were never cruel."

"I do not mean to be; . . . that is, I must be . . . Do you not see my tortures? . . . I wish only to be alone."

"And can you dream for an instant that, even although you hated me, I would leave you alone when I see you ill? See, I will not touch you: . . . I will only stay as your servant, your nurse. . . . You cannot refuse that?"

"Just to be alone, . . . to be alone again!" murmured the exhausted man, letting his eyes close wearily.

"I have said that I will not touch you, Vladimir. If you wish it, I will not even speak to you. But you cannot, in humanity, tell me to leave you! You cannot expect me to obey such a command as that,—you whom I have cradled on my breast in the most fearful diseases! Why, I drank your scorching breath when as a little thing of two you

had diphtheria so that I could get no one to help me nurse you but a Sister of Charity! When they thought you threatened with small-pox, it was I—I who nursed you night and day, who took you into the bed with me, between the very sheets, and placed your face upon my bare breast! And you would send me from you now? Ah, no! no! You are a true man, tender, gentle, forgiving. You do not really think of such a thing! My son! . . . my first- and last-born!"

Nadrovine's eyes were now fixed upon his mother's crouching form, in an expression of the most agonized entreaty and suffering. His temples and the hollows beneath his eyes were beaded with sweat. His breath escaped dragglingly through his half-parted lips, which moved without uttering a sound. Some one laughed and ran a halting chromatic scale in the room below, as though trying to make the soulless, rattling instrument giggle an accompaniment.

"Little ape! you have been stealing raisins again!" exclaimed a shrill voice from another direction, and the sound of two or three smart slaps was followed by the droning cries of a small child.

"Answer me, Vladimir! . . . Answer me, my heart, my darling!" urged his mother, still kneeling. Her great fur robes, which the sudden cold weather had caused her to assume, and which she had not removed on entering the chilly apartment, hung in soft splendor about her, and rose into a muffled background for her face, which shone with the luminousness of a moonstone in the white light from the patch of sky above.

"It is too much . . . I have too much . . ." he stammered, still staring at her.

"Then why do you not wish me to share it? Why do you send me away? I will do whatever you wish. See! All is not as you think. All is not lost. Listen, Vladimir. I will tell you. It is good news. I will tell you. You shall have her after all! You shall have her, my own! Vladimir, speak to me! Speak! . . . Do not sit so rigid. . . . Look at me! . . . Speak to me!" She rose, stumbling over her heavy furs in her eagerness to reach him, but before she could touch him he opened his eyes, and something in their expression arrested her where she stood.

"No! . . . no!" she hastened to assure him, sobbingly. "Do not look at me like that! I am not going to touch you. . . . I swear it!"

The look of relief which crept over his face cut her to the quick. She hurt her hands with their pinching clasp upon each other.

"You shall have her. . . . You shall have her," she repeated, trembling through all her splendid frame.

"Do not speak of her!" cried Nadrovine, in a dreadful voice. He bent upon her another of those looks which had frozen her and with the memory of which she was now trembling.

"I know all,—all. It has come to me in my loneliness and illness as clear as day. Scales have fallen from my eyes. I know everything. Everything has been made clear to me. I no longer think that I killed him by accident. No! it was God who drove my sword into the breast of your——" He broke off; his lips remained parted. "No! no! I

must not say it! . . . She is my mother; . . after all, she is my mother. . . .”

Madame Nadrovine loosened her great cloak with a quick gesture and thrust it from her. All of a sudden she seemed suffocating. She stood before him only in her simple black gown, her bosom rising and falling against her clinched hands.

“What is it that you mean?” she said, almost in a whisper.

“Do not act to me, my mother,” he replied, sternly. “For in your heart you must believe with me that the man whom I killed I was ordained by God to kill as my father’s defender.”

His name burst from her in one terrible cry. And then again she uttered it in a heart-broken note of anguish and despair:

“You believe that of me? . . . My God! my God! . . . He believes that I, his mother,—I, his mother,—I, who have worshipped him, who have adored him, yes, adored him before very God, even as Mary adored her Son . . . It is my punishment! . . . It is my punishment! . . . Yes, this is to be my Hell. . . . I will carry it in my breast forever!”

For the first time in his life, Nadrovine saw his mother break into piteous weeping, turning from him and leaning her face on her arms, which she rested against the whitewashed wall. A violent shuddering took possession of him. The Western Railway terminus was not far distant, and the shrill scream of an approaching train mingled discordantly with the chromatic scales which were again sounding from the room below. A girl in the house opposite lighted a great lamp and began to read, rocking back and forth. Nadrovine heard his mother’s weeping mingle with the commonplace sounds, in an awful discord. The droop of her dark figure against the white wall was as abandoned, as desolate, as the swaths of crape on white tombstones. Her beautiful dark head was bent almost out of sight under its weight of misery.

“Oh, my God! Oh, my God!” he heard her say over and over again. The young girl in the opposite window, whom he could not avoid seeing from the side of his eye, seemed to be rocking in time to these plaintive, smothered cries. All at once she turned, revealing to him her face marred with anguish,—its loosened, trembling lips, its eyes heavy with tears. She looked all at once her full age. In the cold light from above, her hair seemed suddenly to be streaked with gray.

“Do you know me?” she asked, with faltering eagerness. “Do you know who I am?” It was heart-rending, this last desperate clutching at the possibility of his delirium. “Speak my name. Tell me who I am,” she continued, holding herself from him, as it were, with the pressure of her strong hands against her breast.

“Too well. . . . I know too well,” he said, in a choked voice.

“But say it, then! say it! . . . Speak my name. I wish to hear what you will say. I beg it of you!”

“Oh, my mother,” exclaimed Nadrovine, “do you not see that you are killing me? . . . I cannot forget. . . . In spite of all,—yes, in spite of all, I love you, . . . God knows!”

He would have gone on, but she flung herself against his knees with a great cry. Her face was radiant, brilliant, tremulous with smiles,—

the face of a young mother whose first-born has just been placed in her arms.

"Again,—once more! Say that you love me, only once again. It is the answer to my prayer. Afterwards the punishment. . . . Vladimir, . . . it is your mother,—it is your mother who humbles herself to you, who prays to you, . . . your small one. . . . I seem to hold you again in my breast. You love me,—you have said it. . . . No matter what you believe of me, you love me."

Nadrovine covered his face with both hands.

"Have pity!" he said, in a hoarse voice.

"But you love me! . . . you love me! . . . I can bear anything knowing that. . . . And you will overcome this other horrible fancy. I know it. . . . When you are strong and well again, you will come and kneel to me for forgiveness. Oh, I know,—I?"

She leaped to her feet, straightening her tall figure superbly. "I can bear anything, anything, now," she continued, half chanting the words as she began to move about the little room, drawing a chair into place, fastening back one of the bed-curtains of dim bluish cretonne which had fallen from its loop of tarnished silver cord. She opened the door of the ugly little stove and peeped in to see if it needed replenishing, tossing in a coal or two with her long, white fingers from which she had drawn her gloves. The glowing light fell rosily on her sparkling face, and on the patches of whitewash which remained upon the bosom and sleeves of her black gown from their contact with the wall.

"We must have lights," she said, excitedly. "It is growing dark. And there must be medicine for you to take. Where is it? And when did you lunch? It must be six o'clock. You must have some food. What does the doctor allow you? I will go and fetch it myself."

Nadrovine, weakened, made incapable of any sustained effort, by a wasting illness, seemed suddenly to have yielded.

"You will find the medicine in that little cupboard in the corner," he replied. "Two teaspoonfuls in a wineglass of water."

"And the food, great one,—what must I prepare for you?"

"Nothing. . . . A glass of milk at seven, with a little lime-water in it. But I am convalescent now. The medicine is only a tonic."

She poured it out, holding it up between her eyes and the waning light in order to assure herself of a correct measurement. She then lighted a student's-lamp which she discovered on a small table near the bed, tearing out the fly-leaf of a book to make a lamp-lighter.

"Just a moment," she said, as she placed it near him, "while I bid the *concierge* to send up a boy with my travelling-case."

She was only absent a few moments. From the case, which had been placed on the bed, she took out one of her favorite white crape peignoirs and some pretty, gold-colored *mules*. Her favorite perfume of white lilacs made spring seem an invisible presence in the low, stuffy room. She cast aside her black gown, and assumed the peignoir, stooping herself to unbutton her boots, and with her usual daintiness drawing on stockings of gold-colored silk, in place of the black ones which

she wore, before assuming the graceful slippers. She then unfastened, brushed, and re-braided her long hair, humming to herself before the little wavy glass over its shelf in the wall as she did so, with her mouth full of hair-pins.

XX.

As she turned from this task, she saw that Nadrovine had apparently fallen asleep. She stood looking down at him, her hand raised half warningly, as though entreating his guardian angel not to rustle her wings too loudly. She did not touch him; she scarcely dared to breathe. It took her some moments to move to the door softly enough and to open it in search of the milk and lime-water which was to constitute his dinner. Having slipped on her boots again and covered herself from head to foot with the fur cloak, she came back with it in a little case for ice which she had gone to purchase herself, and with the last bit of ice which she could find at the nearest chemist's. She placed these treasures in the corner of the room which was farthest from the stove, and then, glancing at Nadrovine, established herself in one of the two remaining chairs, with her feet on the other. It was so still in this lonely street that the hum of the distant thoroughfares reached one no more distinctly than the confused murmur of a shell placed at one's ear, and he could hear plainly the ticking of the little watch which she always wore on her left arm, and which seemed to mark time for the crooning noise emitted by the pan of water on the stove near by.

Nadrovine watched her beneath his half-closed lids for at least an hour before altering his position. He then sighed heavily, and she was at his side in a moment with the glass of milk.

"I am afraid you have gone without it too long," she said, anxiously; "but I could not bear to wake you." He drank it obediently, and she then left him, saying that while he prepared for bed she would sit on the stairway just outside. When she returned he was in bed, and seemed to have fallen asleep again from sheer weakness. She ran her strong hand once or twice down the bedclothes with a gesture of inexpressible tenderness, and then kneeled down suddenly, resting her head and hands against his feet. Her prayer lasted so long that one might have fancied her to have fallen asleep after the excitement of the past hours; but she rose at last, vigorous and self-contained as ever, this time placing herself in the chair which Nadrovine had occupied, and turning down the lamp. The night passed on. Hour after hour slid dayward in a silence broken only by the occasional rumbling jolts of some cart in the street below, and the incessant purring noise of the pan of water, which from time to time she rose to replenish.

A sudden, sharp, clicking sound roused her with a start. Broad daylight drenched the misty air without, and gave to the bleak white-washed walls surrounding her all the ghastly candor of a corpse's face unveiled by day. Nadrovine was standing, entirely dressed, by the open door. It was the click of the uncoiled latch which had awakened her. She was beside him in an instant.

"What is it? . . . What do you wish? . . . Where are you

going? I will get anything that you wish. . . . Come! Come back to bed."

Again she thought him delirious, but he answered her gravely and collectedly:

"I had hoped that you would not wake. . . . I must go. I have my senses perfectly. . . . I have thought of it all night."

"Where? Where is it that you are going?"

"To Alceron."

"To Alceron! To Normandy! Whom do you know in Normandy? We have no friends there,—no one to whose house you could go as an ill man."

"I have said that I am convalescent. And then my friend is a priest,—or rather a monk."

"But why do you go to-day? . . . Why were you stealing away from me? Ah! come back, I implore you,—or at least close the door. That chill draught is dreadful."

"I have no time. I must go at once. It is a matter of importance."

"A matter of importance? What can be so important as your health?"

"I must go, and at once."

"You are determined?"

"Absolutely."

"Will nothing,—nothing——"

"No, no. It is imperative. There is nothing to which I could listen."

She stood watching him, her face sharp with anxiety.

"Then I must go with you!" she broke in, interrupting him.

"Impossible!" said Nadrovine, hastily. "I have only a few moments. It may be that I will miss the train now. There! There is a whistle now."

"That is a train coming in. Cannot you tell the difference? A moment,—just a moment."

"No, I cannot wait. It would take too long. You could not get ready in time."

"But I am ready now," said his mother.

While they were speaking, she had thrust her feet into her boots, and assumed her long fur cloak, which completely hid the white crape gown underneath, and now pressed through the door at his side, fastening on her hat with trembling fingers.

"Come, then!" said Nadrovine, growing paler than ever. She followed him down the long flights of stairs, her unbuttoned boots sounding clumsily on the uncarpeted wood, her hands still nervously busy with her hat. They passed together out into the raw morning air, which was gradually becoming broken and lively with the clattering of the milkmaids' pails, the running of children's feet along the pavement, the bells of hurrying asses, the sound of brooms in the opening shop-doors and laughter issuing from their dim recesses. Before one of these shops a little thing of six was watering the side-walk with a large watering-pot, and some of the spray dashed Madame Nadrovine's

ankles as she passed by, her boots still flapping untidily with her swift movements. So unwonted a sight were slovenly feet even in summer Paris that the little *gamine* with the watering-pot paused in her occupation to stare after the tall lady who wore yellow silk stockings in the street and who left her boots unfastened. Even the fruit-venders yawning over their stalls and with their chins and throats gilded by the reflected light from the piles of oranges beneath were transfixed with a sense of bewilderment.

As they rolled out of the great station, the ball of the sun appeared in sodden crimson behind a bank of dense gray, making the soaked, dark masses of the bridges appear more imposing and sombre than ever by its lurid flaring in the water below.

The whole journey was passed in utter silence.

She was at last convinced that the excitement of fever had nothing to do with his actions. He was pursuing some plan long meditated upon, and which her presence had probably brought to a crisis. There were only two other people in the carriage,—an old man, and a child of about nine,—a graceful elf, not unlike little Lotta Boutry with her dark curls and large gray eyes. She amused herself by making a “mouse” out of her small pocket-handkerchief and causing it to jump to different parts of the carriage. By accident it chanced to strike Nadrovine on the hand. He started and turned his head.

“Oh, monsieur! I ask you a thousand pardons!” cried the little witch, growing crimson in a genuine embarrassment. Her likeness to Lotta struck him at once. He smiled.

“Do not look so alarmed, my dear,” he said, kindly. “Come here, and I will show you how to make a *curé* with your handkerchief.” And, as the child sidled up to him, he gravely drew a knot in the bit of cambric, and, placing it over his forefinger to represent the *curé*’s head, proceeded to wave his thumb and second finger, as though making the *curé* gesticulate violently with his arms. He seemed to himself to have suddenly become childish, so easily was he moved to joining in the child’s merriment at the antics of this strange little priest. He then talked to her, and told her stories until she fell asleep with her head almost in the pocket of his coat. She and the old man were both asleep when they reached Alceron, and he stooped and kissed her before he got out. Had he glanced at his mother, her drawn, set face would assuredly have struck to his heart; but he did not turn his head in her direction. In fact, he had almost forgotten her presence. His thoughts and sensations seemed to him as unfamiliar as the scenes which surrounded him.

As they walked along the principal street of the little village, they saw that the sun had disappeared, and that a drizzling rain was beginning to fall. The booming of the heavy surf thundered through the damp air, seeming to make the ground vibrate beneath their feet. Far out at sea fell a leaden gleam from a ragged gap in the clouds. The quaint houses of black flint mottled with patches of whitewash seemed pushing against each other in their march seaward. One could see the splendid, yellow-white waves shaking their crests angrily as they reared and plunged against the great stone quay. A sail passed into the glary

light far away, tossed wildly for a moment or two, and then dashed on into the gloom beyond, while a keen wind, stinging with salt, swept the street from end to end.

Nadrovine walked rapidly, bending his head to prevent the wind from carrying away his hat, and his mother kept close behind him. Moisture dripped from her hat, from the sables that enveloped her, from her falling hair. Her feet were now drenched, and the constant slipping of the unbuttoned boots had chafed her heels until each step was a pain.

They paused before a small house shrinking back under its projecting roof like a shy child under its hood. Some one spoke through the closed door, and Nadrovine answered in Latin. He was admitted at once, and his mother, shivering under her heavy cloak, crouched down under the shelter of the old portico to wait for him. He returned after an interval of perhaps an hour. A man was with him, a monk, whose heavy cowl pulled forward concealed all of his face except a pale, handsome mouth, and a fine chin, bluish with much shaving.

They passed Madame Nadrovine in silence, and walked together down the slanting street, the monk's heavy gown beating about his limbs in the fresh blasts of wind. She struggled after them. Her feet now pained her so intensely that she took off her boots and hid them under her cloak, experiencing a delightful sensation of relief each time that her feet sunk to her ankles in the oozing sand.

The monastery of Alceron is built upon a neck of land that juts out into the sea, and its cliffs are worn away by the boiling waves like a stack of hay nibbled by cattle in winter. It is a great building of dark granite, and utterly out of keeping with the chapels which flank it, and which are specimens of the most soaring Gothic, their slender spires and steeples seeming to pierce the low-hanging clouds with a species of exultation.

Up a narrow stairway cut in the stone, and shiny with moss, Madame Nadrovine followed the two men. She was dazed, breathless, almost callous with mental and physical pain. Her eyes seemed pierced by two red-hot knitting-needles which, ever turning, were thrust deep into her brain. The ceaseless boom of the vast breakers seemed part of the tumult in her hot head.

Unfastening her hat, she let it escape from her hand and fall whirling down into the sea. It skimmed, slanting and dipping, for two or three seconds over the white surge, like a raven with a broken wing, and then disappeared. She pushed back her saturated hair and struggled on. Below stretched the village, the corn-lands, the plunging ocean. A train rushed through the sodden valley, leaving behind it volumes of black smoke, which, uncurling lazily, hung low over the drenched fields until they dissolved into the thick air.

As Nadrovine was about to pass within the iron-bound doors of the monastery, however, his mother sprang forward and thrust herself between the monk and her son.

"Tell me, . . ." she cried,—"tell me what it is that you are going to do!"

The monk stared at her in surprise, drawing away his gown from the contamination of a woman's garments.

"You shall tell me," she repeated,—*"one of you. Speak!"*

"Who is this woman?" said the monk to Nadrovine, and was answered in a whisper, and in two words:

"My mother."

"Her place is not here," said the monk, coldly. "Have you not made your farewells?"

"What is this? What do you mean?" cried Madame Nadrovine, fiercely. "I know nothing! What farewells? My son has been desperately ill with brain-fever. He is now out of his mind. Yes, it is my belief that he is now a maniac from fever. What advantage are you trying to take of him? Vladimir, come; let us return. This exposure may mean death to you."

"It is impossible," he said, in a dull tone. He had not once lifted his eyes from the ground.

"You are mad!" said his mother. "You are beside yourself with fever.—You, whoever you are, are taking advantage of an insane man."

"I have been his confessor for eight months," replied the monk. "This step has been long meditated."

"What step? . . . What step?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Vladimir, answer me yourself. I command you."

"Answer, my son," said the monk, in a low voice. And then these words escaped the lips of Nadrovine as though uttered by a machine:

"It is my desire of my own free will to enter the monastery of Alceron as a permanent member, to take the vow of silence, and to live a life of self-denial both in body and in soul."

XXI.

Madame Nadrovine's next action astounded the monk, who expected a violent scene, accompanied by tears and reproaches. She stepped back, gathering her wet clothes about her with one of those royal gestures which she knew how to assume without becoming theatrical, and said, in a clear, self-contained voice,—

"Go, then?"

Nadrovine did not stir. His face preserved its immobile pallor. Not a muscle started or quivered.

"Go, then?" repeated his mother, in her ringing tones. "Since it is your desire, it is mine also. I wish no love nor duty that does not come to me as a free gift."

The deep notes of the vesper-bell mingled with the strident shriek of a little tug which was approaching the quay below. From the doors of the monastery came a band of monks, solemn, implacable figures in their dark gowns and cowls. They passed by the strange group without appearing to notice it, and entered the chapel to the right. One heard their sonorous chanting muffled by the great walls.

The monk touched Nadrovine on the shoulder. "It wants but an hour of the time, my son," he said.

Madame Nadrovine had not yet relaxed her defiant, towering pose.

As though impelled by some force within, Nadrovine turned and entered the chapel with the monk. The ponderous doors closed behind

them. And at that irrevocable sight the whole force and meaning of it all seemed to sweep over the woman like a whirlwind. Dashing herself forward, she beat the doors with her hands, bruising them on the enormous iron nails with which they were studded, weeping, crying aloud, now praying to God, now cursing His cruelty which had taken from her the one creature whom she had ever loved. She looked like a magnificent evil spirit demanding entrance to the sacred place, that she might wreak her vengeance on some hated one within. Her face, dark and swollen with rage, lost every trace of its rare beauty. She called down every ill of earth and purgatory upon those who had enticed her son from her. The savage in her seemed suddenly to have broken through every restraint of tradition and custom, and to have transformed her into a fury whose tongue uttered alternately the most withering blasphemies and cries for mercy like those of an animal which is being vivisected.

Her fury exhausted itself at last, and she sank down on the chapel steps, letting her head lean back against the lintel. Twilight was gathering. A broad, violet-colored star throbbled in the sky between tatters of wind-torn cloud. In the village, and along the quay, lights sprang out against the darkness, and on the little tugs they also twinkled gayly. The monastery was a sullen, uncompromising squareness against the pearl-colored sky. Hoarse screaming and puffings ascended from the water below, sounds of shouting, of bells, of men's and women's voices mingled in drunken laughter. That serene violet flame burned quietly over all. The woman fixed on it her hot eyes. It rested her to imagine it merely an opening in heaven's floor, rather than another world, vast, and with a misery vaster in proportion than this world upon which the wretched drama of her life was being played. The intoning of the monks within reached her in a melancholy cadence, as indistinct, as weird, as the voices of the Seven Sleepers talking in their dreams might have sounded to a listener at the mouth of their cave. She even caught a whiff of the burning incense. Her feet began to ache intolerably, with a throbbing, burning pulsation, and she held them, first one and then the other, in the palms of her hands, which she first cooled upon the stones of the damp wall.

She sat there, it seemed to her, for many hours. The heavy doors opened at last, and the warm air within rushed out, enveloping her in its steam of breath and incense, and the odor of woollen gowns, sandal-wood, leather, moth-eaten embroideries. The monks each carried a tall taper which left behind it a little stream of brown smoke, and which brought out clearly the modelling of mouths and chins. She let them pass, thirty, forty, even fifty, and then she leaped forward and threw her strong arms around the fifty-first. He staggered, swayed, his candle falling from his hand and singeing her hair as it fell. The darkness hid his face. There was confusion among the monks: they wavered and halted, not knowing what had happened.

"Vladimir! Vladimir!" groaned a woman's voice, in an ecstasy of pain,—“my great one,—my only one,—my son,—speak! Say some word to me! My son! My son!”

He struggled with her in silence. The solemn vows which he had

just taken sealed his lips. The other monks were also of a necessity silent. They jostled against each other in awed curiosity, dropping the hot wax from their tapers on their sandalled feet and blowing gowns. Many of the candles were extinguished. One of the monks took Nadrovine by the arm and tried to force him along, but the woman was stronger than he had thought; her arms held the knees of her son as in a hoop of steel:

"Speak to me! Speak to me! I command you,—I, your mother,—I who gave you birth. You are my flesh, torn from me with horrible pain. My life, my youth, everything, I have given to you. You have no right! God will curse you, and all these with you! You will die horribly! My curse will be upon you! My curse will be upon all these who have taken you from me! May God——"

Some one thrust her roughly backward, and she fell, her head striking one of the stone steps. The procession passed on. One of the monks hesitated, and half turned, but was pressed forward by those behind. They were all received into the vast hall of the monastery of Alceron, and its vine-wood doors closed behind them.

When she opened her eyes at last, that violet-hued star still pulsed quietly over Alceron, but there were multitudes to keep it company. The sky was sown with them, and they pricked the heaving water below with sharp little blades of light.

The noise of laughter and singing still rose from the quay below. On her left the black pile of the monastery wore a solemn grandeur. She lifted her arms towards it and cursed it, together with all its inmates, then, turning, groped her way with her delicate bare feet and hands towards the moss-covered stairway in the rock. That feeling of unreality which always attends one in a great crisis claimed and overpowered her. She endeavored to descend the slippery stairs, but, after falling once or twice, sat down and worked her way along by the aid of her arms and the pressure of her feet against the stone directly below her. When she finally found herself at the bottom, she did not know which way to go. Fixing her eyes on the brightest light visible, she began to walk towards it.

After perhaps half an hour, she found herself before a tavern, which was brilliantly lighted for so small a village, with several large oil lamps, but, strange to say, the crowd had collected outside of the open door instead of within.

One of the men caught sight of her as she came forward, her dark hair hanging about her face in sodden disorder, some blood from a wound which she had received in one of her falls when attempting to descend the stone stairway staining her temple and cheek, her robe of sable pulpy and forlorn like the coat of some drenched wild beast.

"You're a pretty sight!" called one of the men, roughly,—a brawny sailor with a head of matted black curls and the jaw of an Irishman. "I say," he roared to the others, "she looks like a bear that has just swallowed a woman all but her head!"

There was a chorus of appreciative laughter. The woman whom they ridiculed stared at them coldly. When the laughter had subsided, she asked, in a calm voice,—

"Why do you stay out here in the street to bellow, when you might be in that room there?"

The crowd received this remark in silence, being rather overwhelmed at her coolness.

"You are one to ask questions, *ma foi!*" exclaimed one of the women, finally, with a light impertinence. "I should wish to know where you would find yourself if we asked you all the questions that we felt disposed to ask!"

"I should remain where I now am and endeavor to answer them civilly," replied Madame Nadrovine, in the same tranquil voice. A little mumbling of applause was heard at this, and she took advantage of it to repeat her question. The people were beginning to see that she was no common character, and one of the men answered her with a certain respect,—

"It is Jean Givelot, who is ill with the fever,—at least with that and a mixture of the drink-craziness. We were all in there when he was taken. I went for the doctor. It was droll to see us when he said what it was. We all tumbled on each other in our haste to get outside, like so many sheep. *Cré!* our sweethearts had to take care of themselves, I tell you. The devil might have had the hindmost, for all we cared!" And again a shout of merriment ascended. As it died away, there could be heard the groans and entreaties of the man within:

"Do you not see them? Do you not see them? A hundred thousand great pink rats. They are clear like jelly; one can see through them. And their tails wriggle like serpents. They nibble me. Oh! oh! they are serpents! They nibble me and sting me all at once. Oh!"

"You hear," said the man, significantly. "It is this way with him once every two or three years, and it is bad enough, God knows; but now that he has the fever with it, one can't tell where it will end."

"Who is with him?" said Madame Nadrovine.

"No one. The doctor has gone to fetch some one; that is, if he can find any one just for the night. A nurse has been telegraphed for."

"Yes, I took the telegraph. The doctor promised me two sous," said a little monkey who stood by, expanding his naked brown chest.

"And there is no one with him?" said Madame Nadrovine again.

"No one! not a soul! not even a cat!" resounded from all sides.

She moved forward, pushing open the door, which swung easily at her touch.

"You are all cowards,—all human beings," she said, in her clear voice, and, before they knew it, had passed into the room beyond, through the door with its transparent glass panes which had "*Le Café Doré, Jean Givelot Propriétaire,*" in an arch of gilt letters across its clear expanse. They flattened their faces against the panes, watching her walk across the floor and disappear within a room beyond, from whence issued those dreadful cries.

When the reckless woman entered this apartment she fully expected the crazed man to fly at her and perhaps to strangle her; but he was crouching piteously in a distant corner behind a barricade of chairs and other small articles of furniture, over which his wild face peered timidly, convulsed with fear. He was a small creature, with a lean brown face,

hair of that pale hue which seems only a darker shade of flesh-color, and small black eyes under thick, reddish lids. His flaccid mouth worked from side to side over his projecting teeth.

"The rats! the rats!" he moaned. "Oh, help me to drive them away! Each has a little one with it. They are talking rats. They say, 'Jean Givelot, Satan has sent us to gnaw your heart and let out the good brandy in it!' Yes! yes! I know it. I have known it a long while. My heart is full of brandy, like one of those chocolate bon-bons which Marie sent from Paris last Easter. Oh, the little cold feet! They patter all over me! They leave blisters full of brandy. Oh! oh! I sweat it at every pore. I will melt and stream away under the door, and then those vagabonds outside will dip me up in a cup and drink me! Ah! ah! how I will burn them! I am poisonous through and through. These rats that nibble me,—see how they are dying. There are three layers on the floor. They swell like drums as soon as their teeth go in me. By and by they will be up to my knees, then to my breast. Oh! help! help! They will rise above my head and suffocate me! I shall die horribly! It is what Marie said. She would say, 'Jean Givelot, if you do not mend your ways, some day you will perish horribly.' Oh! oh! Marie! Marie! bonne maman! call away the rats! call away the rats! I will be good! I will be good!"

XXII.

Madame Nadrovine threw aside her heavy cloak, and advanced towards him. He had not noticed her when she entered the room, but now as she approached him in her long white peignoir he uttered a low wail of terror and clutched his face in both hands, flattening himself against the wall behind.

"Oh! oh! I called bonne maman! and there she is in her long white grave-clothes. Good bonne maman, dear, kind, good bonne maman, don't hurt your poor, poor little Jean, who promises to be good. I will never steal the liqueur of the brandied peaches again. I will take out the stones for you and peel them all day long. Ugh! how she smells of the grave! how she smells of the grave!" he ended, in a lower tone, as though to himself.

"Come," said Madame Nadrovine, soothingly, "I am not angry. I have come to help you to be good. See, first I will drive all the rats away." She took up a towel from one of the chairs and began whipping the air and floor with it. She walked slowly around the room, beating it about her, and then, after making the motions of driving things out of the door, she closed it and returned quietly.

"You see, they are all gone," she said, in her calm, reassuring voice, "and I have pushed the dead ones out with my foot. It is all quiet. Come and lie on the bed while I say a charm that will make the brandy in your heart evaporate and let you sleep."

He glanced timidly at her through his quivering fingers, which he parted a little.

"Then you are not angry? You will not beat me?"

"Certainly not. You see that I have driven all the rats away. Come and let me help you on the bed."

"But, *bonne maman*, you used always to beat me when I stole the liqueur; and then, too, you look so horrible in your long shroud. It makes me creep all over. I feel as though I were lined with ice."

"Silly fellow! this is not my shroud. This is the robe that I wear as an angel. If you will come and lie on the bed, I will let you hold a fold of it, and it will make you sleep and drive away all evil dreams."

She began to take away the pile of chairs and footstools one by one, talking to him in a low, even voice all the while. He would shrink nervously away as the white fingers came near him, but submitted docilely, and at last stepped forward and allowed himself to be guided to the bed. Just as he put one knee on it, however, he gave a howl of terror and caught Madame Nadrovine about the knees, plunging his head into the damp folds of her gown.

"Oh! oh!" he moaned, "there are worms in it!—black worms, with heads like little goblins,—two white dots for eyes, and a mark for the nose and mouth! they are like the figures you used to draw for me on my slate, *bonne maman*! Do not make me get in there! I shall die! I shall die of horror! They stand on their tails and wave from side to side. Oh, you will kill me if you make me get in there!"

Madame Nadrovine shook him off with a gesture of angry disgust. He fell back, supporting himself with one hand, and staring up at her.

"You know you are angry, *bonne maman*," he whimpered. "You know you mean to beat me. But why did you put the worms there, if you wanted me to get in the bed?"

Great tears began to roll down his face, and he tucked them in his mouth with his tongue as they fell, still blinking up at her. She made a strong effort and regained her patience.

"Come, stupid boy," she said. "There are no worms there now. I have turned them all into little sparrows, and they have flown away. Look, I assure you it is so."

She finally coaxed him to lie down, and after about fifteen minutes the anodyne which the doctor had given him before leaving began to work, and he fell into a heavy, stertorous sleep, with his flabby lips hanging loosely, and his eyeballs showing in glazed streaks between his fleshy lids.

Madame Nadrovine sat in a low chair opposite the bed, and took in every detail of the unconscious mass of ugliness with her clear, cold eyes,—the thin, clammy hair, streaking the bulging forehead, the puffing in and out of the swollen lips with the harsh breaths that escaped them, the revolting coarseness of throat and nostrils, and the pendulous, red ear-lobes covered with a fuzz of whitish hair.

He slept on and on, and she sat without moving, never taking her eyes from that bleared face. Her fair, naked feet, covered with dried sand, were crossed unconcernedly in front of her, and she had thrown one of her arms over the back of the chair; the other followed listlessly the curve of her thigh outlined by the damp crape. In the street outside the crowd was thinning, but some remained and whispered together with important noddings and finger-shakings. Every one was on the lookout for the doctor, being desirous to be the first to impart to him the news of the strange woman who had appeared sud-

denly out of the night, "like a great black witch," as one of the men said.

When poor Givelot's ravings finally ceased, they were more convinced than ever that she had some unholy power which she used freely to soothe him.

"I tell you she is a witch," insisted the sailor, wisely. "She has just the look in her eyes of a Breton woman I once saw, who had eaten the livers of ten black cats, raw, at midnight, lying face down on her father's grave, and after that she could drive out devils and see things that she couldn't feel. I tell you I know what I say!"

Madame Nadrovine continued her silent watch. It had lasted now for nearly two hours. As the clock over the door gave a wheezy click preparatory to striking, she rose and approached the bed. Givelot had not moved. An idea had been forming in the woman's mind for some time past. She put her hand on the pillow, and looked over her shoulder around the room. No one was there. The door was closed and latched. There was a little plaster-cast figure of the Virgin on a bracket at the foot of the bed, and she went and kneeled down before it in silence, her large eyes fastened on its sugar-like pink draperies. Then she rose and came back to the man's side.

"It will be the expiation; it will wipe out that other kiss, and my son will be restored to me."

Stooping, she pressed her fresh, cool lips to those of Jean Givelot, through which his breath, scorching with fever and liquor, escaped in gusts.

It was her desire to woo death in the most horrible way possible, to take the fever, and to be forgiven by Nadrovine on her death-bed.

Before daybreak Madame Nadrovine was herself raving in another room at the Café Doré, but not with "the fever." She was threatened with pneumonia, and the little thermometer which the doctor slipped under her arm already registered one hundred and four degrees.

Nadrovine—or Brother Félicien, as he was now called—having obtained permission from the abbé to have inquiries made in Alcegon regarding his mother, she was moved as soon as possible to a home conducted by some Sœurs Blanches about fifteen miles from the village. The journey, though attended with every possible precaution, had the effect of throwing her again into a hot fever and delirium, in which state she remained for nearly thirteen days. One would scarcely have known her. Her beautiful tresses cut close to her head disclosed its delicate symmetry, which had been somewhat concealed by the abundance of dark braids. Her fine skin had assumed the livid, damp appearance of a wax figure slightly melted by a series of long summer days. Against it her graceful sweeping brows stood out boldly, almost harshly, as though one had tied a narrow band of black velvet about her forehead. Her dark eyes, constantly rolling, could be seen in bluish, raised shadows under her lids. Her cheeks and lips had fallen, becoming drawn and yellowish, and her whole face had that withered look which one sees in a tea-rose that has been placed too near a fire.

Those calm and stately maidens with their serene faces framed in sleek, iron-glazed linen, heard strange words during that month of steady

nursing. For hours and hours the monotonous murmur would go on, almost as though she were talking in her sleep. One strange peculiarity was that she rarely unclosed her eyes, and never when delirious. They seemed to be turned inward on her own perplexed, suffering spirit. She always fancied that her son was again a baby lying in her eager arms.

"You see how strong he is," she would say. "When he stretches, his little back is like steel; and I can scarcely hold his chin when he yawns. And he pinches my breast with his little fingers when he is nursing, until it hurts; I tell you, it really hurts. There are little blue marks where he has hurt me. Oh, it is divine to feel the little mouth drawing my life into his! It seems as though I were full of the light of heaven, and that he fed upon it instead of milk. I did not wish a child, you know. Now I do not wish anything else. He lies in my breast at night until the warmth of his little body makes us both moist where our flesh comes in contact. Sometimes I love him so that I desire to hurt him. Then I have to call to Elsa to come quick! quick! I tell her, and she laughs. She tells me that I will not feel so when I have six more just like him. Just like him! The blessed Mary knew that no other could be like her first-born; and it is so that I feel. 'Out of the strong came forth sweetness.' It is like that about Ivan and his son. All the love that I ought to have given my husband I give to his child. That is not disloyal. It is part of him as well as of me. I love him in loving his son. Oh, I cannot bear to think that my baby's lips will ever be pressed to those of another woman with more love than they have felt for me! I do not wish him to marry. Perhaps he will be a great priest. Oh, I cannot let him grow out of my arms into those of another woman! Just to think that she who may steal him from me is perhaps yet unborn, that perhaps they who are to be her parents are yet unknown to each other! May they never meet! I wish that in heaven I may always rest without pain, as one after great pain, with my baby in my arms. I do not wish another. It would seem like sacrilege. Perhaps the Virgin Mother would let me whisper to her of my bliss. Perhaps she would come sometimes and talk to me while I nursed him, and kiss his beautiful brow. And I would tell her of how I feared and dreaded, and perhaps she would tell me that she had feared and dreaded too. And then we would both fall to sleep upon her breast. Oh, he is so sweet!—so sweet! Look at his little chest: Elsa says that it is very broad, the broadest she ever saw. He will be tall, and very strong. Oh, to think that the day will come when he will be stronger than I am! Ah! if we could only die together now and remain a mother and child forever in heaven!"

It was in this way that she would murmur on for days and nights at a time.

XXIII.

It was only two weeks after Nadrovine had taken his vow, and at the height of his mother's illness, that he was sent on an errand of mercy to a family of starving wretches who were also ill with the fever, and who lived in Vaudebec, a village some ten miles distant. The road lay inland for about seven miles, and then followed the coast, which was totally unlike the rocky cliffs upon which Alceron descended in a series

of terraces towards the quays. The beach was a broad, level stretch of fawn-colored sand, across which the figure of a girl rolling her wheelbarrow of sea-weed would come out into picturesque relief as she walked slowly, her sabots compressing the wet sand about them until it looked like cracking ice with each footstep. Now a woman on a donkey approached, her figure reflected, broken but life-like, in the strips of sand-divided pools in front. Children rolled laughing in the hazy sunlight, adorning themselves with shells and broad ribbons of sea-weed, and burying one another in the sand. One little imp of seven snatched away his sister's neckerchief as Nadrovine advanced, leaving her plump, reddening shoulders bare, in order to pull it over his charmingly impertinent little visage, as though it were a cowl. He held his hands folded and walked along behind Brother Félicien, imitating to the full compass of his sturdy legs the monk's slow, swinging gait. Nadrovine turned and smiled at him over his shoulder. The pranks of children never irritated him.

He reached the village at last, and was returning saddened and inexpressibly exhausted by the brutal, violent misery which he had witnessed, when a clear voice roused him,—a child's voice.

"Oh!" it rang out in a note of distress, "what *shall* I do? My poor Zi-Zi! I buried him alive just to have an effect on that hard-hearted Nicoletta, and now I can't find his grave!"

Nadrovine stopped short, not knowing which way to turn, and little Lotta Boutry flashed by him on her slender red-silk legs, her frock of white flannel blowing back in the steady wind, and her dark head uncovered. The child's skirts touched him as she flew. And then another figure advanced. It was Ilva, so slight, so pale, that she looked like a moonbeam which had assumed a woman's shape. She wore a gown of black serge, and there was a black silk handkerchief knotted about her throat. She had no hat, and carried a large raw-silk umbrella over her shoulder, turning it listlessly as she walked. One could see the violet tones of delicate health in her throat and temples at some distance.

She smiled in answer to the child's appeal, but her eyes were piteously grave in contrast. Her voice was so low that Nadrovine could not hear what she said; he only saw that they were coming towards him hand in hand. His presence of mind forsook him utterly. He had that sensation of being petrified which assails one sometimes in a dream where one finds one's self standing on a railway, facing an advancing train, and yet powerless to leap aside. They were quite close to him; the child almost touched him. A fatal weakness came over him, a deadly sensation of blackness, in which the world seemed swinging in great circles, and his very marrow dissolving in an icy nausea.

"Oh, cousin!" shrieked the child, "look at the poor monk! He is ill! He is falling!"

He felt the girl's nervous arm thrust under his, and her slight figure brace itself to support him.

"Lean on me, I beg of you," she said, anxiously. "You must be suffering very much. Are—are you hungry?" she stammered a little with a gracious embarrassment. "We have our luncheon here, which

we do not want. We were just talking of giving it to the first little child that we met. I pray you to lean on me. I am much stronger than I look." He was forced to catch at the delicate shoulder in order to stand. Her eyes fell on his bare hand. It was sufficient.

"Vladimir!" she said, in a voice which seemed to sweep away earth and sky and to leave only their two lives beating there against each other once more. It was only an instant: in another he had freed himself of her touch and stepped back, shuddering violently, and trying to conceal his face from her. She followed him; she held him again with her hands. Again all things seemed to slip from him, but the consciousness that she was there, near him, and that her voice spoke his name. He could not even say hers in return. His lips were sealed. His newly-taken vows bound him. All his blood seemed foaming upward to his heart and swelling for a vent. He tried to shake her off. She held him desperately: they half slipped, and in recovering himself his cowl was shaken back.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, in a tone of indescribable pain, "will you not even speak to me? And you have been ill. You are changed. You look older. It frightens me! You frighten me! Run, run, Lotta,—run away to your dolls. I will come presently. I have much to say to Signor Nadrovine."

The child went at once, her little, serious face pallid with the excessive greatness of the shock. She could not resist turning her head every now and then, as she walked away, to see what they were doing. They still stood where she had left them, Nadrovine with his head bent and turned away, Ilva with her whole figure yearning towards him, her hands locked together in a gesture of impassioned prayer. The child sat down in the shade of the umbrella which she rested on the sand, and tried to compose herself by talking to her dolls.

"I was going to get maman to make you a monk's gown, my dear Zi-Zi," she said, gravely; "but I don't think it will do. It seems to change people horribly. I don't think I should ever have known Monsieur Nadrovine if it hadn't been for Cousine Ilva. Perhaps when Viola gets broken—yes, perhaps then I will let you have a monk's gown." She had placed the umbrella, with her usual dainty discretion, so that it hid Nadrovine and Ilva from her sight, and she was so far away that she could hear nothing.

"I know you will speak to me, I know you will speak to me, Vladimir," the girl was saying. "What is it? Are you too ill to speak? Oh, Vladimir, tell me what to do. Think of what I have suffered. I would have died, I think, only I was so strong I could not. I used to think sometimes, 'Now it is coming. This pain is too awful to last. God would not wish one to endure such pain any longer.' But then a dulness would come for a time instead of death, and I would feel nothing for hours. I could not even believe that I had ever felt anything. It did not seem to me as though I could have suffered as I thought. And then, all at once, when I felt safe and was trying to think only of heaven and the peace of God, it would come crashing back. I used to feel as though my soul and body were being ground together in a great red-hot iron hand. Oh, Vladimir, you are

mine,—you are my very own, as I am yours! You promised—you vowed it to me. Any vows that you have taken since cannot wipe out those. Oh, Vladimir, remember! You have been ill. It was a madness. I know it so well. Many and many a time I have longed to become a nun, and then I would think, ‘No! God means us to meet again. He means us to have each other. I feel it. I must wait. I must be patient.’ Vladimir, I have been so patient,—I have waited so long—— My God! he turns from me! . . . He does not love me any more! He does not love me any more!”

A groaning cry was wrenched from Nadrovine. In a moment the girl was on her knees beside him, kissing his coarse gown, reaching upward with her little, thin hands for his, clutching his wide sleeves, sobbing, laughing, talking, all in a breath:

“Vladimir, Vladimir, you will speak to me? You do love me? You will tell me everything, my darling, my darling? Oh, was it because you thought my father’s death would stand between us? Vladimir, I prayed to our blessed Lord with fasting, to guide me, and as it was an accident, . . . as it was an accident—— Oh, Vladimir, at least we can love each other, if we cannot be married. At least you will let me love you, and know that you love me. Dear, I knew that it would come between us. I knew that you thought I would never forgive you. You did not know me. You did not know me. Ah, but the sun can be a witness to my love for you! Ah, Vladimir, Vladimir, it is such joy to see you, to be with you again, that it is almost as much a pain as sorrow. Oh, turn your face to me! let me see your eyes,—let me see you, Vladimir! Give me your hands and lift me up.”

She kneeled, straining her slight body upward, yet without touching him, her pure face as pathetic in contrast with her slender black-gowned figure as a flower left blooming on a charred stem.

He dared not look at her. He tried not to hear her,—not to think.

She waited for him a long while. At last she said, in a voice exquisitely gentle in its faltering grief,—

“Then you do not love me?”

Again she waited. At last she rose from her knees, the damp sand clinging in patches to her black skirt.

“I will go. . . . It must be very painful. If you will pray for me sometimes, . . . I will always . . . I will always . . .” She stopped, struggling to control herself, and putting her hand to her throat, which ached sharply. “I will . . . yes, always . . . it is for always with me . . . I have taken no new vows . . . It cannot be a sin for me . . . But sometimes, . . . if you will, . . . just a word when you pray for—those who are not happy. . . . Since you will not speak to me, if you will only lift your hand . . . I will understand, . . . and . . . and go.”

There was another silence, and then she turned to go, very slowly, dragging each slender foot as though in bodily pain. All at once he turned, straightening his whole figure. He held out his arms to her, his face blanched with an unutterable struggle. His voice rang out calling her name:

“Ilva! . . . Do not go. . . . I am a coward. . . . But I love

you." As she rushed towards him, lightly, swiftly, her arms extended almost like a thing flying, his hands dropped at his sides.

"Do not touch me," he said. "I am a coward, . . . and perjured. Do not let me break more than one vow. . . . I will speak,—yes; but I must not touch you. . . . Help me. . . . You see how weak I am. Do not tempt me!"

"Oh, my dear one," she answered, "indeed, indeed I will not. I will even go at once, if you wish it. It is enough to have heard you say that you love me. Tell me, what is it that you wish of me? Why, I could take your hand and walk calmly out into the sea there and be drowned with you if it was needful. Or I could go by myself, if it would help you. Just to have seen you and heard you speak, saying you loved me,—and then my name once more,—ah! that was sweet!" She stood gazing at him, great tears brimming in her eyes, and her hands clasped together against her breast.

"Tell me; and whatever you say, I will do it," she repeated.

"Forgive, . . . forgive!" stammered the man, completely overmastered. "It is terrible to suffer so. . . . Perhaps for me . . . but what have you done, . . . my star, . . . my lily?" He muttered to himself, "My God, my God! Thou wast crucified. . . . Have mercy."

"Oh, Vladimir," said the girl, "do not think that I will give you more to bear! I will try to help you in every way. I am here as long as you need me. And when you bid me to go,—ah, you shall see how obedient I will be."

"It is not as you think," he said. "*That* came between us. Yes; . . . but I did not mean it. There was more. I can never explain; but you will trust me. There was more,—more,—which made it impossible. . . . It was for that I became a monk. But you will believe that I would have been true to you in love and in purity with nothing but your memory to bind me until I died." These last sentences rang out passionately, unbroken, triumphant.

"Oh, with all my soul! with all my soul!" she cried, her face radiant. "I trust you, believe you, love you! It will be forever!"

"Yes, forever," he said, making the sign of the cross between them. They stood gazing at each other in a heart-broken silence.

"And you must go away from me?" she said at last, wistfully. "I must leave you? . . . Tell me," timidly, "would it be a sin for me just to kiss your hand?"

He could not answer her, and, taking his silence for consent, she approached him; but he folded his hands in his sleeves, making a faint gesture of negation with his head.

"I must not?" she said, her sweet face falling. "Well, then, since you wish it. . . . You shall see how brave I am. . . . Must it be without anything, . . . without even so much as touching your hair? . . . Well, then, I will,—I will. . . . I ask the dear Christ to be with you. . . . Perhaps if I am patient . . . And there is all eternity. It will be a sweet pain . . . to wait for you. . . . And I am not very strong."

Nadrovine buried his face in his hands, trembling in every limb. The tide was going out. The shallow pools glowed like vast opals in

the level light of the sun. The west was brilliant with crimson clouds in the shape of a great flamingo flying southward. Lotta, tired of her one-sided conversation with her wax and china family under the umbrella, had taken off her shoes and stockings and was wading about among the pools. She was quite far out,—a tiny splash of indigo among the soft and vivid hues of heaven and water.

"Ah, don't! don't!" pleaded Ilva. "You break my heart. . . . And, after all, . . . is it not a sweet thought? . . . We shall have each other there. . . . I will be so patient, so brave. . . . Ah, Vladimir, . . . I have such a beautiful thought, . . . oh, a thought so divine that my flesh seems to melt away and leave me just my soul to remember it! It is this: I will live so pure, so true, so good a life on earth, that when I come to you in heaven I will take you by the hand, and you shall hear with me the words that our dear Lord will say to tell me of the joy that I have given Him and the love that He has always poured upon me!"

Nadrovine remained gazing at her in unspeakable awe and adoration. The whole light of the gorgeous sky was upon them. Her pale hair was like still flame about her face,—like a halo. He felt that he must kneel to her as in worship. And there was a beautiful, happy smile on her face.

All at once a shrill cry rang out, bringing them back to earth:

"Cousine! . . . cousine! I am sinking! I am sinking in a great hole!"

They flew together. The child was already up to her knees in the quicksand. Wrapping his arms around her, Nadrovine drew her out by a supreme effort, and threw her from him as far as he could.

"Run! run!" he called to her. "Ilva, run, my darling! I do not know how far this slough reaches. It has me,—I feel it. Run for help!"

She turned from Lotta, whom she had hastened to soothe, and saw that his heavy weight had caused him to sink nearly to his waist in this short time. She knew that help was impossible. Her mind was made up in an instant.

"Run! run, Lotta!" she said, echoing his words. "Run for help, and do not look back, or you will lose time."

The child started off like a hare. With a swift movement Ilva sprang into the quicksand at Nadrovine's side. She put her arms about his neck, her lips to his. Far along the broad brown sands the light figure of the child scudded with the speed of desperation. The distant tide made a soft moaning. A flock of sails leaning to westward passed into a shaft of rose-colored light. The clouds floated on serenely,—of gauze,—of soft wool,—of banners of crape across the heavens. At last the sky was a placid dome of topaz above the quiet sea. Over shore and inland a beautiful peace brooded, broken only by the calm wings of a nestward dove, the one living thing visible.

The Sun had been a Witness.

THE END.

CASTLE HILL, VIRGINIA, 11th of January, 1889.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE method which I have thus far employed in these biographical studies of American authors, and which consists in depending upon my present recollections rather than upon anything that I may have printed concerning them or may have in my possession in the shape of manuscript documents, is the one which I shall employ in writing this study of Bayard Taylor. There is, or ought to be, a charm in retrospective writing when the vision is clear and the judgment mature which is seldom found in personal reminiscences that are dictated when the feelings are impassioned and the pen may be said to be dipped in heart's blood. Taylor and I were comrades for thirty years, and, though there may have been differences between us during that period, we remained good friends to the day of his death. We were of the same age, or nearly so, were animated by the same love of letters and the same love of distinction. I have forgotten where I first saw his name, but it was probably in the *Home Journal* and attached to an early poem of his which will be found in his first volume of verse,—"Ximena." It was addressed, as he told me afterwards, to his first love, Mary Agnew. I made his acquaintance through the pages of the *Union Magazine*, a new periodical which was edited by Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, who spoke of him in glowing terms, and who, on her departure for Europe a few months later, left the magazine under his editorial management. "Call upon him," she said, "after I am gone, and introduce yourself to him. You will like him."

I hesitated about doing this; but, as certain manuscripts of mine had been handed over to him after her departure, and as I was anxious to learn their fate, I plucked up courage, and paid my first visit to him. It was, I think, in the summer of 1848. I found him in the editorial room of the New York *Tribune*, of which he was one of the three or four minor editors. This room was in striking contrast to the editorial rooms of the great metropolitan journals of to-day. One was not carried up to it by an elevator, nor on reaching its entrance debarred until he should write his name and state his business on the slip of paper which is now insolently furnished him for that purpose. On the contrary, he groped his way as well as he could up several flights of dirty, rickety stairs until he reached the composing-room, where the editors of this powerful sheet were penned together like cattle. I found Taylor in one of these little pens, stated who I was, and listened to what he had to say to me. I see him now, as I saw him then, tall, lithe, muscular, with a handsome face, an aquiline nose, kind, affectionate eyes, and a head that I envied on account of its dark ringlets. We became friends at once. I was invited to call upon him whenever I was down town, and was pressed to spend the coming Saturday evening with him at his lodgings in Murray Street. It was a queer place in which to find a poet. Seated at a small desk opposite to him was the gentleman who was by courtesy called the marine editor, and who generally

proved his fitness for the post he occupied by being half-seas-over. Beside this bibulous chronicler of aquatic happenings sat another choice spirit, who had recently added a new feature to the *Tribune* by creating a City department, which was a credit to his intelligence and a source of prosperity to the paper. A good creature withal, he had but two failings: he wrote verse, and was not averse from his cups. What Taylor's duties were, I never precisely understood, nor do I think he quite understood them himself. He wrote short book-notices and long editorials, mostly, I imagine, on European politics, with which he must have become familiar in the story of his wanderings which had lately made his "Views Afoot" the most popular book of the time. He was required, no doubt, to act as dramatic and musical critic on an emergency; to pass judgment upon the Annual Exhibitions of paintings at the National Academy; to supervise the necrology of the year, with other delightful labors on cognate journalistic themes.

The corner-stone of his reputation at this time was his "Views Afoot," which passed through several editions, and introduced his name into circles which would not otherwise have heard of him. It was a favorite one in rustic neighborhoods, the younger members of which were affected with an ambition for travel, which was discountenanced by their elders unless it could be accomplished by the minimum disbursement of moneys. He was held up as an example of enterprise and prudence,—a sort of second Franklin, in short. The success of his book was undoubted, and was merited at the time, though it would attract but little attention now. If he had known more than he did, it would have been less interesting: he was lucky in not being too far ahead of his readers. He told them in a pleasant way of common things which were novelties to them. He was not accepted as a traveller among those who had travelled themselves, and whose aims had been other and higher than his own; he overlooked much that was important, and beheld too much that was merely trivial. One thing, however, was certain, and that was, that if not a traveller in a large sense, he was assuredly a poet. This fact was admitted after the publication of his second volume, "Rhymes of Travel," which contained many charming descriptions of places visited by him, and of the emotions which they awakened. I remember some agreeable lines addressed to a Bavarian girl, a short but spirited ballad on Steyermark, and some stanzas addressed to Mary Agnew, whom he had poetized into Lilian. His poetical claims were not readily allowed by his poetical contemporaries in New York, one of whom was the editor of an elder, a cheaper and less influential paper than the *Tribune*, and who was a poet himself in a certain didactic way. Whether Taylor himself was aware of the disesteem by this gentleman is doubtful. It was frequently made known to me, however, and I battled stoutly for him and the general excellence of his verse. Rejected by amateurs, who are generous only to themselves, he was accepted at his full value among authors of repute, men like N. P. Willis, who was always sounding his praises, and Poe, who pointed out the finer qualities of his poetry in his "Literati," and ladies like Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Osgood, and others of the singing sisterhood. Mrs. Kirkland, as I have observed, placed her

magazine in his hands when she went to Europe, and his name figured on the cover of *Graham's Magazine* as one of its editors. But I am forgetting my Saturday nights with Taylor. He had two rooms in an upper story of a boarding-house in Murray Street, to which I used to repair early in the evenings of Saturday. The first of these rooms, which he called his study, contained a small table upon which he wrote, three or four chairs, a few favorite books, and an engraving or two on the walls. Books in the large sense he never possessed. Of course he had some volumes of travel, and several of the recent or living American and English poets. He had read Mrs. Hemans, as "Ximena" testified, Scott, something of Byron, but more of Shelley and Wordsworth. His admiration for Shelley, for whose genius he had a profound sympathy, was mostly confined to his lyrics, which he knew by heart. He also admired some of the minor pieces of Wordsworth, particularly the lyric,—

O nightingale, thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart;
Those notes of thine, they pierce and pierce
Tumultuous harmony and fierce;
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine!

The friendship between Taylor and myself at this time reminded me of the companionship of Hunt and Shelley, of that of Keats, John Hamilton Reynolds, and Charles Cowden Clarke, and reminded him of the friendly rivalry between Goethe and Schiller. He regarded Shelley as his poetical father, while I was proud of my supposed relationship to Keats. If a third person had been present at these weekly meetings of ours, he would probably have set us down as a precious pair of fools, we were so dreadfully in earnest. Like all young poets, we took ourselves seriously; and it is well that we did so, since it supported us in the uncongenial lines which fell to our lot, and enriched our minds with other aspirations than were common to the money-getters about us. I never saw a man who respected the art of poetry as Taylor did, and who was so determined to excel therein. Productive always, he was prolific at this time, and whenever we met he had two or three new poems to read. He read with an enthusiasm that was contagious, and sometimes misleading. I never look over his early poetry without recalling the time and place where I first heard it. He shared in my admiration for Keats, and once or twice followed me into the domain of Greek legend and mythology, as in "Hylas." But he was not a Greek. Of the earth, earthy, his nature was physical rather than sensuous. His success in the path of Shakespearian verse drew me after him. So when we were fresh from reading "The Tempest," and he celebrated the imprisonment of "Ariel in the cloven pine," I must needs try my hand in delineating the barbaric freedom of Caliban. I was inspired by my admiration for Taylor, which impelled me to write what I conceived to be an Arcadian idyl, in which we both figured, but of which he was the hero.

A short passage from this immature production, in which I contrasted my talent with his genius, will indicate my feeling:

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His songs are full of nobleness and power,
 Magnificent as when the Ocean chants
 White-haired in echoing caverns; mine are low
 As spring's first airs, and delicate as buds.
 He loves the rugged mountains, stern and wild,
 Lifting their summits in the blank of dawn
 Crested with surging pines, the wild, waste seas
 That urge their heavy waves on rocky crags,
 And the unmeasured vastness of the sky,
 With all its stars, intense, and white, and cold.
 But I am soft and gentle as a fawn
 That licks the hand that feeds it; or the dove
 That nestles in the breast of Cytherea.
 My heart is full of sweetness like a rose,
 And delicate melodies like vernal bees
 Hum to themselves within its folded leaves.
 I would be Pleasure's poet till I died,
 And die at last upon her burning heart.
 But he, selected for his majesty,
 To Wisdom turns, and worships her afar,
 Awed by her calm, large eyes, and spacious brow.
 And yet, in sooth, his heart is soft enough
 With all its strength, enthroned in loveliness
 Like Etna looming from its base of flowers,
 And he will wed his love ere Summer dies,
 While I must live a pensive bachelor,
 A state I am not fond of,—no, by Jove.
 But never mind it, I will still sing on
 And be the ablest nightingale I can,
 And he may be the eagle if he will.
 I cannot follow him, I know right well,
 None half so well; but I will watch his flight,
 And love him though he leave me for the stars.

The predominant trait of Taylor's mind was a certain love of Nature in her larger forms: it was not so much the love of a naturalist as the love of the painter; his poetry was always picturesque. This quality, which is felt, rather than perceived, is conspicuous in the "Metempsychosis of the Pine,"—which he never surpassed.

It is related of a famous writer of stories who once upon a time visited a more famous philosopher, that after a sparing New England supper he was invited by his host to his study. "Now, my boy," said the sage, gravely, "we will have a symposium." And, proceeding to his cupboard, he brought out the remains of a bottle of cooking-sherry, which contained about two small glasses of discolored fluid. These they sipped together, as the hours went by. The symposia which Taylor and I shared together were more abstemious than the celebrated one to which I have just referred. Our only stimulants were cigars, which Taylor taught me how to smoke, and once in a long while an innocent supper of oysters. We smoked and smoked, and talked and talked, and dreamed of what we would do when we were older and richer,—and, we might have added, wiser; though I cannot remember that we ever did so. My intimacy with Taylor brought me in contact with other authors, poets, dramatists, and novelists, and was a passport into literary households. It was in his rooms that I first met Buchanan Read, George Boker, Richard Kimball, and Dr. Griswold, who enjoyed

a doubtful distinction as the chief herdsman of our Parnassian fold. It was the fashion to abuse Griswold while he was living,—a fashion set by would-be poets whom he omitted from his anthologies, and still preserved by their descendants. I knew him as well as a younger man could know his elder or a poet his critic, and always found him kindly, courteous, and generous. His critical sins were not those of omission, but commission: he was too lenient. He had chambers somewhere in Broadway, where Taylor and I used to meet him on winter evenings, and where we smoked while he brewed a punch, one of the ingredients of which was arrack, of which we partook sparingly. It reminded him, he said, of a similar beverage to which the chaplain in "Jonathan Wild" was addicted, because it was nowhere forbidden in the Scriptures. The good doctor was a rigid Calvinist and a great admirer of the writings of Jonathan Edwards; but theology and criticism and poetry were soon banished for travel, for about this time the wave of emigration swept westward to California, where gold had lately been discovered, to the great delight of the impecunious. Taylor was despatched thither by the *Tribune* in order that its readers might receive authentic information respecting its auriferous deposits, the best means of obtaining them, and other adventurous incidents from his practised pen. The result of this second journey of his was a series of lively letters which appeared in its columns and was soon afterwards collected in a couple of volumes entitled "El Dorado." A richer result, however, was found in the poems which it inspired, and of which the best were cast in the form of ballads. A reader of Whittier from boyhood, he reflected the spirited manner of this manly writer in this new poetic departure of his, to which he added his vivid recollections of the Spanish ballads of Lockhart. I forget where his California ballads appeared, but I have a sort of dim idea that they first saw the light in the pages of the *Literary World*, where they were alleged to be translations from modern Spanish originals. They were eagerly read and greatly admired, as they deserved to be, for they were full of force and fire and were characterized by rapidity of movement. Phoebe Cary, I remember, parodied one of their number, "Manuela," in her "Martha Hopkins," greatly to the delight of Taylor, who enjoyed a joke at his own expense.

Like Bayard, Miss Phoebe, with her sister Alice, was impressed by Whittier, the fiery character of whose verse is in striking contrast to the peaceful tenets of his belief. The greatest poet that the Friends have yet produced, he wrote from the fulness of his feelings, and was more useful in inspiring than in directing his followers; in other words, he is more distinguished for nature than for art. If he had possessed a surer sense of form, and the determination to write compactly, he might have walked abreast with our master-poet Bryant. The best of his early productions were cast in the form of ballads, a poetic mode of expression which is practically extinct, though it manages to survive in modern verse by virtue of its literary qualities. We have the balladist Whittier at his strongest in "Cassandra Southwick," "The New Wife and the Old," and, years later, in "Songs of Labor," which are still unsurpassed in our letters. Beside these I should place, among Taylor's California ballads, "The Fight of Paso del Mar," "El Canelo," and

"The Bison-Track," of which the movement is as spirited as the surroundings are picturesque. Here I am reminded that I have said nothing, thus far, concerning the personal life of Taylor. I have avoided doing this, partly because I knew but little about it at this time, and partly because it is described at considerable length in the "Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor,"—a labor of love, which was undertaken after his death by Mr. Horace E. Soudder and Mrs. Marie Taylor, his widow.

I knew, of course, the story of his early love, his engagement, his marriage, and the death of his young wife. Several letters passed between us during her illness, and very mournful reading they are to-day. The shadow of her death fell darkly upon him, and in his first wild burst of grief the windows of heaven were opened. As it is not so well known as it should be, the opening stanza may possibly recall it to the memory of his readers:

Moan, ye wild winds, around the pane,
And fall, thou drear December rain,
Fill with your gusts the sullen day,
Tear the last clinging leaves away!
Reckless as yonder naked tree,
No blast of yours can trouble me.

But we cannot always be sorrowful, even over our dead: the burden of life remains with us, and we must take it up again, and go on to the end. The memory of this young woman cast its shadow over his poetry, but as time went on the shadow lightened, and rested like a pensive gloom in such poems as "The Phantom" ("Again I sit within the mansion") and "The Mystery," which contains the most pathetic lines that he ever wrote:

I keep for thee the living love of old,
And seek thy place in Nature, as a child
Whose hand is parted from his playmate's hold
Wanders and cries along a lonesome wild.

It is not easy for me to retrace the interlacing paths of my recollections of Taylor in chronological sequence, nor is it necessary that I should do so, since I am not writing his biography. His reputation steadily increased, and with it the disesteem in which he was held by some of his journalistic contemporaries, who were envious of his popularity. This fact was made evident in the summer of 1850, when he was unfortunate enough to win a prize which Barnum had offered on the occasion of Jenny Lind's visit to the United States. It was thought desirable by the lady, or her manager, that she should greet the great country to which she had come with an original song. A prize of two hundred dollars was offered for this undesirable production, and our poets—"Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all"—struggled to obtain it. Like the crowd of rhymesters who in the days of Queen Anne were so distasteful to Pope, they raved, recited, and maddened round the land. Among the competitors were Taylor and myself, not that we cared for the doubtful honor which the production of a success-

ful song for Jenny Lind would confer upon us, but that we were willing to add to our finances, which were not flourishing. It is true that Taylor was in the receipt of a weekly salary for his multifarious labors on the *Tribune*, but it was a small one, partly for the reason that journalism was ill paid for at the time, but more because the great Mr. Greeley believed in paying as little as possible. It is true that he himself was contented with a pittance, which was well enough as far as he was concerned, but hard upon his associates, whose necessities were more excessive than his own. They were not fond of his Graham diet, and one or two of them were not averse from the use of cigars and an occasional glass of wine. Among the necessities of Taylor at this period was a sense of the obligation which he had incurred by the failure of a country newspaper in Pennsylvania, and which weighed upon his sensitive spirit. It is true that he must have been paid something for the use of his name as one of the editors of *Graham's Magazine*, and that his poems had a marketable value. What this value was, I remember only too well, for it was minimum, as compared with the prices of to-day, was not paid upon the acceptance of the poem, was delayed as long as possible after its appearance in print, and was altogether dubious until it came to hand. My gains, which were infrequent, must have been considerably less than Taylor's, who was much better known than I,—and, I hope, more prudent. It lived among his recollections that I once presented myself to his astonished gaze in his little study and surprised him with the startling intelligence that I had a shekel, and that we would straightway proceed to an oyster-house and have a symposium. The anecdote was mythical, but it amused Taylor in after-life, and passed current between us without protest from myself. Well, as I began to say, all our bards and bardlings were at work on the Swedish Nightingale's "Greeting to America." The day when the decision was to be rendered drew near, and they were in a fever of expectation. I felt none, for I knew that my verses would not be acceptable. Nor were they. I was sitting in my room one summer afternoon, when Taylor came up-town to visit me, and told me that the prize he believed was to be assigned to him. He was glad and sorry,—glad because he needed the money, but sorry because he foresaw the obloquy which would be showered upon him. "It will be declared a piece of favoritism," he said, "for Putnam, my publisher, is one of the committee, and Ripley, our book-critic, another. I shall be abused by everybody." "If you think so, Bayard," I remarked, "withdraw your name from the song, and put mine to it, and you will have the money, and I will have the abuse, which will amuse both of us." He smiled in his cheery way, and left me, but he did not take my counsel, for the next day he was announced as the winner of the prize, and the tempest in the teapot began. Every man, woman, and child whom Barnum had allured into poetry with his glittering offer was sure that his, hers, and its glorious lines were superior to Taylor's turgid stuff! They rushed into the editorial rooms of city and country newspapers, and made their complaints in print, also printing their effusions. It was fun to the editors, and funny, until it became tiresome, to their readers. If my memory is not at fault, some clever bookseller collected these

rejected addresses, which amounted to hundreds, and no doubt found purchasers of his volume among the disappointed poets and their sympathizers. Taylor told me afterwards that the choice rested between him and Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, and that the committee, not being able to decide between the two poets, left the choice to Miss Lind, who selected Taylor's song, as the shorter of the two, and as embodying her feeling. The storm finally subsided, its retreating waves carrying Taylor's verses and mine to the Western newspapers, in which they came to an untimely end. He did not care to preserve his, and I have forgotten mine.

His popularity as a traveller was greater than his popularity as a poet,—a circumstance which disappointed him and stimulated him into writing more poetry. Of the value of his contributions to the literature of travel, I am no judge. I read his books as they appeared, and was interested in them on his account, but they have left no definite impression on my mind. It was as a poet I most admired him, and it is as a poet, I think, that he will be chiefly remembered. The first of the series of journeys upon which he entered, shortly after the time of which I have spoken, took shape in a volume in which he commemorated some of the places which he touched, the people whom he encountered in his wanderings, and his poetic picturesque impressions of both. I refer, of course, to his poems of "The Orient," which were superior to all he had before written,—more mature in thought, and nobler in diction. I shall never forget the day when he came to me on his return from his two or three years' wanderings and showed me the blank-book in which he had copied his late rhymes of travel. It was a revelation to me, and, if it could have been produced at a more opportune time, it ought to have been as great a revelation to the lovers of poetry as the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold." It was steeped in the light and color of the East, was redolent of its odors, and to me was a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigned. It was what "Lalla Rookh" was not,—true to the Orient which it depicted. It was not drawn from books, but from what he saw and felt, and if he had before considered himself a child of Shelley he might now consider himself a follower of the Prophet. These Eastern poems of his gave me more pleasure than any of his later work, they are so vivid in conception, so musical in movement, and, with one or two exceptions, so magnificent. I especially remember the "Bedouin Song," which is worthy of a place beside Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air," which it somewhat recalls, "Amran's Wooing," "The Birth of the Prophet," "Hassan to his Mare," and "Tyre," which refuses to be forgotten :

The wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of Tyre,—
Beats on the fallen columns, and round the headland roars,
And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,
And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long desire,
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

One charm which this volume possessed, and which is not common in modern collections of verse, was the "Epistle from Mount Tmolus"

with which it opened, and which was addressed to myself. It was a beautiful compliment, of which any one might have been proud.

"Such were the notes our once loved poet sung." But during this period, and while these glorious lyrics were shaping themselves in the creative imagination of Taylor, the present scribe had persuaded the young gentlewoman to share, and possibly add to, his misfortunes, and she, after a little reflection, had concluded to do so. It was to Benedict and his Beatrice that Taylor made his first visit with the manuscript volume of his poems of the Orient. He had changed his lodgings to what is now West Washington Square, and the young couple had moved up-town and were within an easy walking-distance from him. He was a frequent visitor to their rooms, as they were to his. Since his departure for Europe and return to America they had made the acquaintance of a young Irish person named Fitz-James O'Brien, whom they greatly liked, and who professed to like them in return. Taylor was taken with O'Brien, who was companionable, literary, a lover and writer of verse. The poet-traveller met O'Brien at the house of Benedict and Beatrice, and the quartette, taking life less seriously than perhaps was less common than now, engaged in a personal contest of their respective wits. Two of the number were clever, O'Brien perhaps the most so, who, in the triangular or quadrangular duel which usually occurred whenever they met, contrived to come off victor. The object of this duel was to test the ability of the different marksmen to hit the target in the shortest possible time. Each wrote on a slip of paper the title of a possible poem, and those titles were placed together in a receptacle on the table, and one was drawn forth at random. When it was read, it was at once seized upon and turned into verse, which was serious or comic, according to its suggestion or the whim of the moment. O'Brien generally finished the task first, and very clever and dramatic were his sudden renderings of the same. Taylor, who was nearly as speedy, came next, and often with a delightful lyric. I find several trifles of his among his writings: one is "A Fantasy" ("O Maiden of the Forest"), and another which I do not find therein, though I possess a manuscript copy somewhere, was upon a Helmet,—which the three of us placed upon our brows during that hilarious night. Hilarious, yes: we were young, we were happy, and we worshipped Poetry. I never think of those glorious days and nights without recalling to mind Cowley's incomparable poem "On the Death of Mr. William Harvey:—"

Ye Fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, say,
Have ye not seen us walking ev'ry Day?
Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
The Love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*, forever fade;
Or your sad Branches thicker join,
And into darksome Shades combine,
Dark as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid.

To him my *Muse* made haste with ev'ry strain
Whilst it was new, and *Warm* yet from the *Brain*.
He loved my worthless *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*
Would find out something to commend.

Hence now, my *Muse*; thou canst not me delight;
Be this my latest verse
With which I now adorn his hearse,
And this my *Grief* without thy *Help* shall write.

In reading personal papers like this, I am often surprised at a want of judgment on the part of their writers, who seem to have inherited the deficiency of the needy knife-grinder, in that they have no story to tell. Abounding with recollections, they seldom recall what we most wish to know; they disappoint us with the poverty of their memory, which chiefly runs to unimportant details. We have produced biographers by the thousand, but only one Boswell. The story of my life with Taylor is very interesting to me, and might be made so to my readers, if I could only divine what passages thereof they would wish me to recall. That we were friends I have shown, as well as the influence which he exerted over my poetic studies: it was through him that I met Washington Irving and Thackeray, and might have met other eminent authors, but for a certain wayward indifference which was native to me, and which I have never ceased to lament. It was about this time, or later perhaps, that Taylor went abroad again, and we were parted for two or three years. When he returned, it was with a German wife and a German-American daughter clothed after the manner of babies in the Fatherland. Beatrice and Benedict were glad to have their old friend back, and in the same house, even with his and their *impedimenta*. It was early in the winter, not far from Christmas, which we celebrated together, and our children saw their first Christmas-tree, with its glittering candles; there were bon-bons for the young folk, and for the elders a bowl of seductive beverage the recipe of which Taylor had procured abroad, and which, from the claret it contained, was christened "cardinal punch." It cheered but did not inebriate, and if we giggled and made giggle, as the hours wore on, it was because we were still young and had earned the right to be happy. In the following spring the Taylors and we set up our household gods in New York. He was then at the height of his popularity as a lecturer, a field of labor which was always distasteful to him, though it abounded with curious incidents and was productive of much money. Our circle of acquaintance was greatly enlarged, and our rooms were often crowded at night with major and minor celebrities,—young poets and older painters, philosophers who were too immature to be considered either young or old, editors and journalists, and other pilgrims to what Taylor facetiously called the "Shrine of Genius." Here I was temerarious enough to undertake a popular life of his friend Humboldt. I succeeded after a fashion, and, helped by an introduction which he contributed, the venture was successful. Here also, but a year later, I made a collection of amatory verse from the best English and American poets, and by dint of its illustrations this too was successful, or would have been, but for the impending shadow of our great Civil War, which was mustering its forces in every direction. Republican to his heart's core, Bayard could not understand how and why I happened to be a Democrat. That I was honest, and not captious, in my political opinions, he probably believed, and, as I never allow myself to dispute

about such trifles as popular leaders and unpopular generals, we got on very well together. We wrote war-poems, which were sufficiently vehement, and which I do not care to remember now: they are best forgotten. The evil days through which we passed cost me some bitter words, and cost Taylor the loss of his youngest brother, who fell at the head of his regiment at Gettysburg.

The discursive manner of a paper like this possesses an advantage which does not inhere in the course of regular narration, since it enables one to retrace his steps at will. I avail myself of this advantage now, since it opens to me a way of escape from all the painful memories of the war. During his last visit abroad Taylor determined to build for himself and his friends a country-seat in his native place. His mother purchased for him during his absence a number of goodly acres adjoining the old homestead. Once a valuable farm, it had fallen, through neglect, into ruin, and, except for its noble trees and a beautiful hedge-row, was a wilderness. Here, above a natural lawn thickly dotted with cedars, he laid the foundations of his house, which when finished he called Cedarcroft. He was, I think, his own architect. I judge so from the fact that everything that a good housewife would have desired, in the shape of closets and all feminine conveniences, was sacrificed to his library and his great windows. The shell of this mansion, which was constructed by rustic masons and carpenters, was lined inside with native woods, which, not being properly seasoned, very naturally contracted and needed constant repair.

When this Abbotsford was finished, in the summer of 1860, he gave a house-warming to his relatives, friends, and the neighborhood. A few days before it occurred, Taylor and I resolved to write a play together. Concealing our intention from those about us, we secreted ourselves in an out-of-the-way room and enacted the parts of Beaumont and Fletcher, he writing one speech in our projected play, and I another, and each occasionally a single scene by himself. In planning this hasty *jeu-d'esprit*, we had to consider the theatrical capacity of the room in which it was to be given, and the talents of such of the guests as were to perform in it. As scenery was not practicable, the action had to take place in the parlor of a country tavern. "Love in a Hotel" resembled a kind of dramatic entertainment which was in vogue in our minor theatres sixty or seventy years ago. It had its landlord, who was fussy and pompous; it had its free-and-easy lodger with no visible means of support; it had its young military officer, its elderly old maid with a youngish niece, its small chambermaid, and its Boots, who was of Irish extraction. The evening of the production came, and the house was crowded. I think I may say that we amused most of our audience, many of whom must have been ignorant even of amateur acting, and we certainly amused ourselves. The peculiarity of this play was the entire absence of originality. There was not a word in it, nor a situation, that was not as old as the hills. And therein consisted the joke of this antique chestnut.

I have the remains of it somewhere still, and a copy of the play-bill, which Taylor had set up at a disused printing-office in the village.

Eight years later Taylor gave another and better entertainment at

Cedarcroft, in the shape of a masque which was written to commemorate the golden wedding of his parents. It was cast in verse, was fairly represented by his family and friends, and was followed by the recitation of a poem by Mr. Boker and of a copy of verses by myself. I have a lively remembrance of the summer days and nights which were spent by me and mine at Cedarcroft. Taylor and I wrote together as in the old days at New York, and when the pressing demands for copy were supplied, we strolled under the shadows of the cedars on his lawn. I have visions of his guests at this time, but whether we really saw them, or heard of their being present, I am not sure, for among them there is the shape, or shadow, of my first boy, who was now on the threshold of the other world, and whose joyous life and early death are celebrated by Taylor in his touching poem of Euphorion.

When I last saw Taylor after these long years of friendship, it was in my own house. He had just been confirmed as our minister to Berlin, and his admirers were intent on giving him a hearty send-off. They breakfasted him, dined him, supped him. He was not looking as well as before his confirmation, for his labors on the *Tribune*, to which he had returned, told upon him. Of those who were present at the reception which I gave our new minister on the eve of his departure for Germany, and which was not a merry one, I remember only Bryant and Taylor. I saw Bryant but once more, and Taylor never again. For before the year was over, the two poets had passed away.

R. H. Stoddard.

HER LIKENESS.

HER eyes are bright as bright can be,
Like sun-rays on a summer sea !

Her hair is like a sunset crown
O'er fields of wheat just turning brown,

And in her lips the mantling blood
Is like a ripe pomegranate bud.

Her heart is true as true can be,
Like some stanch oak beside the sea,

And her small hands are pearl and pink,
Like peach-blooms by a river's brink !

Her voice is like a gentle breeze
Borne through the languid laurel-trees.

But, ah ! her soul, that few may know,
Is strong as fire and pure as snow !

William H. Hayne.

IF HE HAD KNOWN.

HE would never have married her. That is easily granted. No man in his senses, if he actually knew that the woman charming him at the moment would be in five years a constant burden of weariness to him, would marry her. It is easy to acknowledge what he would not have done "if he had known;" but did it ever occur to you to speculate as to what he would have done? It is barely possible that, "knowing" it would never do to yield to temptation and marry "her," he would have gone and married Amanda Bliss, who in five years would have made his life a horror instead of a mere weariness. Somehow we always take it for granted that "if he had known" the serious consequences of one set of actions, he would have chosen to do something else superlatively wise; which would be all very well if there were but two alternatives. Unfortunately, however, there is not one set leading to all that is bad and another set conducive to all that is heavenly and desirable. Where so many courses of action are open to us, it is the simplest philosophy in the world to reflect, when what we have done has proved amiss, that perhaps, "if we had only known," we might, in the very eagerness of effort to avoid this particular Scylla, have slipped into a much more terrible Charybdis. Even granting that the popular phrase "if he had known" implies that he would have known what was wise as well as what was foolish,—which it does not by any means imply as we commonly use it,—even then I cannot see but what life would still be "all a muddle." For "if he had known" not only that to marry "her" would be a weariness and to marry Amanda Bliss would be a horror, but that to marry Margaret Lewis would be the entirely correct thing, you see his knowing so much would of course imply that in such a scheme of creation the rest of us would also know a thing or two. "If he had known" that Margaret Lewis would make him always and entirely happy, she might also have "known" that he was to prove a spendthrift or a brute. His knowing that she was perfectly admirable would not avail him, because from her knowing that he was not, she would never have had him. No; I cannot see that even omniscience would be any better adapted to the needs of human nature than our present partial ignorance.

For instance, "if he had known" that that long walk in the rain without any umbrella would have brought on the terrible rheumatic fever which laid him up for three months, he certainly would not have persisted in the walk. But that he knew enough not to walk in the rain would not by any means necessitate his knowing enough to go directly home, change his wet clothing, and sit down before a fire. No; he would probably in the pride of his wisdom have stepped, to wait till the rain was over, into a corner grocery where a child lay upstairs ill with small-pox. And he would have caught the small-pox, and gone home, after the rain was over, and died of it. It is much

worse to die than even to have rheumatic fever. So, "if he had known," it would not have helped him much.

If he had known that the editor, all the editors, would immediately—no, not immediately, but after keeping him waiting for several months—reject his article, he certainly would not have taken the trouble to write it. But if he hadn't,—hadn't written a hundred other articles eventually rejected,—he would never have gained the discipline of practice and effort in composition and style which gave him in ten years the whip-hand over all the editors in the country, and which made him, in ten years more, himself an EDITOR.

If he had known that Jones would lose the silk umbrella he lent him, I am afraid he would not have lent it, and so saved the umbrella. But then he would have lost the much finer one, with the handsome tiger-eye handle, that Jones sent him with many apologies in recompense. I grant that this is an extreme case. Still, it is within the range of possibilities.

If he had known that the plum-pudding at dinner would disagree with him so, he would not have touched it. But then he would have lost the plum-pudding. A mild pain, alleviated with a glass of something agreeably warm, is not half so bad as a plum-pudding is good. I have always believed that if we lived in Alice's Looking-Glass Country, where all things were reversed from their natural order here, and could have our plum-pudding as a reward after the pain, instead of the pain as a penalty after the plum-pudding, we should bear the ills of life much more philosophically. Why should mere reversal of the order so upset our equanimity as to make us scream, as we writhe with the torments of indigestion, "If I had only known!"? I even know of one heroic lady who exclaimed in the very midst of her torture, "I don't care! it was worth it." No; if we had known, a good many of us would still have eaten the plum-pudding, and the rest of us would have been sulky all the next day because we had had to have the wisdom not to eat any of it.

If we had known, we certainly should not have put Johnny to school where the sudden and long illness of the master obliged them to close the school, so that the boys lost three months of instruction. But then, knowing this, we might have put Johnny at a boarding-school, where, in spite of repeated warnings about the drainage, the principals would *not* close the school long enough to make repairs; so that Johnny would have caught the scarlet fever and died in three days. Ah, John! it is the puzzle of my life to know just what to do with you; but I recognize the fact that unless I could know absolutely everything that is best for you, it is a mercy both for you and for me that I do not know any more than I do about what is going to be bad for you. "If I had known" all about the school that was closed and the school that was not closed, I might still have sent you, in over-carefulness, to a school where some evil associate would have wrecked my joy in you even more terribly than scarlet fever.

If he had known that Smith and Brown were at deadly enmity with each other, he would never have invited them to the same dinner-party. But if he hadn't, he would have lost the pleasure, which is now

a delightful remembrance of the evening, of having innocently provided an opportunity which enabled two good friends who had hopelessly quarrelled with each other to find out that it had all been a mistake.

If he had known that D., X. and N. stock was to fall so frightfully in three days, he would never have bought any of it. But if he hadn't he would have lost the benefit of the warning that made him abjure speculation then and there forever.

If I knew that the editor who will soon be looking over these pages would treat them with unmitigated contempt, I certainly should not bother myself about them. And I should thereby have lost the pleasant sensation with which I have fortified my soul in thinking it all out, by convincing myself that the partial ignorance with which poor human nature has been endowed is infinitely better adapted to its limitations than partial knowledge would have been.

If he had known that the career of dissipation on which he was fairly launched would eventually wreck his whole happiness, mental, physical, and moral, and the happiness of mother, sister, and wife, he—ah! but he *did* know that. God has not left us in ignorance so fatal as that.

If the editor who is now to pass judgment on this effusion knew that his Rhadamanthine opinion would not drive me to commit suicide even if unfavorable, that in short I do not stand in the least awe or dread of his verdict, and am perfectly willing that these pages should be confided to the flames or to the waste-basket, he would perhaps be less severely tempted to crush me by defeat. Happily, it is in my power to let him know as much as that. Sir, I fear you not! do your worst! He may now possibly forget his desire to overawe, and permit me the simple and innocent pleasure of seeing myself in print. Still, for fear he should actually commit my manuscript to the cold flames of his office fire, it may be just as well to enclose stamps for its return. "If I had known" he would accept the article, I should not have wasted my stamps. But such is life; and I do not find it, on the whole, a bad life.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

WHERE THE BATTLE IS FOUGHT.

A FIG for your honors and honored scars
 Won finely on land or sea.
 Though you storm the sky, and scale the stars,
 Seek your soul for victory.

M. P.

TWO NIGHTS IN "BOHEMIA."

PARIS crowns and dethrones other queens than those "born in the purple."

Let the carol of a clear, fresh, young voice rise over the stalls and echo through the arches of the topmost gallery in one of the opera-houses, and the sceptre of song is the prize of the singer. But if the lark rises on tired wing and a cadence is lost, the sceptre is a feathered shaft which will bring it bleeding to earth.

Let twinkling feet come dancing to the foot-lights and poise with faultless grace in some statuesque pose, and the waving hands may carry away a crown. But if the arched feet unbend with sudden pain, the hands unclasp and the glittering bauble is lost.

Yes, Paris has had, and will have, many queens,—royalties of the hour, crowned by popular favor,—but the beautiful capital has had but one Bozzacchi. She snatched from the Florentines the loveliest bud of the Tuscan Campagna and made it her breast-knot. As blossom and flower it was worn next her heart.

FIRST NIGHT.

It was a gala-night *chez la Bozzacchi*.

All her admirers were on show.

In the anteroom, warming his feet by the blaze of the resinous pine-cones,—for an afternoon storm has left the July evening chilly,—is that charming, lazy idler, Arsène Houssaye. From beneath his silvered locks his blue eyes gleam with malicious light as he tells to the saturnine Rochebrune the history of "that little traitress, *la fille de l'air*."

"It is unbelievable, but it is true: she went back to the Latin Quarter with an American student, a stupid wretch whose degrees will all be taken at the *closerie de lilas*."

Rochebrune mutters,—

"They have no hearts, these Parisians; but in Mexico——" The confidential disclosure drops to a discreet undertone.

Talking to Madame Hugalde, in the library there, is Le Roy, and with him his last conquest, or conqueror. She was the wife of a priest: the priest is not dead, but by consent he cut the marriage tie and now wears a monk's gown.

There, in the door-way, is Franchetti,—one of Italy's heroes of '58, —a Tuscan Jew, handsome, brave, witty, rich: the scale runs as the world writes it. The Bozzacchi is his countrywoman, and, like Franchetti, a lover of the nineteenth-century Brutus, "that dear Garibaldi!"

Franchetti gives the *danseuse* his offering of flowers which grew in the gardens of their beloved Tuscan city. As the little hands tenderly clasp the delicate stems, the beautiful face droops over the odorous blossoms. Did a tear fall, or is it a dew-drop shining on the leaf of that Parma violet? I cannot see: the eyes are turned away; they are

looking at Franchetti. O beautiful eyes, what are you saying to your countryman? Who knows?

Just then a volume of song swept in from the street, wild martial music, and the measured tramp of armed men. The windows were thrown open, and the guests were soon crowded into a dense line of color along the narrow balcony which extended the entire length of the house.

The street was brilliant with torches, hastily-lit bonfires, and an almost continuous chain of gas-lights.

I was assisting at a transformation-scene in the great drama of the beautiful city. It was made more real by the sudden theatric effect of the white electric radiance which at that instant flashed down from the Arch of Triumph and over the Seine from the heights of the Pantheon hill and the gilded dome of the Invalides.

By heaven! it was a gallant sight to see.

Artillery, Zouaves, Turcos, dazzling the eyes of Paris with the wild Eastern pomp of war; Cuirassiers, with the light glinting upon their brass helmets; Liners, in blue and scarlet.

From the flower-covered balcony of the adjoining house, "À Berlin!" rang out in a woman's sweet treble. The rich contralto voice of Hugalde echoed it back from one of the Bozzacchi's lace-festooned windows; and then the shouting people in the streets and the throngs upon the boulevards took up the cry.

"À Berlin!" answered the armed men, streamers and lances waving in the air, shakos and turbans nodding assent to the yells from the sidewalk.

"Partant pour la Syrie," clashed the cymbals, as the troops marched down the beautiful street of the beautiful city, past the obelisk which had looked upon the victor of the Pyramids, past the rose-gardens of the Empress, past the Tuileries, where the stately Regent, surrounded by beautiful women and brilliant courtiers, waved her white hand in salutation.

Then the frantic populace drowned the noise of the cymbals with a mad roar.

"À Berlin!" shouted the loiterers in the gardens, cried the men in blouses at the mouths of the side-streets, shrieked the women and children massed on the pavement; while handkerchiefs were waving where ladies and their cavaliers were grouped around the fountain, and about the statues, in the Place de la Concorde.

Then the cry of the night was varied as the crowd caught another chorus:

"Malheur à qui brave la France!"

For France had gone mad with wild delight as she gathered her children to the vintage of Mars' red wine.

Then the clash of the cymbals was lost in the distance.

The crowd, which had shouted itself hoarse, was breaking into shadowy columns and vanishing like ghosts.

The torches were burned out, and the bonfires were dying in little gasping bursts of flame.

The guests had left the balcony, and Hugalde was singing a pulse-quickenning martial song in the *salon*.

In the window near me, shaded by the lace drapery, Franchetti was talking in murmuring Tuscan to the Bozzacchi, whose pale cheeks caught a wild-rose tint as she listened.

I turned from the lighted windows and looked towards the west, where, beneath the distant constellations, New Orleans was lying in shadow. The splendor of the French capital vanished. Through the far distance I could hear the mocking-birds singing in the feathery myrtle in a cool dewy garden near the great river. An old man is dreaming in the rustic arbor. A young girl is leaning from the casement, and night and darkness are lit with the starry splendor of a child's eyes.

A cynical voice, with a mocking yet half-sad ring in it, suddenly sounded in my ears, and I turned to see who was saying,—

"'To die for the country' is easy to say, here on the boulevard as the troops file past, when the ring of the crystal goblets is heard through the laughter and the gay talk. But 'to die for the country' is another thing in some hot August battle-field, when the *mitrailleuses* are roaring and the b-r-r-r of musketry is creeping closer. Our friends in there do not remember the Prussian artillery, and how it cut through the Austrian ranks at Königgrätz.

"Gallant fellows are the cuirassiers; but when artillery crushes into a squadron it breaks a promising cavalry charge. *Mon Dieu!* It leaves them in line of battle, but it leaves not the living! and the ghosts will not come back to us. In hop-gardens and vineyards, man and horse will lie in little crimson pools, and foul smells will taint the breeze of autumn. In the blood-stained and sodden fields the grain will once more ripen, only the poppies will have a deeper scarlet from the showers with which this year will wash their roots."

There was the sound of a sweet voice calling, "My friends," and the smiling face of Giuseppina Bozzacchi was looking through the window. In a moment we were swept in the train of the *danceuse* to the pretty *salon* where Bohemia touched hands with the great of Court, Camp, and Academy.

Early in August we knew that France was not gathering victories. Douay's division had been overwhelmed, and the pompous Froissard crushed.

Then came the crowning misfortune. MacMahon was defeated! At first Paris refused to believe *that*.

"What! le Duc de Magenta defeated by Germans? *Sapristi! c'est ridicule!*"

The journals denied, exclaimed, and at last, when official reports could no longer be held back, admitted a disaster at Wörth. Little by little the story was told.

Oh, gallant cuirassiers! The world never saw a fiercer fight than that desperate charge at Reichshofen, where your broken squadrons were piled in gory mounds on the fair Alsatian fields.

Between raging sobs Paris shouted acclaim to the dead cavalrymen

who had saved MacMahon's retreat, then she raved like Hecuba when news came from Mars-le-Tour, Gravelotte, and Lorraine, where the keys of the old capital had been given with solemn show to the brother of the Prussian king.

The cry "To Berlin!" was stifled in the bloody throats of the dead at Wörth; while the Germans growled, in vengeful gutturals, "To Paris!" as the Prussian legions surged southward and westward from the Rhine border.

When the sun was setting behind the forests of Saint-Cloud, on the evening of the 1st of September, every lounge on the boulevards, every *gamin* in the streets, knew that the French and German armies had each other by the throat at Sedan.

That defeat had instant issue: the Empire vanished, and the government of the 4th of September was installed.

With the melancholy days of November came cold rains to add to the suffering of the poor.

Night after night Our Lady of Bohemia dined with Giuseppina Bozzacchi.

Treasures of art were missing from the walls and the cabinets of the Tuscan. The lovely throat of the *danseuse* was bare of jewels. The shimmer of pearls, the flashing of diamonds, were seen no longer; not a ring, not a bracelet, on the little hands or the rounded arms. Then "Bohemia" refused to come empty-handed to dine with her darling. Bohemian purveyors were sent to every quarter of the beleaguered city, and the findings were brought to little Giuseppina.

Queer dishes were served to the guests in that pretty dining-hall, where the scarlet panels in their ebony frames seemed patches of flame when lit by the yellow glow of waxen candles,—for of wax candles there was yet store. Night after night the wicks burned to the curved edges of the crystal *bobèches*; at the last faint flicker Bohemia said good-night.

Thus the autumn evenings burned out, until one came which I shall never forget.

SECOND NIGHT.

It was the 25th of November. The night was damp and muggy. Through the mist, which seemed a drizzle arrested in its fall and upheld by the steaming vapor of the sudden thaw, I made my way, as rapidly as the sharp twinges of pain in my lame leg permitted, across the boulevard, through the narrow street, to offer my modest *fête-day* gift with my good wishes to Giuseppina Bozzacchi on this evening of the day of Sainte-Geneviève.

In a sort of intermittent way the little *danseuse* was a fiercely devout Catholic: the attacks, though short, were fervent.

With all her red-republicanism, she had not forgotten the religion of her mother. There were rather comical outbursts of orthodoxy, occasionally, in the little *salon*,—where Bohemian freedom was the rule,—when the mistress of the house tried to enlighten the unbelieving heathen who would not see that "the unity of Italy depended upon the supremacy of the Pope."

In the morning of that day the serious few of Giuseppina's friends accompanied her to the shrine of her baptismal saint.

After the mass was ended, C—— vainly suggested, in his suave, persuading manner, the nearness of his quarters, and the excellence of the viands he would have the honor to place before his guests.

"No," she insisted, she "must make her salvation;" we might come to her in the evening, but she preferred spending the day alone, visiting a few pensioners.

Poor child! We of Bohemia had learned how her jewels had fed the famishing *figurantes* and their respectable parents.

How beautiful she looked that night, with the red blood burning through the creamy skin! We did not know that the scarlet of the lips, that the purplish peachy bloom of the rounded cheeks, that the light in the depths of the great brown eyes, was the intense coloring of fever which was throbbing a death-march in every pulse-beat.

Diplomacy, Art, Science, Literature, had gathered to do the Bozzacchi honor, and to bring tribute.

Legitimists were jostled by Extremists and forgot to take offence; Orleanists and Bonapartists joined in the gay duet of compliment; and all echoed the ringing laugh of the *danseuse* as a mad wag stationed himself at the door and announced the arrivals:

"M. le Colonel de N——, with a guard of honor escorting six dozen bottles of Château-Yquem which Haussmann kept for this special occasion in the cellars of the Hôtel-de-Ville. See! their rich amber is reflected in Giuseppina's eyes.

"M. le Baron de S——, Madame Chilli Vinegar and the little Sardines.

"Messieurs L—— and L——, of the London Free Lances, have the honor of accompanying a majestic goose, stuffed with a peck of chestnuts, that Mademoiselle may not forget the groves of Italy.

"Madame Hugalde and a rice curry, rich and full in the dish as is the voice of the contralto who brings the offering.

"M. le Duc de T——, with a roast saddle of young donkey, at our lady's service.

"Dr. P——, of the American Ambulance, with a salad he has gathered from beneath the ramparts, under the very noses of Bismarck's Prussians.

"M. Molinari, with Madame Macaroni and her niece Mademoiselle Fromage, from Parma."

Here a motley company of artists, students, and journalists caught the usher and brought him in their midst, as they came to make their compliments to the Bozzacchi.

Then, as the rush receded, a single figure advanced; and, looking into Giuseppina's eyes, I knew it was Franchetti with his basket of flowers.

Ah that I could have photographed and phonographed the faces and the talk! The written words are such faint echoes of the mirth and gayety of that night.

But then, another difficulty, the talk was not all words: eyes and gestures were shading conversation with light and expression. As for

a pen-picture of that impassioned muse and her changeful face,—I dare not attempt the impossible.

I can only describe for you, as well as words may, the portrait which Carolus Duran had painted, and a sudden effect of cross-lights, as I sat in a sheltered corner, late in the night, next the easel which held the picture.

It was one of those bizarre and striking contrasts which Duran effects.

The *danseuse* was pictured coming through parted curtains of crimson! She was lifting the heavy fold aside with one hand, as the other removed a death's-head mask from her smiling face. A long blue domino fell from one bare shoulder, which the crimson drapery brought into bold relief, while the lower part of the figure was an obscure and shadowy outline.

Hugalde was about to sing that mad drinking-song of hers, which impregnates sound and captures memory. She was standing beside the Bozzacchi. Both were smiling as they held up foaming glasses of the amber wine, striking the delicate crystal until it rang out a fit prelude to that carol of Bacchus.

In changing the arrangement of the piano some one had placed a branch of wax lights upon a little bracket of green bronze, just above the easel upon which was placed Giuseppina's portrait. In the cross-light from the chimney-piece the curtains of the picture took a flame-like hue which absorbed all fainter coloring, blanching the face to a ghastly pallor more terribly real than the mask which seemed a mockery of coming death.

Involuntarily I sprang up to change the light. My crutch caught in the foot of the easel, and the picture fell with a sharp crash. I looked at Giuseppina, who had turned at the sound. For one second the real face had the same corpse-like pallor which I had seen in the portrait; but in another instant the red blood came in a torrent that burnt out the paleness.

Then one of those subtle suggestions of sense, that somehow touch the inner consciousness of mind, defined the ghostly change in the picture, and the superstition which had frightened Giuseppina when it fell. The coming fate, and the mystery of prophecy, were unveiled in the electric flash which enlightened what we call Soul, as it ran through the gamut of the senses and the half-forgotten thought-stores of the brain.

The picture was removed, and the song began. I was not surprised at its close when Dr. P—— touched my arm and motioned to the little dining-room from whence the guests were gone, and where the broken remnants of the gay feast gave weird emphasis to the words which put my vision of prophecy into visible form:

"Giuseppina has small-pox. I have questioned her as best I could without alarming her. The fever has had its own way for twenty-four hours. The wet day, the excitement, and the wine have been fatal aids to the disease. She is half delirious now. We must get these people away at once, and without a panic, if it be possible. Tell me, who will stay? Whom can we trust?"

"None of these women. Madame Hugalde would stay, but she has her home-people to think of. The others will all leave at the first sound of small-pox. I will be glad to be of use to you; and so will all the men of our set, if you will let them."

"Well, you must choose. The nurse must be cool-headed and deft-handed, clever and careful. I wish there was a woman of courage and heart here. I would have more hope. Men lack the sixth sense,—the intuition that can tell the needs of this nervous child. Can you think of no one that would come?"

"Yes."

There had flashed across my memory a proud pale face which I had seen touched with tenderest pity,—the face of a *grande dame* as it bent over a cot in a hospital near by, where a little *gamin* of the streets was sobbing out his grief at the loss of his leg. The child had followed a regiment of "Liners" that was in that desperate and gallant fight on the heights of Châtillon, which was lost at last through a sudden panic. How the child came to be there no one knew. The soldiers saw him first as he caught a drum from the stiffening fingers of a dying drummer and beat the advance in their last charge. So when a shot struck him the "Liners" would not leave him to the mercy of the enemy. Through a shower of balls they brought him out of the fight to the ambulance, where he was given into the still beautiful hands of the proudest lady in Paris, the Countess of Montfort, whose sons were all dead or prisoners. Her broken heart was shedding its blue blood, drop by drop, in night-watches by the wounded and the dying.

I had gone to the countess only the day before with lint, linen, and the bouillon into which Giuseppina had melted her pearls.

As the doctor said, "a woman of courage and heart," the beautiful, bravely-suffering face of the desolate mother seemed to look at me.

"Send these people away. I will be back in half an hour with some one you can trust." And I was off to the hospital.

Of course she came. A woman of lower rank or less heart might have hesitated, might have measured the social abyss which lay between, might have thought of *les convenances*; but the Countess of Montfort was above *les convenances*.

The panic-stricken revellers had fled.

Le Baron de S——, Franchetti, the two Englishmen, and a poor *figurante*, who was sobbing bitterly in the anteroom, where gratitude to her benefactress kept her although she was in mortal fright of the disease, were still in the house when morning broke. The yellow haze of the rising sun was reflected in the half-filled glasses of amber wine in which the guests had been pledging "healths" when Death's warning rang in the wild shriek of the *danseuse* as she fell senseless at the feet of Franchetti. Through the long hours we heard Giuseppina raving in the next room, where the doctor and the stately lady were alone with the dying girl.

The portières were pulled aside, and we could hear the story of her life, the story of her heart, as it was told brokenly in passionate bursts of sweet Italian,—told as some poet of her native land might have chanted a tender sad romance of unrequited love.

Poor little Giuseppina!—if you could have seen the face of the listener who stood beside me, the surprise, the pain, the grief, death would have been sweeter to you than life had ever been.

There was an hour of silence. The light form which had tossed so restlessly was motionless. Then we saw the countess turn to the doctor. He came to the door :

“The countess wishes some one to go for a priest.”

In an instant Franchetti had gone.

As the sunlight came over the walls which bounded the narrow street and flooded the room with its glancing rays, a soldierly-looking priest (whom I had seen, and afterwards saw in every battle-field around Paris, giving directions to the gatherers of the battle-harvest) anointed the brow of the dying girl.

Little Giuseppina's eyes were fixed on the face of the lady whose hand she held. Again we heard a broken murmur of that soft Tuscan dialect ; but the story was sweeter. She talked of her mother, of the peaceful life of the peasants, of the happy days in the flowery Campagna. The Bozzacchi was once more a little child. The voice grew fainter. The dainty hands were thrown upward and clasped around the neck of the lady, who bent a tear-stained face to take the kiss the dying girl offered.

“*Ah, Madre mia ! Madre mia carissima !*”

The words ended in a long, shuddering sigh ; and all was silent, save the voice of the priest as he repeated the prayers for the dead.

LOVE'S SORROW.

CUPID, on a time, bent softly
O'er a sparkling, sylvan well,
Dipt his fingers, shook them gayly,
Smiling as the waters fell,
Drops as bright as stars at even,
When the skies are clear and still,
Scattered here and scattered yonder,
At Love's witching, wanton will.

Myosotis sweet in masses
Near the crystal margin grew,
Lifting skyward blossoms tender
Touched with love's celestial hue.
On them rests the shining shower
Cupid's sportive fingers cast,
Like a thought of tears that lingers
When love's sorrow is o'erpast.

M. G. McClelland.

WHAT PESSIMISM IS NOT.

WHEN a man does away with himself his necrologist avers that he was tired of living. Lexicographers of the future are invited to take note that a necrologist is a poet. No one has ever been tired of life. The man that does away with himself really wants to live. What he does not want are the miseries attendant on his own particular existence. Abolish them, and he will swear by Methuselah. A suicide is an optimist.

To the average mind it is the pessimist that makes use of the bare bodkin. The pessimist does nothing of the sort. Neither does he pull wry faces at the inevitable. To his thinking everything can happen, ay, even to the things he desires the most,—serenity of spirit, for instance, or the absence of pain. With these gifts he is contented as though he were dead. Posterity having done nothing for him, he does absolutely nothing for it. But he will share a paradox with the first comer, and he is so friendly to his neighbor that had they been jilted by the same woman they could not be on better terms. The charm about the pessimist is that he declines to take himself seriously, or, for that matter, any one else. Dreams, we know, are true while they last; and to the pessimist we live in dreams,—occasionally in nightmare, but always in something impermanent and evanescent as the colors that striate a mist. To one mailed in a creed like that, come what sorrow can. The Stoic was never more placid. And yet, through a vagary of the understanding,—a vagary, be it said, that contains all the elements of libel,—the pessimist has been confounded with the optimist. But it is the latter that takes everything amiss. He has any number of big dolls, and their sawdust disconcerts him terribly. He is in earnest, too, it tries him to be balked, and of all things that he dislikes—and a list of them would defy an index—failure heads the list. Now, failure is very salutary, much more so than success, but the optimist will have none of it, it does not enter into his scheme of existence, when it visits him he dashes his head in the pillow, and then it is that the necrologist has his little say: *Obit anus, abit onus*.

All Philistinia to the contrary, the pessimist is the most contented of men. He holds that nothing is as bad as it might be. Do him an injury, and a canary-bird could not bear less malice. Do him a kindness, and he is afloat in a sea of surprises. He is civil, too. Albeit sceptical as a rag-picker, he will agree with you on every subject. He will admit anything,—that there are lands where two and two make five, that there are others where fluids are solids. He will even consent to the possibility of moral substances. He denies nothing, except one thing,—to wit, that happiness exists. In this, the negation is not due to a belief, for that is an affair of temperament, but to reason, which is logic.

In displaying that logic he has at Pleasure a passing fling. And if the microscopic eye be brought to bear, what is pleasure if it be not

this,—a cessation and alleviation of pain? Of the enchantments of this world,—and this world has many,—the unique perhaps of all is the easy-chair after prolonged fatigue. Or, if it be not that, then is it the feast after fasting, the fanfare of the revel and the swirl of plumes, the pressure of the hand we yearned to touch. Or, if it be not any of these, then is it the strophium of the victor, fame's laurel, the bank-accounts of wealth, or, last and best, the sheer and perfect peace of conscience at rest. Pleasure, when acute, is the accomplishment of the thing we desired most. But the antecedent desire is pain; satisfied, it is lulled, and for one that is satisfied there are many unappeased. Desire, too, is long drawn out, pleasure brief and narrowly measured. Pleasure, moreover, is a transient guest. In that hostelry, our heart, it is succeeded by another. The first is an apparition, the second an illusion that lingers still. The easy-chair in which we dozed, the cup we drained, the lips we would have barked the grave to kiss, the feast, the festival, have all been ours. In place of a longing is the cessation of a want. Unless a new one presently arise, in the centre of our delight will surge that spectre whose name is *Ennui*. So much for Pleasure. If you hearken to the pessimist, he will tell you that it swings like a pendulum between boredom and pain. He is wrong, of course.

It is, however, a fact, curious, yet well attested, that the blind, who of all people are pitied the most, possess the serenest visage. This phenomenon serves the pessimist as corroboration of a pet paralogism,—to wit, that the narrower the circle of vision the greater the contentment, and, conversely, the wider the circle the greater the discontent. Over this theory he flaunts a standard. For your personal view in the matter, or for mine, he cares not a rap. From the activity of an age like our own he turns as from an orgy. Geographers assert that the happiest land is the one which has the least need of importations. The pessimist affirms that the most contented man is he who suffices to himself. Wealth, he is fond of noting, consists in the limitation of desires; and, as a consequence, the fewer the desires, the serener the mind. Truly the idiot is more to be envied than we thought.

But it is against happiness that he has his merriest fling. Pleasure we have already recognized as a transient guest, but happiness is even less than that, it is a fiction of the non-existent. In essence it is intangible, the desire for it is insatiable, and as such never fulfilled. So at least he asserts; but we who have clearer ideas have the right to assume that happiness is not intangible, that it consists in what we desire most, in beauty for instance, in genius, esteem, wealth, health, glory, and power. Only a sophist with a cold in the head would affirm that these things are intangible. Nor are they, he answers. They may be obtained in two ways,—congenitally, as in the case of a poet-prince, or after prolonged endeavors. In the first case they are taken by their possessor as a matter of course. They are as natural to him as the air he breathes. Their absence would cause discomfort, their presence brings no joy. On the other hand, if their reunion be accomplished after prolonged efforts, the possessor, on obtaining them, finds himself as poor as before. When they represented happiness it was when they were afar.

It must be stupid to be wise all alone, but these views which the pessimist shares with no one but himself have not rendered him in the least down-hearted. In his blithe misanthropy he is even consistent. In denying that happiness exists to-day, he denies that it will exist to-morrow,—in that chartless morrow which evolution has in charge. According to his idea, the golden age is not behind us, but beyond. The earth, one day, will be a garden. Poverty will have vanished. There will be but one caste,—Equality; but one ruler,—Love. Diseases will have been vanquished. Superstitions will have faded. Even Envy will have disappeared. In that blessed era, when man journeys it will be through the air. And not in an elevated, either. He will have abolished time and sequestered space. He will enchain a comet, measure the Infinite, and visit Mars. He will have new harmonies, solid horizons, and larger life. And in this fairy-land where Muhammad's paradise is realized and his prophecy as well, where quail fly roasted from the spit and turkeys bone themselves, where there is neither toil nor labor, where pain has ceased to be, humanity will be bored to death. Of the thousand-and-one sultans and sultanas of these newer nights, some will cut their own throats, some the throats of others. For pain is the inevitable concomitant of life, and as necessary to mankind as the keel is to the ship. If it were not, the pessimist asks, why should it have been given us?

Once upon a time a satrap offered a vast reward—a shower of smarragdine, the legend says—to whomso invented a new delight. Had this sorry fellow adventured that way, one may fancy that his career would have been brief. That he kept out of harm's reach is to be deplored. Society has no use for a man who perpetrates paradox in cold blood. Were it in self-defence, *passé encore*. But without even the excuse of an attack, without any one even noticing him, he commits overt acts of violence on our faith, and to make matters still worse he commits them under an assumed name. For truly the man that greets disaster with a smile does not resemble the pessimist with whom literature has made us familiar. In the rogues' gallery of fiction his face is pitted with despondency; he is a self-acting complainer; he would carp at anything,—at the sunlight, at E. P. Roe's novels, at the sorceries of spring, or bi-metallism. There is nothing sacred to his snarl: he would point to a lily of the field and declare that it needed dusting. The chronicles of his deeds and days have the monotony of the infernal regions: they are made up of groans. Into the eyes of beauty he will gaze as though some small tooth had mined his heart, from a revel he will rise with disgust. He rants a little, too, just as Hamlet does.

But the individual with the paradox strums a different guitar. He is on such good terms with the world that he could not be blue if he tried. To him life is a howling farce: he sits in his stall and enjoys it. At the typical pessimist he jests as a master may jest at an over-zealous apprentice. In no other respect has he the slightest affiliation with him. He is a pessimist, indeed, but not a miserabilist,—a logician, not a dolt.

In its widest expression the creed which he holds is one of universal contentment. In the matter of ancestry it can look back through the

terraces of time and claim more quarterings than the most baronial of Austrian barons. It was born before history; its founder was Buddha, a sage whose existence is lost in the magnificence of myth,—there let it rest. To-day pessimism is a mosaic of the lore of Orient and Occident, an estray clean as the ocean and unstayable as the wind. It is based on a truism: Whatever will be, is. That proposition once grasped, the jocularly of its theoretic exponent is easily understood. He sees no rhyme, and less reason, in making faces at a chain of necessity in which we are all interlinked. "We may rejoice," he announces, "and repent, we may form good resolutions; but the joy and the repentance and the good resolutions come to us of themselves, and not until it is appointed that they shall do so. When they do come, however sincere the repentance may be, however superb the resolutions, the course of things moves on unchanged and changeless as before. Should Nature destine one man to be wise and to be brave, wise and brave he will be. Should she destine another to be scatter-brained and imbecile, scatter-brained and imbecile he will become. There is no merit, no blame, to be ascribed to her or to them. The wishes that throb in our heart may rebel, but the great mother snuffs them out like a candle. She is governed herself, her laws are ours."

Such is his theory. Forgive him it. Nature presumably destined him to be scatter-brained, and scatter-brained he has become. No blame can be ascribed to her or to him. And yet, in spite of the hilarity of the impolite, pessimism is a gentleman still: its foremost tenet, a tenet, parenthetically, which it borrowed from the Moors, a tenet which founded courtesy, is abnegation of self. It teaches that it is small to remember, great to forgive. It is a doctrine of charity and good will to all. In its prescriptions there is not a single tear. And as to its one negation, that of the attainment of happiness, let us be lenient. We have had an eternity behind us, and if in that eternity we found no Utopia, why should we expect it in the days to be?

Edgar Saltus.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

IX.

57. *What is the origin of Harlequin?*

It is a difficult matter to give the origin of a word whose meaning all etymologists agree is uncertain, if not quite unknown. *Menage*, Bailey, and English *Notes and Queries* rather lean towards the following theory. A young Italian actor came to Paris in the time of Henry III. of France (1551-1589), and, having been there received and made welcome by the famous comedian Achille d'Harlai, his brother actors dubbed him "*Harlequine*," from the name of his patron and master. But this seems like making the etymology fit the circumstances; and the use of the word, or its radical, must be of more ancient date. The character of Harlequin, with his parti-colored dress, as the servant of Pantaloon (the comic representative of Venetian foibles), seems to be derived originally from the Roman *mime* or *atellana*. Chambers says, "The *Fabulæ Atellanæ* may be con-

sidered the origin of the modern Italian *arlecchino* (harlequin) and other characters of a like stamp. They were the favorite dramatic personages with the people, spoke the Oscan dialect, and excited laughter with its quaint old-fashioned words and phrases." Introduced thus from the old Roman drama into the modern Italian, he became the *lover of Columbine*, or the *arlecchinatta*, from which title some writers very reasonably derive the word *harlequin*.

In this personage were satirized the roguery and drollery of the Bergamasks, who were proverbial for their intriguing knavery. From the Italian drama Harlequin was transferred to that of other countries. In England he was first introduced on the stage by Rich, in the eighteenth century, or, according to Skeat, by Mr. Weaver, a dancing-master in Shrewsbury, in 1702. There he became the leading personage in the Christmas pantomime, or harlequinade, essentially a British performance. In this he is supposed to be invisible to all but the eyes of his faithful Columbine. Dr. Clarke, in his "Travels," viii. 104, gives a mythological origin to Harlequin, considering him a sort of Mercury, burlesquing the dignified caduceus of the god with the comic short-sword that rendered the bearer invisible.

Francisque Michel derives harlequin from the old French word *harligot* ("haricot"), a morsel, or piece,—an interlude. Another writer says Harlequin was the name of a bad knight, who was saved from perdition by fighting against the infidels, but was condemned to appear nightly. Skeat maintains that the origin of the word is unknown, but follows up that statement with an ingenious "guess" of his own, deriving it from *hierlekin* or *hellequin* (old Frisian of the thirteenth century), the original signification of which was a *demon* or *devil*. The change from *hellequin* to *harlequin* arose from a popular etymology which connected the word with Charles Quint (Charles V.).—DAVUS.

58. Whence the expression "A little bird told me"?

Among the many humors of etymology there is none more delightful than Bellenden Ker's derivation of this phrase from the Dutch "*Er lig t'el baerd*" ("by telling I shall betray another"). The utter impossibility, and yet the apparent verisimilitude, of this derivation make it a worthy companion to that other philological wonder which asserts that canteen is a French corruption of "tin can," the adjective and noun changing places in accordance with the genius of the French language.

The idea that birds conveyed information is widely diffused throughout the folk-lore of all countries. Probably its oldest expression in literature may be found in Ecclesiastes x. 20: "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

As birds are constantly flying about, they were thought to observe and pry into men's secret actions, and the transition from simple seeing to telling what they have seen is natural and obvious. The ancient divination by birds is undoubtedly based upon this idea. The Greeks had a proverb, "None is conscious of what I have been saying, except perchance some bird," a saying which may be paralleled from the Nibelungenlied, "No one hears us here but God and the little wood-bird." Democritus and Apollonius the Tyanean both claimed to understand the language of birds, and thus to be privy to many secret transactions. Pliny even explained that such understanding could be gained by partaking of a mixture of serpents' blood with that of certain birds. "One of a Thousand" has collated a large number of similar instances:

Melampus says that if one's ears are licked by a dragon one can understand the speech of birds, and Eustathius tells us that Cassandra and Helenus, children of Priam, were left in Apollo's temple and serpents twined about their ears, making them quick of hearing and able to discover secret things and hear the counsels of the gods.

In the Mahābhārata, King Usinara is taught by a pigeon which is the spirit of God. If a dove lighted upon a man's head it was considered a sign of a future ruler. In the old wood-cuts of the "Golden Legend" the popes are universally distinguished by a dove whispering in their ear. ("Anglia Sacra," ii. 631.) It is said that at the election of Innocent III. (1198) three doves flew about the church, and a white one perched upon his right shoulder. And we are told of Sylvester II. that "ibi [in Seville] didicit et cantus avium et volatus mysterium." (Vincent. Bellov., "Spec. Hist.," xxiv. 98.) David, the "Father" of the Monks of Rose Valley, was said by his school-fellows when a boy at his lessons to have been taught and advised by a white dove. In this age every priest who was destined to be a bishop or a saint was so attended while officiating, the white dove remaining until the service ended. "Die Drei Sprache," in Grimm's Tales, tells of a Swiss boy who learned "what the birds say, what the frogs croak, and what the dogs bark." From these creatures he learns that he is to be made pope. He goes to Rome, where the pope has just died, and the cardinals agree that they will choose as his successor him who should be pointed out by some miraculous sign. The Swiss enters the church, and two white doves perch on his shoulders: he is chosen pope, and the doves counsel him to accept. On his election he has to sing a mass of which he is entirely ignorant, but the doves instruct him what to do and say. This probably refers to Sylvester II. or Innocent III. The story came from Upper Valais, related by Hans Truffer from Visp.

Talking birds occur in other of Grimm's stories. In "Aschenputtel," the German "Cinderella," the heroine is set impossible tasks, which two pigeons, aided by many other birds, perform for her; the pigeons throw her down fine dresses from a tree; and when the prince comes to try on the shoe and is deceived into taking away the elder sisters, they undeceive him, singing, "There's blood upon the shoe," and when the right bride is discovered they perch upon her shoulders. In another story a blind tailor recovers his sight by taking the advice of crows, and these ominous birds appear also in Helwig's "Jüdische Legenden," and other tales. Birds often help the hero or heroine in their misfortunes by advice. In the "Kindermärchen" (Erfurt, 1787) a little white pigeon which an orphan has saved from a vulture counsels him, and finally turns into a prince. In the saga of Siegfried or Sigurd, the hero understands bird-language, and receives advice therein. A similar story is in the "Pentamerone."

The cock is perhaps too large a bird to come within the scope of the question, but there is a tale found in several lands where he plays the part of Mentor to a hen-pecked husband. Kollo (who spent five years in Sierra Leone) tells of a Bornu man who understands the speech of birds, learns from them a secret which he discloses to his wife, and thereby loses the power. A Servian tale is like it: two ravens and a cock reveal a treasure to a merchant; his wife teases him to tell her, and he is on the point of so doing, when a cock admonishes him to rule his wife as the cock rules his hens. The same story is found in the Italian of Straparola or Morlini.

Another more pertinent class of bird-lore is where the parrot or magpie tells tales, betraying a wife's infidelity, etc., as in Chaucer's "Maunciple's Tale." See also Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (b. iii.), "The Seven Sages" (Percy Soc., p. 73), "Sendabar," "Syntipas," and "The Arabian Nights."

In Scott's "Sir Tristrem" (fytte ii. verse 23), "a swaln ich herd sing."

Gower ("Confessio Amantis," b. v.), speaking of Progne metamorphosed into a "swaln,"—

And eke for that she was a spouse,
Among the folk she cometh to house,
To do there wives understonde
The falshode of her hushonde,
That they of hem beware also.

In the Dialogues of John Heywood, ii. 5, p. 5 (Spenser Soc.),—

Woman, loq. I did lately heere
 How flek and his make use their secrete haautyng,
 By one byrd, that in mine care was late chaautyng.
Mun, loq. One swalowe maketh not sommer.

Last lines of King Henry IV. Pt. 2, Act V., Sc. 5:

Prince Jehn, loq. I will lay odds that ere this year expire,
 We bear our civil swords and native fire
 As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
 Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.

Pope's "Dunciad," book iv., l. 364,

Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear.

(Note to this line,—“The story of Mahomet's pigeon was a monkish fable.”)

59. What is a baker's dozen, and how did it originate?

A baker's dozen means thirteen for twelve. When a heavy penalty was inflicted for short weight, bakers used to give a surplus number of loaves, called the “inbread,” to avoid all risk of incurring the fine.

“To give a man a baker's dozen” is a slang phrase meaning to give him a sound drubbing,—i.e., to give him all he deserves and one stroke more.

In the “Chronicle of Queen Jane and of Two Years of Queen Mary” (printed for the Camden Society, Appendix 4, p. 112), among the particulars of the accounts of the Chamberlain of Colchester, where Mary was entertained on her way to London, is this charge: “For xxxviii dozen of bread xxxix shillings.” A “dozen of bread” usually means one loaf, value twelpence, or two loaves, value sixpence each; even when the sizes and price of the loaves vary, the term is used to express either the larger loaf or the two smaller loaves. A dozen of bread is also divided into six twopenny or twelve penny loaves. But in this quotation thirty-eight dozen of bread are charged at thirty-nine shillings, whereas the extra one shilling cannot be divided into aliquot parts, so as to express the value of each of the thirty-eight dozen of bread. This entry was made in 1553.

In some of the “Bury Wills” (Camden Society) are bequests of bread to the poor, from which we judge that a dozen of bread consisted of twelve loaves, and the practice of giving, in addition to the twelve, the further quantity as “inbread,” gave rise to the term “baker's dozen,” as it is the custom in some places to give an extra bushel of coal as “ingrain” on the sale of a large quantity, as a chaldron. William Fiske, of Pakenham, Gent., by will dated March 20, 1648, provided twelpence a week to pay weekly for one dozen of bread to “be weekly given vnto twelue or thirteene” persons therein referred to. And Francis Pynner, of Bury, Gent. (will dated April 26, 1639), gives certain property on trust to provide one twopenny loaf for each of forty poor people in Bury, to be distributed by the clerk, sexton, and beadle, who were to have the “inbread of said bread.” He also bequeaths other moneys to provide every Sunday “fowre-and-twenty loaves, with the inbread allowed by the baker for those twoe dosens of bread,” the two dozens to be given to twenty-four poor people, and, as before, the “clarke, bedell, and sexton” to have the inbread.

In Scotland the baxter or baker may at times, to a good customer, give a farthing biscuit—as what is called “too [or additional] bread”—on the purchase of a shilling's worth, or in some cases, as to sub-retailers, allow in money a premium of one penny for every twelpence.

In some places a baker's dozen of rolls may mean either thirteen of a larger size or fourteen of a smaller. The penal statutes for a-size of bread imposed heavy fines for any deficiency in the weight of loaves, and these weights were specified for loaves of every price from eighteenpence down to twopence, but penny loaves or rolls were not specified in the statute (probably from their minute weights), and therefore the bakers, to be on the safe side, when selling these nondescripts, threw in a thirteenth of the larger rolls or two of the smaller. Though the assize has been discontinued, the practice survived.

In Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" is the definition "Baker's Dozen; *fourteen*: that number of rolls being allowed to purchasers of a dozen."

When Hudson discovered the bay bearing now his name, he gave the name "Baker's Dozen" to a cluster of thirteen or fourteen islands on the east shore of the bay, as may be seen in the charts, even in the foreign ones, for D'Anville's great atlas exhibits these islands as "La Douzaine du Boulanger." This shows that the term was used as far back at least as 1810.

The Duchess of Newcastle says of her "Nature's Picture" (1656), "In this volume there are several feigned stories, etc. Also there are some morals and some dialogues; but they are as the advantage loaf of bread to the baker's dozen."

In Thomas Middleton's *tragi-comedie* "The Witch," written about 1620, Firestone says to his mother, the witch,—

May you not have one o'clock in to the dozen, mother?

Witch. No.

Firestone. Your spirits are then more unconscionable than bakers.

Walter W. Skeat notes a passage in the "Liber Albus" (p. 232, Riley's translation), "And that no baker of the town shall give unto the regratresses the six pence on Monday morning by way of hanel-money, or the three pence on Friday for curtesy-money; but, *after the ancient manner*, let him give thirteen articles of bread for twelve." "That is," adds Skeat, "the retailers of bread from house to house were allowed a thirteenth loaf by the baker, as a payment for their trouble."

According to the *Western Morning News*, September 21, 1876, a fisherman at East Looe, Cornwall, giving evidence on the crab- and lobster-fishery, spoke of twenty-six as a "long dozen."

Another phrase may be noted,—the "Devil's dozen,"—meaning thirteen in number, though not of course as having any connection with that of the baker, but allied to the prevalent superstition regarding the unluckiness of the number. —ONE OF A THOUSAND.

60. Whence the proverb "A rolling stone gathers no moss"?

Bartlett, in the new edition of his "Quotations," refers this proverb to a collection of maxims commonly ascribed to Publius Syrus, in which it appears as No. 524. This author was a celebrated mimeographer who lived in Rome in the time of Julius Cæsar, and is known to have exhibited in the games which took place in honor of that victor in 45 B.C. The Latins have a proverb, "Saxum volutum non obductus musco," which is probably the very one alluded to as Maxim 524. Kelly says the English form is an exact rendering of an ancient Greek adage, "Ἄβλος κυλινδόμενος τὸ φύκος οὐ ποιεῖ;" and in this form it appears in the works of Erasmus, in an article very suggestively entitled "Assiduitas." Robert (or William) Langland gives the same thought in another shape, in his "Vision of Piers Plowman" (1326): "Selden mosseth the marblestone that men ofte treden." (Early Eng. Text Soc., p. 115.) It appears in many works:—in Heywood's "Proverbs" (1546); in an article on proverbs in "Court and Country" (1618), "for I have heard that rolling stones gather no mosse;" in Camden's "Remains" (p. 380, ed. 1870); in Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," "the stone that is rolling can gather no moss;" and it is surprising to find Hoyt and Ward (p. 45) giving no other origin for it than Mrs. Jameson's very modern use of it in her "Studies," "as the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections."

Quintilian, born not later than 85 A.D., is quoted as the originator of the Latin proverb, "Planta quæ sæpius transfertur non coalescit" ("A plant often removed cannot thrive"), very like the "rolling stone." From this the Italians have "Albero spesso trapiantato mai di frutti è caricato" ("A tree often transplanted is never loaded with fruit"), and from the "rolling stone" they have "Pietra mossa non fu muschio" ("The stone that moves (or rolls) does not become mossy"). The French say, "La pierre souvent remuée n'amasse pas volontiers mousse" ("A stone often removed does not easily accumulate moss").—DAVUS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To "OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP:"—I do not know whether I am touching on a theme that has been handled before, and so I write to ask, Has any one ever written on the subject of the foundation of ideas, or the idea-germ theory? I hold now that ideas float like mould-spores in the atmosphere and settle in the brains ripe to receive them.

I had cherished the germ of an idea for years and felt that I had not the time to cultivate it to a full growth, ignorantly fancied it all my own, when an English author made use of the germ I had fancied I possessed alone, and wrote a successful story. This having been my experience in several cases, I have come to the germ theory,—or, to express it otherwise, that ideas are like ghosts or fairies, who go about the world seeking entertainment, and if rejected or put off till a more convenient season they seek entertainment elsewhere.

A Newspaper Scribbler.

Exactly the same proposition was made the subject of an extremely clever article by Louise Stockton on "The Germ Theory of Ideas" which was published in this department of *Lippincott's Magazine* for June, 1887.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS, February 9, 1889.

EDITOR MONTHLY GOSSIP,—Permit me to correct an error made in your December number. In some remarks on Whittier's "Snow-Bound" it is said that the *school-master* portrayed in that poem was Joshua Coffin. That is the error, but a natural one.

Joshua Coffin was one of Whittier's school-masters,—the one to whom was addressed one of his poems; but he was *not* the one mentioned in "Snow-Bound."

Mr. Whittier does not now recollect the name of the snow-bound school-master.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH COFFIN PICKARD.

SAPATO, COLORADO, February 11, 1889.

EDITOR OF OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP,—In his novel "A Transaction in Hearts," published in the February number of your magazine, Mr. Edgar Saltus makes use of the following lines,—

"I wait for my story; the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh, bring it
Such as I wish it to be"—

and says in regard to them, "A clipping from some Poets' Corner,—a bit of school-girl verse" In this the author is in error. The quotation is from Jean

Ingelow's probably best-known poem,—or group of poems,—“Songs of Seven,” and is the closing stanza of “Seven Times Two.”

H. R. J.

WHAT is the origin of the Prince of Wales's crest? J. R. JONES.

Three feathers, enclosed in a coronet, with the motto *Ich dien* (“I serve”), form the crest of the Prince of Wales. Crest and motto are said to have belonged to the blind king of Bohemia whom the Black Prince overcame at Cressy, and to have been first assumed by the Black Prince. But the story has no historical basis. The triple plume, as well as feathers of various numbers, seem indeed to have come into particular use in the time of Edward III., from 1327 to 1377. But they were not unknown before that time. Guillim states that “the ostrich's feathers in plume were sometimes also the device of King Stephen, who gave them with this word, *Vi nulla invertitur ordo*,—No force alters their fashion,—alluding to the fold and fall of the feather, which, however the wind may shake it, it cannot disorder it; as likewise is the condition of kings and kingdoms well established.” He does not mention the number of feathers, so it is possible that the triple plume is more distinctly connected with Edward III. But even at that time it was not the distinctive cognizance of the Prince of Wales, being borne by others of the royal family. Not till the reign of Henry VII. was the triple plume within a coronet restricted to the eldest son of the sovereign.

But the three feathers seem to be an ancient and wide-spread symbol. In the Santa Casa at Loretto a marble sculpture of three feathers arranged in nearly the same position as those borne by the Prince of Wales is described as the *emblème magnifique* of Lorenzo de' Medici, father of Leo X. Sir Thomas Roe, who was sent on a mission to India by James I., describes the plume of heron's feathers worn by the Mogul Emperors of Hindostan when they took the field. Tavernier, the French traveller, says a plume of three heron's feathers was worn by the Ottoman Porte, explaining that it had a military meaning and was a symbol of command. On taking the field the Ottoman Porte gave one of the feathers to the Grand Vizier, who was acknowledged by the whole army as their commander-in-chief. Nadir Shah, who in the eighteenth century conquered Asia from Bagdad to Delhi, wore three black heron's feathers in his diadem. It is not impossible that the three feathers belonging to the Persian, the Mogul, or the Turk may have been borrowed from the Brahminical worship, and represent the three deities of fire, air, and water. According to Brahminical teaching, all the gods of the universe were resolved into these three conceptions; which in their turn are symbolized in the mystic letters A.U.M., representing the three in one, as the idea of one supreme spirit which is sometimes personified as Brahma, sometimes as Vishnu, sometimes as Siva. Some authorities derive “*Ich dien*” from Sanscrit words meaning not “I serve,” but “I shine.” But the weight of authority seems to favor the derivation from the Anglo-Saxon “*Je thian*,” meaning “I serve.”

WHO was Oberon?

L. M. N.

Oberon, in poetical rather than in popular mythology, is the King of Fairyland. Originally he was nothing more than the dwarf Elberic or Alberic, who guarded the treasures of the Nibelungen, and probably his first appearance in literature is in the Nibelungenlied. The later German epics of the Heldenbuch made him the King of the Dwarfs and endowed him with magical powers. In France his name became first Alberon and then Auberon, and his character underwent considerable modification, so that in the romance of “Huon de Bor-

deaux" he appears as Auberon, the King of Fairy-land. The superior popularity of this romance caused the French form of the name to supersede all others; and in the same way the genius of Shakespeare, who adopted the character in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," forced the general acceptance of the English spelling, Oberon. This spelling is first made use of in the English translation of "Huon of Bordeaux" (about 1234), whence Shakespeare drew his conception of the fairy king.

Oberon, according to his own account of himself in the French romance, was the son of Julius Cæsar and a fairy who ruled over the Hidden Isle (Chesalonie). Many rare endowments had been bestowed upon him at his birth, but a malevolent fairy, offended at being left out from the invitations, had decreed that his stature should not increase after he was three years of age. He grew up to be only three feet high, and was further deformed by a crook in his shoulders, but he had a face of angelic beauty, which all men loved to look upon. It was usually dangerous for a mortal to speak to him or to answer his salutations, as in that case he fell into the fairy king's power. If he refused to speak, Oberon in anger would raise up all sorts of seeming enchantments, storms of rain and wind and hail and snow, and place a great running river in the very path of the traveller. But the latter had only to press courageously on in his speechless course, and he would come out whole and dry. Huon de Bordeaux spoke boldly to the elfin king, despising all precaution, and received from him substantial aid in his enterprises. When Huon first saw him he was arrayed in a robe studded with jewels, and held in his hand a magic bow which had the power to stay the flight of any animal. Round his neck was slung a horn, the gift of four fairies who had each endowed it with a special virtue. Whosoever blew it could make the sick man whole, the hungry satisfied, the sorrowful merry, and could force to his aid all in hearing of the sound.

The most famous of modern poems having this character for a hero is "Oberon," a metrical romance in twelve cantos of *ottava rima* by the German poet Christopher Martin Wieland (1780). The story is adapted from the adventures of the mediæval hero Huon of Bordeaux; the metre and the manner seem to have been suggested by Ariosto's "Orlando." This is undoubtedly Wieland's masterpiece. A very acceptable translation into English verse is by William Sotheby. Weber has founded an opera upon the poem, produced in 1830.

Huon, Duke of Bordeaux, a young knight at the court of Charlemagne, has slain the treacherous Charlot, the son of that emperor. As he committed the act in self-defence, Charlemagne in punishment contents himself with sending him on a dangerous quest beyond the sea. He is to go to Bagdad, and, in the presence of the assembled court, cut off the head of the Grand Vizier and deprive the Caliph of his beard and four of his grinders, and in addition is to obtain the hand of the Caliph's daughter. In this apparently hopeless enterprise Huon meets with an unexpected ally in Oberon, the King of Elf-land. Oberon's assistance is not given in entire disinterestedness. He has had a quarrel with his queen Titania over the punishment due to one of her attendants, and has rashly sworn never to be reconciled until he meets with a constant and loving couple. He believes that Huon has a warm and faithful heart, and his object is to inspire a mutual love between him and Rezia, the daughter of the Caliph, in whom he has detected the same qualities. With this view he shows the future lovers to each other in a dream, and provides the knight with a magic cup and

horn, the former of which fills with wine on being presented to guiltless lips, while the latter inspires all who hear it with an insane desire to dance. Aided by these gifts, Huon accomplishes his dangerous mission at the Saracenic court, and the lovers are safely extricated from the hands of the enraged Caliph by the interference of Oberon. Ere they embark for Europe, however, he cautions them to consider each other as brother and sister till they arrive in Rome and their union is blessed by Pope Sylvester. Their disregard of this injunction brings down a terrible storm, the sailors draw lots for a victim, and the lot falls upon Huon. Rezia, who, wild with despair, has clung to his neck, leaps with him into the sea. An invisible power saves the lovers and bears them to a desert island. Here they endure many hardships, lightened, however, by unwearying affection. Rezia gives birth to a son, who is suddenly taken from her by the interference of Titania. Misfortunes thicken. Rezia is carried off by pirates and lodged in the harem of the Sultan Almanzor, who assails her constancy with alternate promises and threats. Meanwhile, Huon, who has been borne to the spot by the magic of Oberon, is undergoing a similar trial of his faith from the charms of the Sultana Almansaria. But the lovers cannot be seduced, and are about to seal their constancy by death at the stake, when Oberon suddenly appears to announce to them the end of their sufferings and the reconciliation with Titania which had been its result. In Oberon's car the happy pair are conveyed to Paris. Huon arrives just in time to prevent the confiscation of his estates, introduces his bride to the reconciled Emperor, and presents him with the Caliph's hair and grinders.

BOOK-TALK.

IT is interesting to watch the mutations of the public taste. It is interesting, also, to feel how you yourself are borne along by the current. We have all gone through our Howells and James fever, when a new book from the pen of either was a holiday occasion, an event of greater importance than even a Presidential election,—when we used to rejoice to find these novelists growing and strengthening in popular favor. Their fine wit, their happy art of saying nothing, their curious adroitness in laying bare the humorous foibles of human nature, their kindly insight into the absurdities of femininity and their harmless joy in revealing them,—above all, the modernness of their tone and its essential Americanism (for even James was not always a cosmopolitan),—caught our fancy and lapped us in an *Elysium fatuorum*, a literary paradise of fools. We have awakened from that dream, and, lo! the public has awakened also. Booksellers report that Howells is rarely called for, and James is deliberately refused by a public which clamor with a loud voice for Haggard, for Stevenson, for Amélie Rives and Edgar Saltus. Even the critic has lost his fealty, and is beginning to confess dismay at the sight of the closely-printed pages which once opened out in glory before him. As to the present writer, he is free to confess that he would rather review Howells than read him.

And yet he really tried to do his duty in regard to "Annie Kilburn," the last story by Howells, which the Harpers have just published. With halting and lagging steps he followed Annie from the time of her departure from Rome till half-way in her career at Hatboro', Mass.,—till the exciting episode when Mr. Putney gets drunk at a garden-party. After Mr. Putney sobered up, the Reviewer was content to drop the book, feeling sure that the climax of interest had been reached. Yet all along the way he could not help admiring the extreme cleverness of his guide,—in spite of the futility of that cleverness.

What is the use of a novel? To give pleasure to contemporary readers is a very important function, which Mr. Howells at his best is still able to perform. But a novel also has an historical value, as a picture of contemporary manners and morals. Now, what idea would a curious posterity draw from Mr. Howells's pages of the manners and morals of contemporary America? That the morals were eminently proper, that the manners were bad,—that the average American of this generation, in short, is very good and very stupid. Now, the average American is neither good nor stupid. He is not a bit better than the average Frenchman or Russian or Spaniard, and the fiction of all those nationalities looks the facts of life squarely in the face, acknowledges the presence of vice as of virtue, paints the darker as well as the lighter shades, and in fact gives a picture of contemporary manners and morals that will aid the future historian in his researches. The American is not a bit stupider than his neighbors. He is less cultivated, less refined, perhaps, but more broadly intelligent, wider in his sympathies, more liberal in his judgment. He does not spend his time in the tittle-tattle of tea-tables. He thinks and acts. America is the meeting-ground of all races and creeds, and, though the mutual contact of all these forces has produced a false appearance of tranquillity upon the surface, below the depths there is the same restless inquietude as everywhere else in our troubled generation. The old isms, the old conventions, are dying out; there is an interregnum of faith; doubt and despair are in the air; hands are lifted up to heaven in a wild prayer for guidance, for truth, but the novelist sees only the calm face which the every-day man presents to the world; he ignores the travail, the long, long nights of agony, the piteous, lonely grief. The interregnum of faith has produced an interregnum in morality, here as elsewhere, but the novelist fails to see it. He accepts the world as it seems; he looks at it entirely from the feminine stand-point,—the stand-point of one who holds fast to what has been proved, who proves nothing that is new,—the conservative, not the radical point of view. This is essentially a man's world, not a woman's. The creative intellect is denied to woman. The pioneers, the originators, the inventors, the discoverers, have all been men. There never was a female prophet. But as the processes of creating are unknown to woman, she is all the more ready to apotheosize the creation. The isms invented by our grandfathers are retained by our grandmothers. The average American novelist writes for his grandmother; he affects to believe that the world which that dear old lady sees through her spectacles is the real world. In fact, it is the reality of his pictured world that he prides himself upon.

It was Disraeli who said of Gladstone that he had not a single redeeming vice. Mr. Howells's book, it should be mentioned, has just a little redeeming vice. There is one character who is neither good nor stupid. This is the lawyer Alva Putney. Of all the people in the book he is the only one that takes hold

on the heart. There is no being more companionable, more lovable, than a scamp whose sin has found him out, who no longer feels it necessary to pay his tribute of hypocrisy to virtue. Before unmasking he is apt to be too austere, too puritanical, too lofty in his standards,—too superior, in short; and we Americans hate superiority. He would be juster than Aristides, who no doubt put on airs and deserved ostracism. A virtuous man that despises cakes and ale is a horrid bore, but a rascal that is above them cannot be tolerated. Now, Putney's vices are blatant. They seek no concealment, for concealment is impossible. They simply consist of a love for strong drink and the weaknesses which that love engenders. We pity him and we like him.

"Jonathan and his Continent (Rambles through American Society)," by Max O'Rell and Jack Allyn (Cassell & Co.), is the first failure of a very clever man. M. O'Rell seems to be one of those humorists who can be funny only at the expense of others: he must mix a little gall with his wit. Now, in these rambles through American society he has been too good-natured, too anxious to be pleased; he has looked merely at the rosier side of things. The book is dull and superficial: what humor it contains may be new in Paris, but has a very chestnutty flavor even in Philadelphia.

"Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian, arranged and edited as an Introduction to the Study of the Bible." By Edward T. Bartlett, D.D., and John T. Peters. Vol. II., Hebrew Literature. This volume is divided into five parts: Part I., The history of the Jews from the destruction of Jerusalem to and through the time of Ezra; Part II., The Hebrew Legislation, with a codification of the laws; Part III., Hebrew Tales, meaning such tales as were incapable of insertion in a consecutive narrative; Part IV., Hebrew Prophecy; and Part V., the principal psalms and other Hebrew lyrics not used in previous parts. The labor involved seems to have been very great, and the work is done intelligently.

"Business," by James Platt (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is the authorized American reprint of a book which in England has gone through no less than seventy-five editions. It is a little difficult to understand why books of this sort, which consist of good honest platitudes put into English of a rather inferior sort, should succeed in catching such an avalanche of pennies; but we have no ill-will towards the author, and we trust he may catch an equal amount of American cents.

Why do people write such poems as "Mastor" and "Idyls of the Golden Shore"? The author of the first is John Ruse Larns,—of the second, Hu Maxwell. The publishers of both are G. P. Putnam's Sons. But who are the purchasers?

"Irene; or, The Road to Freedom." By Sada Bailey Fowler. Second edition. (H. N. Fowler & Co., Philadelphia.) The old song says, "'Tis a pity when charming women talk of things that they don't understand." Mrs. (or Miss?) Fowler is undoubtedly a charming woman (she has prefixed her portrait to this edition in order to prove it), but she doesn't understand.

"Ruth, the Christian Scientist; or, The New Hygeia." By John Chester, M.D., D.D. (H. H. Carter & Karriek, Boston.) A lot of foolish thinking cast in the form of a very dull story.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

APRIL.

APRIL is said to have begun the year in the ancient Alban calendar, which had ten months of unequal lengths, April having thirty-six days. In the calendar of Romulus it was assigned to the second place, with thirty days. In the later Roman calendar it occupied the fourth place, as it still does. The common interpretation of the name of April is that it was derived from the Latin *aperio*, "I open," in signification of the opening of leaf and flower during this month. Yet this is not in accordance with the Roman custom of naming the months, since in the name of no other is there any reference to natural conditions. More probably Aprilis was originally Aphrillis, derived from Aphrodite, the Greek name of Venus, since the Romans looked upon April as the month of the goddess of love, the reproductive power of nature being now restored to full activity.

The Anglo-Saxons called April *Eostre-monat*, perhaps from the prevalence of east winds at that period in the ancient Saxon realm, or from the goddess Eostre, a deity who was honored by festivities in April. Easter had probably the same origin, though it may have been derived from *ȝst*, a "storm," in accordance with the frequent stormy weather of the European Easter period.

With the coming of April the winter is fairly at an end and the season of blossom and foliage is at hand. The winds of March are laid; the sun is growing in strength and warmth; frequent showers feed the thirsty soil, and the plants and trees, already full of nascent life, suddenly break into a feathery sheen of delicate leaves, which ere long will open to their full width and clothe the late bare limbs in wide-spreading garments of green. In the far south this takes place in March, or even earlier, but over the greater part of our country April is the month of the leafing and blossoming, the date in which the land "bourgeoons into glory," and hill-side and plain alike

are clothed in the green marvel of the spring-tide foliage. In the latitude of Philadelphia, mid-April finds the trees in general covered with fresh young leaves, and the earlier fruit-trees already wearing the white robes of their blossoming triumph. The white-and-pink array of the apple-blossoms is somewhat later, but their tardiness is more than compensated by their charm, for earth possesses nothing more beautiful than the profuse flower-jewels of the apple in their delicate setting of tender green.

April is the month of the seeding as well as of the blossoming. Far and wide the fruitful soil is now being rent with the keen ploughshare, while everywhere the magical germs of plant-life are buried in the earth's dark bosom, to rise again in the resurrection of the harvest. The clouds no longer hold the empire of the sky, but gather in haste to fling down fitful drifts of rain, and then break and fly before the shining arrows of the sun, which rides the heavens rejoicing in its new conquest of the earth. In the warmth of its flooding beams the insect world awakes to life, the honey-seeking bee begins his buzzing round of visits to the flowers, and on painted wings the early butterflies float by, emblems of the poetry as the bees are emblems of the prose of life.

However winter-like April may dawn upon us, it seldom sets except in a summer-like glow. The fields are never more charming than when clad in their first delicate emerald tints, the woodlands never more attractive than in their morning robes of mellow green, through bush and thicket the bright-winged birds float in lazy delight, or dart in the busy labor of the nesting season, stopping now and then to trill forth their joy in song, while everywhere, on hill and in vale, the gladness of the springtide reigns supreme, and the earth rejoices in flower and leaf over its escape from the dreary prison-house of winter.

EVENTS.

April 1.

All Fool's Day. Why the first of April is celebrated as a Festival of Fools, and when and where the custom originated, are not known. The peculiar observance of the day can be traced through every country of Europe, and back to the Hindoos, who have in their *Huli*, which terminates on March 31, a similar festival, in which persons are sent on All Fools' errands. It is by some traced to Noah's mistake in sending the dove out of the ark before the waters had abated, on the Hebrew first day of the month. Its observance, as we scarcely need state, consists in the playing of practical jokes, a crude form of fun suitable only to people of a low sense of humor, and as such a fitting inheritance from more primitive times.

1405. Tamerlane, or Timour, the great Tartar conqueror, is said to have died on this day. He was a descendant of Jengis Khan, the first Mongol conqueror, and a man of remarkable military ability and of extraordinary cruelty. He conquered all Southern Asia, and died while on his march to the invasion of China. Millions of human beings perished before his devastating marches, and the site of flourishing cities was often marked by him with pyramids of human skulls.

1814. Napoleon was deposed from the throne of France, the allied sovereigns of Europe having taken possession of Paris on the preceding day. On the 11th he signed an act of abdication, which made him sovereign of the island of Elba, with an annual allowance of six millions of francs.

1865. The siege of Petersburg ended. Sheridan, at the head of Warren's division, had taken the works at Five Forks on the preceding day, and a general assault was made on Lee's lines. They were broken at several points, and Petersburg became untenable. This brought to an end the great siege. On the 2d the Confederate government fled from Richmond, and Lee's army followed during the night.

1867. The International Exhibition at Paris, the greatest "World's Fair" up to that date, opened. It was held in the Champ de Mars, in a building which covered thirty-five acres, and whose avenues were arranged in concentric

circles crossed by radiating passages. This arrangement enabled all articles of one class to be kept together, and the exhibit of each nation to be similarly concentrated. It has not been followed in any later world's fair. The Exhibition closed October 31.

1884. A severe cyclone passed over Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, and western Pennsylvania. The town of Oakville, Indiana, was entirely destroyed, and others injured. Twelve persons were killed and fifty seriously hurt.

1885. Prince Bismarck's seventieth birthday, and the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into public service, were celebrated in Germany with much enthusiasm. Among the presents given him were the title-deeds of his ancestral estate of Schönhausen, which had been sold by the family when in financial difficulties.

1886. The strike on the Western railroads was renewed, because the companies refused to take back all the strikers. On the 14th the Knights of Labor declared war against the Gould system of railroads.

April 2.

1774. General Gage was appointed governor of Massachusetts, and general-in-chief for the continent. He was recalled in 1775, after the outbreak of the Revolution.

1791. Mirabeau, the great orator of the early French Revolution, died. He was a man of unusual mental ability and of the highest powers of eloquence, but intractable and dissipated, ruining his constitution by his excesses. Had he lived he would undoubtedly have played a very prominent part in the Revolution, and might have checked some of its cruelties and extravagances.

1801. An engagement took place between the British fleet, under Lord Nelson and Admiral Parker, bombarding Copenhagen, and the Danish fleet. Of the twenty-three ships-of-the-line of the latter, eighteen were taken or destroyed by the British.

1819. The *American Farmer*, the first agricultural paper published in the United States, was issued at Baltimore.

1836. Texas proclaimed its independence of Mexico, and adopted a republican form of government.

1844. The Fleet Prison at London was abolished. This had been used as a debtors' prison for over two centuries, and was the seat of great abuses. It was burned during the Gordon riots, but rebuilt.

1851. The Territories of Colorado, Dakota, and Nevada were formed by act of Congress.

1864. Grant was made lieutenant-general, and placed in command of all the armies of the United States.

1865. Richard Cobden died. He was born in 1804, became a prominent orator on economic subjects, and was the principal champion of the National Anti-Corn-Law League. He continued the contest for the free importation of bread-stuffs until the repeal of the Corn-Laws in 1846. He performed many other important public services.

1886. There were serious floods in various rivers of Alabama, the water rising six feet above the highest level before known. Great loss of life resulted, and cattle were destroyed in great numbers.

April 8.

1617. John Napier, the inventor of logarithms, died. He was a Scotch mathematician, born in 1550. His system of logarithms is of the utmost service in trigonometrical problems, reducing the labor of months to a few days.

1803. The New York Society of Journeymen Shipwrights, the first trade society incorporated in this country, was formed. It was followed by the House Carpenters of New York in 1806, and the New York Typographical Society in 1817. It was not till after 1825 that societies extending beyond the bounds of a single city were formed.

1812. The United States Embargo Act was passed. This prevented any vessel from leaving port for ninety days. It was followed by an act prohibiting the exportation of goods during its continuance. Its purpose was to punish Great Britain for outrages on American commerce by cutting off from that country all American trade. As it proved, however, America suffered more than England from the cessation of commerce.

1829. A fire at Augusta, Maine, consumed more than three hundred buildings. On the 10th one hundred buildings were burned at Savannah, Georgia, and a conflagration at New York consumed the Lafayette Theatre and many other buildings.

1852. The steamboat Glencoe, from New Orleans for St. Louis, exploded her boilers on reaching the levee of the latter city, eighty persons being killed. On the

previous day the boilers of the Redstone exploded on the Ohio, and killed more than twenty, and on the 9th a similar accident happened to the Saluda, near Lexington, Missouri, nearly one hundred persons losing their lives, mostly women on their way to Salt Lake City.

1854. John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of Scottish literature, died. He contributed many brilliant essays to *Blackwood's Magazine*, including his celebrated "Noces Ambrosianæ," made up of familiar dialogues on men, books, and the passing topics of the time.

1881. A severe earthquake desolated the island of Scio, destroying the town of that name and several villages. Nearly four thousand persons perished.

1884. The ship Daniel Steinmann was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia, with a loss of one hundred and twenty lives.

1886. A labor riot took place at Fort Worth, Texas. The railroad was blockaded by the strikers, and the sheriff, who had started west with a freight train, stopped the train and ordered the strikers to disperse. Firing followed, two men being killed and five injured. The strikers dispersed, and the road was opened.

April 4.

1774. Oliver Goldsmith died. This eminent poet and prose-writer was born in Ireland in 1728. He was noted for simplicity of character, geniality, and a rich and attractive power as a writer. He excelled alike in poetry and prose, and no works in the language surpass in popularity his "Deserted Village," "Vicar of Wakefield," and the comedy "She Stoops to Conquer." The latter still holds possession of the stage, with little loss of interest to play-goers.

1817. Masséna, one of Napoleon's marshals, died. He began his military life as a private in the Italian army, and was fourteen years in attaining the rank of sergeant. In the French Revolutionary army he rapidly ascended in grade, and displayed remarkable military ability. He was made Duke of Rivoli in 1797, and a marshal of France in 1804. In 1810 he commanded in Portugal against Wellington. He became commander-in-chief of the National Guard under Louis XVIII.

1841. President Harrison died, after being in office just one month. He was born in 1773, the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He gained great honor as a general in the last war with Great Britain, and afterwards served in Congress. He was the Whig candidate for President in 1836, but was defeated.

In 1840 he was elected by a large majority, after a very exciting contest.

1859. Daniel E. Sickles was put on trial for the murder of Philip Barton Key, and acquitted on the 26th. It was a case of marital infidelity, which excited much public interest. Sickles afterwards became a general in the civil war, and lost a leg at Gettysburg. A somewhat similar case, the trial of Daniel McFarland for the murder of Albert D. Richardson, began in New York, April 4, 1870. It ended, May 10, in the acquittal of the defendant.

1883. Peter Cooper died. He was a man of unusual public spirit, the most important evidence of which is the "Cooper Institute," which he founded in his native city of New York, for the instruction and improvement of the working classes. It cost over half a million of dollars, and has been and continues to be of great public benefit.

April 5.

1794. Danton, one of the leaders of the French Revolution, was guillotined. He was a man of great oratorical powers and ability as a statesman, and for a while he, with Marat and Robespierre, held the supreme power. Afterwards Robespierre, as head of the extreme terrorists, had him denounced, arrested, and executed. Danton is given credit for strong patriotic sentiment and a policy of clemency. Lamartine says, "Nothing was wanting to make Danton a great man, except virtue."

1811. Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, died. In 1781 he employed several women to teach a number of ragged children found in the streets of Gloucester, England, from which beginning Sunday-schools arose. He was born in 1785 or 1786, and was editor of the *Gloucester Journal*.

April 6.

1199. Richard I. of England (surnamed Cœur-de-Lion, or Lion-Heart) died. His name has always been invested with a romantic interest, from his great strength, adventurous spirit, and remarkable history. He led an army to Palestine as a Crusader, fought against Saladin, performed striking deeds of valor, and on his return was arrested and imprisoned by the Emperor of Germany, whom he had offended. After his release and return to England, he was wounded by an arrow while besieging a castle near Limoges, and died of the wound.

1528. Albert Dürer died. He was born at Nuremberg in 1471, and became a painter and engraver of great celebrity. Many of his works still exist, and are

striking for the fertility of imagination displayed, their sublimity of conception, and their correctness of design.

1667. A destructive earthquake ruined the city of Ragusa. Five thousand lives were lost.

1830. The first Mormon church was established, at Manchester, in western New York. About thirty converts attended the first conference, held in June. In 1831 the Mormons removed to Kirtland, Ohio.

1850. The great diamond known as the Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light, was brought from India, to be presented to Queen Victoria. Its original weight was nearly eight hundred carats, but it has been reduced by cutting to one hundred and two and a quarter carats.

1862. The battle of Shiloh, one of the fiercest engagements in the American civil war, was fought. Grant's army was attacked by a Confederate army under Albert Sidney Johnston, and nearly defeated. Being reinforced on the succeeding day, Grant took the offensive, and drove back his assailants with heavy loss. Each side lost about ten thousand men.

April 7.

1668. Sir William Davenant, an English dramatic poet, died. He was chosen poet-laureate in 1637 as successor to Ben Jonson, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. None of his works live.

1788. The settlement of Marietta, Ohio, was made on this day. This was the first permanent settlement made in that region of the West.

1862. Island No. 10, on the Mississippi, which the Confederates had strongly fortified, surrendered to General Pope, after twenty-three days' bombardment. This opened the river as far south as Memphis, which was occupied on June 6.

April 8.

1492. Lorenzo de' Medici died. He was the most distinguished of the rulers of Florence, his patronage of art and literature having done much for the development of Italian civilization. He attained some eminence as a poet.

1663. The first theatrical play-bill was issued from Drury Lane Theatre on this day. The play announced was the comedy called "The Humorous Lieutenant." It named the characters, and concluded, "The play will begin at three o'clock exactly."

1750. A shock of earthquake was predicted for this day by an insane person. To avoid it, thousands of persons, particularly those of rank and fortune, passed the night of the 7th in their carriages and in tents in Hyde Park. This does

not speak well for general intelligence in the eighteenth century.

1809. The revolt of the Tyrolese peasantry, under Andreas Hofer, against the French and Bavarians, broke out. They were victorious in several battles, but were at length overpowered by numbers. Hofer was betrayed to the French, and was shot in February, 1810.

1834. A riot broke out at the New York City election, caused by strong political excitement. The military had to be called out to suppress it, and many citizens were injured. The election resulted in the victory of the new party of "Whigs," who were successful in many parts of the country.

1835. Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance upon the stage at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston. She took the character of the Countess, in the "Marriage of Figaro," and made a great success.

1835. Karl Wilhelm von Humboldt, brother of the celebrated Alexander Humboldt, died. He was one of the ablest philosophers and critics of his time, was deeply versed in languages, and has been called the creator of comparative philology. He left many valuable works.

1838. The Great Western steamer sailed from Bristol for New York, and at nearly the same time the Sirius sailed from London, these being the first vessels to cross the Atlantic exclusively by steam power. The Sirius was seventeen days, the Great Western fifteen, in crossing. The Savannah, which crossed in 1819, was partly propelled by sails.

April 9.

1829. An inundation was caused at Dantzic by the Vistula breaking through some of its dikes. Ten thousand head of cattle and four thousand houses were destroyed, and many lives lost.

1832. The steamboat Brandywine was burned on the Mississippi, near Memphis. Of about two hundred persons on board only seventy-five escaped.

1860. The pony-express service began. Its purpose was to carry the mails across the plains and the mountains to and from San Francisco. Two pony-couriers started on the same day, one from San Francisco, the other from St. Joseph, on the Missouri. Twelve miles an hour were made, without rest, there being frequent relays. The nineteen hundred miles were traversed in about seven and a half days. The service was a severe and dangerous one, the riders suffering much from cold, hunger, fatigue, and attacks by the Indians.

1865. The surrender of General Lee

and his army took place. After leaving Richmond he had marched towards the mountains with the utmost haste, but was delayed by rains, fatigue, and want of supplies until Grant's advance-guard cut off the retreat. This surrender brought the war to an end, though there were some Confederate forces yet in the field.

1868. The steamer Sea-Bird was burned on Lake Michigan, one hundred lives being lost.

April 10.

1802. Erasmus Darwin, an English philosophical poet, died. He wrote a number of poems, the principal of which, "The Botanic Garden," was very popular in its time, though now little read. It is said to contain a suggestion of that theory of animal evolution which was afterwards developed by his grandson, Charles Darwin.

1841. The New York *Tribune*, edited by Horace Greeley, issued its first number on this day. It was about one-third of its present size.

1845. One of the most destructive conflagrations ever known in America broke out this day in Pittsburg. Twenty squares, comprising a large portion of the city, were burned over, eleven hundred buildings, with their contents, being reduced to ashes. The loss was estimated at ten millions of dollars.

1848. A great meeting of the Chartists was proposed to be held in London on this day, but of the two hundred thousand expected only twenty thousand came. The Bank of England and other important establishments were guarded by troops, and one hundred and fifty thousand constables sworn in, one of them being Louis Napoleon, then in London. The Chartists demanded universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, payment of members, abolition of the property qualification, and equal electoral districts. All of these seem desirable reforms, but they are only slowly making their way against English conservatism.

1881. During an excavation at Dürkheim, in the Palatinate, there was found an enormous iron chest, containing the celebrated treasures of the Abbey of Limburg, which had disappeared after the siege of the abbey in 1504. There was a large number of vases and other objects in gold and silver, precious stones, etc.

April 11.

1783. Congress issued a proclamation declaring the cessation of arms on land and sea, preliminary to the treaty of peace with Great Britain.

1853. A steam-pipe burst on the Jenny Lind, from Alviso to San Francisco, thirty-one lives being lost. On April 20, the steamer Ocean Wave was burned on Lake Ontario, with a loss of thirty-eight lives.

1856. Kansas was refused admission to the Union as a State. Violence and bloodshed had prevailed there between the warring factions for two years previous, and still continued.

1872. The river steamer Oceanus exploded her boiler on the Mississippi, forty lives being lost.

1873. General Canby and Mr. Thomas were treacherously killed by the Modoc Indians, while conferring with them under a flag of truce. The war went on until the savages were subdued, when seven were convicted and sentenced to death for this murder. Three were hanged, the sentence of the others being commuted.

April 12.

1765. Dr. Edward Young, an English poet, died. Of his many poems, his "Night Thoughts" alone is now read. It was very popular in its time, but is read rather as a literary duty than as a pleasure at the present day.

1782. The celebrated naval victory of Admiral Rodney over the French fleet in the West Indies was gained on this day. The French outnumbered him, but were defeated, with the loss of five ships of the line and their admiral, who was sent prisoner to England.

1782. Metastasio, an eminent Italian poet, died. His poems were numerous, including several operas,—*"Catone," "Semiramide," "Artaserse,"* etc.

1861. The bombardment of Fort Sumter began, Major Anderson having refused to surrender. It continued for thirty-four hours, when the fort was so badly damaged that Anderson was forced to surrender.

1862. Gold was first quoted at a premium. Its currency value had advanced to 123 by the 1st of October.

1864. The Fort Pillow massacre took place. General Forrest, who had made an incursion into Kentucky, took this fort by storm during his return south, and slaughtered the garrison, half of it being composed of negroes.

April 13.

1598. The celebrated Edict of Nantes was signed by Henry IV. of France. It gave to Protestant lords the right to the full exercise of their religion in their houses, and permitted Protestantism to be preached in all places under the jurisdiction of a parliament. Calvinists could

print their books in all places where their religion was permitted, and Protestants were made competent to hold any office or dignity in the state.

1749. The British frigate Pembroke, sixty guns, foundered near Porto Nuovo, three hundred and thirty of her crew perishing. On the same day the Namur, seventy-four guns, foundered near Fort St. David, East Indies, only twenty-six persons being saved.

1758. The British frigate Prince George, eighty guns, was burned on her way to Gibraltar. About four hundred persons were lost.

1759. Handel, the celebrated musical composer, died. He was the author of numerous compositions of the highest excellence, among which the oratorio of *"The Messiah"* is considered his masterpiece. He became blind shortly before his death.

1868. Magdala, the capital of Abyssinia, was bombarded and stormed by the British army in the Abyssinian war. King Theodore, who had provoked this war by imprisoning and ill-treating British subjects, killed himself on the loss of his capital. Magdala was burned on the 17th.

April 14.

1471. Warwick, the "King-Maker," was killed in battle. This celebrated personage, Richard Nevil, son of the Earl of Salisbury, and Earl of Warwick by marriage, was born about 1420. He became prominent in the War of the Roses, took King Henry prisoner, and secured the throne to Edward IV. Afterwards, quarrelling with the king, he brought an army from France, drove Edward from England, and proclaimed Henry VI. as king. Edward returned and defeated the Lancastrians in a battle, in which Warwick was killed.

1685. Otway, a noted English dramatist, died. He wrote and translated a considerable number of plays, but is now known chiefly by his interesting tragedy of *"Venice Preserved,"* which still keeps the stage. It has been more frequently represented than any other tragedy, except those of Shakespeare. Otway died in great destitution,—some say from hunger.

1764. The celebrated Marquise de Pompadour died. She was noted for her beauty and accomplishments, through which she gained an influence over Louis XV. of France which she retained till her death. She mingled in foreign politics, and played a very important part in the history of France during that period.

1775. The first anti-slavery society in America was formed. Its location was

Philadelphia, and its members were mostly Quakers.

1802. Lorca, a city of Murcia, Spain, was destroyed by the bursting of a reservoir. The escaping waters overflowed twenty leagues, drowning a thousand persons, besides great numbers of cattle.

1849. The independence of Hungary was proclaimed, and Kossuth made supreme governor. This arose from the insurrection of 1848, and led to a war in which the Hungarians were subdued by the combined armies of Austria and Russia, many of the leaders executed, and Kossuth and others forced to fly for their lives.

1865. One of the most tragical events in American history took place, in the assassination of President Lincoln. He was shot while seated in a box at Ford's Theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth, an actor, and a rabid adherent of the Confederate cause. At the same time an unsuccessful attempt was made to murder Secretary Seward. The President was shot in the head, and died early the next morning. Booth escaped, though with an injured leg from his leap to the stage. He was found several days afterwards, hidden in a barn in Virginia. While aiming at his pursuers, he was shot by Boston Corbett, a cavalry sergeant. Of the accomplices of Booth, four were hung, three sentenced to imprisonment for life, and one for six years.

1868. An accident occurred on the Erie Railroad, at Carr's Rock, on the Delaware River. The train rolled down an embankment, twenty-six persons being killed and fifty-two seriously injured.

1882. The discovery of great robberies in the Winter Palace, at Peking, China, was made. The imperial bastions of this edifice had been for years the hiding-place of a gang of thieves, who were protected and assisted by the palace eunuchs. Lights had been seen to flash from the cannon-holes and windows of the towers, but the eunuchs when questioned declared that the Hsien, or Fox fairy, was prostrating himself there with his lighted torch, and this mythical story sufficed to prevent investigation. It was found on search that not only the palace but other public buildings had been robbed. In the great national library hundreds of important editions of standard works were mutilated, all the broad margins of fine white paper being cut off and sold by the custodians.

April 15.

1632. George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, died. He founded the province of Maryland, to the territory of which he obtained a grant from Charles I. It

was his purpose to establish a refuge for Roman Catholics in America. In 1621 he planted a colony in Newfoundland, which failed. His settlement in Maryland proved very successful, and the laws of the proprietor invested the colonists with full religious liberty and political rights. This religious liberty soon disappeared under the encroachments of Protestant invaders.

1719. Madame de Maintenon, one of the most notable women in French history, died. She was born in 1635, in the prison of Niort, where her father, a son of the eminent author T. A. d'Aubigné, was held prisoner. She became a poor orphan, and was forced by her guardians to abjure Calvinism. In 1652 she married Scarron, the crippled and deformed wit and poet, whose house formed the literary centre of Paris. He died in 1660, and about 1670 she was made governess of a son of Louis XIV. She gradually gained an ascendancy over the king, and was secretly married to him in 1685. She obtained great influence with Louis, and played an important secret part in the political movements of that active reign. Her conversational tact and ability seem to have been remarkable.

1842. The steamer Medora, when about starting from Baltimore on a trial-trip, exploded her boiler, killing twenty-seven persons and seriously injuring forty others.

1881. The five persons condemned for being concerned in the assassination of the Emperor of Russia were hanged at St. Petersburg. They were escorted through the city in a procession of about five thousand soldiers, each having a black board on his breast with the inscription, "Assassin of the Czar."

1882. Eighty workmen, employed in preparing the cathedral at Moscow for the coronation of the Czar, were arrested. A mine had been discovered under the cathedral, and also one under the Nicolai Railroad, by which the Czar would reach the city. The police received a basket of eggs, several of which were charged with dynamite, and a note saying, "We have plenty more for the Czar's coronation."

1886. A terrible tornado prevailed at Sauk Rapids, Minnesota. During the day it had travelled from Council Bluffs, three hundred and fifty miles away, in a path eight hundred feet wide. Immense damage was done throughout its course, and about seventy lives were lost.

April 10.

1746. The battle of Culloden was fought. The Scotch, headed by Prince Charles, the Young Pretender, were com-

pletely defeated, losing twenty-five hundred killed on the field and in the pursuit. This was the last effort of the Stuarts to regain the throne.

1788. Buffon, the most celebrated French naturalist of the last century, died. His great work on Natural History was published in 1749, and was supplemented by the "Epochs of Nature," one of his greatest productions. He enjoyed an immense reputation in his day, and by his observations and theories paved the way for the scientific work of Cuvier and others of his successors.

1862. The French declared war against Juarez, the President of Mexico. The English and Spanish troops were withdrawn from the expedition, leaving the French to prosecute the war alone. The French gradually advanced till by 1864 they had possession of most of the country, when they made Maximilian emperor. The French occupation continued till early in 1867, when hostile intimations from the United States caused a withdrawal of the invading army.

1863. Admiral Porter, with the Mississippi fleet, ran the batteries at Vicksburg. The fire was severe, but nearly all the gunboats and transports passed the batteries without serious injury. This movement was followed by Grant's march southward, his crossing the river, and his attack on Vicksburg from the south.

1886. A strike took place on the Third Avenue street-railway, New York. On the 19th nearly all the New York railways joined in the strike, but all withdrew on the 20th but the Third Avenue, leaving it to fight its losing battle alone.

April 17.

1355. Marino Falieri, formerly Doge of Venice, was beheaded. He incited the plebeians to a conspiracy against the nobles, who were to be massacred. The plot was revealed, and he was tried and executed. Byron has made his story the subject of a drama. The portraits of the doges are exhibited in the hall of the Grand Council of Venice, but the place of Falieri is occupied by a ducal throne covered with a pall, and the inscription, "Here is the place of Marino Falieri, beheaded for his crimes."

1790. Benjamin Franklin died. The life of the great American philosopher and statesman was too active and varied to be dealt with in a paragraph, and is too well known to our readers to call for any comment. It will suffice to say that no man did more in procuring the independence of the United States, or for the advance of science in the eighteenth century, while as an example of homely wisdom, practical good sense, and local

public spirit, Franklin has had no superior in the history of mankind.

1865. A destructive conflagration broke out in the bonded warehouses in South Street, New York, destroying two million dollars' worth of property.

April 18.

1689. Lord Jeffreys, the infamous hero of the "bloody assizes," died. After the unsuccessful rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth against James II., Jeffreys conducted the trials of those accused of participation, and committed the most shameful atrocities in torturing, burning, hanging, and beheading the accused, with scarcely a show of trial. After the accession of William, the Prince of Orange, Jeffreys sought to escape from England in disguise, but was taken and sent to the Tower, where he died.

1831. John Abernethy, a celebrated English surgeon and physiologist, died. He was a lecturer of immense popularity, an able medical author, and an eccentric humorist. One of his witty medical advices was the following. A rich man who had consulted him for a remedy for the gout was told to "live on sixpences a day, and earn it."

1847. The battle of Cerro Gordo was fought, during Scott's advance from Vera Cruz. A Mexican army of twelve thousand men, strongly posted, was defeated by Scott's force of eighty-five hundred.

1880. A severe tornado occurred in the Mississippi Valley, doing its greatest damage at the town of Marshfield, Missouri, which was nearly all destroyed, with a loss of one hundred killed and one hundred and fifteen injured. One hundred and fifty lives were lost in the whole course of the storm. Trees three feet in diameter were twisted off and snapped into fragments. On April 25 a tornado at Macon, Mississippi, destroyed twenty-two houses, and killed seventeen and injured twenty-two persons.

1881. The bill prohibiting Chinese immigration for ten years was passed. It was signed and became a law on May 8.

1884. The bark Ponema, of New Brunswick, collided with the State of Florida, a large steamer, about twelve hundred miles from the Irish coast. Both vessels sunk almost immediately. Of one hundred and eighty persons, only thirty-five were saved.

April 19.

1560. Melancthon, an eminent German reformer, and a friend and sustainer of Luther, died. After Luther's death he was looked upon as the leader of the Reformation. His ability as a theological controversialist was great, and his

learning and eloquence gave him great fame, and attracted multitudes of students to the University of Wittenberg, in which he was professor of Greek. He left numerous works, theological and critical, and an extensive correspondence, which has been published.

1626. Francis Bacon died. No man has achieved a more enduring reputation in English philosophy and literature than this eminent writer, though there is great diversity of opinion as to his merits. Some look upon him as the founder of the inductive method of scientific study, while others deny him this position; yet none can question his remarkable ability as a thinker, even outside of the authorship of Shakespeare's dramas, which some enthusiastic partisans ascribe to him. As an office-holder he showed a venal dishonesty, and as lord high chancellor gained as much disesteem as he had gained esteem through his intellectual ability.

1775. The battle of Lexington, the first engagement of the Revolutionary War, took place. A party of soldiers had been sent from Boston to destroy some military stores which the colonists had collected at Concord. At Lexington a party of armed men had gathered, who refused to disperse when ordered. The soldiers fired upon them, killing eight and wounding several. On their return from Concord to Boston the British were fired upon from every wall and tree, and lost heavily.

1824. Lord Byron, a celebrated English poet, died. As a writer he had great ability and unusual industry, and has left numerous works, many of them monuments of poetical genius. As a man he was inclined to moroseness, and morbidly sensitive, yet of a strongly sympathetic nature. His sympathy for the Greeks led him to take part in their struggle for independence, in which he showed great courage and ability, and brought on by exposure the illness of which he died.

1851. A violent storm occurred on the Atlantic coast of the United States, which destroyed the Minot's Ledge light-house, Boston harbor.

1861. President Lincoln proclaimed the blockade of the ports of the seceding States.

1866. The Fenian design of invading Canada was checked by General Meade, who took command of the United States troops, and instituted measures to prevent the invasion.

1881. Benjamin Disraeli, prime minister of England, died. His career was a remarkable one. Born in 1806, he published several novels between 1826 and

1862, and entered Parliament in 1867. His first speech was a failure, but by unconquerable energy he gradually gained power in the House, was made premier in 1868, and Earl of Beaconsfield in 1877. His latest novel, "Lothair," excited great interest and vigorous adverse criticism.

1882. A night attack was made by a masked party on a passenger-train of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. There were twenty thousand dollars in silver bars aboard, but the robbers seized the express-company's bags by mistake. Before they could rectify their error they were assailed by the passengers and driven off.

1886. An ice-blockade produced prolonged floods at Montreal, causing a loss of nearly six millions of dollars.

April 20.

1821. The first Unitarian religious newspaper in the United States was issued on this day.

1880. The International Fisheries Exhibition was opened at Berlin. It illustrated the progress in breeding, capturing, preparing, and preserving fish. France, through ill feeling against Germany, refused to participate in the Exhibition.

1883. A very destructive fire broke out in the city of Delhi, India. Before the conflagration could be arrested, two thousand houses were reduced to ashes.

April 21.

323 B.C. Alexander the Great died. This first of the world-conquerors was born 356 B.C., being the son of Philip of Macedon, who had overthrown the liberties of Greece. He revenged on Persia its invasions of Greece by marching into and conquering that country, with all its vast dependencies. He then invaded India, and conquered much of its northern regions. His career in this direction was ended by his soldiers refusing to go any farther. Thus in a few years he overran and subdued nearly all the world known to the ancients. While engaged in consolidating his vast empire, he gave himself up to excesses in the pursuit of pleasure, and died at Babylon from inordinate application to the wine-cup.

On the same day is said to have died Diogenes the Cynic, an Athenian philosopher, who was noted for his extravagant contempt for the comforts of life, and for the severe privations which he voluntarily endured. It is said that he lodged in a cask or tub, and when Alexander, who visited him, asked what he could do

for him, Diogenes answered, "Stand from between me and the sun." He died at about the age of ninety.

1109. Anselm, a celebrated Archbishop of Canterbury, died. He was of a high order of intellect, and a profound and original thinker, as is evinced by his writings. With him began the contest between the priesthood and the kings of England, his controversy with King William Rufus being long and bitter.

1142. Abelard, a French philosopher and logician of great celebrity, died. No man of his age was his equal in the public disputations common at that period, and the schools which he established were attended by crowds of pupils. His well-known amour with his pupil Héloïse, and the persecutions which he afterwards suffered, induced him to retire from public life, and he founded in Champagne a convent called the Paraclete, of which Héloïse became the first abbess.

1699. Racine, one of the most eminent of French dramatic poets, died. His works were principally tragedies, of which he wrote many. "Andromaque" was the first in which his dramatic genius was displayed. Of the others, "Iphigénie" is spoken of by Voltaire as "the *chef-d'œuvre* of the stage." "Athalie," his last, was considered by Boileau his best drama. In later life he abandoned dramatic writing, and for twenty years was a devout churchman.

1861. Norfolk, Virginia, was occupied by the Confederates, the naval stores and nine ships of war having been burned by the retreating garrison. One of these vessels was raised, repaired, and iron-clad, and became the afterwards famous Merrimac. Three days previously the arsenal at Harper's Ferry had been fired and forty-five thousand stand of arms destroyed by command of the military authorities.

April 22.

1782. A terrible tornado at Surat, in the East Indies, destroyed seven thousand of the inhabitants.

1872. An insurrection of the Carlists of Spain (the adherents of Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid) against the government of Amadeus, the newly-elected king, broke out. They were totally defeated on May 4, and dispersed. They gathered again, however, and a desultory warfare was kept up for five years afterwards, much to the injury of certain districts of Spain.

1883. A terrible tornado occurred in Mississippi, which caused great loss to property and the death of fifty persons. Three hundred were injured.

April 23.

1616. The death of two of the world's greatest writers took place on this day, Shakespeare, the most eminent of dramatists, and Cervantes, the most humorous of satirists. Shakespeare was born in 1564, probably on this same day in April, Cervantes in 1547. There is no occasion for a word in reference to either of these two great men. The works of Shakespeare are household words wherever the English language is spoken, the admiration of readers extending alike to his poetic and his dramatic powers; while the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes is so brimful with fun that men will not soon cease laughing at the adventures of the lean Knight of La Mancha.

1795. Warren Hastings was acquitted of the charges against him. We have elsewhere spoken of this trial, remarkable for its length, the great interests involved, and the eminent legal talent called out. Burke, Fox, and Sheridan were among those who took part in the trial.

1820. Volney, a distinguished French traveller and writer, died. He wrote works of travel on Egypt, Syria, and the United States, "Researches on Ancient History," etc., and a work entitled "Ruins, or Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires," by which he is best known, and whose strongly-declared opinions on religious subjects have excited much feeling and controversy.

1831. The first railroad in Louisiana was opened. It was but four and a half miles long, connecting New Orleans with Lake Pontchartrain, but its construction across the intermediate swamp was looked upon as a triumph of engineering.

1850. Wordsworth, one of the most eminent of modern English poets, died at his residence at Rydal Mount. In his poetry he deviated markedly from older writers, and instituted a new school, in which the beauties of nature, and man's spiritual conditions and relations, were the instigating influences. Some of the most beautiful thoughts to be found in all poetry occur in his verses, and the spirit of his works has exerted a potent influence over the thoughts and methods of most later poets.

1880. The United States steamer American foundered in the Atlantic, near the equator. All the passengers and crew took to the boats. Of her eight boats all were picked up, and only one person was lost. The crews of three boats were landed at Madeira, those of three others on the coast of Africa. The latter were taken on the Senegal, another steamer, which struck on a sunken rock, again wrecking the rescued crew. They were finally saved.

1831. Russell McCoy, the first descendant of the famous mutineers of the *Bounty* to visit England, arrived at Liverpool. When he left Norfolk Island, to which the descendants of the ten mutineers who settled on Pitcairn's Island in 1789 were removed in 1856, it had ninety-five inhabitants, with only three names of the original mutineers (Christian, Young, and McCoy). The daughter of John Young, the second child born on the island, still survived, at the age of ninety.

April 24.

1704. The *Boston News-Letter*, the first paper published in America, with the exception of the single number of *Public Occurrences* in 1696, was issued on this day. It was published weekly, on a sheet twelve inches by eight.

1731. Daniel De Foe, the author of the highly popular "*Robinson Crusoe*," died on this day. He wrote numerous other works, mostly fictitious, yet all with the admirable air of reality which has given such enduring popularity to the story of the hermit of Juan Fernandez. No work ever written has enjoyed higher popularity or been more widely read than "*Robinson Crusoe*." For one of his satirical works, entitled "*The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*," he was sentenced by the House of Commons to be fined, pilloried, and imprisoned for two years.

1787. A fire broke out in Boston, which consumed about one hundred houses.

1862. Admiral Farragut, with the fleet under his command, ran the batteries on the Mississippi below New Orleans, and destroyed the Confederate flotilla. On the 26th he reached New Orleans and landed General Butler's army in that city.

1872. A severe eruption broke out on Mount Vesuvius, which continued till about May 8. More than sixty lives were lost.

1877. Russia declared war against Turkey, and at once invaded the Turkish dominions. This war was based on the Turkish oppression of Bulgaria, and ended in a great loss of territory by Turkey. Constantinople was at the mercy of the Russians, and would have been taken and held, but for the opposition of the other European powers.

1886. A revolt broke out in the penitentiary at Montreal, in which over one thousand convicts were confined. They seized the chief warder and sixteen guards, and for a time had complete possession of the prison. Sixteen convicts were shot in quelling the outbreak.

April 25.

St. Mark's Eve. This anniversary seems to have enjoyed among our ancestors much the same reputation that Halloween does at present. The notion was generally held that by keeping vigil in the church porch from eleven to one on that night the watcher would see apparitions of all who were to be buried in that church-yard during the succeeding year.

1595. Torquato Tasso, one of the most eminent of Italian poets, died. His great work was the "*Jerusalem Delivered*," an epic poem of much beauty of style and elevation of sentiment. The author was confined for years in an insane-asylum, by order of the Duke of Este, though there is no satisfactory evidence that he was actually insane. He wrote other epics and several dramas.

1800. William Cowper, one of the most popular of English poets, died. He was born in 1781, suffered much during his younger life from a mental malady which caused great depression of spirits, recovered, under medical treatment, in 1766, and again fell into depression through a nervous fever. He began to compose poetry about 1780, as a relief. Many of his productions are of the highest beauty, and they open a new field of poetry in home life and the simple events of every-day existence. "*The Task*" proved the most popular of his poems, and "*John Gilpin's Ride*" is still classed among masterpieces of humorous verse. In the last six years of his life his hopeless depression returned.

1813. A force was landed at Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, for the purpose of capturing the British stores at York (now Toronto). During the assault the magazine exploded, killing and wounding several hundred of the assailants. Yet the Americans rallied and carried the place, taking many prisoners and a large amount of stores.

1836. The *Public Ledger*, now the most prosperous newspaper of Philadelphia, issued its first number on this day.

1838. The steamboat *Moselle*, which had just left Cincinnati for St. Louis, exploded her four boilers. The after-part of the boat was rent into fragments, and she soon sank. There were about three hundred persons aboard, of whom one hundred and thirty-five lost their lives.

1881. Tunis was invaded by a French army. This was in consequence of incursions in Algerian territory by a tribe of nomadic shepherds. The difficulty was ended in May, and a treaty signed.

1882. Hanoi, the capital of Tonquin, was taken by the French. The town was bombarded, set on fire, and entered by

forcing the northern gate. About one hundred and fifty of the defenders were killed, but not one of the French.

April 26.

1521. Magellan, the first to circumnavigate the globe, was killed in an affray with the Philippine Islanders. After some service in the East Indies, he had sailed, in September, 1519, with a Spanish fleet, to try and find a western route to the East Indies. In October, 1520, he discovered and passed through the strait which bears his name. Reaching the Philippine Islands, he became an ally of one of their chiefs, and was killed while aiding him in a battle. One of his ships, the *Vittoria*, returned to Spain, and thus completed the circumnavigation.

1819. The order of Odd-Fellows was founded in the United States, several members of the Manchester Union of England forming a lodge at Baltimore. The order originated in England about 1745, and was organized under its present constitution in 1812. There are over six hundred thousand members now in the United States, and about ten thousand lodges.

1849. An insurrection broke out in Montreal, in which the "loyalists," as they called themselves, assaulted the governor-general, Lord Elgin, entered the Parliament-House, drove out the members, and set fire to the building.

1865. General Joseph E. Johnston, in command of the only remaining large Confederate army, surrendered to General Sherman, who had occupied Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 18th. This surrender left only some shreds of the Confederate armies in the field.

April 27.

1736. Prince Eugene, a celebrated general of the wars against Louis XIV., died. He was born and reared in Paris, but, being refused a command in the army by the king, he offered his services to the Emperor of Austria, and in his subsequent career gained several important victories over the French armies. Subsequently he gained victories over greatly superior numbers of Turks, at Peterwardein and Belgrade. He was regarded by some as the greatest general of his time.

1794. James Bruce, a celebrated African traveller, died. He was of Scottish birth, and related to the royal family of Bruce. After some preliminary travels, he started in 1768 on a journey to Abyssinia to discover the source of the Nile. He discovered the source of the Blue Nile in 1770, and in his return en-

countered much danger and hardship. He reached England in 1774.

1819. A peculiar event in legal annals took place. Louis Colvin, of Manchester, Vermont, had disappeared in 1818. Six years afterwards a man named Boorn dreamed (April 27) that Colvin came to his bedside, declared that Stephen and Jesse Boorn (nephews of the dreamer) were his murderers, and told where his body was buried. The Boorns were arrested, confessed the crime with all its circumstances, were tried, and sentenced to be hanged on January 28, 1820. But before that date Colvin was found alive in New Jersey. On this strange case Wilkie Collins founded his novel, "The Dead Alive."

1838. A very destructive fire broke out in Charleston, South Carolina, destroying eleven hundred and fifty-eight buildings, over a space of one hundred and forty-five acres. This comprised nearly half the city, the loss being estimated at three millions of dollars. Charleston has been peculiarly unfortunate, having been twice since then desolated by fire, and once by an earthquake.

1848. The abolition of slavery in all the dominions of France was declared.

1859. War broke out between Austria and Sardinia, the latter in alliance with France. The Austrians were defeated in several battles, and yielded Lombardy to Sardinia. This was the first step in the unification of Italy.

1882. Ralph Waldo Emerson died. This distinguished American philosophical writer and poet was born at Boston in 1803. In 1829 he became pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston, and after 1838 began his career as a public lecturer, in which and in literary labors the remainder of his life was passed. His principal works are in the essay form, and embrace deep philosophical disquisitions on very many subjects of thought, all marked by an epigrammatic brilliancy and hopeful views of social progress and destiny. His poems show a lack of skill in versification, but the finest qualities of poetic thought.

April 28.

1710. Thomas Betterton, the most popular actor of his time, died. He was considered of superior excellence as *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Hamlet*, and is highly praised by Addison, Dryden, and Pope.

1788. Maryland ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1847. The *Exmouth*, an emigrant-ship from Londonderry to Quebec, was wrecked. There were nearly two hundred and forty persons on board, of whom nearly all were drowned.

1859. The *Pomona*, an American ship from Liverpool to New York, was wrecked on Blackwater Bank, through the captain mistaking the Blackwater for the Tuskar light. Only twenty-four persons were saved out of over four hundred on board.

1875. A destructive fire broke out in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, consuming a great part of the city, with a loss of two millions of dollars.

1880. Gladstone became a second time prime minister of England, in consequence of a great liberal victory in the election just held. His first term as premier began December 4, 1868, and continued till 1874, when Disraeli succeeded him.

April 29.

1835. A severe earthquake occurred in Calabria, destroying several towns and villages and burying one thousand persons in the ruins.

1854. A collision took place in the English Channel between the American bark *Hesper* and the *Favorite*, bound from Bremen to Baltimore. The *Favorite* immediately sunk, and two hundred and one persons were drowned.

1870. A frightful accident occurred at Richmond, Virginia. An immense crowd had gathered in the gallery of the Court of Appeals, in the second story of the Capitol, to hear a case of great interest. The gallery suddenly gave way, bearing down the floor beneath it, and hurling its mass of human beings into the hall of the House of Delegates below. About sixty persons were killed, and more than twice that number injured.

1882. Two infernal machines were found in the mails at the New York post-office. One of them, directed to W. H. Vanderbilt, exploded in the mail-bag, tearing it open. The other was directed to Cyrus W. Field.

April 30.

1524. The Chevalier Bayard, "the knight without fear and without re-

proach," was killed in battle. No man in mediæval history equalled him in combined repute for chivalry, knightly accomplishments, and elevation of character. In an age in which honor chiefly came from military exploits, he gained undying renown for virtue and nobility of soul.

1745. The severe battle of Fontenoy was fought, between the French and an allied army of English, Austrians, and others. Each side lost about twelve thousand men, but the allies were forced to yield the ground.

1789. The inauguration of Washington as first President of the United States took place in the halls of Congress, then in session at New York. This, the first Congress under the Constitution, had met on March 4, counted the electoral vote, and announced the unanimous election of George Washington as President, and the election of John Adams as Vice-President. Washington reached New York on April 23, and was received with the greatest honors by the governor, citizens, and military.

1803. Louisiana was sold by France to the United States. The immense district then known by this name, extending from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains and from Mexico to Canada, was sold for the sum of fifteen millions of dollars.

1833. A fire broke out in some stables in New York, and spread till over one hundred and thirty buildings were burned and three hundred families rendered homeless.

1854. James Montgomery, a distinguished poet, died. He was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1771, the son of a Moravian preacher. He founded in 1794 a reform journal in Sheffield, the *Sheffield Iris*, which he edited for thirty years, being twice fined and imprisoned for the freedom of his remarks. His poems, of which "The Pelican Island" is one of the best known, have much depth and tenderness of feeling and grace of description. Some of his hymns are of great beauty and are highly popular.

A

CHAIN OF ERRORS.

BY

MRS. E. W. LATIMER,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS AMÉLIE," "MY WIFE AND MY WIFE'S SISTER,"
"SALVAGE," "AMABEL," "OUR COUSIN VERONICA," ETC.

"Il n'est plus temps de regimber quand on s'est laissé entraver : il faut prudemment mesurer sa liberté, mais depuis qu'on s'est soumis à l'obligation, il s'y faut tenir sous les loix du devoir commun, au moins s'en efforcer. Ceux qui entreprennent ce marché pour s'y porter avecques hayne et mespris font injustement et incommodement. . . . Si on ne fait tousiours son devoir au moins le faille il tousiours aimer et recoignoistre : c'est trahison de se marier sans s'espouser."—MONTAIGNE.

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A CHAIN OF ERRORS.

INTRODUCTION.

WE were a merry party of English cousins spending our Christmas holidays in a "moated grange." The place was half castle and half manor-house, and it stood in the county of Essex, not far from Bedfordshire. The house had been fortified in the days of King Stephen, and had come down ever since in direct succession from father to son.

We of the third generation of the nineteenth century were rummaging the attics for forgotten finery which we hoped to make available in some Christmas plays. A scream of surprise and delight announced a wonderful discovery.

It was a bandbox full of masquerading or stage jewelry,—emeralds larger than hazel-nuts, diamonds of glittering glass, bracelets of brass wire, and necklaces, buckles, girdles, brooches, and stomachers. In the box, too, there were corking-pins "all of the olden time," a velvet cushion to roll the hair over, and a pillow for reposing a full-dressed head upon; for a country lady's hair was frequently dressed twenty-four hours before some great entertainment, the barber from the county town being in request for thirty miles around.

"Turn the box over, Miriam," said one of us. "Empty out its contents. Let us see what you have found."

The bandbox was turned upside down accordingly. Out poured the glittering relics of the days when Ranelagh and Vauxhall were in fashion. At the bottom of the box there lay some written papers.

"What can this be?" said Miriam, scrutinizing the neat, delicate, and faded writing. "These are not law-papers. They seem what papa calls 'manuscript.' They are written all in French, and I cannot make them out. There are proper names here, too," she added, turning over the leaves rapidly,—*"de Béthune, de Burgraff, Bernard, Claude, Albéric, Augustine."* It looks like a story of some sort; but it

is written in that close, clear, cramped, fine writing by which one almost always at a glance may know a French hand."

"Well, never mind the manuscript: it is of secondary consequence," I cried. "Let us run down-stairs and show grannie these treasures of glass, tin, and pewter jewelry, and ask her if they were once hers, and whether we may be allowed to use them."

We all rushed down the black oak staircase. Grannie-dear, as we all called her, was in her own apartment,—one wing of the house being shut off by red baize doors from the noise and bustle of the rest of the establishment.

She was ninety years old. She had been born in 1796, and, though she did not often come out of her own rooms, she took a lively interest in her great-grandchildren. She had stayed young far longer than most women, and she now carefully preserved the dignity of age. Some years before, when some one had asked how she had kept so young even when life had passed the borders of old age, she had answered, smiling, "I never have nothing to do. I never leave myself without an interest. I never sit in a corner."

If she could not lend a helping hand to others, she always lent a sympathizing ear, and for any trouble that she could not reach or remedy she always had a prayer. "I think that was in part what Anna the prophetess was kept alive for," she once said to one of our party. "When she was too old to do anything else, she prayed for God's glory and for the help of others."

So we flashed into grannie-dear's sitting-room. Miriam carried the French manuscript, and I the jewelry, and we eagerly began to explain to her our discovery.

Grannie-dear always wore a black satin poke-bonnet lined with white satin, and her sweet old face was surrounded by a dainty *crêpe lisse* frill. She said that the old house was full of draughts, and that her bonnet kept them from her face. She wore always a silk dress,—no other material,—with a deep cardinal cape fastened with large pearl buttons. The silk was generally a black-and-white "pin-check," which made her figure look gray rather than black, and, summer or winter, she wore pinned upon her breast a posy of geranium-leaves, sweet herbs, or fragrant flowers.

She laughed when we produced our "find" of jewelry, and then she suddenly grew grave and sighed.

"Those things were in our nursery in my youth," she said. "They were brought into the family by my aunt who brought me up, the wife of Sir Henry Watson. They must be quite as old as the days of good Queen Anne. They were bought for masquerading, but we were allowed to play with them and to dress up in them. Ah, children, the last time I saw those ornaments I had been very naughty! My aunt took the box away from us and ordered nurse to put it where we should never see it any more. I suppose these papers must have been left in it by mistake. I remember your great-aunt Emily's distress, and the search that she made for them. Seventy-five years they must have lain forgotten under all this finery. And now, when all are dead who would have cared to recover them, they come to light again!"

She paused, collected herself, and went on musingly: "I had been very naughty that day. I think of it sometimes in the night watches, and see the red marks on Fred's face where I struck him with the full force of my hand. Poor Fred! He was cut down in the last cavalry charge at Waterloo. But, strange to say, in 1808 we children were enthusiasts for him our elders called the 'Corsican monster.' I had dressed Fred in this finery to represent a great French general with all his orders on. After he had stood patiently a long time, he shook himself, and down dropped an arrangement I had made to represent the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. I was nervously excited. I hit him a cruel blow. My aunt forbade such plays. She was very angry. See, here are the fragments of my cross of the Legion of Honor!"

Grannie seemed so moved by this remembrance that none of us resumed the conversation for a few minutes. Perhaps we were thinking how freshly the strong impressions of childhood come back to us in age.

At last I said, softly, "Did you ever read this manuscript, grannie-dear?"

"No," she said, taking it in her hands tenderly and turning over its pages, "I was too young; but I heard my cousins talk about it. It was sent from France to my cousin Emily, by Madame. I remember her quite well. She was a sort of governess who talked French with us and lived in our family. Everybody grieved when she went back to France after the Peace of Amiens. She was of very high rank in her own country. Men and women of the old *noblesse*, who were in my youth exiles in England, showed no false pride in their adversity. Some dropped the *de* before their names, and some took feigned ones. They taught dancing, they kept cook-shops, they did clear-starching and lace-mending and made confectionery. You can read about them in the works of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford. When your great-grandfather went to sea with Admiral Purvis as a midshipman, there was a French marquis on board the flag-ship who taught French to the young gentlemen. Can you imagine anything more horrible than such employment for a nobleman of the old *régime*? The parents had eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge. The *émigrés* made terrible mistakes, no doubt, and flung away their chances and the chances of the sovereigns whom, one and all, they would have died to serve. The ideas of my youth were not those of your generation. Our illusions, like vapor, have all passed away."

"But how did your governess come to write these papers?" I asked her. "They look like a story, grannie-dear."

"And a story I think it is," said the old lady. "It is the story of her life and of her marriage. She wrote it, if I remember rightly, to please Emily. That manuscript must have been written in 1806 or 1808. She came to us before I was born, when my aunt and her elder children were staying near the sea-side. A revenue cutter captured her. She was about the age of Emily. Emily was sixteen, and Madame a little older."

"Where was her husband? and what was his name?" said one of our party.

Grannie-dear laughed. "Oh," she replied, "we never knew his

name. It gave her dignity to be called *Madame*, she was so very young. Her own name was Augustine de Béthune. Did I tell you that she was a descendant of the great Sully?"

"Then she was not married, after all?" said one of us.

"Oh, yes, she was," said our great-grandmother, laughing. "She was married more than once. She was even—" here she paused, smiling to herself,—“she was even——”

Then, seeing notes of interrogation in every face, she added, abruptly, —“married excessively.”

Again she paused, and after a moment's thought she continued: "The Abbé Couffon, the little *émigré* priest who taught French in our neighborhood, told her that she was married in the eyes of her Church, and I think she had some sort of marriage-lines as to a civil marriage. Yes, children, she was married; but it is a queer story."

"Tell us the story, grannie-dear," we cried.

"Indeed, my dears, I have forgotten the particulars; but here you may read them written by herself."

"The story is in French," we said, ruefully, "and it is almost illegible. The ink is very pale, and the paper very yellow. We could not decipher it without a great deal of trouble."

"I should like myself to hear how Madame tells her story," said our great-grandmother, "for, if my memory serves me, it was a very strange one. Miriam and Elizabeth, I should like you to translate it for me into good readable English. You promised your governess to do some task-work in the holidays. It will be excellent employment for you."

"I hate translations," said Miriam.

"Champagne decanted?" said the old lady. "Well, French is a hard language to turn into good English, because in most cases the French construction shows through the translation, and, besides, if you use words of Latin origin which correspond too nearly to the French, you simply attain 'fine writing,'—a style which I observe is cultivated in what you call 'compositions' in the present day. However, write this story out for me in fluent English. It is, so far as I remember it, a very strange story of the Revolution. I am sure you will get interested in it before your work is done."

We wrote out the story and fulfilled the prophecy. Later I married an American, and brought the manuscript with me to America. It has been suggested to me that in these days, when so much is published that never was intended for publication (and so much, alas! goes unpublished that was written for the public), possibly this narrative may still be interesting. In the hope that it will prove so I give it to the world.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD RÉGIME.

MY baptismal name is Marie Augustine Claudine Adrienne, and I was born de Béthune. I am a descendant of Henry the Fourth's great Sully, and have always been very proud of my illustrious name. The

Duc de Charost-Béthune, who was head of the elder branch, was also my kinsman. He it was who ought to have been called *Le Vrai Ami du Peuple*, in opposition to the old Marquis de Mirabeau. But I shall have more to tell about him as I go on with my story.

I was born in 1776, at Lille, the chief city of French Flanders. Lille has a strong citadel, and always contained a large garrison. It was fortified by Vauban, and is noted for its commerce (carried on by means of canals) and for its manufactures. It is not very far from the frontier of the Low Countries, owned in my youth by Austria, and it is about twenty leagues from Dunkirk, or from Calais,—the one on the North Sea, the other on the Manche, or English Channel.

My father was the third son of the Count de Béthune, and my destiny from the moment of my birth had been decided for me. Girls were not wanted in our branch of the family, which was poor: I was to follow the example of my aunts and great-aunts, and at the proper age would be received as one of the *dames nièces* among the canonesses of Remiremont, the most aristocratic institution in the country, for I could produce unblemished the thirty-four quarterings necessary to qualify a candidate for that supreme honor. It was whispered in Paris that princesses of the blood-royal were not eligible for admission to Remiremont, Henry IV. having derogated by his second marriage with Marie de Médicis, who was descended from burghers of Florence. It was also objected to the Condé branch of the Bourbons that there had been two *mésalliances* in their part of the family. I know not how this objection was removed; for Madame Louise de Condé was the last abbess of the community.

The fact of my having come into the world at all was an infringement of the traditions of our family. My grandfather, the old Count de Béthune, had been a typical aristocrat. He was tall, very stiff, very handsome, very dignified. It was his good pleasure to rule with the most absolute sway over everybody and everything with which he came into contact. His wife obeyed him like a slave, with no more will than an automaton. She and his children were the first subjects in his kingdom, and, as they were terribly under his observation, the iron of his tyranny entered their very souls.

This old gentleman ended his life some years before the explosion which tore to pieces everything that he valued in his little world.

His heir had been brought up in even greater awe of him than his two younger brothers; but he caught the infectious craving for liberty. His father always addressed him with formal politeness as *monsieur mon fils*, but he had no scruple about compromising his dignity when it suited him to assert his paternal power. Tradition said he had been known to shout at him the whole length of a crowded ball-room, in the presence of all the officers of his regiment and of ladies of fashion and rank, "*Monsieur mon fils*, do me the favor to take your hands out of your pockets!" And on another occasion, when the young man in the excitement of a coursing-party had sprung in haste upon his horse, his father roared out to him, "How is this, *monsieur mon fils*? Who taught you to spring up on the right side of your horse? Dismount, sir, and resume your saddle properly."

The poor fellow never lived to be emancipated. He became dissipated, and dissipation is expensive. As he could not keep pace with the rich *roués* of the capital, he allied himself with low company, and finally the old Count de Béthune (like the old Marquis de Mirabeau) provided himself with *lettres de cachet* which procured the arrest and imprisonment of his son.

As the young man was on his way to the fortress where he was to languish during the good pleasure of his father and of the king, he passed a few days in solitary confinement in a common prison. He had no money with which to procure any relaxation of the rigors of the place, but his youth, his rank, his story, and his misery made such an impression on his jailer that various little indulgences were granted him. Among other things, he was allowed a knife and fork with which to eat his meals.

In vain he implored his father's pardon, in vain he sought the intervention of the king. He went mad at last in his despair, and stabbed himself to the heart with his dinner-knife, expiring in the arms of his too tender-hearted jailer, who was left to suffer for his crime.

On his wall he had scratched a few lines, which the governor of the prison caused to be copied off and sent to the stern father:

"I cannot bear the shame of my position," they said. "It has been forced upon me by him who should have stood between me and disgrace. Hitherto I have been only guilty of follies; but my father's severity leads me to commit an act which is really criminal: I succumb to the cruel treatment of which I am the victim. I am about to die, driven to suicide as my last refuge from misery and from dishonor. If any care had been taken to appeal to my affections or to my better feelings, things might have been otherwise. I forgive the father who, though he gave me life, has caused my death, and I pray to God to forgive me. But I cannot cease to regret that I am driven to end an existence which might have been happy had I been encouraged to do right, and for whose misdeeds I might yet have offered reparation, if the shame to which I have been subjected had not made life insupportable. Therefore a long farewell to those I love,—not to those who love me, for no one loves me. May heaven save others like me from despair, and may my brothers never know such suffering as I have known!"

The old count read this message from the grave with the air of a Roman father, but the next morning he was found dead on the floor of his bedchamber, struck by apoplexy.

This was in 1766, when De Bougainville was about to set sail on his expedition to the islands of the Southern Hemisphere. The second son of the late count (made Count de Béthune by the deaths of his father and brother) had been educated for the navy, and was an officer on board De Bougainville's own vessel. He was a sailor every inch of him, and had a born love of adventure. He procured leave of absence for a week, and hastened home to the château of his family. There he summoned a family council. Family councils are unknown in England, but in France the law recognizes their authority. His relations being assembled, he informed them, to their consternation and astonishment, that they must forthwith marry his young brother the

Chevalier,—a lad of eighteen, studying at the Seminary. To all remonstrances as to the impropriety of such an unheard-of proceeding, he opposed a resolution as obstinate as anything ever shown by his stern father. He said that nothing would persuade him to give up his expedition with De Bougainville; that his ships were about sailing into unknown seas, and that very possibly he might never return; that the honor of the family demanded that a line so illustrious should not cease to exist. He had, he said, no taste whatever for marriage. He was a true sailor, and his obligations as a husband would hamper his aspirations in his profession. M. le Chevalier, to be sure, had been destined for the Church, but he had not yet taken the vows. They must withdraw him at once from the Seminary. He must marry and have children, and the count was ready, on his part, to pledge himself that he would never take a wife, but would look upon the eldest son of his younger brother as his heir presumptive.

The council was stormy, and it ended in confusion. As M. le Comte was pressed for time, and as neither party would give way, nothing was determined on, except that M. le Chevalier should be withdrawn from the Seminary and await developments. "If the young fellow has any spirit in him," cried his brother, "he will cut the knot of all our difficulties by falling in love. I give my consent in advance to his marriage with any lady of good family, with or without a *dot* suitable to his prospects, and I here proclaim before God that if he shall have children his eldest son shall succeed to the honors of our branch of the family."

So M. le Comte went off to visit the antipodes, to discover a fifth continent, and to circumnavigate the globe. When he returned to France in 1769 he found M. le Chevalier still unmarried. To put marriage out of his head his family had encouraged his devotion to abstract science, and he was absorbed in a project, about which he had high hopes of success, of discovering the secret of perpetual motion. He looked ten years older than his brother the count, though the latter, hale and bronzed, looked older than his years.

The count had no great patience with a *calotin*, as he called his brother who showed such an absurd indifference to his terrestrial prospects, and maybe he would have gratified the wishes of his friends and have married himself, but for two considerations. One was that there was some prospect of speedy service in the West Indies; the other, that, having sworn before God and before his family that his brother *should* marry and give heirs to the house, he was not the man to forswear himself when opposition came.

So he summoned anew the family council, this time to deliberate as to whom his brother should marry, and, without consulting that gentleman in the least, they selected his bride out of a list of eligible ladies. The lady reluctantly chosen by the united voices of the elderly relatives of the De Béthune family proved acceptable to the naval head of the house, who forthwith proceeded to woo her for his brother. She was a young girl of high lineage, still in her convent, Mademoiselle de Guerchy, daughter of the Marquis de Naugis, ambassador to England in the reign of Louis XV.

The Chevalier my father accepted the decision of his brother

and of his family with indifference, and in due time with all due pomp he was torn from the buzz and whirr in his workroom and the foul smells in his laboratory, and conducted to the cathedral, where he was united to the unformed, timid girl he had seen only once before he met her at the altar.

After their marriage he seemed in a great measure oblivious of her existence. My poor mother had, however, one friend so long as her brother-in-law stayed on shore, and before he sailed in 1774 as captain of a frigate under De Bougainville he had the happiness to know that an heir was born to the *branche cadette* of the De Béthunes, who bore his own name of Claude Adrien, and who was not only to fulfil his hopes but be the solace of his poor mother's lonely existence.

I came into the world about three years after Claude, and soon after I was born my mother died. I have been told she had slowly faded ever since her marriage. Claude and I when we were babies had been taken from her to be nursed in the huts of stout and healthy peasant-women. I fear it may be said that she died of ennui and of loneliness. Perhaps, too, the place selected for the residence of the Chevalier my father may not have been a healthy one. I love it as I love no other spot on earth; but when I think of it as it must have appeared to a young bride, I am driven to confess that it was very damp and must have been very dreary. To us who were brought up in it, it was full of charms.

The environs of Lille are as much intersected by canals, ponds, and water-ways as the city of Venice. In case of a siege it is easy to flood the country. Our house stood on the banks of the river Deule, separated from it by the high-road and a rope-walk. It was on the outskirts of the city. The Château d'Eau men called it, though the house was no château, but only a superior kind of cottage. It was as completely shut in from the world without as if it had been a prison. All around the property was a high whitewashed wall, before it ran the high-road between the river and the town, and before the front door the wall was broken by a *grille*, a gate composed of iron spears with their points gilded. Between the *grille* and the front door was a paved walk bordered by a tangle of shrubbery. The place was particularly noted for its laburnums. At the back of the house, the long drawing-room on the first story looked down on a paved court-yard, and beyond the court-yard into a pleasant place, half flower-garden and half *potager*, with broad gravel paths bordered with fragrant herbs and many kinds of large, delicious, sweet, old-fashioned roses. Along one side of the garden was an oblong, straight-banked, artificial pond, with some rock-work and a fountain. The fountain never played, and the rock-work was covered with green slime. In the garden near this water lay also the head-bones of a whale. Their presence was not accounted for by any tradition. Perhaps the whale had by some tidal wave been stranded thus far inland; perhaps some former proprietor had bought them on the coast as a curiosity. At the end of the garden was a very high, steep bank, covered with grass and violets and the *perwinkle*, or *periwinkle*, so often sung by French poets in French verse, while its name excludes it from the poetry of England.

Well might the bank be high and strongly bound together with grass and vegetation, for it was in the nature of a levee. On the other side of it, several feet above the garden, was another large carp-pond. At each end of the embankment stood a round thatched hut. One of these huts was used as a summer retreat, where my uncle when on shore indulged the habit of smoking tobacco which he had picked up in the West Indies; the other was appropriated by the gardener as a safe place to keep his tools. Along the top of the levee there was a railing, over which Claude and I persevered in fishing, our hooks being bent pins, and upon espaliers along the south side of the high whitewashed wall were trained fig-trees, almond-trees, peach-trees, pear-trees, currant-bushes, and grape-vines. A few orange-trees in green boxes stood in summer in the court-yard. Except through the *grille*, nothing whatever could be seen of the outside world, unless a field-glass were carried up to the top story of the stable.

In this house and in this garden (a paradise to us in after-years) our poor young mother passed her brief married life and faded almost imperceptibly, leaving, as had been hoped, a male heir to inherit the family honors.

As I was only a daughter, I was of small account, and brought scanty welcome with me into the world. Yet when I came back ruddy and rough from the house of the peasants who had cared for me in my infancy, I was found to be useful in amusing Claude, on whom were fixed the hopes of all the family.

My brother was not ruddy nor robust. He was a delicate and passive child, and under the strict guardianship of Madame Zénobie, a duenna of the old school, a poor relation of my mother's who had been sent with her into her husband's family, he would never have known play or childhood if I had not been brought home to enliven him.

In 1784, the war being over in America and the West Indies, the French fleet was ordered home. At the Château d'Eau we scarcely caught an echo of what was passing beyond our gate, and were as ignorant as peasants about public news.

Monsieur le Comte de Béthune as soon as his frigate was paid off at Brest posted across Normandy. He left his carriage at an inn in Lille, and walked on foot towards the Château d'Eau. The *paré* was dusty, and, as sailors always appreciate a short cut, he turned into some meadows and so arrived at the back of the château.

As he skirted the high wall that shut us in, he heard voices raised in high dispute, and suddenly, immediately abreast of him, a side door in the wall was flung open and out of it on to the road rushed four persons. Madame Zénobie, whom he recognized at once, was beating a handsome, well-dressed child, who did not utter a cry, while two other children (Claude and I) were shrieking at the top of their voices and endeavoring, greatly at their own expense, to intercept the blows. Claude, who as a nobleman wore a little sword, had drawn it from its scabbard, and when our uncle came up was in the act of rushing upon Madame Zénobie with his weapon in his hand. The count put out his strong arm and stopped him.

Madame Zénobie stopped too, but with an angry gesture flung the

boy she was belaboring away from her. He fell backward on the road, and lay senseless.

Then I cast myself upon him where he lay, crying to him to look at me, to speak to me, to get up, to tell me what that cruel, odious Zénobie had done to him.

Our uncle, the count, lifted the boy out of the dust of the road. His head was bleeding and his face was white. "Fetch me some water, some of you," the count said. I flew at once to bring some. By the time I came back Madame Zénobie was covered with confusion. "Monsieur Claude," she cried, "salute your uncle. This gentleman is Monsieur le Comte de Béthune! Kneel,—kneel, my child, and kiss Monsieur de Béthune's hands."

"My hands are too busy at present, my lad," said our kinsman. "But put up your sword, and never, even in a good cause, draw it against a woman. Here comes the little demoiselle, helpful and serviceable, as one should be whose ancestresses served knights in the old days. I salute you, Mademoiselle Augustine! Now, then, my lad, sit up. See, Augustine, his eyes are opening. Draw my handkerchief from my pocket, my child, and put it to his head."

"*Merci*, monsieur, I have a handkerchief of my own," said the boy, rising. "I feel better. Now I shall go, and I shall return no more. Adieu, Monsieur Claude. Adieu, Mademoiselle Augustine. At your service, and very grateful to you, Monsieur le Comte."

"Stay, my boy," said the count, struck no doubt by the child's good manners and the neatness of his dress, though he wore neither ruffles nor sword. "You are too weak to walk. Where do you live? What is your name?"

To the last question Claude and I answered in chorus, "He is called Bernard." And to the count's first question Bernard himself answered, in a low voice, "My father has sent me to Lille to be prepared for my first communion. I live far from here, M. le Comte, and am at present living on the other side of the city."

"Oh, uncle! must he never come back nor see us any more?" I cried. "He picked up Claude's ball when we threw it over the wall, one day last week, and threw it back to us. He asked us what fish were in our ponds, and he promised to bring us some real fish-hooks. We showed him that low place in the wall, and helped him to get over it into our garden. We see him always at mass, and he is to make with us his first communion."

"Madame Zénobie says, uncle," added Claude, "that the heir of the Counts de Béthune is not to be found playing with a child of the people,—*un petit lâche*, she calls him, and *de la canaille*. It is wearisome to play here alone with only Augustine, and Bernard says that he can show us many games and teach us to catch fish. Will you not give him leave, uncle, to stay with us a little while?"

Bernard during this colloquy stood looking wistfully in M. de Béthune's face. He was not apparently afraid of him, though the count was so great a man.

"I think Monsieur le Curé," he said, at last, "if Monsieur asked him, would speak a word for me."

"Well, then," said M. le Comte, "we will refer the decision to Monsieur le Curé. You may come to-morrow, Bernard, and hear what M. le Curé has to say."

Bernard lifted his cap, and, without another word, went slowly away. Claude and I, feeling assured of sympathy, were eager to pour all our griefs against Madame Zénobie into the ear of the count, but he would not listen to another word. He took us by the hand, and, Madame Zénobie following at a little distance, we went into the house.

The result of the interview with Monsieur le Curé was that from that day forth Bernard was free of the garden; and Claude and I were never happy but when he was with us there.

I have never known whether M. le Curé told our uncle all he knew about Bernard, or whether there was something he concealed. My uncle had been bitten by the prevailing notions of the day on the subject of equality. He talked fluently about civil freedom and the rights of man. Yet I cannot but fancy that had Monsieur le Curé been quite open with him about Bernard he might not have encouraged the intimacy that now sprang up between us. Bernard was not what in the language of the day was called a child of the people. His position was altogether exceptional. His father was Monsieur de Lille (as his *confrère* was Monsieur de Paris), the Ministre des Hautes Œuvres for the Province of French Flanders.

Do you know what the Minister of High Works means? I did not when I first heard it, and I replied to Bernard, who had told me of it as if the words were choking him, "Oh, Bernard! I knew your father must be something good and great, and not a man of the people. But why don't you wear ruffles?—and does not your father carry a sword?"

"Hush, mademoiselle," said Bernard. "You do not understand. Please never use those words again. Whatever people may say of my dear father, he is always generous to me, and he is, I swear to you, a good Christian."

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

A FEW days after the arrival of our uncle came the great day when we and all the little Christians of our age in Lille and its vicinity were to make our first communion. On that day ends the first stage upon the road of life, and the second is begun.

The whole city was in a state of preparation and commotion. In almost every house a child was the first object of all thoughts and all sollicitudes.

By the bedside of each young candidate for full admission into Christian privileges lay the new clothes that even the poorest had provided for the occasion,—for the girls the virginal white veils and wreaths of flowers, for the boys the equivalent of the pagan *toga virilis*. As soon as our eyes opened in the morning, all around us became encouragement and congratulation. Monsieur le Curé had the night before given each candidate his solemn blessing. Every creature in the Château d'Eau,

except our father, seemed to consider us set apart that day and sanctified, and, until we returned to common life, half child, half angel,—semi-divine.

In every house in Lille, even those where the father was a Voltairian, the same feelings prevailed towards the child or the children it was about to send up to the altar; and I felt, as no doubt every other little candidate felt that morning, that the bells ringing in the steeples were for me, that for me the great wax candles would be borne in the procession, for me the incense-censers would be swung, for me the beadle, with his gold lace, his silk stockings, his halberd and gold epaulettes, stood magnificent at the door of the cathedral, for me the choir-boys were clad in clean fresh linen, for me the bishop and his priests had put on glorious apparel, for me the organ rolled, for me the pious crowd was bowed in prayer,—for me!—as if no other first communicant were that day to approach the altar and be united by that homely but mystic rite, ordained and consecrated by Christ himself, into a mystic union with the Father in heaven.

Claude and I sat apart from the other children to be admitted to the full privileges of the Church. M. le Curé, in deference to my rank and advantages, had received me as a first communicant, though very young. We were placed upon a velvet seat prepared for us near the chancel. But among the crowd of children in the nave sat Bernard, with a rapt expression of filial love and deep emotion on his face, made more acute, I doubt not, by the sense that all around him, had they known his earthly parentage, would have looked with scorn upon him,—nay, that the very children sitting on the same bench would have shrunk away from him. His light curls made a sort of golden halo round his head, and his face was lighted up with a sense of heavenly communion.

The ceremony went on. As I heard Monsieur le Curé remark afterwards, "Many a man that day who had reached that stage in life when it is no pleasure to look forward, and but shame and sorrow to look back, must have said in his secret heart, Oh that I were as one of these little children!—Oh that I were as on the day of my first communion!"

Our uncle the Count de Béthune was present, and even our father was there. He had been drawn away by his brother from his labors, and I fear he may have been wishing himself back again in his workshop, where were the wheels, the oaks, the electrical batteries, and the loadstones that he cared for more than he did for his daughter or even for his son.

Not so the count our uncle. Those men who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters, who have seen the works of the Lord and his glories in the deep, know better than to say in their hearts, "There is no God," or even to think, "I have no need of him." The good sailor with the childlike heart responded fervently to every word of the service. He felt for us all the emotion of a father. He was even glad, I have sometimes thought, that our father cared so little for us. The indifference of our real parent seemed to make us more like children of his own.

It was a day of great joy to him. He and our father sat in seats

of honor prepared for them in the great gallery facing the altar, and earthly love and spiritual hope seemed blended in our uncle's face as he gazed down on Claude and me. He tried to hide his feelings, but there was salt water in his dear kind eyes.

Near him—close to his elbow, indeed, though in no seat of honor—sat a tall man with thick dark hair. He was neatly dressed, and had a face that attracted the attention of our uncle. It was a sad, almost a forlorn, face, yet it was full of feeling. He wore black clothes, like a highly respectable professional man or a rich *bourgeois*. The count, as he was watching Claude and me, suddenly became aware of a choked sob. He glanced around him for a moment. It came from this man's breast. He followed his eyes, and saw that they rested on the upturned face of a boy passing at that moment in the procession, holding one of the cords of a silk banner. The boy was Bernard. He looked up at the man beside the count, and a smile lighted his face; then the rapt look came back again, and his eye sought the tracing of the vaulted ceiling.

"*Mon bon monsieur*," said the kind count, laying his hand upon his neighbor's arm, "Bernard is a good boy. I know him. This is the most blessed day of our dear children's lives!"

The man addressed replied, courteously, and in the accent of an educated person, "Ah, Monsieur le Comte, he is all I have,—my little Bernard! You have been very good to him, Monsieur le Comte. I shall so train him that if opportunity ever offers he may repay your goodness. He is more to me than other children can be to their fathers. And yet I could bless God if at this supreme and happy moment of his life he were taken away from a fate that seems inevitable, unless strange changes should take place in our present world."

The count was about to answer him, but before he could do so it became necessary to rise and then to kneel during some part of the service, and when he looked around again the man was gone.

He mentioned this incident in my presence to Monsieur le Curé, who said, simply, "The poor man!—he is a good Christian." Then he added, "Yesterday at my presbytery both he and Bernard dined with me. There could be no *fête de famille* possible for them. That is why, M. le Comte, I had to decline the honor of your invitation to keep the feast of your own children. Bernard is a good boy,—yes, veritably a good boy. I could make of him a worthy servant of the good God and of the Church, and I think his father would be proud to let me do so. But all his instincts are to be a soldier. A soldier!—but that cannot be. Only the Church is powerful enough to oppose the state and to deliver him. I tell him he will change his mind as he grows older."

Here something interrupted this conversation, and it was never resumed. It was in consequence of it, however, that I inquired of Bernard about his father, and that he made me the answer that I could not understand. He never would suffer my inquiries to be resumed.

Our uncle, so far as I know, said nothing more to the curé on the subject. Indeed, he saw little of the good priest during the remainder of his stay at Lille, for he was making changes in the household of

his brother about which he wished for no clerical opposition or opinion. He had waited till the great day of our first communion should be over before dismissing Madame Zénobie, whom he replaced by a faithful, good-tempered peasant-woman named Marcelline, in whose cottage Claude had been put out to nurse in his babyhood. Our uncle supposed her capable of looking after the material well-being of us both, and of taking feminine superintendence of me. Being only a girl, a little needlework was all that need be taught me.

Books of any kind were precious in those days, and on shipboard they were precious exceedingly. If an officer owned any book, it was read and re-read by all the ward-room. It sank into men's minds for good or for evil as the case might be, but generally, I think, for good, for printed books took commonly the side of religion and good manners, though there was always a chance on a French ship of falling in with the works of some of the "philosophers."

Our uncle the count-captain had picked up in some port of San Domingo a copy of Rousseau's "Émile," that work which enjoins on parents a natural in place of an artificial system of education. In his long hours of solitude, in the lonely dignity of his professional position, he contrasted the theories of Rousseau with the system of repression and severity which had marred the happiness of his father's children. His thoughts turned tenderly to Claude. As rivers seek the ocean, so his thoughts upon all subjects seemed to flow towards him. If he ever thought of marriage, it was only that he might strengthen himself in his resolve to stay unmarried. He had passed his word as a gentleman that he would never take a wife. To this resolution he had pledged himself to the family council, to his brother, and to Claude.

The book of the Genevese philosopher on the mental, moral, and physical training of the young enchanted him. He received its teachings into his very heart. His mind became saturated with Rousseau's ideas, and he thought sadly of his elder brother, a victim of the old, stern, repressive system of education.

The extreme abuse of aristocratic privileges in the French navy at that period had disgusted him, and he had caught some germs of the spirit of equality then floating in the air. As a De Béthune, he could afford to be liberal: besides, liberality, except in his father's case, had been part of the traditions of his family since the great Sully's day.

He fell in, too, with another book, a practical commentary upon "Émile," a book written by a disciple of Jean Jacques, an Englishman named Thomas Day. The book was called "Sandford and Merton." Whether he read it in French or in English I do not know.

The sentiments of that book were then new and revolutionary. M. le Curé, indeed, preached *charity*, but the idea of setting up a peasant-boy as a model for the son of a gentleman, to be his example, his instructor, and his superior,—of, in short, classing the gentleman and the rustic as Sandford and Merton instead of Merton and Sandford,—seemed to those who rejected the gospel according to Jean Jacques an indecent innovation and outrage. But M. le Comte de Béthune, indoctrinated with "Émile," assimilated the teachings of "Sandford and Merton." He had come home to carry out the theories of Mr. Day in

the education of Claude, and the first thing he found was that a little boy of the superior order of merit according to the gospel of his favorite writers, a good little boy, a boy approved of by the curé, a boy well mannered and well clad, was being maltreated and pushed out of the gate of his brother's garden for the sole reason that he was a child of the people and not fit to associate with a young aristocrat like Monsieur Claude.

He felt himself in honor bound to make amends to Bernard by unlimited permission to fish in our carp-ponds and to play in our garden. Whether he expected that permission to include daily association with us for more than two years I have since sometimes wondered.

During the brief stay of our uncle on shore we lived in paradise. His whole nature was childlike, and he refreshed himself after the restraints of his professional life by becoming the playfellow and friend of children. We had hitherto had no companionable association with our elders. Our father we were not permitted to approach. The servants and Madame Zénobie were by turns our tyrants and our flatterers.

Claude was not fitted to play the character of Tommy Merton, being indeed a sensible, intelligent, and rather pensive boy, while Bernard was still less like Henry Sandford, for with all his heart he worshipped Claude, and, to say the truth, he seemed accustomed to more of the refinements and comforts of an easy life than we could well afford. The most striking thing about him was his love of being a protector. He protected anything that was weak. If Claude was ever cross or exacting to me, Bernard would take my part.

I was patronizingly fond of him in those days, but my heart was given to my uncle, who soon began to admit me to his love as if I had been a boy. I suppose it is hard to find a sailor who has not a soft spot in his heart for little girls.

But all our rambles and our talks, our days of fishing, and of story-telling in the twilight, did not last long. Our uncle's duty to his king, his country, and his profession called him again to sea, and he looked about for some one who would in his absence carry out his ideas concerning our training. For our learning he continued the services of a stern and sage professor, who probably did as well as any other private tutor in those times, but he justly thought that training and teaching were not one, and training he considered the more important part of education. He wanted to place some one in authority who would carry out the ideas that had so charmed him, who would make his heir brave, hardy, loyal, and sympathetic, who would repress all insolence of rank, who would put as few restraints upon him as were compatible with decency, and he bethought him of an invalid soldier, a sergeant named Gondrin, who had been sent home in his ship, and with whom he had had a good deal of talk during the voyage.

He had at first thought of choosing a sailor for the office. But he knew for that purpose rather too much of sailors. He considered sailors an exception to the rule that scum boils to the top of the pot, while worth stays at the bottom. He had never seen good sailors except under good officers.

He sent, therefore, for Gondrin, who made his appearance at the Château d'Eau. On board ship he had lent "Émile" to the sergeant, whose days of idleness had been days of *ennui*. The observations made by Gondrin afterwards upon the book had inspired the babe-like captain with confidence in his good judgment and right feeling. He was persuaded that Gondrin would carry out his orders, and he now set himself in the summer-house to read over with him "Émile" and to discuss the theories of education in "Sandford and Merton."

Gondrin was a tall, stiff man, with a bald head as white and polished as a ball of ivory. The color of his head was in marked contrast to his face, the skin of which was like parchment in texture, and the color of sole-leather. He had a great red wound that ran right across his forehead and cut asunder one of his shaggy gray eyebrows, terminating in the hollow of his cheek. He had lost two fingers on his right hand and three toes on his left foot; but for all that, and although he had served France through the wars of half a century, a permission to beg was all his country gave him for his services, and he had never even conceived it possible that he could find promotion in the army. He could tell stories the most exciting of the camp and of the field,—better stories than any I have ever read in memoirs or in fiction. His bearing was imposing, and his face severe; but he was anything but severe in his relations to children. He could read, but was ignorant of all that books can teach, though he had been a keen observer during a varied life, and was not a little proud of his experience. Like all men of his class, he was full of self-assertion.

The good count shut himself up with this man in one of the thatched summer-houses that overlooked the larger carp-pond, and there read him his beloved books and expounded to him Rousseau's system of education. The sergeant assented to every observation made by his superior, and did his best to understand what was expected of him. He only succeeded, however, in gathering four ideas: first, that we were to be made happy; secondly, that Monsieur Claude was to be inspired with warlike tastes, and with the spirit of loyalty; thirdly, that Bernard might be allowed to play with us; and lastly, that Claude might be taken under his protection into Lille to see something of the life led by persons of the *tiers-état* and the still lower classes. This arrangement *le père* Gondrin could not comprehend, but he accepted it as being the good pleasure of his commanding officer.

All this having been settled to the satisfaction of our uncle, he had reason to congratulate himself on having lost no time in completing his arrangements, for orders from the Naval Minister reached him to take command of a squadron destined for India and the Isle of Bourbon.

He took leave of us with deep emotion, committing us tenderly to the care of Gondrin and Marcelline, and departed with great cracking of whips by postilions wearing the preposterous livery of their calling, not to return until the world had performed a summersault and everything that he left behind in it was turned upside down.

When the count selected Gondrin for Claude's guide, philosopher, and friend, one chief recommendation had been that he was a man of the people. In this judgment the penetration of the count had been

wholly at fault. Gondrin was a soldier, and nothing else. He knew as little of the *bourgeoisie* or of the peasantry as any nobleman. He belonged to the soldier caste. His father and his grandfather had belonged to it too. He cordially despised rustics and handicraftsmen, and village tradesmen were his abomination; and he lost no opportunity, when among his fellows, or at ease in our company, of letting his sentiments be known. As to Bernard he had had his orders, and never attempted to limit his association with Claude and me. Besides, he was fond of the boy, who would hang upon his stories of camp-life and battle. Bernard had lessons every day from M. le Curé, but every afternoon he joined us. I rarely went beyond the walls of our property, but Gondrin went often into the town and up to the citadel, and sometimes he took Claude.

So passed two years. The captain was away beyond the reach of correspondence. We grew in health, good looks, and stature, but very little in learning and still less in refinement or good manners. When Madame Zénobie came to visit us, she lamented bitterly over my growing unladylikeness. But our father the Chevalier was not to be approached on the subject of his children. They belonged by arrangement—at least Claude did—to the head of the house, and I suppose I was thrown, as a thing of small consequence, into the bargain.

Madame Zénobie poured forth her feelings to M. le Curé, who in a great measure agreed with her, and he endeavored to do all he could to inspire me with what he called *des idées de demoiselle*, in his clerical relations with me. Besides this, he assured Madame Zénobie that to make me a good Christian would insure me all the essentials of gentility; to which axiom Madame Zénobie demurred, assuring him from her experience that, though the grace of God might do much in every other way, it could not supply the lack of a good bringing up to a demoiselle of my pretensions.

She had ferreted out from M. le Curé's housekeeper facts that the curé was anxious to keep secret about Bernard's father. But when she attempted to open her mind to the good priest upon that subject, he commanded her so sternly to hold her peace that she was silent. "M. le Curé," she afterwards said, with malice, "makes money for the Church handsomely out of that miserable boy." But M. le Curé's will was still backed by the power of the Church, and his influence sufficed to keep her tongue within her teeth, though already over the sky were spreading clouds that portended the cyclone that began as a thunder-storm.

CHAPTER III.

HOW YOUNG ARISTOCRATS BEHAVED THEMSELVES UNDER THE OLD RÉGIME.

LILLE is a city that has grown up around its citadel. That citadel had always had a strong garrison, being, as I said, within a few leagues of the Austrian Netherlands. To this garrison was added one unlucky day the Régiment du Dauphin, to which Gondrin had formerly belonged. He could not resist the temptation of constantly visiting his old com-

rades, and of breaking a bottle, as he termed it, in their company. Old habits of garrison life came back upon him; he was constantly drunk, and "in no state," said Marcelline and Madame Zénobie, "to take care of Monsieur Claude." But Monsieur le Comte was far away in the Southern seas, and no one had any authority to take the boy out of his hands.

Bernard, who was now fifteen, watched over Claude as much as possible. He even thought it his duty to expose the state of things to M. le Curé, who was disquieting himself as to how he might approach the subject with M. le Chevalier our father, when an incident occurred which rendered his interference too late.

The officers of Gondrin's regiment were young and furious aristocrats. It was the tone of the regiment. They made it their boast that no *officier bleu*—that is, no officer unable to show less than four noble quarterings on both sides of his house—should be permitted to stay a month in their regiment; that they would compel the resignation of any captain who had not six quarterings, whilst it took ten to insure obedience to a colonel.

When one thinks of these things, one does not wonder that men of ambition and worth who were only of the *petite noblesse* of the robe, or were not noble, eagerly espoused the cause of the Revolution for their own sakes and for the sake of their sons.

Soon after the Dauphin's Regiment had established itself in garrison, the city became as it were given over to the youthful excesses of its officers, who indulged in wild practical jokes all tending to harass and to humiliate the citizens, whose growing pretensions to consideration in society and in the state they deemed it their duty to put down.

As they phrased it, they knew no greater pleasure than to bedevil a *bourgeois*. The consequence was that the streets of Lille were the scene of continual and disgraceful disorders. Nothing stopped these headstrong and presumptuous young nobles. The discipline of the regiment was relaxed. Their commanding officer, a younger son of a family in the South of France whose dignity had been impaired by some mixed marriages, was afraid of them, and their swords and their uniforms gave them license apparently to do what they would with the burghers. They made it a point of honor to be impudent; each prided himself on supporting the dignity of his position; any one was well satisfied when he surpassed the rest in doing something that never ought to have been done. They almost took possession of the town at last, as if they had been not its defenders but its conquerors.

On one occasion on the Esplanade, the great public walk of Lille, one of the most respectable tradesmen of the place was sauntering quietly, when a cry arose of, "Out of the way, there! The officers of the Dauphin's Regiment are taking a walk."

Thinking it a rude joke on the part of these young madmen, the sturdy *bourgeois* took no notice of the order. They seized him, pulled off his coat and vest, and hung him up to a *lanterne*—a street-lamp—by the waistband of his trousers. There they kept him for two mortal hours, standing guard over him with their swords drawn, lest any of his friends should come forward to deliver him.

Once in a while, when such audacious pranks were vigorously resisted, they were brought to the knowledge of the authorities, who were then obliged to take cognizance of such disorders, and generally acted with rigor; but these occasions were only considered by the young men as unfortunate chances,—risks which added a spice of danger to the fun.

At last things came to such a pass that the inhabitants of Lille, emboldened by the growing political prospects of the *bourgeoisie*, took courage, and wrote letters representing the matter to the king.

Louis XVI. at once placed the colonel of the Dauphin's Regiment under arrest, and it was rumored in the garrison that his place was to be supplied by General the Count de Kervec, an officer of experience and a strict disciplinarian.

One evening, however, during the interregnum that ensued between the change of commanders, the young officers of the regiment vowed a vow that they would all go to the theatre, turn out the vile *bourgeoisie*, and have the play to themselves.

It happened that that evening Gondrin had gone to the town and had dropped into the theatre, taking Claude with him. The piece given was by no less an author than Jean Jacques Rousseau; it was called "The Village Sorcerer;" and a favorite actress, Madame Sénon, took the principal part.

As eight o'clock struck and the curtain was about to rise, a whole troop of young aristocrats entered the theatre with their hats cocked, and drawn swords in their hands.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the ringleader, with ironical politeness, bowing low as he spoke, with his hat in his hand, "my comrades and myself have made up our minds to form the sole audience at this theatre this evening. We therefore request you, as politely as possible, to be so good as to withdraw quietly. We do not wish to be constrained to use our arms."

The persons addressed, believing themselves powerless to resist, prepared to vacate parquet and boxes. Gondrin, however, holding Claude by the arm, stood his ground. "I am an old soldier of the regiment, my lieutenant," he said to the officer who pointed to the exit with his sword. "Put me as sentry at the door to keep out those *damned bourgeois*. This young gentleman is the son of the Chevalier de Béthune. He shall not retire like a *bourgeois*. He is one of yourselves, gentlemen, head of one branch of the noblest family in the province of French Flanders. I will defend his honor with my sword!"

"*Holà! jeune homme*, are you the son of the sorcerer of this town, come here to see the sorcerer of the village?"

"I am the nephew of the Count de Béthune, and his heir. I am kinsman to the Duc de Charost-Béthune, who is head of our house."

"What! the old gentleman who derogates by giving himself out as *L'Ami du Peuple*—with more justice, *ma foi!* than the old Marquis de Mirabeau?"

"Monsieur," said Claude, angrily, "I bear with no reflections on the head of my house."

"Well, join in the game, since you are one of us," said the leader of the rioters. "Pink me that old *bourgeois* in the brown coat who refuses

to get out of our way. *En avant*, young man; it is time that the performances should begin. *En avant*, I say, monsieur. If you hesitate, we shall know that you are not a De Béthune, but the son of an *épici-er*."

Stung by this taunt, Claude drew his sword and advanced upon an elderly man in a brown coat who kept his seat in front of the orchestra. Seeing that he showed no intention to move whatever, the leader of the rioters addressed him with mock civility. "I beg your pardon, monsieur," he said, touching his arm, "but before we act it may be better to repeat the order that possibly you did not hear. There lies the door."

"On the contrary, monsieur," replied the stranger, with a smile, "I heard you perfectly. I understood you to intimate that you wish to have this theatre this evening to yourselves."

"Well, sir, and what then?"

"That I am grieved not to oblige you, gentlemen, but I have a fancy of my own to retain my seat and to see the play. I came here to witness the charming performance of Madame Sénon——"

"Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes, sir; to one of a party of young scoundrels who need to be taught how to behave themselves, and I am here to do it," added the brown man, looking the officer full in the face.

The lieutenant made a sign to Claude, who advanced upon the *bourgeois* with his sword. The *bourgeois*, without rising, seized the sword out of his hand, and broke it in three pieces.

It would be hard to paint the tumult that arose in the theatre at this man's unexpected resistance. The whole body of young officers, reinforced by Gondrin, rushed at once on the man who braved them.

"Gentlemen," he cried, standing at bay, "I presume you do not intend to murder me? I am unarmed."

"Then defend yourself, if you know how," cried the leader of the aristocrats, throwing him a sword.

"I beg your pardon, messieurs," he replied, "but allow me to observe that you are too many for one man to fight at once. If you wish to give me fair play, permit me, as I am the party to whom insult has been offered, to choose my adversaries. I will do five of you the honor to cross swords with you; and I hope to teach all of you a lesson that you will remember as long as you live. I will begin with you, M. de Rémond, then you, M. d'Estrées. You, Messieurs de Salmy, de Riou, and d'Elbon, will have your turns afterwards. Now—are you ready, gentlemen?" he added, after a pause; and then, turning to the actors assembled before the curtain, he said, "My friends, will you delay your performance for a quarter of an hour? I will then come back and witness it, with all my eyes and ears."

The young officers were nonplussed by his coolness and the tone of superiority he assumed. They considered it supreme impertinence, and it was a further impertinence that he should presume to address them by their names. It also astonished them that he had picked out the five best swordsmen in the regiment. But they kept up their farce of ironical civility.

"We wait your orders, monsieur," said De Rémond, with a bow.

"Then we will go out into the street, gentlemen."

Outside the theatre there was a public square, dimly lighted by two street-lanterns. It was by this time crowded with citizens, all eager to see the result of the fray.

"Make room, there! Stand back!" cried the officers, striking about them with the flat of their swords.

The *bonhomme* halted under the lamps. "This place will do," he said. "I am ready, gentlemen."

Monsieur de Rémond sprang forward. After the first two passes he found that he had a skilful adversary. He was the best swordsman in the regiment, but the man in the brown coat had an iron wrist and muscles like steel springs. In two minutes the young officer was disarmed. Then came the turn of M. d'Estrées. The duel did not last as long as before. At the second pass his sword flew out of his hand. The three others were disarmed in succession, and the troop of officers, furious at the discomfiture of their champions, and excited by cheers of derision from the crowd of *bourgeois*, were rushing in a body, Claude among them, on the victorious tradesman, when with a gesture of command that seemed to paralyze the whole party on the spot he stopped them.

"Gentlemen," he said, sternly, "I promised you a lesson, and you have had one. You may now take my word for it that none of you will re-enter that theatre this evening."

A murmur of incredulity rose among the officers.

"Who dares to raise his voice when I am speaking?" said the old man, angrily. "Do you know, gentlemen, that I might have one-half of you shot here upon the spot, if I chose to give the order? Meantime, pending a court-martial, I order you all under arrest. Go back to your quarters, where you will remain till further orders."

"By what right, monsieur, do you take this tone?" faltered one of their number.

The old man answered, quietly, "You are at liberty to mention to any one you meet as you return to your quarters that General the Count de Kervec has arrived at Lille armed with full powers from his Majesty to put down the disorders that have disgraced your regiment in this city."

Then with a wave of his hand M. de Kervec dismissed the officers. They went off without daring to utter another word, while their commander entered the theatre, followed by shouts of applause from the citizens, who were thankful to be delivered from the humors of the young aristocrats.

This account is not my own. I was not there, of course. It was furnished in writing to my uncle by the Count d'Amezeuil, one of the officers who was present; and it is only recently that I have found it in the Château d'Eau among my uncle's papers.

It shows some of the insolences which stirred the blood of honest citizens in the days that preceded the Revolution, and throws our sympathies on the side of those who inaugurated that great movement, which in four years so ran its course that those who hailed it rapturously at

the beginning could not but abhor it at the last, when the ship of state that they had launched in hope was sailing on a sea of blood.

When the young men of the regiment returned to quarters, Claude, of whom none of them took any further notice, was left standing with Gondrin in the middle of the square. Gondrin was drunk and quarrelsome. The gates of Lille had been long closed for the night, and he had forgotten the password. Now that M. de Kervec had gone into the theatre, he took it into his tipsy head that it was his place to chastise the crowd of citizens who had mocked at his officers. He set upon the crowd, becoming savage and unmanageable, and some gendarmes coming up, and not knowing what else to do with him, thinking also no doubt that Claude, who had sided with the rioters, well deserved to share their lesson, marched both of them to prison.

Ah me! they might have meant that lesson well, but it entailed consequences they could not have imagined. Claude was released next day by the magistrates with a profusion of apologies, but there was small-pox raging in the prison, we had never been inoculated, and in a few days Claude and I were both down with that terrible scourge of our generation. I survived, but Claude died. There was great mourning, they told me afterwards, for his death, in the citadel and in the city.

Bernard had been sent away from Lille immediately on the seizure of his friend; but Bernard had been inoculated, so that he was safe. Gondrin was handed over to the civil authorities, and passed, I believe, several months in prison.

CHAPTER IV.

MY HORROR OF BERNARD.

I RETURNED at last to consciousness, after hanging between life and death some weeks, during which time I was nursed by Marcelline and Madame Zénobie. With consciousness came the conviction that all was lost that had made up my little world.

It was Madame Zénobie sitting by my bedside who told me that Claude was dead, and that Gondrin had been sent away in disgrace. Into my world, as limited in extent as that of a convent or a prison, death, up to this moment, had never come; and now that it had found its way over our high walls and through our closed gates, it brought with it to me utter ruin and desolation. With Claude's coffin they had carried from the house all that I thought made life worth living. I turned my face from Madame Zénobie,—I could not support the thought that that sharp, callous woman should see me weep, even for Claude; but half an hour afterwards I hid my face in the broad bosom of Marcelline, and my heart relieved itself by a piteous downpour of tears. My life seemed to me like a dead tree that would bear no more leaves or fruit. Childlike, I did not think that every winter is followed by its spring.

Later in the day I asked for Bernard. He was all that remained to me, the only bit of wreckage saved from my happy life.

"I want Bernard! let me see Bernard!" I said, and then I saw Zénobie and Marcelline exchange glances. A sudden dread came on me.

"Is Bernard dead, too?" I said, faintly.

"Not dead, mademoiselle. Ah, no! The boy is living," said Madame Zénobie.

"Then make him come to me."

A silence followed, during which I closed my eyes, for the light pained them. Then after a short silence I heard Marcelline say, in a whisper (for my senses were all sharpened by my illness), "Madame must surely be mistaken."

"But no! I have it from M. le Curé's housekeeper. M. le Curé does not deny it. The boy has been living here to be taught by him. Besides, I have been upon the watch. I have seen him and his father meet beside the public fountain."

"Seigneur Dieu!" cried Marcelline, bending down to see if I were sleeping, "what a horror!" And then she added, "I would give the *bon louis-d'or* that M. le Comte gave me when he went away to be sure that what you tell me, madame, is not true."

"But it is true," said Madame Zénobie.

"Do you suppose," asked Marcelline, "that M. le Comte ever can have been informed of it?"

"What are you thinking of, Marcelline? Would M. le Comte with his eyes open have let his children, think you,—for he calls them his children, and without that they would have been as it were orphans, *enfants du bon Dieu*,—would he, I say, have let his children run wild about this garden, and catch carp, and skate and slide, and even read books, with a big good-for-nothing of the species of Bernard? I tell you, Marcelline, that M. le Comte may have thrown off many of what he calls our prejudices, but not to that extent,—no, no! That goes against one's stomach, Marcelline!"

"Bernard was a good boy," said Marcelline, "and he loved that dear Monsieur Claude whom the good Lord has taken to himself in paradise."

"Bah! I don't like to think of it: it makes me sick," Madame Zénobie replied. "He whom you call a good boy is growing into a young man. Who knows, if this small-pox had not interposed, but that he would in a short time have been inspired by Satan with the idea of lifting his eyes to the young lady! Figure that to yourself, Marcelline! Mademoiselle de Béthune! Oh, horrors!—I cannot contemplate it! Mademoiselle de Béthune is destined to be a canoness at Remiremont: that is the proper place for Mademoiselle Augustine! And then she herself, too! Marcelline, may the good God forgive me what I dare to say and think, but she is fast becoming no more in behavior than the rough peasant-girls who wash their clothes down yonder in the river! And she is more than twelve years old,—with no more the ideas and manners of a young lady well brought up than they! Marcelline, she is growing into a terribly precocious womanhood. Who knows but that if that Bernard ever dared to speak to her of love, with no one near to check her ignoble fancies, she might give ear to him? Who will tell me that she has not harbored disgraceful

thoughts in that direction? And he—the son of—— Oh, heavens! it is a word I cannot speak!”

“But Bernard was always a brave lad and a good Christian,” pleaded Marcelline.

“Bah! you are a peasant, Marcelline; you may have no prejudices of station. You belong to the lowest order of the people. But even you, I pray you, do you think it fitting that the grand-daughter of old M. le Comte de Béthune, who was the model of a gentleman of the court of our Great Monarch, a descendant of the great Sully, the friend of the first Bourbon king, should associate as she has been doing, with no woman to look after her, with Gondrin, a common drunkard, and with *him*?”

“You are right, madame,” said Marcelline, quite subdued by this address from her social superior. “I thank the Lord no harm has come of the imprudence. And you say that you have seen the father? I never saw him but at work.”

“Hush! hush!” cried Madame Zénobie. “Do not so much as breathe it. Here M. le Curé comes. He wants his secret kept close, and doubtless has his reasons.—Ah, M. le Curé, we are talking about this poor child. I call her an orphan; for what is M. le Chevalier to her as a father? and now her brother is dead she will become of no interest to M. le Comte. Ah, M. le Curé, she needs a lady of experience and of good family—of a family as good as her own—to bring her up. You desired me to hold my peace about that Bernard, but I cannot refrain myself; I must speak out. If only it is not too late!—if only thus far no mischief has been done! Ought Mademoiselle henceforward to continue to consort with that young man? See, M. le Curé, suppose there had been passages of love-making between this lamb—the Demoiselle de Béthune—and that accursed lad? They have read together M. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre’s ‘Paul and Virginia,’ why should ideas of love and of unequal marriage exist only on an island in the Indian seas? Imagine to yourself, monsieur, the ignoble scandal that may ensue if they have thought such things! You and M. le Comte and M. le Chevalier might then blame yourselves for having taken no precautions. Is it fit that a young lady of her rank should be brought up without protection? Bernard, I say to you, must be forbidden ever to come back, and we must all consider how to eradicate any false notions, any wild ideas, that Mademoiselle may have been permitted to imbibe unhappily in his companionship. *Noblesse oblige*, M. le Curé! We must give her the training, the manners, the traditions, of a noble lady. We must not answer any questions she may put that would involve mention of this Bernard. She must have a suitable *dame de compagnie*. M. le Comte is obstinate. With deep respect I permit myself to ask, what can he, who has been all his life at sea, know about the influences with which we should surround a demoiselle de Béthune and fit her to take her place as a noble lady?”

“I will speak about it, madame, to M. le Chevalier,” said the curé. “There is truth in what you say. Surely I may find some time in which to make him listen to my words. I took him from his work-room a week since to attend his poor son’s funeral.”

Later, when Zénobie had gone to vespers in the cathedral, and Marcelline alone was sitting by my bed, I suddenly rose up and grasped her hand. "Tell me," I whispered, "tell me, Marcelline,—who is Bernard's father?"

The good woman resisted my question for some time, merely saying, "Bernard has been sent away for fear of small-pox, my little angel. You must think of him no more. You must not speak of him again, except to me. You are too old to play with a young man. Yes, yes, I know he was always a good boy. He has gone home. But it is not for you nor for me, my little love, to talk of him. We will forget him, *mignonne*, and we will talk of other things."

"Marcelline," I cried, "I command you, tell me all you know about Bernard. I am your mistress. I *command* you: do you hear me? Dear Marcelline, I implore you, tell me what you and that old she-cat Madame Zénobie were whispering this morning in my chamber. You are the only friend I have, dear Marcelline. I have not been able to sleep since then, for trying to understand what she was saying to you. If you don't tell me, I shall never sleep again. Then I shall die, Marcelline, and go to Claude. You will be sorry when I am dead."

Thus adjured, Marcelline retreated into the last refuge of those who are aware they have no strength to keep a secret.

"Well, then," she said, "Mademoiselle must promise never to let M. le Curé nor Madame Zénobie know that I have told her. I think that M. le Curé feels that he did not do right to give in so long to M. le Comte's fancies, and Mademoiselle, because she is a demoiselle de Béthune, must have courage and never again so much as think of that poor Bernard. Bernard's father is——"

"Go on, Marcelline," I said. "Bernard told me once that his father was one of those who execute high works,—Ministre des Hautes Œuvres, he called him. There is nothing in that that I can see to dishonor Bernard. What are the high works he executes? Is he a bad man?"

"Oh, mademoiselle, I have heard that he is a good man, even a humane man, a rich man, and a good Christian. As Madame Zénobie says, there are persons among us who render great services to the state, but who are not thought honorable; though indeed I have heard that in past ages persons like Bernard's father had great privileges and that by law men were commanded to consider them as nobles; but *les Hautes Œuvres*——"

"Be quick, Marcelline?" I cried. "What are *les Hautes Œuvres*?"

"Mademoiselle, Bernard's father is the headsman of the province. They call him M. de Lille. He is the executioner."

Then, the secret having escaped her, Marcelline proceeded to relate that Bernard had been born of a long line of headsmen, not vulgar hangmen, knackers, or scavengers: those offices were part of the functions of the headsman, but were performed by his subordinates, who were infamous, and who also attended to torturing, maiming, branding, and inferior executions. The office of a headsman like Bernard's father was to execute nobles. His weapon was the broad-bladed, heavy-weighted sword. His skill was marvellous. The office of

headsman was hereditary: it descended from each headsman father to his headsman son. Marcelline said that the present headsman lived alone in a tower fortified during the feudal ages, that the headsman might defend himself against noblemen disposed to take vengeance upon him for the death of noble malefactors whom he had beheaded. His garrison was composed of the officials that served under him. The place was on a lonely heath, and was known to all country-people as *La Tour Maudite*. She said that Bernard must by law succeed to the dreadful office. His father had sent him into Lille to receive instruction from M. le Curé before his first communion, and subsequently Bernard had been suffered to remain. He had been boarded in a respectable family in the town, who accepted him on the favorable recommendation of M. le Curé, who had in this way, whilst he taught the boy for two hours every day in his own house, carried out the wishes of M. le Comte that Bernard should become the playmate of his children. The father had not had the resolution to refuse this association to Bernard, nor to forfeit the chances for him of a good education. No doubt he paid M. le Curé liberally. In Lille the boy had hardly become known. He made no acquaintances among the sons of the *bourgeoisie*. He was looked upon as a piece of property that belonged to the De Béthunes, and indeed little children were afraid of him, not on account of his father's functions, for probably they did not suspect that connection, but as having possibly contracted some taint in the house of our own father, whom under their breaths they all called the accursed sorcerer. Some people hinted that he might be M. le Comte's natural son. His father never came to see him in broad daylight. They met occasionally after dark beside the city fountain.

"Ah!" continued Marcelline, "but they say that that terrible father is a famous swordsman. He carries a long sword broader at the point than at the hilt, and it has magic in the blade. They say it was forged upon Saint Martin's Eve by night with fire of vengeance that fell down from heaven. And he can wield it with one swoop, and then, *dame!* the head of the guilty nobleman will fly off right away! The state will compel Bernard to serve whenever his father dies. He must then take up the sword of justice. Now you know all, mademoiselle. Our dear M. Claude is in paradise, and Bernard has gone back to *La Tour Maudite*, where he will begin to learn his business. First, they say, young headsmen practise upon cabbages. With one flourish of the wrist the head of the cabbage is lopped off from the stalk. I am sorry for the poor boy. I do not like that every one should curse him. But it is not for you, Mademoiselle Augustine, to give one thought to him any more. Then all that Madame Zénobie presumed to say of you will count for nothing. No one will have reason to blame M. le Comte, nor me, who if anything had gone wrong men would have said ought to have better looked after you."

"Indeed you are right, Marcelline," I cried, with indignation, my cheeks burning with shame. "Never again, if I can help it, will I give another thought to that unhappy lad. But, oh! the shame of having played with him, fished with him, read out of the same books with him, and I am, as you say, Marcelline, a *demoiselle de Béthune!*"

Marcelline soothed me, but I soon again broke forth :

"And how dared Madame Zénobie and M. le Curé (and you too, who assented, Marcelline!) to say the things they said of me?—wicked, degrading, lying, shameful things! Do they suppose I can forget I am a *demoiselle de Béthune*? That boy's having been brought here was M. le Curé's doing! Oh, how could my uncle have consented to such an infamy? At least in our garden, hemmed in by high walls, Claude and I were shut off from degrading associations. And to think that dear Claude loved him! He sent him on his death-bed our mother's gold medal of Saint Joseph. Oh, I am angry with him! Oh, if I could but get it back, I think I should be happy. Marcelline, why did the good God take Claude to himself and leave me here alone?"

The emotion that I experienced brought back fever and a relapse. For days I was delirious, and talked only of Bernard, and from that, as Marcelline said nothing that would inculcate herself, Madame Zénobie and the curé drew their own conclusions.

M. le Curé felt himself forced into deciding that as soon as I should be well enough I must be placed in a convent, where I would become a *pensionnaire* until such time as my uncle should come home and decide what he would do with me.

As for Bernard, who was a lad now of fifteen, and full of grief for the loss of his dear Claude, he might never have confessed to himself anything more than a comrade's attachment to a little girl of twelve, if M. le Curé had not put more advanced ideas into his head by his sharp cross-examination. As in men's lives and characters there is for women an unknown element on which to exercise their imagination and for which we are apt to make inordinate allowances, especially such of us as write either poetry or fiction, so a celibate clergy probably imagines that love and marriage occupy more space in human lives than such subjects commonly do. They are too apt to suspect that love or a love-motive is lurking everywhere.

So Bernard discovered that he cherished a great love in his heart for a lady as far out of his reach as the moon, by means of the insistence of the good curé, whilst at the same time I discovered that the very thought of my companionship with Bernard was loathsome and degrading. I gnashed my teeth, I tossed in anguish on my bed, when I remembered that three grown-up people had suspected me of derogating from my dignity. What an insult, I thought, to have been supposed capable of any tenderness towards one who, in spite of all the law could say for him, I looked upon with horror!

CHAPTER V.

I AM PROMISED IN MARRIAGE.

WHEN I heard that M. le Curé had by forcible representations induced my father to send me as a *pensionnaire* to Saint Gudule's, a quiet little convent in the outskirts of our city, I looked forward to the change with hope and satisfaction: stagnation is abhorrent above everything to children, whose impulses are all towards activity and growth. But

when I entered the great recitation-room at Saint Gudule's, crowded with girls,—a species of the human race that I knew nothing about,—and when I became conscious of more than two hundred eyes that stared at me, a great wave of nervous shyness broke over my head. I lost my grasp upon the fact, always present in my thoughts, that I was the Demoiselle de Béthune. I felt my personal insignificance. I realized, with a sort of sudden flash of intelligence, that I was not like other girls,—not like these new strange beings with whom I was to begin my life once more. I felt that no link would connect my life in the convent of Saint Gudule's with my old life in the garden and the cottage, and moreover I apprehended (what was every day confirmed to me) that though of course as Mademoiselle de Béthune I should take my place among the highest in France, and was without a rival as far as rank went in the convent, I was, in the sight of the two hundred eyes that gazed critically at me, only an ignorant, undeveloped, unmannered girl, with no knowledge whatever of the things deemed worth knowing in that establishment, knowing only things which they would despise me for knowing if they knew I knew.

I apprehended, in short, that I was the reverse of their ideal of the *demoiselle bien élevée*; and, oh, if they had but known it!—and possibly Madame Zénobie had chattered and they *did* know it or they *would* know it!—I had degenerated even in my own esteem from my dignity of birth, by ignoble association with the unhappy Bernard. When I thought of him my face reddened to the very ears.

There is hardly any loneliness in life like that of the school-girl who cannot adapt herself to her companions. The life I had hitherto led separated me altogether from the girl-life at the convent, for even when the *pensionnaires* played games that I had played with Claude and Bernard I shrank from joining them. My very superiority in what was active and boy-like, I thought, would tell against me. Not only was I not the school-mate of these girls, but, being driven in upon myself, my manners acquired an aloofness, and although, heaven knows, I was not arrogant, but rather filled with self-depreciation and a burning shame, I fancy that I was suspected of a *hauteur* which turned their hearts away from me. I do not know that they hated me, but I made them uncomfortable. They did not like me; they never felt at ease with me, nor I with them. I had never in my former life been lonely, I had always had Claude; and of late years Claude, Bernard, Marcelline, and Gondrin had been my companions. Now I seemed to stand like a lone rock at sea, dashed at by stormy billows.

The Sisters were all kind to me. A demoiselle de Béthune as a *pensionnaire* was indeed a prize to Saint Gudule's. If I were to be devoted to the religious life, what an honor would it not be to their community—what a triumph for their saint over Saint Romuald—if one who had all the requirements for entering the community at Remiremont should select their convent!

In matters of education, little as I knew, I knew far more than the girls around me. That fact increased my isolation, for at Saint Gudule's only two things were considered of importance, deportment and fine needlework. Of these I knew nothing at all. How gladly

the good Sisters would have made of me their show pupil!—instead of which, they had to keep me in the background as much as they dared.

I may do myself the justice to say that I set myself diligently to acquire that supreme polish of high breeding which I felt to be due to my position, and in needlework, as soon as my fingers became trained, I showed considerable skill.

Bnt, isolated and mortified as I often felt in school-hours, in our hours of recreation I was more lonely still. What could I talk about with these girls of the *petite noblesse* or the *haute bourgeoisie*? They were full of eager speculations about life outside the convent, and had been bitterly disappointed that when the gates opened to admit me I brought no whiff of air from the great world beyond.

I was not going to tell them anything about my life with Claude, Bernard, and Gondrin. I was ashamed—most bitterly ashamed—of that old life and its associations. I was afraid that they would somehow hear of it. I dreaded lest they should suspect me and should chatter to each other about me, or with great eyes stare at me. Silence was my refuge, but it cut me off from sympathy. The girls around me gossiped about such rumors as had reached them of court-life; their convent world had its own chatters, its bits of gossip, its speculations, its reminiscences. In all these I had no share. But the great subject of speculation when two or three girls could gather together beyond earshot of the Sisters was the future destiny prepared or preparing for themselves. Some were to be married; some were for the cloister; the fate of some hung in the balance, circumstances alone could turn the scale.

Of those who were to be married some already knew the names of their intended husbands; some thrilled with daily expectation of an announcement to be made to them. They dreamed dreams and they saw visions for themselves and for one another. They discussed *trousseaux* and *corbeilles*, and vanities, and precedence, and in their dreams the husband played a minor part, though all acknowledged him to be the fount from which all pleasures and all honors would come. They could not dispense with him in their programme, he was part of the bargain, but most of my school-fellows were too well brought up to let their fancies rest much upon his probable attractions. It seemed to me that those who were to espouse middle-aged noblemen of suitable position and wealth were quite as well satisfied as the girl who asserted timidly that her *fiancé*, she had been told, was a *beau jeune homme*.

Of course I had not been many hours among them before the important question was asked me, Was I destined for a married life, or to become a Mother Superior?

I cut my questioners as short as possible. My destiny, I said, depended on the good pleasure of the head of our house, who had not yet, on that matter, made his will known to me.

I suppose I had been a year at Saint Gudule's when the insupportable loneliness of my position caused me to select a friend, or rather to avail myself of the only friend who seemed possible for me. She

was a girl entitled to my friendship neither by her position, her good manners, nor her capacity. I took her for a friend simply because I was so tired of my own loneliness that I felt sympathy for her. The girls held aloof from her, as they did from me. She was from the Low Countries, of a semi-*bourgeois* family, and I think now that she was as silly, as stupid, and as uninteresting a girl as I ever knew.

Having made this school-girl friendship, it led to the usual consequences of such connections, an interchange of confidences, and I poured part of my history into her ears. I told her about Claude and Bernard. I described to her the life that we had led at the Château d'Eau. I could not bring myself to tell her what I had found out about Bernard's father, but I gave her to understand that Bernard was of ignoble origin, a child of the people, and I gave her the full benefit of my indignant feelings when I had found myself accused of regarding with a favor highly improper in my station in life a big boy in his.

Alas! I had soon cause to verify the truth of an old story that Gondrin used to tell us. "When I was a boy," he said, "I asked my father one day to tell me a secret. The good man answered, 'Suppose I do so, my son: what then? I know the secret myself; and that is *one*. Put one chalk-mark on the barn door. Then suppose I tell it to you. That makes another *one*: put another chalk-mark on the barn door. You will hardly be more discreet at your age than your father: you will tell it at least to one other person. Make a third chalk-mark on the barn door. Now read the figures. How many persons will have heard my secret?'—'Three, father.'—'Look you, my son, you have not read rightly. One hundred and eleven is chalked on that barn door; and the round of my secret is but just begun!'"

In a week every *pensionnaire*, every Sister, and, I doubt not, the Mother Superior herself, knew that Mademoiselle Augustine de Béthune had confessed to having had love-passages with a young man disgracefully beneath her in birth, and that she had been sent to the convent that she might never see him again.

From that moment, I—the most innocent-minded girl in the whole convent,—I, who never chattered about love-affairs or marriage—was set down as the tainted lamb in the good Sisters' flock; capable of infecting the whole establishment.

I had no refuge but proud sullenness. I did not choose to justify myself. That would only have involved me in explanations which might have ended in the discovery of that part of my secret which was still my own. Ah me! of what suffering the tender child-heart seems capable! Mine, as I look back, feels the old bruises, and is still sensitive in the places where in those days there were sores.

Things were thus with me when one morning in the spring of 1788 (a year in which all France was in a ferment) I was summoned to the convent parlor to see a visitor. The Mother Superior came herself to meet me and set my hair and dress into correct order with her own white, taper-fingered hands. The visitor was my uncle, M. le Capitaine Comte de Béthune. The Mother detained me to impress upon me my duty with regard to the reverence I was to make him on entering the

parlor,—how I was to bend and respectfully to kiss his hand. Trembling I opened the parlor door. It slipped from me and slammed to with a sudden jerk,—for there he stood, that dear uncle fresh from the Southern seas. I made no effort to remember my deportment. I gave a cry, and with a sudden rush was in his arms, kissing with rapture his bronzed cheeks and laying my head down where my face was tickled by the gold fringes of his epaulettes, until he held me off at arms'-length to observe how at fourteen I had grown into a woman. His hair was whiter than when he left us for the tropics, and his eyes were full of tears. It was only a few days since he had heard of the death of Claude.

"Ah, my little one, my little one, you are all that is now left to me!" he cried. "But my poor Claude——! That drunken devil of a Gondrin!"

We wept together. My uncle drew me on his knee. I put my arms around his neck. In spite of the renewal of my grief for Claude, I was blissfully happy.

"Ah, *ma petite, ma petite*," he said, "your old uncle has been securing for you a famous *dot* in the Spice Islands. There is a cargo coming home which will make you a *bon parti*,—a good match, my pretty dear. Our Claude is dead. I am too old to marry. The direct male line of our branch will run out. God's will be done! The estates and the headship will both go to your kinsman, son of your mother's cousin, the next heir, Albéric, the Marquis de Naugis. I have arranged already that this Albéric shall be the husband of my little girl. Ah, yes, it is all settled. M. le Curé will be content with me, I hope, at last. He has been furiously displeased with me, that good curé! Albéric, I hear, is a fine, handsome young fellow, an officer in the king's regiment of Royal Germans. He looks like a hero, they tell me, in his uniform. The Royal Allemand, by good luck, is at Metz, and I have written to Albéric to get leave and come at once to visit me in the old château that before long will be his own. When he comes I will bring him to see his *fiancée*,—his pretty cousin. I suppose if I accompany him the good Sisters will let him in—*Hein?* You shall not marry him, my little one, unless he pleases you, if I have to fight him or his next of kin about it. Ah, no. I am fresh from the island of Paul and Virginia. I am not one to be without consideration for young hearts. Say, Augustine, do you think that you could fancy a gay young marquis covered over with gold lace, with high cavalry boots and spurs, the nearest of kin who now is left to our branch of the De Béthunes?"

"Oh, my uncle," I cried, my face flushed with happiness and my heart beating, "how good you are for me! How kind you are! Indeed I will do my best to receive properly Monsieur Albéric. How happy I shall be! How good you are!"

"I could not see my little girl caged like these holy women," he said, after pressing me again in his arms. "I am a worldling. I begrudge the last flower in the chaplet of our house to the Heavenly Bridegroom, or rather I believe that she may serve the Heavenly Bridegroom best by blessing her husband and her children and her old uncle. If some little birds must be caged, it shall not be my bird. We will have a famous wedding, at my château de Pénin, where you have never

been. I shall present Albéric on his wedding-day to my people as my heir; but they will know that the real heir of the De Béthunes will be my Augustine's eldest son. Shall I hang up my old sword, my dear, in my chamber in your castle? And shall the little children of your marriage ride on the old man's knee? *Allez*, I shall make a famous grandfather! Do you remember, Augustine, how my little Claude took to me from the first moment when he was going to run through with his sword that old fury who was beating Bernard? And poor Bernard? Have you forgotten Bernard? Eh? I told M. le Curé it would be so, —that that is a woman's way."

"Oh, uncle, hush! M. le Curé does not know me. He insulted me. He dared to think—to fancy, *purely* to fancy—such inconceivable things!"

"*Eh bien*, M. le Curé has scolded me well because of you, my child. I told him he had listened to so many tales in the confessional that he fancied there must be a smirch on every petticoat. But now he will be content when I tell him that you are pleased with my plan about Albéric! They say the young fellow is a brave and honest man and loyal to his king and queen and country. Ah, well, it is right that we should make the best of what is left to us when we must give up anything. The good God best knows!"

He said this with a heavy sigh. Claude's death was a sorrow that had entered his very soul.

I went back to my school-fellows an altered being. *Now* I was set right in my own eyes, as I was soon to be, I was sure, in those of the little community. As the proud *fiancée* of the young Marquis de Naugis, I should satisfy my own ideal of a demoiselle de Béthune.

Some people will smile, I know, at my feelings about long descent, and say that I have no right to indulge such fancies now; but I excuse myself for the satisfaction that I still take in the long line of my ancestors when I remember that a noble ancestry was the sole earthly advantage our Lord reserved for Himself. He worked as a carpenter, but He was descended from David.

It was not long before some questions from my school-mates brought out the fact (which indeed I was by no means anxious to conceal) that I was to be married before long to the son of my mother's cousin, who was also heir to my branch of the De Béthune family, the young Marquis de Naugis.

With the open-handedness which became a De Béthune, I made all kinds of promises to Saint Gudule's and its inhabitants. I was, it appeared, to be rich as well as great, and I promised myself that I would be a benefactress to the convent that I had so much disliked, after my marriage. The Sisters should say of me, "She was not made happy among us, but see how she has repaid good for evil!" At once I assumed the place hitherto denied me as the leading personage in the convent school. Even the good nuns were human. My brilliant prospects seemed to reflect glory on those who had had charge of my education. I delighted in the change apparent in all faces. I was deeply thankful that all fear of any allusions to Bernard had forever passed away.

I dreamed a young girl's dreams about my cousin Albéric. In every

scrap of romance that had found its way into my bookless life I decked out his ideal figure, and when at last he came to see me with my uncle, and, with my toilet carefully adjusted and with a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley in my corsage, I went into the parlor, and ventured timidly to raise my eyes to the face of my young kinsman, I was struck dumb by the realization of my dreams.

The good uncle enjoyed our mutual confusion, our evident surprise, our admiration of each other. Very little was said. That little, upon Albéric's part, was in the language of gallantry, the strained courtesies of the court and of high society; but every word he uttered was spoken with such high-bred grace, such deference both to me and to my uncle, that the visit when it ended left me with a pang of regret that, having paid too little attention to the lessons lavished upon me in deportment, my own manners fell very far short of the dignified and courtly grace which distinguished those of my future bridegroom.

I felt again for a moment the shame of my ignorance and my want of early training: though these thoughts were soothed by my sense of Albéric's evident admiration of my beauty. Was I, then, beautiful? The girls in the *pension* had never seemed so to consider me. But beauty of expression is very shy, and sometimes only peeps out when secure of recognition. Albéric contrived to throw appreciation of me into his manner. I felt that he found me all and more than all that he had hoped for, or that he had expected.

Convent etiquette did not allow us a long interview; but my uncle's embrace at parting assured me that it had been in all respects satisfactory to him, and Albéric ere he departed contrived to get possession of one of my lilies that had fallen to the ground.

When he made me his low bow with that flower in his hand, his palm steadying his sword, while his spurs clanked and his plumed hat in his right hand swept the floor, I was in an ecstasy of mingled pride, excitement, happiness, and self-reproach which it would be hard to describe.

But the thought in my head that he may have seen on my lips and in my eyes was, "Was mortal girl ever so fortunate as Augustine de Béthune?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE TERRORS OF THE TERROR.

I NEED not attempt to tell the history of the years 1789, '90, '91, and '92: this is my personal narrative, and the story of the bright hopes which hailed the dawn of freedom, and of all the horrors by which those hopes were trampled into ruin, with filth and blood, has been told by persons who are better qualified to tell it than a young girl. They say such horrors never can be repeated,—that they were due to serfage, to grinding poverty, to superstition, and, above all, to the lack of education. I do not know. It seems to me that human nature is human nature, and that whenever emancipated from the restraints of religion and authority it will be apt to repeat the Reign of Terror.

I was taken away from the convent when the troubles began. Public

opinion was early excited on the subject of priests and nuns, and ecclesiastical property was soon put up at auction after the Legislative Assembly had found that it could manage matters its own way. It was made a proof of a rich man's hostility to the Republic when he did not offer to buy these lands and buildings. The poor were eager to possess themselves of such morsels of land as could be bought with their savings, but the well-to-do dreaded church property as an investment, fearing or hoping for the success of Brunswick and the *émigrés*, which would destroy any rights acquired under the Revolutionary régime.

The *pensionnaires* at Saint Gudule's were the first to quit the convent, and then the nuns began to disperse. Some returned to their families, where they were far from welcome. They had been provided for by a suitable *dotation* on entering the convent, and their return to the world was a lively embarrassment to those who had shared the family property among themselves. The poor nuns were so thoroughly imbued with the same sentiment that few welcomed their liberty, though on religious grounds none seemed to me very much distressed at being forced to break their vows.

Among all the many sad things of that period of earthquake and desolation, one should spare a little sympathy for the griefs of these poor women. Homeless and disheartened, they wandered forth into a world where they felt themselves not wanted. Some stayed by the convent till they were put in prison, and a few escaped to Italy or England to struggle with poverty and dependence: nearly all the former were guillotined.

My uncle took refuge on a little property he owned three leagues from D'Aubigny, at a village called Pénin. There he was adored by all the people, and I must say to their honor that none of our persecutions were prompted by our villagers; public opinion at Pénin set too strongly in our favor. But it was this very public opinion in our favor that helped to bring suspicion upon us. A nobleman whom nobody denounced, thought the Council of the Republic at Arras, must have some way of causing people to overlook what demanded denunciation.

My uncle took me with him, for Lille, in spite of its garrison, he hardly considered safe, since the dangerous classes in the town, having acquired ascendancy by affiliation with the Jacobins, were bitterly hostile to the Chevalier my father, whom they accused of dealing with the Black Art, and who was popularly called *Le maudit Sorcier*.

There was a terrible thunder-storm one night which broke over the town and killed a leading Jacobin, while a ball of fire was seen to descend upon the roof of the house where the young men who called themselves the "Société des Amis de la Constitution" held their club. Popular opinion ascribed these two events to the Chevalier's electrical batteries. He was known to have dealings with the lightning and the thunder. It needed no argument to get up the case against him.

Two evenings after the thunder-storm, when he had gone to bed, a domiciliary visit, headed by some of those whom Le Bon himself called *des terribles patriotes*, followed by a crowd of all ages and both sexes, came to the Château d'Eau. They filed through the *grille* and filled up the garden and the court-yard. Not many, however, ventured into the

house. No one inhabited the place but my father, an attached servant, his old *valet de chambre*, and Marcelline.

My father had gone to bed dreaming (but then he had dreamed the same thing many times before) that the work of his life was on the eve of accomplishment. An armed patriot was stationed at the door of his chamber to prevent his coming forth, and then with hammers and with crow-bars they brutally proceeded to destroy the machine he was about to bring to perfection, under pretence of searching for papers that would prove I know not what,—complicity, probably, with priests, or sympathy with the emigration. They found nothing, of course; for my father was as indifferent to the claims of family affection as to politics. But in his rage he flung himself upon the armed patriot stationed at his door. He was like a madman. Unarmed, and in his night-dress, he seized the sentry round the waist, and in the struggle received several severe wounds. He was thrown down and taken away to prison for resisting a decree of the council of the department. In prison he died a few days after, whether from his wounds or from excitement and disappointment we never knew. No doctor was allowed to visit him.

My uncle and I continued to live at Pénin and to make ourselves as little conspicuous as possible. We lived in three rooms. The château wore a desolate and uninhabited aspect. We were waited on by Marcelline and by the old steward of my uncle who had served him on board ship, a man named Caron. He was cousin to one of the leading Jacobins in the adjacent province of Artois.

Our object was *de faire les morts*, as my uncle said,—that is, to pass for being dead, as much as possible.

Nevertheless my uncle (a patriot in the true sense of the word) contributed as far as he had it in his power to all funds raised for the defence of France. He had no sympathy with those who even in a good cause invited foreign invaders. He was a Frenchman *quand même* and *avant tout*, and had he lived would have allied his fortunes, I cannot doubt, to those of our great Emperor.

Naturally, as things grew worse and worse for every man of respectability or property under the terrible rule of Joseph Le Bon, the Revolutionary representative in the Northern departments,—a man whose name will ever be associated with the history of French Flanders, Artois, and Picardy,—we began to wish to make our escape to some place where, though the poorest of the poor, we might dwell in safety. My uncle had not the slightest intention of joining the army of the *émigrés* at Coblenz; his views and wishes pointed to America; and, as a first step towards expatriation, he conceived the idea early in 1792, some months before the king's flight to Varennes, of making his way with me to the camp of General the Count de Rochambeau, and there, finding Albéric de Naugis, to consummate our marriage, and then, when I was provided with the protection of a husband, he said, he would turn his face to that land which he had visited under very different circumstances, or, if an honorable opening were afforded him, he would draw his old sword from its sheath and help to repulse the Austrians.

He was for the king and for the Constitution, believing that time

would effect such changes in the last as to make its working practicable after the excitement of struggle and success had passed away.

So he allowed Caron, who collected what little revenue still came in from his estate, to sell some of our silver plate, and with the proceeds directed him to do his best to facilitate our obtaining a certificate of residence, which would prevent our being inscribed on the list of *émigrés* (it did not need actual emigration to be pursued and punished as an *émigré* at that period), and he also instructed him to obtain certificates of good citizenship—or, as they called it, of *civisme*—for us.

Caron managed the matter through a grocer's wife at Arras, who became his intermediary with Caron his cousin, the member of the Revolutionary Committee. The services of this Caron were not given gratuitously. He influenced Joseph Le Bon, who at that time had charge of all matters relative to the *émigrés*, and Le Bon signed the necessary papers. Armed with these, we thought we might contrive to reach the lines of the army corps under Rochambeau. The papers certified that Béthune-Pénin was a good citizen who had resided for three years constantly at Pénin and had contributed to all forced loans for the good of the country. Not content with this paper, however, my uncle obtained a similar one from the Revolutionary authorities who managed the affairs of the village of Pénin.

One evening a good woman (afterwards guillotined,—a Madame Battaille) came from Arras to our château and had a long interview with Marcelline. Marcelline the next day went about the house as if in a dream. That evening, after bedtime, there drove up to the château an old cabriole containing a National Guard, who was driving, and two ladies. My uncle had gone to bed, but Marcelline and Caron received them. I wanted to rouse my uncle to receive the guests, but Marcelline prevented me. I was much puzzled. The National Guard went up-stairs with Marcelline. Could she be going to betray us? Impossible! After a short time the National Guard came back; and I saw to my amazement that he was our own Caron! One practised discretion in those days. I said nothing. The ladies, having had something to eat in the mean time, rose on his entrance and said that they must be going away. They remounted their cabriole, driven by Caron, who, I may add, came back to us in peasant-clothes the next day, with a great red bow in his *bonnet rouge*.

After they had left the château, Marcelline made a sign to me. We went into a little inner room, and there, dressed in some of my uncle's clothes (and not in the ecclesiastical habit), stood M. le Curé.

"My child," said Marcelline, "you will not betray our good father, nor me, nor Caron. It will be best that M. le Comte should know nothing. He will then stand less risk of being compromised. He has not the wisdom of the serpent, the dear gentleman, when things have to be managed with a little deceit. The secret must remain between me, Caron, and you."

M. le Curé stayed with us three weeks; nor did M. le Comte ever suspect his presence in the château. Then, Caron having arranged all things for his flight, he went away. This time I was told nothing about his movements. He seemed to me to have ripened into a saint.

As to disguising him, it was impossible. Dressed as a National Guard, or as a peasant, or as a smuggler, he would have looked always like one devoted to the service of God and of his fellow-men with the Church for intermediary. Life even under the brightest circumstances had for him no value. "To depart and be with Christ is far better!" he would have exclaimed, even had the world been all brightness and prosperity; but he would have added, with the submission of the apostle, "Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

During his stay with us he spoke to me of Bernard. It was the first time, except in occasional allusions made by my uncle when he talked of Claude, that I had heard him mentioned for some years.

M. le Curé told me that in vain he had urged on the young man to enter the service of the Church; that Bernard had replied that the priesthood was not his vocation. The curé, however, had prevailed so far that he had entered the Oratoire as a pupil. There he had taken up the new notions about civil liberty. "It will be happy," said the curé, "if he has not also been tainted by the fathers of the Oratoire with their leanings to Jansenism." He especially was fascinated by the teachings and companionship of the young Professor of Philosophy, the very man who was now foremost in the ranks of the persecutors of the Church and of the nobles,—Joseph Le Bon. Bernard had been one of a party of eight students who had set off by stealth one night in 1790 to attend a patriotic *fête* which was to be held at Dijon. They were all students under Le Bon's tuition, who, being sharply reprimanded by his superiors, had set out after them in a carriage and brought them back. They were expelled the college, and Le Bon was removed from his position for having exercised a dangerous influence over those committed to his care.

"I know not what has become of Bernard since," said the dear curé, "but I feel sure that, far from following the example of the miserable man whose teachings brought him into trouble, he is, and will be under all circumstances, honest and brave. The law of 1791 abolishing the customs of the feudal period has freed him from all obligation to succeed his father in his office. I have heard that that poor man is now beyond the frontier, having refused to undertake the management of the new instrument of death invented by a physician. Wherever Bernard goes, I cannot but hope, daughter, that the grace of God will go with him. You too should wish him happiness, and make prayers that he may recover from the infatuation which he thinks has blighted his life. Let this experience be a lesson to you in all your future intercourse with young men, my daughter."

"Oh, my father," I cried, "do not say to me these things! They have made me so greatly suffer!"

"And him too," said the curé. "He also through you—though it may not have been your fault—has been made to suffer. You should pray for him, my daughter."

Alas! *prier, c'est dire que l'on aime*; and I was far, very far, from wishing to pray for Bernard.

CHAPTER VII.

LE BON'S REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

IT was on December 10, 1792, about three weeks after M. le Curé left us, that my uncle was arrested at Pénin. He had known nothing of the concealment of a priest under his roof, nor, I think, did the authorities at Arras ever find it out. If they had, they would not have been put to such expedients to invent matter against him. His papers were all seized, and among them were found three compromising letters. One was dated from Poperingue, beyond the frontier, and signed with a false name taken out of Plutarch; another was from a kinswoman who lived in the south of France, advising him to *faire émigrer ses chevaux de carrosse*,—to make his carriage-horses emigrate; the third, which was the one that sealed his fate, was from his steward Caron, and by some unaccountable oversight it had not been destroyed. In it occurred this sentence: "I have dispensed the proceeds of your plate, and will render you the accounts immediately. Le Bon, whom we thought we had most reason to dread, is disposed to favor you."

This sentence, which by the enemies of Le Bon might have been interpreted to mean that he had been open to bribery, ruined my uncle. Burning with resentment for an imputation which had it been intended would have been false, for the man was incorruptible, like his friend Robespierre, Le Bon became M. de Béthune's personal enemy. And Caron the Jacobin, who had really taken our bribe, was furious against him.

Marcelline and I were at first permitted to constitute ourselves prisoners together with my uncle. Soon afterwards Le Bon issued an edict ordering all servants who had followed their masters to prison to depart at once, expressing his wonder that any Frenchman or Frenchwoman could be found willing to sacrifice all self-respect by doing menial services to an aristocrat. So Marcelline was forced to go; but I was retained under an accusation of complicity with *émigrés*. We were not confined in cells, but the whole of us formed a little society, in which good spirits and good manners always reigned. In the evenings we ladies met round a long table with our sewing, and the gentlemen conversed with us, leaning over our chairs. There were in our prison, though in another part of the building, about one hundred and twenty English,—professors from the College of Douai, with their wives and families. What became of them in the end I never heard.

Bedding, good food, and every other comfort had to be bought with our own money. But one day all was changed. The men were ordered down into the court-yard. Sick, aged, boys of tender years, all were there assembled. We women watched them as they stood two hours waiting in the rain, exchanging signs of farewell through the barred windows. They were removed to a prison used for the insane, called *Les Baudets*. We were afterwards taken to a prison called *La Providence*, used for the confinement of disreputable women. We were crowded there together with them without show of decency.

Oh, the anguish of those weeks! Yet materially I suffered less than many in that place, for Gondrin was there. He was now a turnkey.

He had married a widow, and had a step-son; both were furious patriots, and Gondrin was forced to make his demeanor correspond to theirs. Nevertheless in private he showed me many a little kindness, which Madame Gondrin avenged on me whenever she found it out.

In those days everywhere there was horror and suffering, and the author of it all was popularly believed to be Le Bon. The multitude seldom reasons, but is always ready to individualize. On Le Bon's head were heaped up all the crimes that had their origin in human passions, or in orders from head-quarters, and he was made the scapegoat when the day of vengeance came. However, he had enough to answer for. The key-notes to the man's complex character were impressionableness, and abject, selfish, constitutional fear.

The Assembly had delivered French Flanders, Artois, and Picardy into his hands. These provinces were at that time threatened with invasion; and indeed before the close of 1792 the Germans had bombarded Lille nine weeks, and were then forced to raise the siege.

Le Bon after his dismissal from his professorship burned with resentment against the brothers of the Oratoire. For a little while he disappeared from public view; he then emerged again as a priest who had taken the oath to support the Constitution. This oath, as it conflicted with oaths taken by priests and deacons at their consecration, fifty thousand of them refused to take and were driven from their parishes. Le Bon as a priest *assermenté* was inducted into a country parish, where he remained until called on to enter public life, when he flung his robes upon the hedges, as we say in our French idiom, and was elected to the Legislative Assembly in Paris, together with Robespierre, Carnot, and three or four other men from Arras or its neighboring cities.

His sentiments during the time of his seclusion, and during the early days of his settlement in a country parish, were full of pious resignation to the will of God, of trust in His mercy, and of loving kindness to all men; but soon after he was taught better, as he himself confessed, by a rude stanza in a ribald song, which represented France and her people as growing more prosperous without priests and without a church than they had ever been with them.

His mother went raving mad when she heard that he had taken the oath to the Constitution, and this added to the bitterness of his soul.

After no long time in Paris, he was sent back to the North, and was made Maire of Arras, on which occasion he received the warm personal felicitations of Robespierre.

One of his earliest proclamations was in favor of the *bonnet rouge*, which he ordered should be worn at all times and in all places by all people, without insult or remark, especially at the theatre,—for he added that the Republic guarded the rights even of spectators at a theatre, where *hats*, since they impeded a full view of the actors, would not be allowed.

Made Representative of the Assembly for the suppression of the anti-revolutionary feeling in the Northern provinces, he wrote to Paris that with all possible speed he would clean out the Augean stable and leave nothing unexterminated but pure patriotism and republicanism.

One of his earliest victims was my poor uncle. Furious at the sentence in Caron's letter which his enemies might interpret to mean that he took bribes to favor an aristocrat, he was bent on proving himself not guilty by hastening that particular aristocrat's destruction. As he said afterwards of himself, "I had to guarantee myself against public opinion."

The Comte de Béthune was brought to trial early in the year 1793. Two charges were preferred against him,—one of complicity with *émigrés*, the other of being an *émigré* himself; for as such he was inscribed upon a list in the department.

Matters were so disorganized, even in respect to legal jurisdiction, that it was doubtful if he could be tried in the same court upon both charges. It was even doubtful if Le Bon's criminal court had any right to try him. The dispute was referred to Paris, where of course the decision was in favor of the Revolutionary tribunal.

The citizen Claude-Adrien-Amélie-Ghislain Béthune was accordingly brought into a court, at that time composed of a presiding judge and a jury which decided cases by majority. His cause was defended by an old classmate of Le Bon's, now a member of his council. This man's name was Leducq. He was one of three lawyers willing to undertake the defence of prisoners brought before the tribunal. Public sympathy, so far as it dared show itself, was on the side of the brave and kindly prisoner. He was, indeed, personally little known in Arras, but his noble bearing, his high character, his known sentiments in favor of the amelioration of abuses, even before the Revolution, and even his kinship to that good Duke of Charost-Béthune of whom Louis XV. said, "I can conquer provinces, but this man can make them faithful," all pleaded in his favor. Demuliez, the public prosecutor, showed no eagerness to secure his conviction.

Le Bon was present at the trial of the man whom he considered his personal enemy. He sat opposite the president (the presiding judge, as he is called in England), with his eyes steadily fixed upon him. On entering the spectators' gallery with one of his brothers-in-law, he had placed his great sword, with a gilded cap of liberty on the hilt, between his legs, and said, "These proceedings are preliminary. *This* will come into use before long!"

Leducq defended his client well, making a great point of the signing of his certificates of residence and *civisme* by Le Bon.

Le Bon grew purple in the face with rage. The case was submitted to the jury, and M. de Béthune was acquitted.

Then the judge, who seemed paralyzed under the terrible eyes of the Representative of the Assembly,—the man who held the lives of all his fellow-men in the department in his hand,—faltered that, though acquitted, the citizen Béthune was remanded as a suspicious character to the prison of Les Baudets, it not being thought desirable that he should be set at liberty.

Meantime, Le Bon was exclaiming to persons round him, "See that rascally Béthune! They won't condemn him because he is a rich aristocrat."

Caron, the member of the council who felt himself implicated by

the unhappy sentence in the letter of his kinsman, had already brought his complaint of a slandered reputation before his colleagues, who, says the record, "all took part in his affliction." He was now as eager as Le Bon to show his hostility to the aristocrat from whom he had taken a bribe in the beginning of the affair.

As Le Bon left the hall he met Leducq upon the staircase, and, shaking his fist in his face, cried out, "I'll teach you to defend aristocrats! You think you have got him off; but he is yet in my power. Have him acquitted once, twice, if you will, but the third time he is mine!"

He went home and wrote an order for the citizen B  thune's immediate trial before his council, where no jury could intervene between the prisoner and his judges, saying that the acquittal had been due only to the infamous conduct of the lawyer, who had compromised himself by his line of defence and who had been arrested and committed to prison. "Leducq has succeeded," continued this document, "in perverting a jury composed largely of men from the country, who have had no opportunity to acquire the ideas of the citizens of Arras."

My uncle had been acquitted, but Le Bon insisted that it was only on the charge of complicity with *  migr  s*, and that he should be tried the next day in his own court on the charge of being himself an *  migr  *.

"There can be no doubt," Le Bon added in his proclamation, "that this infamous acquittal has brought joy to the aristocrats in prison; but that joy shall be short-lived. I will see to its destruction."

Le Bon was right as to the sentiments in the prison. When M. de B  thune, who had departed to what seemed certain death in the morning, was brought back in the evening, he met his fellow-prisoners with the same dignified calmness that he had shown when he took leave of them. When the jailer, as the gendarmes were escorting him to the tribunal, exclaimed, brutally, "Citizen B  thune, as there is no chance of your coming back among us, you had better make me heir to all the property you leave behind," he answered, mildly, "Certainly, monsieur." "There are no monsieurs any longer in France!" screamed the man after him. "Good-by, citizen!"

All the prisoners rejoiced at the good man's deliverance,—even the rascals, the thieves and the drunkards, the forgers and the murderers, whose crimes had brought them into the company of the best-educated, highest-born, and most respectable men of the department. A new prisoner had been brought in to take M. de B  thune's place, so sure were the officials that he would never return. It was M. le Cur  , who had not been able to cross the frontier, so unskilful was he in supporting disguises. "Oh, my son," he cried to my uncle, "what consolation it is to see you safely here!"

But the next day M. de B  thune was brought before a court composed only of his judges. Le Bon testified that some days before the first trial he had revoked M. de B  thune's papers, which therefore were not legal. Leducq, his former counsel, was in prison; there was no one to defend him: his doom was a foregone conclusion to the proceedings. But my uncle did not know of these things.

He had gone this time to his trial feeling certain of acquittal: the

charge of being an *émigré*, when he had never left Pénin, was too preposterous, he thought, to be sustained.

The public accuser was now eager for conviction. He knew that it was as much as his life was worth to show mercy. The deliberations of the court were brief. Everybody feared for himself,—Le Bon and Caron most of all. Claude-Adrien-Amélie-Ghislain Béthune was pronounced guilty of being an *émigré*, and the sentence was death, with confiscation of property.

It was after dark when the trial ended, but Le Bon was determined that there should be no delay. He sent word to Demuliez, with whom he had had a stormy scene the night before, that he must demand instant execution.

"Monsieur, you have not acted in this matter as you promised me," said my uncle, as Demuliez rose to do as he was bidden,—an imprudent allusion, which only added another man of influence to his personal enemies.

A regiment was ordered out. The great red guillotine was already set up permanently in the Fish-Market. At half-past nine o'clock my uncle—my dear, good, noble-hearted uncle—was brought forth. He had not been taken back to prison: the consolation of seeing M. le Curé or any other priest was denied him. By ten o'clock it was all over. Some ruffians shouted applause, but the greater part of the citizens of Arras were struck dumb, and departed to their homes with sorrow in their hearts, and the words of the Sacred Writings might have been said of Lille that night, "And great fear fell upon them all."

CHAPTER VIII.

A SANS-CULOTTE MARRIAGE.

THUS was I left alone in the wide world,—alone, and penniless, and in prison. But for Gondrin, I should have suffered actual want. Whenever he could, he ministered to me; but his tyrants watched him.

It was three weeks, I think, after my dear uncle's death (he perished in April, 1793) that I was summoned to appear with some other women, who were accused of contributing money for the support of priests, before the Revolutionary Tribunal. There were some priests cited on the same occasion, and, to my sorrow, yet to my unspeakable consolation as well, I found our beloved curé in the same band.

In the confusion that preceded the opening of the court he was able to receive my almost breathless confession, and to give me absolution and his pastoral benediction.

"My dear daughter," he said, "I have reason to think your life may be spared. I do not know assuredly if the project forming to save you will succeed; but it may do so. I dare tell you nothing more: we have not time. But be assured of my approval and my blessing."

"And yourself, father?"

"The plot cannot include me," he said, smiling. "You may prepare for marriage, I must prepare for death. You are too young to die. If God's own hand miraculously is stretched out to save you, you may

live and serve God in ways we had not foreseen in the old days of pride of rank, my daughter. He who puts down the proud and exalts the meek and humble may mean this for a lesson——”

Here the bailiff summoned the citoyenne Marie-Augustine-Adrienne Béthune before the council. M. le Curé had had time to say only a few hurried words,—“Obey him, love him, see God’s hand in your marriage, and take my blessing.”

I was hurried into the court-room. I was forced to stand up on a raised platform, that all might see me.

I found myself in the presence of my judges, six men, carelessly dressed, seated behind a green table. There were glasses on the table, and three of the men had pipes in their mouths.

Le Bon was there,—rather a small man, with a thin face, a sharp voice, and a great abundance of gesticulation. Another was a man with a purple face and a turned-up nose: he was Caron. The third man was Darthé, the most intimate associate of Le Bon. He rose to some office subsequently under the Directory. He wore clothes sordid in the extreme, and heavy shoes, that had tramped through many a gutter since they were last blacked. They were fastened by leather shoestrings instead of ribbons or buckles. His stockings were a mixture of tricolor, his breeches were leather, his waistcoat was red, turned back with blue, his neck had no cravat, his hair was black, and he had a small queue tied behind with a bit of leather.

I was asked my name and residence and age and occupation. My answers were followed by a few more questions. I did not perceive that there was any form of trial, though a shabby-looking clerk took down my words, nor did there seem to me to be any opportunity for defence; nor could I have defended myself had there been any. I am not sure, even, what I was accused of,—whether I was condemned as an *émigrée*, or supposed to have contributed money to support recusant priests, or to have corresponded with the enemies of France, or to have helped to shelter M. le Curé. I hardly think this latter was the case, or they would have made more of an offence which those who committed it knew to be unpardonable. Anyhow, I was soon ordered to step down from the platform, where every eye was fixed on me, and soon after I heard that I was condemned to die the next morning.

I can truly say I did not care. Had I been set free on the spot, I had no means of livelihood. I had no friends: I had never had any. My best friends were women whom I had met in prison, and one by one they would be withdrawn and executed. What had I to live for? Fallen, persecuted, and disheartened, I crouched as it were among the ruins of my life, and waited for the thunder-bolt.

As I returned to prison,—for my uncle’s was the only execution hurried forward by torch-light,—Gondrin stealthily put a slip of paper into my hand. As soon as I could I took it aside and read it secretly.

Oh, unexpected hope!—this paper seemed to explain all that M. le Curé had been saying to me. It was signed Albéric. It told me to expect deliverance, for the writer was at hand; it enjoined me to obey without scruple anything that I was told to do, were it even on the scaffold. All would come right. I might put my trust in him.

This was written in a clear, fine hand. The paper was hardly two inches square.

Now, if you ask me how it came into Gondrin's hands, I answer frankly that I had no opportunity of asking him. I suspect it was through Marcelline, but I never knew.

No words can paint my sudden revolution of feeling. A moment before, I had wished only for death; now a door was opened into a new life. It was like passing out of shadow into sunshine. I imagined that I saw by Gondrin's face that he was in the secret, but I did not dare to question him; nor did I have the chance. He avoided me more than usual, because he knew he had been guilty of something that must not be found out by Madame Gondrin or his step-son.

I hardly slept that night. Had death been certain, I think I should have slept tranquilly; but now hope agitated me,—not hope of life merely, but of happiness and of protection. M. le Curé must have known too of this hope. If Albéric was coming to my rescue, why might we not carry off with us the dear curé? Yet, alas! he was not in the same prison. How much I hoped! And now that I had begun to hope, how much I feared!

In the morning I put on my only white dress. It was fresh and clean: it was suited either for my death-robe or for my bridal. I dressed my hair high on my head with care. Whose hand would take it down? I tied a black scarf over one shoulder and knotted it at the waist. It was mourning for my dear uncle, whose footsteps I might be about to follow to the scaffold.

I heard the street-singers singing their popular song "*La Ronde des Guillotinés mettant leurs Têtes sous la Trappe*," freshly imported to Arras from Paris. I could distinguish the words of two verses addressed to aristocrats:

Vous vouliez être toujours grands,
 Traitant les sans-culottes
 De canailles et de brigands;
 Ils ont paré vos bottes
 Par la triomphe des vertus.
 Pour que vous ne nous trompiez plus,
 La justice vous tape.
 Ducs et comtes, marquis, barons,
 Pour trop soutenir les Bourbons
 Mettez vos têtes à la trappe.

Vous qui paraissiez plus hardis
 Que des ci-devant pages,
 Croyant d'aller en paradis
 Suivant des vieilles usages,
 Vous riez allant au néant
 Dans la charrette, en reculant
 Comme écrevisse et crappe.
 Montez le petit escalier,—
 Rira bien qui rira le dernier,—
 Mettez vos têtes à la trappe.*

* You were the great of the earth;
 Us poor sans-culottes you treated

But the *trappe* seemed to me to be a trap set by my lover and pre-server for my would-be murderers. I had a strange feeling that something, some one,—real or impalpable, I could not decide which,—was standing beside the instrument of death for my protection.

And here I must break off this narrative and tell what had been passing the day before at Joseph Le Bon's house,—matters of which I in prison of course knew nothing.

Seated at Le Bon's dinner-table were several of his ferocious colleagues, and among them a young man who with forced gayety endeavored to do his part in keeping up the patriotic talk and boisterous spirits of the company, well satisfied with their morning's work in the courtroom.

When the other guests departed, the young man stayed behind.

"May I resume our conversation, Citizen Representative?" he said. "Have you considered what I said to you?"

"It is simply impossible."

"When you were thrust so unjustly from the gates of the Oratoire, my father's house became your safe asylum," said the young man. "I ask only permission to try an experiment at my own risk. Surely you have done enough by the death of the citizen Béthune-Pénin to clear yourself from any imputation of accepting bribes from the aristocracy,—an imputation which must be known to be false by every one who knows you. Surely *you* cannot thirst for blood!—you whom I have known so filled with generous sentiments towards all our fellow-creatures."

"I had no such sentiments for aristocrats. I always loathed them."

"But a young girl, a girl who cannot harm you, for whose sentiments and whose actions I make myself responsible,—a girl who will expiate her birth as an aristocrat by what her family will deem humiliation,—by an act that I feel will fully satisfy the people. *Allons donc*, citizen! For the sake of the devotion I have felt for you, for the service that my father rendered you, by the memory of all the noble sentiments that you yourself have taught me, Citizen Representative, I

Like brigands and men of no worth,
 But now in your shoes we're seated!
 'Twas worth placed us here for a wonder,
 And now, that you no more may blunder,
 Dame Justice shall give you a tap.
 Dukes, marquises, counts, and barons,
 And all you upholders of Bourbons,
 Come, put your heads under the trap!

You, bolder, more insolent even
 Than pages in courts used to be,—
 You, who thought you could mount up to heaven
 By help of your long pedigree,—
 Laugh now as you journey elsewhere
 In our cart, and draw back if you dare,
 Like crabs from hot water, mayhap;
 Mount up the red ladder,—mount fast!
 He laughs loudest who laughs the last.
 Come, put your heads under the trap!

implore you. It is a matter of life and death to me. If I fail, she and I will die together."

Le Bon made him no answer.

"There are people in this city," continued the young man, "who think that you dealt hardly with the sailor. You will set yourself right in their eyes if you show this act of mercy. Why, you used to preach mercy of every kind, and loving-kindness even to enemies, to us in the class-room. Your heart in those days was full of the tenderest charities."

"Yes, but the injustice of priests and the treasons of aristocrats have turned such sentiments to gall," interrupted the ex-professor.

"My dear father,—forgive me—Citizen Representative, I mean,—you misjudge yourself. Man is dual: you have often told us so. The noble, generous Le Bon has only laid himself aside for the terrible task of regenerating his country."

"That is true,—that is true," said Le Bon. "All misunderstand me. If you knew how stringent and terrible the orders are that I receive daily from Paris from the Assembly! but all here cry out upon Le Bon."

"Let all to-morrow cry with him," said the petitioner.

"I dare not,—I dare not. If you knew the men around me! I have protested against public pilfering, and as an honest man have made myself enemies among the most terrible patriots. If I falter, they will denounce me at any moment. It is not that I would not show this woman grace for your sake, but I do not dare."

"Will you simply not forbid my attempt? Will you support me if you see that I am supported by the people? Our citizens love strong emotions, and surprises, and effects that wear the appearance of a drama. This drama of mine will be a success. Citizen Representative, I implore you. You shall run no risks."

"So be it, then," said Le Bon; and Bernard left him, to prepare all things for the morrow.

Upon that morrow, about ten o'clock, I mounted the little ladder of the blood-red guillotine. There had been some reports made to the council about the danger to the people's health if the guillotine were not cleansed promptly by the executioner. That man was Pierre Outerdebanque, a native of Ostend. He had been one of the subordinates of the office in the days of Bernard's father. He was ordered to make sure that each day after an execution one of his underlings should sluice the instrument of death with water and brush it with a broom, so that the blood of aristocrats might not taint the pure air that should be breathed by patriotic republicans.

There stood the novel instrument of death, so ingenious that Dr. Guillotine might well have been proud of his invention. The basket stood beneath, the see-saw plank on which I was to be tied was lowered, the trap which like the stocks was to keep my head in place stood open, the heavy axe hung ready: nothing was wanting to it but my own or another venerable or aristocratic head.

But where was Albéric? My heart began to sink and my senses to fail me. I gazed down on the crowd. All eyes were not fixed on me.

There was some tumult on the outskirts of the Fish-Market: some rumor had just come in; or was it rescue? Not rescue; for I soon heard sounds of triumph, and I saw villagers, with scythes and pikes, rusty halberds and ancient firelocks, escorting prisoners. They passed on to L'Abbatiale, one of the prisons, and the crowd resumed its interest in the execution.

There was a band of trumpeters drawn up on a rough kind of platform. Over their heads there was a balcony, in the middle of which sat Representative Le Bon, a man still under thirty years of age. He was clad in a striped *carmagnole*, a loose garment something between a jacket and a coat. He held in his hand his immense cavalry sword, with its gold cap of liberty, on which he leaned. Pistols were stuck carelessly into the red sash which served him for a sword-belt, and his large Spanish hat was cocked with an immense bow of blood-red ribbon. The band played the national air of those days, the "*Ça ira*," and the crowd howled the words in chorus,—

Ah! *ça ira*, *ça ira*, *ça ira*!
 Les aristocrates à la lanterne! Ah!
Ça ira, *ça ira*, *ça ira*!
 Les aristocrates on les pendra!*

As the band played, and all present, either from fear or from enthusiasm, joined in the cruel chorus, Le Bon beat time with his foot. A man approached me from behind. My arms were pinioned, and a handkerchief at the same moment was bound over my eyes.

The music ceased. A clerk began to read aloud the accusation and my sentence. At the foot of the gallows, still in the cart, sat four other victims. Three were women; the fourth was M. le Curé, whom they had condemned to death the previous afternoon.

And where was Albéric? Had he failed me? Had he found rescue impossible? Indeed, I could see that with less than a brigade to back him it must have been. My courage failed me. I began to tremble violently.

Then suddenly a voice beside me said,—a voice I did not recognize, for I had not heard it since it assumed its manly tones,—“Citizen

* The expression "*Ça ira*" is untranslatable into English. Its meaning is best conveyed in the paraphrase, "All right now. She'll go ahead!" It was the catchword of the Reign of Terror. One of the French line-of-battle ships was called the *Ça ira*. The tune was stirring, and was long forbidden in France. The words as given by Augustine are,—

Ah! *ça ira*, *ça ira*, *ça ira*!
 Hang aristocrats to the lantern, ha!
Ça ira! *ça ira*! *ça ira*!
 The aristocrats we'll hang them, ha!

The chorus was generally,—

Let's dance the *Carmagnole*, and *ça ira*!

The *Carmagnole* was the wild Revolutionary dance described in "A Tale of Two Cities." It gave its name to an easy loose coat worn by advanced republicans.

Representative, and you, citizen patriots, I am the son of the headsman of this *ci-devant* province. I am here to claim my right to serve the Republic and to do my office. My place has been usurped by Pierre Outerdebanque. I demand it henceforth, with all its privileges! Citizens!"—and his voice rang like a trumpet,—“shall I too not assist in the destruction of those who would crush France in the hour of her peril by treason or invasion? Hear me. The old laws of privilege have been abolished in France, and all hereditary offices, by the law of October, 1791; but there was no mention of French Flanders. My father was the headsman of Lille, and for the execution of great criminals his services were claimed in this the *ci-devant* province of Artois. Can there be crime greater than unfaithfulness to the interests of France? Restore me the right to serve you, citizens! Your enemies are my enemies, your will is my will. Long live the Republic!”

There were thunders of applause.

“You approve, citizens! Now let me, in assuming the privilege of executing your will and doing justice, ask you to do me justice in my turn. From time immemorial it has been the headsman’s right in French Flanders to marry, if he thought proper to do so, on the scaffold, the first woman he was called upon to execute. Your song—a song that I heard sung even now in your streets—*couples Love with the guillotine*,—‘*La Guillotine de l’Amour*.’ What says it?

*L’amour est père du désir,
L’hymen est celui du plaisir,
C’est un dieu patriote!
L’amour est inconstant,
Mais l’hymen est toujours charmant,
C’est un vrai sans-culotte!**

Citizens, it is the voice of the people in its most popular song that proclaims that Hymen is a *sans-culotte*! Long live Hymen! Vive la République! In the name of Hymen *Sans-culotte*, and of the Republic, sanction my marriage with this young woman, and I will answer to you all, fellow-citizens, that though brought here to die as an aristocrat she shall live as the wife of a *sans-culotte* and a good republican!—ay, and bear children to the republic, if it please—the gods of Love and Marriage. Citizens, give me your nuptial benediction!”

Here again rose shouts of applause.

“You came here to rid our country of aristocrats. Here is one whom we may turn into a citizeness of the Republic. The wife assumes the condition of her husband! Citizen Representative, will you not inaugurate my services to the Republic by making a republican—a female *sans-culotte*—of this young woman?”

* Love is father of hope without measure,
But Hymen’s the parent of pleasure,
He’s a patriot god, you see.
Love may turn traitor to you,—
Hymen stays charming and true,
For a *sans-culotte* is he!

Coarse, horrible speech! but it carried with it the suffrages of the populace. My hands were unbound. Some one pulled a red cap with a red bow over my head. Le Bon, with his sword clattering, ascended the steps of the guillotine. The same clerk who had read my sentence mumbled some marriage formula, and recorded on paper stamped with the seal of the Republic my assent to this mock-marriage. I did not doubt that I was obeying Albéric. I had recovered courage, and I ceased to tremble, but it was horrible to me to take the hand of Bernard. Yet I did it. Had I not bound myself to obey in everything, and might not any hesitation on my part involve Albéric's destruction?

I answered all questions. I said everything required of me. I was married, without resistance on my part, by the laws of the Republic; and then, hardly able to stand, but amidst the applause of the multitude, I was carried down the ladder in Bernard's arms.

I saw the dear curé preparing to ascend it as we stepped off the last step, and his hand touched my forehead with a murmured blessing. A few hoarse words from the clerk, a horrible dull crash, and before we could force our way through the crowd I had fainted.

It was a long time before I came to myself, and then I was in a carriage travelling at a furious rate, and in Bernard's arms.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO IN A TOWER.

As soon as I recovered my senses I removed myself from Bernard's arms. The carriage we were in was an open one, driven by a man wearing a *bonnet rouge* and in addition a great red cockade. I became conscious that I was wearing a red cockade and a *bonnet rouge*. When I put up my hand to remove it, Bernard seized me by the wrist, and I understood by a sign that I must keep still,—that the man upon the driving-bench immediately in front of us was a patriot who could not be trusted.

I was satisfied to be silent, and we drove on without a word in a northerly direction until we reached a small post-town, where we changed our conveyance, driver, and horses. Bernard showed all necessary papers, and was treated with obsequious deference. He too, like Le Bon, wore sword and carmagnole and a big hat cocked up at one side with a great bow of blood-red ribbon.

Again we went on in silence. At one place where we crossed a ford, near Lens, there was visible commotion in the village: I saw the dead bodies of some horses, and two men carrying pikes, on which I thought I saw—oh, horrible!—two blood-stained heads. But Bernard shouted, "Vive la République!" and scattered money as we drove away: people rarely saw coined money in those days. He whispered to me to shut my eyes, but I saw as we rattled rapidly down the village street two headless bodies in uniform lying by the roadside. My heart grew sick within me.

We went on and on all day. Nothing passed between us but brief words of inquiry, or thanks when Bernard made arrangements for my comfort. We were out of the department of the Pas-de-Calais, he told me, and in that of Le Nord, the new department carved out of French Flanders.

The vehicle that we were in soon turned into rough cross-roads, directed by Bernard. Then we drove slowly over sandy wagon-tracks that crossed a desolate moor, in the midst of which we came to a lonely house, the most forsaken-looking place I had ever seen. Round it was built a great high wall. It had a moat, a drawbridge over the moat, great barred gates, and iron bars to all the windows. It was a place to stand a siege, and was made so strong, as I knew afterwards, because it was the headsman's hereditary dwelling. No party could approach it unperceived across the moor. The friends of no criminal of high degree who had been decapitated could stealthily take vengeance on the executioner. There he lived, accursed by all, defended by a little army of subordinates. There Bernard had been brought up, there his mother had faded out of life; but it was now deserted. The old drawbridge was down, but so much out of repair that Bernard would not let the carriage cross it. He paid the driver, therefore, on the other side, and dismissed him. The man was evidently glad to get away from the Tour Maudite. He drove off as rapidly as his wheels could be made to get over the sand, and we were left standing before the Tower, the only living objects amid the desolation.

Bernard led me across the drawbridge. He had keys that opened the great iron-bound doors. He led me into a vaulted sitting-room with three narrow windows, placed me in a large chair, and left me alone.

I was too faint, too weak, too giddy with the variety of my emotions, to make any attempt to examine my surroundings. The extraordinary vicissitudes of the day had overpowered me. I was incapable of placing them before my mind in anything like sequence. I could not think of them. The only sensation that I seemed to be conscious of was a sense of the insupportable incompatibility of my present situation with anything I had ever known before.

For years I had never been without female companionship, but here I was alone in this desolate spot with a young man. Still, that young man was my old playmate, and had once been to me almost like a brother.

And yet I shrank—oh, how I shrank!—from Bernard. My flesh throughout the day had quivered every time that his hand or his arm touched me. Had I not actually seen him, as I thought, in the exercise of his functions? Had I not stood by him upon the scaffold? And *M. le Curé*—? I sickened as I remembered the dreadful crash of that heavy *couperet* through human bones. I have never lost the nightmarish remembrance of that sound and scene. It turns me faint when upon wakeful nights its memory will not be exorcised by any means yet known to me,—not even by prayer.

But Bernard! How much that had been passing since daybreak on that supreme day of my life I could not understand! Who had

inspired Albéric with the idea of invoking assistance from Bernard? How kind, how respectful, Bernard had shown himself! If I could only forget that horrible sans-culotte speech that he had made upon the scaffold! Yet it was probable that that speech had saved me. I must conceal from Bernard that he inspired me with horror. I had never been ungracious to inferiors, nor ungrateful for true service. I had felt that my acknowledgments were of themselves a recompense; and I never failed to make them graciously.

Thus I struggled to recover my self-control, and, out of gratitude and a sense of what was due from me to my preserver, I nerved myself to show Bernard all due consideration. I would try to remember chiefly that he had been Claude's friend and my own playfellow.

As I made these resolves, Bernard opened the door. He now wore a dark dress like a peasant. In one hand he brought me wine. Over his other arm were a dark cloak and hood, such as were worn in Flanders by the middle class of women.

I tried to forget that he had held me in his arms; I tried to forget the hideous comedy that we had played together,—a comedy in which, obedient to my instructions, I had said every word that had been prompted me. That comedy, thank heaven! was now over. I was again the Demoiselle de Béthune, and Bernard was Bernard. It behooved me to act as became my true position, and to recognize in him with all due graciousness my generous preserver.

I rose and held out my hand to him. He took it, but, instead of kissing it as I expected, he held it in his own and drew me towards him. I tried to express my feelings in suitable words. I ended by asking when I should see my cousin Albéric, for whom he had been acting.

He looked at me. He did not answer. It was a strange, long look, a look that expressed bewilderment and pity. Then he said, still holding my hand, a familiarity from which I would not shrink though every nerve in me was trembling at his touch,—

"I do not understand you. Whom do you expect? I have acted for no one."

"I expect my promised husband," I said,—"*M. de Naugis*, my mother's cousin. We were to have been married two years ago, but for the breaking out of these accursed troubles. We shall be married now when we reach a place of safety. *Monsieur Bernard*, how shall we both reward you? How can we thank you for the skill, the courage, and the generous daring with which you have played your part in this comedy——"

He interrupted me: "What comedy? Can you suspect that our marriage was a comedy? As surely as God reigns in the high heavens, it was a true marriage. You are my wife till death, for honor or for shame; and I swear to you that, though we are about to cross the frontier as exiles, though I turn my back upon my country like an aristocrat or an *émigré*, yet if I have the happiness to re-enter France at some point where my antecedents cannot be traced out, to serve in her armies and to fight her enemies, I will make a name for my wife of which even a *demoiselle de Béthune* shall not be ashamed. But,

Augustine, whatever happens, you are mine! And I"—here his voice broke—"cannot look beyond the day when as a child I loved you."

"What horror is this?" I cried. "Never—never—never will I submit to such an infamy! Such as I, to marry such as you?" I laughed aloud. "Bernard, dear Bernard, tell me that you are playing on my fears,—that you are teaching my pride a lesson! I forgive you. Oh, Bernard, for Claude's sake,—for Claude loved you,—spare me! Tell me, Bernard, that what you said is false!"

"It is *true*," he answered, hoarsely. "We are married by the law of France, and by your own consent. I appealed to M. le Curé, who, though I differed from his views in many things, I believe to have been a saint. I obtained permission to speak with him. He promised to prepare you. Our marriage was by civil contract; it had all necessary formalities; nay, I think it had the blessing of the Church, too, for I watched the lips and hands of the dear man I could not save, but who was always as a father to me, and I am certain that he bestowed on us the marriage benediction."

"But you were acting under the direction of Albéric,—the Marquis de Naugis!" I cried.

"I acted under the direction of no man," replied Bernard. "I had simply the approval of M. le Curé, as I told you. Of your Marquis de Naugis I know nothing at all,—or rather," he said, faltering, "I knew nothing. But we will not talk of him. My wife, my only love, my star so far above me that only a miracle wrought by God, as M. le Curé said to me, could have brought you within my reach, accept the will of Providence. I see you shrink from me as yet, and I feel no wonder. I claim nothing from you for the present. But if the devotion of a true heart can ever atone for what appalls you, I swear, beloved, I will so take advantage of every opportunity that may offer me the road to distinction in this new condition of hope that now inspires all men in our country, that I will almost restore to you all that you have lost in consenting to marry me. For you must pardon me: it was the only way to save you."

My very heart stood still. I saw my fate. I saw the dreadful truth in Bernard's eyes. He had me in his power. Nothing in opposition to his will could save me. In the eye of God, in the eye of the law, by force or by fraud or by terrible error, I was his wife. When this conviction came to me I shrieked aloud.

Bernard started and let go my hand. I shrank away from him. I drew back till I stood close to the stone wall of the sitting-room. I paused, panting, for a moment; then I made another effort to control myself. I even drew near to him. I said, "Bernard, for the love of my poor uncle, who permitted our association, and who three weeks ago was murdered——" I had been going to invoke the dear count's memory as a plea for mercy, but I remembered that Bernard had confessed himself a *sans-culotte* and a revolutionary; I lost my self-command, and exclaimed, furiously—"murdered by friends of yours, no doubt! Perhaps the blood of your benefactor is even now upon your hands!—Perhaps it was you who killed him on the scaffold!"

He answered by a cry more loud, more bitter, than my own. It

must have rung through the deserted house; but there was no one within hearing. "No drop of blood," he cried, "has ever stained my hands, nor have I till this dreadful day ever witnessed an execution. I am no executioner. In spite of the words I used to mislead the people of the department of the Pas-de-Calais, I know well that I am delivered from the fear of ever becoming such by the law that two years since abolished hereditary services. And take notice, Augustine, that there is a difference between the vulgar wretch who manipulates that red and awful engine and the man of skill and training who never wields the sword of justice but against malefactors of noble blood. But let that pass. I only assumed the appearance of desiring that office, in spite of my deep loathing, in the hope of saving your life, dearer to me than my own, dearer even than my birthright as a Frenchman. I have risked my right to fight the enemies of France, I jeopardize what I most wish for upon earth, for you. My hope of saving you was a wild hope, and my scheme has succeeded. *Le Bon* did all he dared to do to second me. He is less wicked than men say he is, but his conscience is powerless against his fears. This house once sheltered him, and in return he has saved you."

"Saved me?" I cried. "Saved me from what? Saved me for friendless misery? Saved me to be degraded and disgraced? Ten thousand times rather would I have died upon the scaffold! Better that my head should be now in that bloody basket! Did you suppose for one moment that I submitted to that ignoble parody of a marriage, on that red scaffold, before those ferocious gaping savages, those rows on rows of upturned glaring Jacobin eyes, because I was willing to save my life for you? I was acting under orders from *M. de Naugis*, who sent me word through *Gondrin* that he was coming to rescue me. He told me to assent to anything proposed to me, even upon the scaffold. I did submit, though I had not looked for gall and wormwood. Oh, *Bernard*, where is he? You know something: I see it in your face. Where is *M. de Naugis*?"

"Calm yourself, Augustine," he answered. "Listen to me. There is no remedy. You can never be the wife of that young man. My little finger loves you better than he, had he loved you with all his little soul, could ever have loved you. Yes, if that love for you which has grown with my growth were taken from me, nothing of me would remain. You loved me once; you loved me better than *Claude* when we were children——"

"Until I found out who you were," I answered; "and for years since that time I have despised myself for ever having associated with you. The relations that we held to each other as children have made me hate myself. They have been the shame of my life. My terror in the convent was lest any one should find out that I ever played with you." But here I checked myself, and again resumed my pleading: "Oh, *Bernard*, let me go! Let me escape out of this house! I will hide myself anywhere. I will make my way to *Arras* and go back to prison. I am not afraid to die. I was ready for it yesterday. They may capture me and take me to the guillotine. What have I now to live for, unless *Albérico*——"

"The Marquis de Naugis with a troop of horse was met and opposed this morning at the ford we passed," he said. "The peasantry brought their prisoners into Arras——"

"And we saw—we saw——" I cried. "You would not let me look! Was it he? Was it he?"

"I had never seen him," replied Bernard. "I cannot say. I only heard what was being said around the carriage."

There was a solemn pause. I shivered, and was silent. My brave young cousin—my betrothed—had died to save me. One of those headless bodies we had seen down in the dust upon the highway had been his. Ah me! ah me!

"My poor beloved," Bernard said, at last, "my heart bleeds for you. I would thankfully, were it in my power, leave you to repose after this day of suffering; but it is absolutely necessary that we should push on at once, and, before pursuit is made for us, that we should be over the frontier."

"I will never go with you! I will never humiliate myself by passing again for one moment as your wife, now that I know that you lay claim to me! I shudder at the thought. If I am not captured and killed, I will go into some convent. But if God pities me He will send me death."

"You rend my soul to pieces!" Bernard cried. "Is it among the young aristocrats of your convent that you, gentle and generous and attached to me in your childhood, have been changed into a young girl so hard and proud? I risk more than my life; my life is nothing,—though I risk that too; but I risk my country and my hopes of a career; I am putting in jeopardy my power of doing my duty as a son of France; and is this nothing? Will you make everything in vain by refusing to let me save you? I *will* save you!—I *must* save you!—if not by your own will, against it, and by force."

He tried to take me in his arms.

I sprang away from him. There was a great table in the room. I flew behind it. He made no further attempt to grasp me, but folded his arms over his breast and stood looking at me. His face was full of pity and perplexity.

"You *are* my wife," he said, at length, "and I am responsible for your safety. I won you to be my wife at greater cost than ever knight won lady. I will never give up the right to save you. To abandon you, as you propose, would be like letting loose a lamb among a pack of wolves. To take you back to Arras would be not only to deliver you to death, but myself to a fate that I regard with utter loathing. Listen to me, Augustine." Here he drew forth from his breast a small gold chain to which was suspended a medal of St. Joseph. It had been my mother's once. It had been Claude's. Claude in his last hours of consciousness had sent it by M. le Curé to his friend Bernard. He put it into my hand, and as I took it he clasped the hand that held it, laying the forefinger of the other hand upon the medal.

"On this," he said, "and by Claude's memory, dear to both of us, I swear that I will exact nothing of you as your husband, if you will let me protect you as my wife, save you, and provide for you. You

are entirely defenceless. You are less able to provide for yourself than a poor child of the peasantry. You have no one but me to trust to. Trust me, and yield to me a little longer the same obedience that for some hours this day you have already done. You thought you were playing a comedy: consider it so still, if you think proper, but accept me at least nominally for your husband till I can put you in a place of safety. Then, if nothing pleads for me in your own heart, if you can make me no return for my devotion, if you are still hard and proud and cruel, Augustine, I will come back to my country, renouncing you for my wife, and perish, if I can, by an Austrian bullet, or by the sword of an *émigré*!"

I made no answer.

"We must go at once," he said. "Already time is precious. Will you trust my promise and go willingly with me?—or, again I say, must I use force?"

"Coward!" I cried. "You may kill me where I stand,—it is your trade,—but to consent, now that I know the truth, to bear your name one moment, to submit even in appearance to the degradation of belonging to you, would humble me forever in my own eyes!" Here I burst into tears. "Oh, Bernard, Bernard," I cried, as I sank down upon my knees behind the table, "you used to be kind to me. I used to think of you as being almost a gentleman,—one of ourselves. I knew no difference; you showed none then. But have you not learned in living with us what it would be to us to abase ourselves to inferior rank? Have you not learned that on all subjects the current ideas of your class are different from ours? Be generous, Bernard; go away. Send me some woman."

But Bernard's face was stern.

"I can send you," he said, "no woman. None are within reach. We were husband and wife, I thought, at least in name, and I provided none. I will take you, Augustine, if you trust me, where you may find women. But we must not delay another moment. Come from behind that table. Put on this cloak and hood. They were my mother's. My mother was a saint, fair and pure as one of the angels in paradise."

I made him no answer.

"Come, Augustine; already too much time has been lost, and you cannot know how by this delay you are perilling men's lives. Will you not trust my promise and go with me? Or am I free from any promise, and must I, I say again, use force to conquer your resistance?"

"Coward!" I screamed, "coward and *canaille*!" as he moved towards me. It was my last effort. With these words hissing through my teeth, I fell forward with my face upon the table.

Bernard wrapped me in the cloak. He pulled off the red cap and red cockade, which I had forgotten. He drew the hood over my head. Many a time in our play-days had he lifted me, a thousand times in our plays I had run into his arms. He held wine to my lips, and I drank it. The wine stupefied me. I have sometimes thought since that it may have been drugged; but I was unmanageable, and, for my own life's sake and that of men who were risking their lives to save me, I had to be controlled.

Before I yielded to the stupor, Bernard placed me in one of those queer country vehicles called *haquets*, hung high upon two wheels and made to grind over the paved roads with terrible strain to the nerves of their occupants. Two strong gray horses driven tandem-fashion were attached to it. A peasant sat upon a narrow ledge in front, and beside him Bernard. I was laid at full length upon straw in the cart, and straw was scattered over me. The horses were strong and willing. Their driver urged them to their best speed. I hardly felt the jolts, though afterwards every bone in my body revenged itself for the rigors of that journey. Bernard sat with his back to me, in silence. The stars looked down on us with their bright eyes.

It was early dawn when I smelled for the first time the salt freshness of the wind that had come over the Channel.

We were on the outskirts of a place whose name I now forget, near Montreuil, on the estuary of a little river. The cart, which had changed horses during the night, drew up before a fishing-hut, and I heard the roar of waves that a few hours before had washed the shores of our enemy, for war had broken out after the king's death between us and England.

Bernard lifted me out of the cart. I could not stand. He seemed to have grown older and sterner, as I saw him in the faint light of the breaking day. The only words he said to me were, "Do not speak, madame. This house may be full of men who must not know that you are an escaping *émigrée*."

Then he carried me in his arms into the house, and, descending some steps, passed through a sort of cellar filled with ropes, sails, hammocks, fishing-nets, and oars. Among these various articles lay men asleep. We passed out into a court-yard, and then up an outside staircase to a very small chamber in the roof, where was a bed from which a man and a woman appeared to have just risen. The woman hastily smoothed the coverlet, and Bernard laid me down there. There were children in a trundle-bed in the room, besides the man and woman.

As I lay there with my eyes closed, but awake, a whispered talk went on between the man, a rough French sailor, and Bernard. They were speaking of me. They called me Madame. My heart seemed to stand still as I caught the word.

Then Bernard seemed to ask for writing-materials, and they were brought to him. He wrote two letters. After sealing them, he came up to the bed on which I had lain speechless, and spoke, but in a whisper: "Coward and *canaille*!" he said,—"*coward and canaille!* you have said words that should put a barrier between any wife and any husband. God knows I have not deserved them, and least of all from you. But I see now that the gulf is impassable between what you call our classes. Forgive me if I ever thought that the devotion, love, and service of a man not of your own rank could bridge it over. I resign all right to force your will in anything. I refuse your gratitude. I will not try to seek your love. I only wish that so soon as you are safe I could undo the wrong that you accuse me of having done you. My plan was changed last night after you spoke those cruel words. I had made arrangements to cross the frontier with you into Belgium and

there find you an asylum. But you had better go to England, and go alone. I am a Frenchman, heart and soul, and cannot go among the followers of Pitt, my country's enemy. Are you willing to accept the arrangements I have made for you? Will you take the risks of going to England?"

"I will go anywhere," I moaned. "All places upon earth are desolate to me."

"Do you know any one in England?"

"Some of our Sisters at Saint Gudule's escaped there."

"Do you know where they may be found?"

I could give him no address.

"You must rise now," he said, "and eat the soup preparing for you. You must then put on the clothes which this woman will offer you, and which will disguise you. You must go on board a fishing-smack as the daughter of a fisherman. The men have their directions. They will transfer you from their boat to an English smuggler. Shall I go with you so far? or would you rather be delivered from my presence and trust yourself to rough men,—strangers?"

"To rough men and strangers," I said, faintly.

"Very well," he answered. "Rise now, and make ready, for the men are impatient. They have waited for us at their own great peril. They are anxious to put to sea before the village is astir."

He spoke with studied calmness, and as if each sentence cost him self-control. I rose, and ate, and dressed myself in clean rough clothes. I moved like a piece of mechanism. An automaton would have felt as much as I.

Soon came the moment when I was to part from France, from everything that I had ever known, from all who had ever heard of me as *Mademoiselle de Béthune*. I took leave of Bernard in the fisherman's chamber. The men hurried me. They would not let Bernard show himself. He acquiesced without a word, and gave me over into their hands. I saw how he trembled, but he did not speak.

"Good-by, Bernard," I said, and I could not help adding, "I am sorry my words hurt you. I think you did the best you could for me."

He would not speak, nor did he take my offered hand.

CHAPTER X.

JETRAM.

AN open boat with heavy rain, and after the rain a northeasterly wind and a wild sea. I was deadly sea-sick. The boat was low in the water. Now she mounted to the top of a green mountain of sea dappled with white foam, then she descended into a hollow which sent her, it seemed to me, almost to the bottom of the ocean. We were laden with brandy. Over the kegs were spread fishing-nets. I sat on some straw at the bottom of the boat, with my back resting against some of the contraband kegs.

Our voyage seemed to me one long death-agony. I could not think. I could not plan. I could not remember. I could do nothing.

but endure. Bernard and Albéric became mere names to me. My dear uncle's execution seemed a dream; the marriage ceremony, the droning clerk, Le Bon, the roared congratulations of the crowd of Jacobins, were parts of a farce that had ended in a tragedy. But the fall of the axe of the guillotine was real. *That* I still heard, *that* I remembered, *that* I realized, *that* I knew. But everything else was vague, remote, and shadowy.

The captain of the fishing-boat was attentive to my wants, but he was evidently uneasy. The men did no fishing all day, but kept on tacking in the open sea, keeping a sharp lookout for English cruisers. Merchantmen, except in convoys, were scarce then in the Channel, and we were too far from land to sight coasting-vessels.

About nightfall we came to what the captain told me with a grin was his best fishing-ground. Soon after a little star seemed to glow on the top of the waves at no great distance, and then all was dark again. The fishing-boat flashed a lantern in return. I do not know what next they did; I could understand nothing; but soon I saw that we were under the tall black hull of what seemed to me a monster of the deep, though it was really only a lugger of light draught, and, more dead than alive, I was hoisted on board.

After me they sent up the kegs of brandy. Then the captain of the fishing-boat came on board and spoke apart with the English captain, handing him a letter, and, as I thought, a purse of money. Suddenly it flashed across me that I was without money,—alone, among people whose language I could not speak, whose country I knew nothing about. To be friendless and desolate might be bearable; but to be penniless! It terrified me as nothing else had terrified me. It is so much easier to talk of being killed than to think of living without money!

My one thought had been to escape from Bernard. I had escaped; and now! As the French captain—the last Frenchman I should see for months—came up to take leave of me, he whispered, “Let Madame feel in her pocket. That is the message I was charged by the citizen to give Madame when I went away.”

In another moment he was over the side.

I felt for my pocket. Yes, Bernard's forethought had not failed me. There was a purse, and in it I felt coin. For more than a year I had seen nothing but assignats. And besides the purse there seemed to be a letter. It was too dark to read it. No lights were shown on board the lugger, and I was too prudent, even though inexperienced, to take out the purse and count its contents before strangers. I had had a horrible moment of alarm when I had realized my situation, and for the first time I was grateful to Bernard, not for deliverance from death, but for saving me from the abject humiliation of utter poverty. To be sure, to take money from him seemed at first revolting, but I reconciled myself to it as repayment for the innumerable favors he had received from us at the Château d'Eau. I told myself that this money was a loan,—that I would count it carefully and repay it when the world should recover its balance. Surely then I should find means of discharging my obligations to Bernard, and to all the other people who

had done me service. It was proper for a demoiselle de Béthune to give to, and not receive (except in the way of paid services) from, her inferiors.

"Madame, will you go below?" said the English captain, in barbarously bad French. I made out what he meant, for he pointed to the companion-way, and I followed him into his cabin. But no lights were permitted on the lugger, except the necessary one near the binnacle. The captain piled pillows for me in the dark on one of the lockers, brought me brandy-and-water and a biscuit, and wrapped me in the cloak of Bernard's mother, which I had brought on board. Somehow in my desolation I felt tenderly towards that poor worn cloak. It had belonged to a woman, a woman fair and good, almost a saint, he said. I wrapped it closely to my bosom.

After a while I contrived to get some sleep; but it was troubled. I was roused by a great noise on deck of running and scuffling, and presently there was the sound of a gun.

The motion of our ship was extreme: she creaked and cracked until I fancied she must be going all to pieces at every strain. Nor did I care. Death would end everything. The lugger trembled violently as she rushed over wave after wave. There was a thumping, jarring noise added to every other noise, that seemed to come from within her. I know now the men were working at the pumps. Never was there a captain or a crew that exerted themselves more to escape capture.

I did not then know what it all meant; but afterwards I knew that we were being chased by an English revenue-cutter. I had brought ill luck with me on board the lugger. The captain, finding that she must fall into the hands of the revenue officer, ran her on shore: she was of lighter draught than the cutter, and he and his men had time to escape while boats were being lowered to capture her. I suppose they considered me the Jonah who had caused the ill luck of their voyage, or they felt sure I should be safe when I fell into the hands of English officers: anyhow, they abandoned both their vessel and me. I was found in the Mary Ann's cabin by a lieutenant of the revenue service, to his very great astonishment, when he came down to look after the cargo of his prize. I could not speak one English word, and no one on board the cutter could speak French. Bernard's letters, which might have done me some service, had been carried off in his flight by the captain of the smuggler. I stood among the English sailors in my fisher-maiden's dress, with nothing but the whiteness of my useless hands to attest for me that I was not a peasant-woman. They were pitiful, as what sailor would not be to a woman? But no signs that I could make or that they could understand would tell them my story. Indeed, I now became oppressed with a terrible stupor. My sickness was over, but it seemed all I could do to rouse myself. My limbs, too, ached as they had never ached before.

The smart young lieutenant in command of the cutter, as soon as his men returned from a fruitless pursuit of the smugglers, had me carried up to the nearest coast-guard station. And then I knew nothing of what befell me for three weeks; for I was desperately ill, under the care of the wife of the old coast-guardsmen.

The doctor of the parish (it was near Worthing, on the southern shore of England) was sent for to attend me. He was also attending in the family of your mother, my dear Emily, kind Lady Watson. You and one of the boys had been ill with scarlet fever, and scair had been ordered for you on the south coast. So you had been brought out of Essex, and Lady Watson had taken a cottage near Worthing.

She came to see me. She paid for a nurse to take care of me. She sent me from her table delicacies to tempt my feeble appetite, and when I appeared able to converse she came and sat beside me. In my own language she asked me about myself. By degrees I told her all my story, though at first I merely said that I was an *émigré* and endeavored to conceal that part of my history that related to my marriage. But who could resist the gentle kindness of your mother? I think, too, my pride was broken down by my forlorn situation. I told her even about Bernard.

She had already asked my name, and I had said, "Augustine de Béthune."

Afterwards she said, "Is his name De Béthune?" I started as if something had struck me in the face, and then it suddenly occurred to me that I had never known Bernard's surname. He had always been Bernard to us. He had hardly ever mentioned his father. The world knew him as M. de Lille, *Exécuteur des Hautes Œuvres*, but that was his official title in mockery. I was certain that I never had heard the name of Bernard or his father, and for the first time I smiled. It seemed impossible to be married to a man and not to know the name by which he claimed to own me.

Before Lady Watson went away I asked her to inquire of the wife of the coast-guardsmen if I had had anything in my pocket.

At once she produced a letter, and a purse containing gold and silver in English money. I suppose such coin was procurable from the smugglers on the coast. We saw nothing but assignats.

The letter ran as follows :

"MADAME,—You desire to be free from me. You resent my protection. It would be unmanly—worthy only of one who is both 'coward and *comaille*'—if after bringing you (though, the good God in heaven knows, not for the mere gratification of my selfish hopes) into your present grave and painful situation, I left you to struggle with its difficulties without friends or money. Send the paper I enclose to — [here he named some London bankers]; they will send you money for your present needs, and so long as I live they will have funds at your disposal. Words are quite useless: too many have been spoken. You have your will, and so far as my will can release you you are free. May the time never come when, friendless, you may think regretfully of the devotion that would have protected you,—of him whose heart will be empty purged of love for you. For the first time and the last, I sign myself

"Your husband,

"BERNARD.

"P.S.—I decide to enclose to you a letter from M. le Curé, our beloved and venerable friend, to save whose life I would have sacrificed everything but my citizenship in France and my hope of saving you. I was permitted to communicate with him, and this note to me was written on the eve of his execution. The dull crash of that brutal *couperet* rings still in my ears :

"MY BELOVED SON BERNARD,—Do not regret that you have failed to snatch me from death, which is very welcome to me. What can a Christian ask better than to die for God? Did I not recognize that no Christian ought to take his own life, I might have lifted my hand against myself; for I am weary of hiding and deceiving, and heart-sick at the blood-guiltiness and cruelty I see around me. The guillotine will stand my friend, and gratefully I accept its service. I have not broken my oaths. In the hope of a Christian I shall soon stand before God. But she of whom you spoke to me is young; you yourself believe in the Revolution; you have hope before you. Save her, if you can, as you propose. I will pray for your success and for God's blessing upon both of you. I have seen her, and, so far as time permitted, I have prepared your way. I think she will submit herself to you. That which once seemed to me impossible God's providence has brought to pass. I regard it as a miracle. Accept her from the hand of God. Be very good to her. I thank God that He has given, to one so imaginative, so passionate, and so friendless, so worthy a protector."

I read this letter with amazement. It seemed hard to adjust ideas cherished all my life to what I saw there. What! could M. le Curé approve the marriage of a demoiselle de Béthune with such a one as Bernard? And yet when I remembered his look as he mounted the red steps to the scaffold, and the touch of his hand upon my forehead,—ay, even with the red cap upon it,—I believed that he had felt every word enclosed to me by Bernard.

M. le Curé, then, had blessed us both. He had declared our marriage to be a miracle. He had seen the finger of God in it; he had welcomed it as giving me safety and a protector; whilst I, without reflection, and in the heat of passion, had cast love, care, protection, from me with disgust, to make myself in a strange land an object of charity and pity, saved only from the disgrace of beggary because Bernard interposed his purse to save me.

These thoughts as I lay helpless on my bed alternated with others that were utterly opposed to them. I could not adjust the view that M. le Curé on the eve of death had taken of my situation, to the views that he had held all his life, and to my own old ideas of ranks and classes. That Bernard was lower than the lowest by reason of the infamy popularly attached to his father's profession did not strike me with as much force as if I had been born a *bourgeoise*. The ranks beneath me were so far beneath that I could not enter into minute distinctions.

When Lady Watson came next day to see me, I showed her Bernard's letter, though it cost me a great effort to communicate it even to

ber. She had come to say that, now that I was fit to be moved, she had prepared a room for me in her own house, where I should stay till I grew stronger. "And, my dear," she said, when I asked her what view she thought I ought to take of my strange marriage, "you shall go with us to our home in Essex, where you may consult a French priest who is chaplain in the family of a Roman Catholic nobleman in our vicinity. He is a good, kind man, who refused to cancel the oaths he took at his consecration by taking the oath to approve the Constitution. What the Abbé Couffon advises you, that you had better do. I do not know how far that benediction of your venerable friend the curé as he was about to suffer martyrdom made yours a Christian marriage. You had better seek the opinion of one of your own Church, accustomed to the ideas of your own country."

I need not, my dear Emily, say anything to you about the Abbé Couffon. I talked French with you when you were children, but he taught you its grammar, as he did to all the other children within a radius of thirty miles. He lived in the village, in two rooms over the shop of the carpenter. You remember his kind, round, purple face, the merry twinkle shining among the crow's-feet round his eyes, the bright gold-colored Brutus wig he wore to hide his tonsure, and the little pocket-comb he carried in his vest with which he combed it carefully before sitting down to give his lessons.

He was everywhere a favorite, he was so simple-hearted and so kindly. He went to the country dinner-parties and played whist with the squires and the rectors. He had not the least notion of converting (or, as they would have said, perverting) his Protestant pupils. He had no religious fervor. There was nothing spiritual about him, as there had been about our beloved M. le Curé, but he was honest, brave, straightforward, guileless, and trustworthy. His cheerfulness, his patient submission to circumstances, and his exceeding kindness made him a greatly respected and esteemed member of the country society that surrounded the Moated Manor-House. Even Protestants, so ready in those days to take alarm, laid aside their prejudices in his favor. He taught his pupils out of Berquin, and out of a little book that he said suited his purpose exactly, as it contained neither philosophy nor religion. It was called "*Les Accidents d'Enfance*," with illustrations. Every child in it fell a victim to some imprudence or disobedience, one being blown up by fire-crackers, one being burnt to death upon the hearth-rug, another drowned from skating over thin ice, another kicked by a horse, another having his eyes scratched out by a cat, another being mangled by a savage dog! I suppose he read these dismal histories at least eighteen times a week with stammering French scholars.

I submitted my letter and my own story to the counsels of this good man with some reluctance, he seemed so little calculated to enter into my difficulties or to advise me. But I now think he may have been a better counsellor than a more sympathetic person, who might have been confused by side-lights. He was simply honest and sensible.

He put his opinion before me in the form of two questions, with their answers: Are you married? If married, what is your duty?

To the first he answered yes. To the second, he said, it was more hard to give an answer, because I was in a position to perform few or no duties to my husband. He had apparently given me up; I did not know where to find him; and, as the war going on between England and the French Republic absolutely separated us, I must simply wait on God's providence until my way was made clear to me. I had only four ways, that he could think of, of performing wifely duty. First, I should call myself a married woman.

I objected that I did not know Bernard's name. "Then," said the abbé, "you had better call yourself Madame Bernard."

Secondly, I should take his money, even if I spent it on the Church or for purposes of charity, as to take it would be a sign of wifely submission and obedience.

Thirdly, I should remember him daily in my prayers; and

Fourthly, and above all, I must so conduct myself as never to draw down on me the attentions of any other man.

These things I continued to observe, dear Emily, during the eight years I lived under your father's roof. I was called a governess, and I received a small salary. My principal duty was to talk French with the children. Money was remitted to me with considerable regularity through the London bankers. By its arrival I knew that Bernard was still living. Your father, Sir Henry, several times made inquiries of the people at the bank, and was always answered that it came through a banking-house in Hamburg.

I was safe, and not unhappy. I should have been most happy if I could have made up my mind as to what I felt, or ought to feel, for Bernard.

Sometimes the old loathing and disgust came back strongly upon me; sometimes I grew angry with myself for my perverseness and hard-heartedness, and contrasted it with his courage, his goodness, his self-renunciation. Sometimes I thought he had renounced me too lightly, and, since he had given me up, why should I still from any exaggerated view of duty adhere to him? Sometimes I felt an exile's longing for France,—a homesickness that made me think that I would marry Bernard four times over if he would take me home!

Meantime, though I knew not how to *feel*, I did know what to *do*, according to the rules laid down for me by the simple-hearted abbé.

I called myself Madame Bernard, though many a time it was pain and grief to me to bear a name without the particle,—I who had been so proud of being a demoiselle de Béthune.

I took Bernard's money, though nothing could have induced me, I thought, to spend a shilling of it on myself. There were plenty of French prisoners to be helped in England, and I knew that in sending succor to such men I should be carrying out the wishes of Bernard. Through the abbé I was able to do this. He thoroughly approved this disposition of the money, and took great pleasure in spending it for me. We congratulated ourselves that no application made to us on behalf of prisoners ever failed to meet with its response.

Meantime, I prayed for Bernard's life and for his honor,—I doubt if my prayers included any petition for his happiness,—and I can truly

say that I laid aside my pretensions as a member of one of the most illustrious houses in France, and never allowed myself to be drawn into any gayeties or relaxations that might offer me the smallest temptation to coquetry.

CHAPTER XI.

SHAKESPEARE.

KIND as Sir Henry and Lady Watson were to me (and so was every one else at the Moated Manor-House), I could not help feeling myself isolated and what we call in France *déclassée*. My social position was wholly changed; my nationality was impaired, for although I was an *émigrée* my heart was French, and, to say the truth, my sentiments and sympathies were not those of the emigration. I found country life in England more dull than even life in my Lille convent. As Madame Bernard, I shared unwillingly in any recreations. I was always debating my own position in my thoughts: my heart was "like a troubled sea, that cannot rest." One day repeated another, and always, in a tangled round of argument, I was questioning with myself in what light I ought to view my involuntary marriage.

I took pains to learn English, and very soon could speak it fluently. Then I endeavored to acquire some knowledge of its literature. Without any one to guide me as I looked over the long rows of solid, gloomy books in the Moated Manor library, it may easily be supposed that my attempts at cultivation did me little good. I felt bewildered by my ignorance; I had no point of previous knowledge to start from; the multitude of volumes on the shelves took off the edge of my appetite for books. I have no doubt the Moated Manor library contains treasures, but to me its brown volumes were pearls offered to swine. At last I decided that I could not go amiss if I read Shakespeare, and, taking down a volume at random, I carried it to my own room.

Soon afterwards a visitor came to the Moated Manor-House. He was a man of literary note, and associated with the great minds of the period. He was also a man of very liberal opinions, whose sympathies had been all with France in the early stages of her revolution, and his eyes sparkled as he talked of the prodigious feats of arms performed in Germany and Italy by our brave soldiers. My heart opened to him at once. He spoke French well. He had been in Paris at the time of the opening of the States-General. He liked to speak French, and said it was a language in which thought found quicker expression than in any other. Probably it was because I afforded him an opportunity of speaking French that he took notice of me.

One evening, when I and my pupils were in the drawing-room, he asked me what progress I was making in English, and what English books I was studying. I said under my breath that I was trying to read Shakespeare.

He was evidently amused,—which disconcerted me.

"Shakespeare!" cried Sir Henry. "Why, half of Shakespeare's words are strange to me! I doubt, Madame Bernard, if you find

Shakespeare interesting. Fancy reading Shakespeare by the help of a dictionary! Ha! ha! ha!"

"And what play of Shakespeare's have you selected for your *coup d'essai*?" asked our literary visitor, who I discovered afterwards had written much upon Shakespeare's characters.

I felt ready to cry with shame and confusion, but politeness required that I should answer him: so I replied,—

"'All's Well that Ends Well.'"

"Well, and how do you get on with it? How do you like it?"

"I do not like it at all," I said. "I can make very little out of it. I have looked it through and made out enough to know the story's end, and—— I don't think I like it in any way."

"That's right, my dear. It is a horrid story, and not fit for young females of the present day," said Sir Henry. "That woman's indelicate plan for making the young nobleman acknowledge her as his wife always seems to me disgusting; and as to its all ending well, I very much doubt it. I should like to know the sequel of that marriage."

"Well, that's frank criticism, Sir Henry, at any rate," said the author. "I don't think Shakespeare has been so hauled over the coals since he got out of the hands of old Rymer. Now, with me," he continued, brightening as he launched himself upon a favorite topic, "Helena stands next to Portia, Imogen, and Perdita in Shakespeare's gallery."

"Oh, how can you say so?" cried Lady Watson. "I cannot reconcile myself to her indelicacy in the latter part of the story; and as to the Count de Rousillon, Dr. Johnson says of him that he married his wife like a coward and left her like a scoundrel!"

As Lady Watson said this, there came up to my memory my own unhappy words "coward and *canaille*." The conduct of Bertram the nobleman they called that of a coward and a scoundrel. Bernard's, on the contrary—— Alas! how I had wronged him!

"I do not think," said the critic, bending forward in his chair in his eagerness of argument, "that any one has yet advanced the real moral, as I see it, of 'All's Well that Ends Well;' and in my opinion the world might be made happier if married couples laid that moral to heart. I should divide the play into two parts,—Helena's great mistake before her marriage, and afterwards her inflexible resolve to find its remedy. I grant you, Lady Watson, the indelicacy of the chief incident in the *dénouement*; but that indelicacy is as it were external and does not affect Helena's pure and modest soul. Besides, we must allow something for manners which exceeded ours in frankness. But I think Shakespeare meant to teach a lesson which, if his biographers know anything about the circumstances of his life (which I doubt), came home to himself,—viz., that those who have made a mistake in marriage have no right to go behind the fact of their marriage vows, but must accept the relation it has formed as if it were a natural tie that unites them to each other, and make the best of an unlucky choice. A woman is justified, I think, in Shakespeare's eyes, in doing anything short of what is morally wrong to win back her own husband to herself. Neither husband nor wife at the altar is called upon to swear, 'I do love M. or N.,' but, 'I will.' No doubt thousands of women like Helena,

realising their mistakes in marriage, would give all they possess to unsway the vows made by them at the altar, and to let the man go free whom they pity, as Helena pitied Bertram; but, as that is impossible, wisdom and duty lie in turning the mistaken union into a happy marriage. Fortunately, few women need be put to such straits, in their effort to set things right again, as poor Helena. This is my view of the story; and if we read it in this light—admitting with Helena that up to the moment of her marriage she made a great mistake, and afterwards that it was her highest duty, disregarding that mistake, to make the marriage turn out as little of a mistake as possible—we shall see that *All was Well*, that the story ended as it ought, and that Sir Harry has no need to dread the sequel. It was a marriage founded on a most unhappy error; the error could never be corrected, but its consequences were averted by the courage, purity, and self-devotion of Helena. Why, half our marriages are nothing but mistakes! Love-matches, even, may be founded upon vain imaginations; and in your country, Madame Bernard, young ladies of high birth, and girls—for aught I know—among the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry, have simply to accept the husband provided for them. They marry, and if the selection proves a mistake the noble-hearted woman will leave no stone unturned till she has built up a happy married life, so far as the character of her husband makes it possible. ‘Every wise woman,’ says King Solomon, ‘buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.’ I sometimes feel like having these words engraved upon a locket and making the locket a wedding-present to a heedless bride.”

Sir Henry and Lady Watson laughed. They had no need to take a warning from the little sermon. Their marriage had been no mistake in any way. But I carried away the sermon in my heart. It made the more impression upon me because it was not meant for me, and I pondered with deep emotion the critic’s words as day by day I laboriously picked my way through “*All’s Well that Ends Well*,” learning not only what the critic had pointed out, but also other lessons, from the story of Bertram, whom I could not, like Dr. Johnson, quite think a coward and a scoundrel, since to do so would have been to throw the accusation back upon myself, for I saw in Bertram one who, like me, had allowed his pride of birth to dull his perception of higher things. Bertram had probably never lost sight of his own importance, restricted as he had been to the society of his near relations and retainers. Shakespeare sent him out into the world, where he discovered that noble actions outweigh noble blood. I had been driven into exile, stripped of the name and the advantages on which I plumed myself, and ought I not to take to heart the same lesson? Bertram was prepared by his experiences to respond to Helena’s self-devotion: was Providence trying the same experiment upon me?

My sheltered life at the Moated Manor-House, unbroken by events, leaves me little to tell. One by one, dear Emily, your sisters and yourself married and took flight from the dear nest, going, as I sometimes thought I gladly would have done, into the bustle and excitement of the great world. The babies grew into little children and learned

French. More and more I settled down to be the governess, more and more heart-sick I grew for France, and more and more my spirit rejoiced as I heard talk even in England of her glories and her victories.

The Reign of Terror had been succeeded by the Reign of Tinsel, when under the Directory men walked in a vain show and everything glittered as it were with falseness. But the master had appeared. The Revolution was saddled and bridled. With all my soul I admired and adored young General Buonaparte. That the English caricatured him and calumniated him made him dearer still. A foreign land is a very hot-bed for the growth of patriotism. I was always defiantly defending him in my heart from attacks made upon him in my presence,—attacks not softened by consideration for my feelings, because I was supposed to be imbued with all the hostile feelings of an *émigrée*. It did not become me in my position to contradict the guests of Sir Henry Watson in words, but I answered them triumphantly to myself in the quiet of the school-room or of my own chamber.

One day the Abbé Couffon, after a lesson given to Fred, Harry, and Mary (the abbé continued his lessons to the rising generation of the Moated Manor-House, though I was as competent to teach them the French grammar as he,—because Sir Henry in his kindness would not hear of cutting off any part of the little income the old man had always derived from lessons in his family),—the Abbé Couffon, I say, lingered to speak with me, and told me that some French prisoners, convalescents from the hospital at the hulks at Plymouth, had been sent to a small inland town five miles from the Moated Manor-House upon parole.

"There are six of them," he said,—“not gentlemen, but sub-officers, old *moustaches*, who would have risen no doubt from the ranks had they had the necessary education. Ah, madame, I answer to you that they have seen service, and under General Buonaparte! About him they are enraged enthusiasts! *Oh, mon Dieu, quel homme!*”

I had ten pounds in my desk, which I gave at once to the abbé. He said the men were paroled to walk no farther from the town than the third milestone; but he offered, if Sir Henry and Lady Watson gave permission, to escort me and my three pupils the next day to the limit of their walk and make us acquainted with the prisoners. They had brought with them, he said, many little articles which they were seeking to sell for their less fortunate fellow-prisoners, who indeed had exhausted the market for ingenious trifles in the towns on the southern coast. They had fans made out of shingle, rings, toothpick-cases, and many such-like trifles, carved out of buttons or bone, but the gems in their collection were three little spinning-wheels, each with a female figure spinning her thread. By some simple mechanism the wheel could be set going so that for a few minutes it would work apparently well.

Sir Henry consented to our expedition, and Lady Watson gave the children money to buy one of these delicate ingenious toys: so the next day we all walked to the third milestone, where we met the poor fellows, who were delighted to talk French, especially with the little children; and there my soul was stirred within me by their stories of the campaign in Italy. It was the year 1800: they had crossed the Alps with the First Consul, but had been invalided before the battle of

Marengo, had been sent home by sea to Marseilles, and had been captured by an English cruiser in the Mediterranean.

The children, who spoke French as well as I did, were greatly interested, and before long it became a custom with us at least twice a week to walk to the third milestone and talk to my countrymen.

The chief man among them was a sergeant-major, very proud of his four gold chevrons. He was called Jean Pierre. I soon found out that he was a native of French Flanders, and amazed and delighted him by addressing him in his own peasant *patois*.

"*Comment!* Madame comes from *mon pays!*" he cried. "But it is inconceivable!" and he showed no delicacy in asking my maiden name.

Ah! the old pride of ancestry came back to me at once as I told him that I was born a *demoiselle de Béthune*.

"And I," he said, "was born on the estates of Madame's kinsman the Marquis de Naugis. M. Albéric, who alone of the family is left, is a brave officer. He fought for France simply as Captain Naugis in our grand '96 campaign."

"My cousin Albéric? Is he not dead? Do you mean the young marquis?" I cried.

Like a flash as I said this came a sudden mistrust of Bernard.

"No, no," said Jean Pierre. "But once he was left for dead, during our retreat through the Black Forest after the battle of Biberach, where we beat the Austrians. Ah! that was a battle! And my colonel did wonders in that day,—my colonel,—now General de Burgraff. Ah! he is a man! Madame, I will tell you a thousand stories about him!"

"Yes, but I had rather hear of my cousin Albéric,—M. de Naugis."

"Ah! Well, he is a brave Frenchman too. M. Albéric belonged to the old army,—the army of Dumouriez,—and when Dumouriez deserted he was away in Picardy with an escort of his troop, watching the English, who were threatening to land. Hearing the news, he wanted to make for the Vosges and there join the army. That was in '93, just when the war with England had broken out. Well, as he marched he heard how the men at Arras had cut off the head of the good sailor and patriot the Count de Béthune, and he imagined to himself that he could by a sudden *coup de main* enter Arras with his detachment, because he knew the cross-roads and the country, and carry off a few of his relations who were shut up there in prison, and perhaps snap up that tiger in a man's skin, the Representative Le Bon. It was as if he had put his head into a wolf's mouth; but those messieurs of the Old Régime were so accustomed to having everything their own way that they always flattered themselves everything would yield to them. He never thought of being attacked by peasantry,—not far, too, from his own home. They set on him at a ford over a little stream near Lens, a place where a big battle was fought in the days of Malbrook, about four leagues from Arras. His detachment was cut to pieces, but he escaped, you see, for he was near his own estates, and knew of a hiding-place and a good woman. Ah! but I was going to tell you what happened after—

wards in General Moreau's celebrated retreat in 1796, at that time when, had Jourdain obeyed orders, we could have won all Germany. Our regiment was stationed in a wood, and was to guard the passage of the army through the Valley of Hell,—well named, as many of our poor fellows found it. Our colonel (General de Burgraff he is to-day, now serving with the First Consul in Italy),—ah, madame, *he* is a brave man—was in command. Balls came flying through the trees, and broken branches came down crashing on our heads, but our orders were to stay there in silence. Then at last an order came to charge and take their field-guns, for a regiment of voltigeurs—those of Saint-Cyr—had come up to support us. Running, we came to the edge of the wood, and there indeed was danger. There the voltigeurs joined us, and I saw Captain de Naugis fall. I would have stopped and dragged him to the rear, for he was, as I told you, *de mon pays*, and so long as the voltigeurs of Saint-Cyr were in sight I kept my eye upon him. But we were in full run. I could not fall out of the ranks, and a moment after I was wounded,—our colonel, too. But our men charged the battery that we were ordered to take, and captured the guns and a stand of Austrian colors. My colonel sat his horse till all was over, and then they had to carry him to the rear. Well, our men pushed on, keeping close to the army in retreat. At such a time there is little chance for the wounded. Yet our repulse of the enemy allowed us twenty-four hours' respite; and at the end of that time such of us as could stand were ordered to move on with the field-hospital. My colonel came to me: he had a broken arm, I had a ball in my leg. 'Jean Pierre,' he said, 'I hear that Captain de Naugis, of the voltigeurs, is among the missing.'—'Yes, my colonel,' I said. 'I saw him fall just as we charged out of the wood. Have they not brought him in, or his body?'—'No,' said the colonel: 'there has been little time to search the ground thoroughly, and I cannot leave this place without looking for him. Our people are making ready to remove our wounded. I came to see if you could give me any help. He has never been a friend to me, and I have had some hard thoughts of him,—poor fellow? I suppose they had had some quarrel in garrison. I said I thought my leg was not so bad but that I could go with him. So back we went on foot to the edge of the wood. Madame, each step I took was as if you had run the blade of a red-hot knife into me. Our searching-parties had been over the ground, and had picked up the wounded and dug a trench for the dead bodies. I led my colonel into the bushes near where I had seen the captain fall, and there, sure enough, lay M. de Naugis hidden in the brushwood, his white face bloody and so ghastly that we never doubted he was dead. I had brought with me a blanket, as the colonel told me. We went up to him. The colonel stooped over him. He just moved his eyelids. Then the colonel said to me, 'Jean Pierre, he is alive. I think we may save him.' We gave him drink. He said afterwards that his throat was so dry that he could not cry out when the searching-parties came near him. My colonel and I got him on the blanket. I lifted him in my arms, and the colonel with his one arm steadied me. Then we cut down a small sapling with our swords. The colonel took off the silk scarf that held his sword, and the captain's scarf, and we tied him in

the blanket, then tied one scarf loosely under his arms and the other above his knees. Then we slipped the sapling through the scarfs, and then we tried to lift him. And we did. We got one end of the pole into the crotch of a tree, and we hoisted the other end on to the colonel's shoulder. I got mine under the other. The colonel gave the word, and we began our march. It was good luck, though, that we met a pair of stragglers before we reached the ambulance; for the colonel's arm was all unset, and he was so white I thought he would have fainted. My leg, too, kept me in hospital twice as long as if I had not gone out on that search for M. de Naugis; but, apart from my having been born on his estates, I would have hopped through the wide world upon a bandaged leg to serve the colonel. The First Consul knows what a man he is: he will make him a Marshal of France some day, if the war lasts. Must you go, madame? M. de Naugis never can be grateful enough to M. de Burgraff. He had had a ball in the chest, but he got well of it before the colonel used his arm again. Happily, it was not his sword-arm. They have made him a general. Let me tell you how he——"

"No more to-day, sergeant-major. Another day you shall tell me all about your colonel,—or, as you now call him, the General de Burgraff. Burgraff must be an Alsatian or a German name."

"Yes: he has estates on the borders of the Rhine in Germany. I will tell you how that happened——"

"Not to-day, sergeant."

"Well, then, madame, *au revoir*. Next time I will tell you."

And so he did. Time after time we went to the third milestone, and always there were stories about General de Burgraff. My little pupils hung upon Jean Pierre's words as much as I did. They played being Colonel de Burgraff,—Colonel de Burgraff charging the enemy, Colonel de Burgraff visiting the wounded, Colonel de Burgraff exchanging sword-thrusts with a Mameluke, Colonel de Burgraff this, Colonel de Burgraff that. Little Mary, indeed, got severely hurt by being tied up in a green baize table-cover belonging to the nursery and being slung upon a pole between her brothers, when of course she slipped upon the floor and hurt herself, and I had to forbid any further dramatic performances that had General de Burgraff for their hero. Nevertheless I believe I thought oftener of General de Burgraff than I did of Captain de Naugis,—I suppose because Jean Pierre could tell me little more about my cousin, for he had on his recovery rejoined his regiment, which, while he was still in hospital, had been embarked for Egypt. There he and his colonel had served during the campaign which General Buonaparte had hoped would be the prelude to his mounting the throne of Constantine, and they were part of the little company that returned with him to France when, having lost the chance of being Constantine, he resolved to be Charlemagne.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MY FAMILY.

IT was not alone about General de Burgraff that Jean Pierre used to discourse with me and the children. He was never tired of telling anecdotes of General Buonaparte. After his campaign in Germany under Moreau, he had, as I said, followed Buonaparte to Egypt; and he had made one of the little band which in the moment of most peril in that hero's life had followed Cæsar and his fortunes.

So far as Jean Pierre had any political views, they favored good order and a settled government, and he saw in Buonaparte the Saint Michael who had annihilated the monster Anarchy. On the 18th Brumaire he had carried his musket without misgivings into the Orangerie at Saint-Cloud, whence Buonaparte expelled the Five Hundred. He had seen his idol made First Consul. He had followed him the second time to Italy; and it almost broke his heart to think that he had not been present at Marengo.

At the close of 1800, which was the date of those conversations by the third milestone, England was beginning to grow weary of the war. The public voice demanded, *Oui bono?* And a large part of the public had been dazzled by the exploits of the new Alexander. The public prints kept up their insolence, but Englishmen in secret began to speak of Buonaparte with respect, while thinking men predicted that he would give France a recognizable government. As he said on one occasion, he found France grains of sand, and his mission had been to give the grains consistency.

Acts of generosity to victims of the Revolution encouraged those who were not irreconcilably attached to the white flag to seek "erasures" (that is, erasure from the lists of *émigrés*) and the restoration of any property that had not passed by purchase into the hands of strangers.

As news of each succeeding act of justice or humanity reached the *émigrés* in England, a strong desire to return to France arose among one section of them.

There began, too, to be talk of peace-negotiations. These were not brought to a conclusion before Jean Pierre and his comrades left us. One day we heard that they were to be exchanged, and they were marched off without the possibility of tender leave-takings at the third milestone, to the great grief of the children, who were, however, consoled, though I was much affected, by finding that two of the poor fellows had sat up all night to complete a very ingenious arrangement which they were constructing for their little friends in a neighboring brook, whereby two puppets labored at a water-wheel.

In the summer of 1801 was signed the Peace of Amiens. English and *émigrés* at once flocked over into France. The former, enthusiastic about the First Consul, were eager to get admitted to Saint-Cloud; while the French were importunate for interviews with Madame Buonaparte, who was understood to be the channel of communication between petitioners and the First Consul.

One morning Lady Watson said to me that a cousin of hers who

had married Lord Whitworth's secretary was going to Paris with the English Embassy, and had offered to take me with her if I would like to embrace the opportunity of being restored to my family and of making some endeavors to recover a portion of my property. I had no family to return to. I was the last of my own branch of the De Béthunes. Still, I thought that the good Duke who was head of our house might at least advise me: besides, the thought of seeing France again almost overpowered me with happiness. I therefore accepted the proposal of the secretary's wife eagerly. "The secretary makes one condition," said Lady Watson, before completing the arrangements: "he wishes you to go back with them as Mademoiselle de Béthune. Madame Bernard did very well for a *nom de convenance* in your exile, but it may give rise to unpleasant questions and unnecessary explanations in France. Besides, they say that the First Consul looks with favor on the bearers of the great names of France, and he can hardly be insensible to that of a descendant of Sully. It is as Mademoiselle de Béthune only that you may hope to recover some of your property."

I thought this reasoning just. At any rate, I was left no choice by the secretary, and the abbé, whom Lady Watson consulted on the subject, was of her opinion. The Concordat was not established in France till some weeks after, so that he did not think of going home: in fact, he has never gone back, preferring to remain among the friends whom he has made in England.

I need not tell you of my rapture when my feet again stood upon French soil. I had no supreme reverence for the white flag of the Bourbons, and I was delighted at the sight of the tricolor which had won for the French nation such glorious victories. I did not think I had retained such a capacity for enjoyment, or that such rapturous emotions were left in me as those I felt when I breathed the air of the land of my nativity and listened on the quai of Calais to the gabble and confusion of French tongues.

Paris, which I had never seen, was then in all its glory. The gay world of fashion and frivolity and expense was rejoicing to be free to run its course without obstruction. We were handsomely lodged and cordially welcomed, and, very shortly after we were established, my protectors desired me to write a note to my relative the Duke de Charost-Béthune.

Monsieur le Duc Armand Joseph de Béthune had been born in 1728, so that he was an old man in 1801. He had been a splendid soldier, a governor of provinces, where he had won all hearts, an able administrator, and a subject who combined consideration for the rights of man with loyalty to his sovereign. But above all things he was a Frenchman, and as such devoted to the destruction of abuses, in the hope that reforms effected in advance might avert great disasters.

On his own lands he had abolished serfage and all its exactions twenty years before the meeting of the States-General. In that body he had voted for the equality of taxation. He made a free gift of one hundred thousand francs to relieve the burdens of the state. But, much about the same time as Le Bon imprisoned my beloved uncle, he was arrested under the Terror and sent to the prison of La Force. He was

as brave in imprisonment as he had been as a soldier. His words were words of wisdom, his bearing dignified and simple. Happily, he was set free on the 9th Thermidor by the fall of Robespierre. Thenceforward he lived in Paris, having nothing to do with political changes. He left the government to settle itself, and devoted himself to the material prosperity of France, particularly to its agriculture. He was living thus up to the 18th Brumaire, when Buonaparte came into power, and he gave in his adhesion to the new government as the best chance open to France for the restoration of order and material prosperity.

He came at once to see me. He was not handsome, he was not even a distinguished-looking man, but there was something about him which may be best described by our French word *digne*, which loses its meaning when translated into English as "worthiness," or "worthy."

He was very gentle, very fatherly, very kind, to me. I told him briefly about my marriage,—how, under the impression that I was obeying the directions of my *fiancé* the young Marquis de Naugis, I had submitted to go through a marriage ceremony upon the scaffold itself with a young Jacobin, a friend of the Representative Le Bon, the young man M. le Comte had selected when a boy as Claude's companion.

It will be seen that I did not tell M. de Béthune quite the whole truth; but if I were really married to Bernard I could not bear the thought of unnecessarily associating myself with his father's calling. And I think I was right. Bernard dated from himself. That part of the story I think M. le Duc has never known, and I am glad to leave it in obscurity. I said that after our marriage the young man had behaved to me with generosity and kindness, had facilitated my escape to England, and had sent me money there. I believed I was in conscience bound to him if he appeared to claim me.

The old nobleman looked very grave, and repeatedly stroked his chin while I was speaking. He, however, expressed no opinion about my marriage. He simply absorbed the facts as I related them.

When he rose to go away he invited me to a gathering at his house which took place every Thursday evening of some old friends of the family and all the De Béthunes and their connections,—as many of them, at least, as could be found in Paris in those unsettled days. He said that he would request a certain duchess, who was distantly my cousin, to call on me and offer to be my chaperon in French society.

At the appointed hour she came, a young and pretty woman,—haughty, I should think, to those whose claims to rank could not be cordially admitted, but to me, as a demoiselle de Béthune, her manners were engaging. I am not sure how she would have treated me as Madame Bernard.

When we entered the Duke's *salon* I was abashed by a sense that I was less well dressed than those around me. To be sure, there was great variety of dress, that of some women being inexpensive, while others made a great display. Young women who could afford it were attired in the antique style then affected by Madame Buonaparte; the elder ladies wore beautiful old lace, and dresses of rich material, which were cut, however, according to the patterns of the past. Frenchwomen individualize their style of dress. Dress is a form of art with them. A

rigid conformity to fashion in a ball-room or on a street looks to me as *parvenu* and unmeaning as a *salon* fresh from the hand of an upholsterer, which has no claim of individuality in its tables and chairs.

My chaperon was at once surrounded by gentlemen. Some were elderly and in old-time suits, some wore official coats, and the young men were many of them in brilliant uniforms. I sat, almost silent, on a red velvet bench at my chaperon's side.

Never in England, where I sometimes had accompanied Lady Watson to county balls, had I felt myself so isolated and out of place as in this cousinly assembly. I knew no one. I had been so little accustomed for eight years to French voices in a crowd that I found it hard to catch the meaning of the conversation round me.

By and by a lady of middle age, with much more the appearance of a tradesman's wife than that of an aristocrat, came and sat down beside me. After a little preliminary conversation she began to question me about my English exile. Then she said abruptly, to my great astonishment,—

"Mademoiselle de Béthune, we think it best, as you have been so long parted from your family, that I should inform you as to its present situation. We are all poor, too poor to undertake the charge of a new relation——"

"Madame," I cried, my cheeks flushing, "I ask nothing from my family. I am provided for; I have friends."

"I am glad that you can tell me so," she said; "but I should like, if you will give me leave, to say further that as there is not much wealth in the family, and as the estates of some of us are still unsold, it is desirable to make some *rapprochement* with the present rulers of our destiny, and it will be to the advantage of all of us if M. Albéric de Naugis, whom I see just coming into the room——"

I turned eagerly to look at my cousin Albéric, the man most interesting to me in all the world.

I found him—he was then about thirty-two—a remarkably handsome man, dressed in a brilliant cavalry uniform, with the graceful manners that had so much impressed me when he was a sub-lieutenant in the army of the king. The good lady who was speaking to me followed my eyes, and said, hastily,—

"It is greatly to be desired that nothing should hinder a projected marriage on the part of M. de Naugis with an heiress of great wealth who is the daughter of an official gentleman high in the confidence of General Buonaparte. She will exchange her wealth and her father's influence for M. de Naugis's title and advantages of family. It is hard on us," continued she, with a shrug, "but even in the time of Le Grand Monarque the representatives of great houses were forced *de mettre du fumier sur leurs terres*, as a great lady expressed it,—to manure their worn-out lands,—and M. Albéric is not in a position to feel himself exempt from the necessity. It will be greatly to be deplored, mademoiselle," she continued, finding that I said nothing, "if you should use your influence with M. le Duc, who has old-fashioned ideas about family compacts,—*contrats de famille*,—to put forward claims which might interfere with the views and wishes of the family."

"Madame, I assure you——" I began.

"I know that it is not *selon les convenances* to address observations directly to a young lady on her marriage, but I do not know, mademoiselle, whom to consider your protector. M. le Duc has notions somewhat romantic. He might fail to consider how greatly the proposed marriage of M. de Naugis would promote the restitution of estates to the poorer members of his family."

"Madame," I said, drawing myself up, "if M. de Naugis should address me on the subject I hope I may be able to make him a suitable reply."

"It is difficult to make M. de Naugis entertain the idea of marriage at all," said my cousin. "He is thought to be seriously *épris* of the wife of the monsieur you may see in a red coat yonder. But he must be brought to *se ranger*, and to accept the match desired for him by his family. He is not a man who will make his way in the world without powerful influence. He has numerous enemies and some devoted friends; but, as the first outnumber the latter and are augmented every day by his unhappy habit of slinging stones at the reputations of other officers, which brings him into unfriendly relations and involves him in many duels, he is hardly likely to force his own way upward either to wealth or to distinction in the army."

At this moment the Duke approached us, bringing up to me my cousin. I could see that he came reluctantly. I was conscious of his brilliancy in contrast with my own appearance. He bowed with the stiff courtesy I had admired in my convent.

"Monsieur mon cousin," I said, taking my courage in both hands, my spirit having been roused by the talk of the old lady, "we have not met for so many years that I think we had better date our acquaintance from the moment of M. le Duc's kind introduction. Yet let me close the old chapter by heart-felt thanks for the kind intentions you once showed of risking your life to succor me at Arras. It was from yourself, was it not, that I received a note in prison?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. I was hidden in a country-house of my family, where were Madame Zénobie——"

"Oh! what became of Madame Zénobie?" I cried.

"Well, she was *raaccourcie*, cut shorter by a head, as Le Bon used to call it, for hiding me. She and your maid Marcelline told me of your danger, and Marcelline, through one of the turnkeys, undertook to convey a few lines from me to you. My expedition failed, however, at a ford, at daybreak, about four leagues from Arras."

"And I," I said, "escaped my fate and went to England. I long thought that you had perished on that morning. I was horrified by a belief that I had seen your headless body on the roadside and your head on a pike in the distance."

Albéric laughed and shook his very pretty blond hair.

"I got off," he said, "when the peasants proved too many for us. I knew the by-roads and the goat-paths. I made my way to a ruin in the forest, and communicated with Marcelline. I heard vaguely that Le Bon, struck by your charms——"

"And I believed you dead," I interrupted him, "until not very long

since I met with a French prisoner in England who told me he had helped General de Burgraff to rescue you in 1796, during the famous retreat of Moreau."

The face of Albéric cleared. He began to enlarge upon the hours of suffering he had spent when forgotten on the battle-field.

"It was a very gallant act on the part of General de Burgraff," I said, seeing that he thought more of what he had himself endured than of the self-devotion of my hero.

"Ah, it was *très-bien*,—very well done," he replied. "That man rose from the ranks,—went up rapidly, being affiliated with the Jacobins. We poor fellows afflicted with the particle——"

"But," said I, "De Burgraff *has* the particle."

"Oh, no," he said, "only from some estates over the Rhine, or something of the kind. He is a man of the people,—a child of the Revolution; good manners, good instruction, a brave soldier,—I do not deny his merits. Hoche took a fancy to him and rapidly promoted him. Some men have luck; and when one is imbued with the ideas of the period it does one's luck no harm to be *un peu jacobin*."

"The General de Burgraff, from what has been told me, is, I should think," I said, "altogether a soldier, honorable and tender-hearted when not engaged in battle."

"All that,—yes, that I grant you, cousin," said Albéric. "He is a very Puritan in his manners,—too puritan for us of the old nobility, who have our own traditions,—and he has always contrived to get the good will of his chiefs. That helps a man's career above all things,—especially when he has had the good sense to attach himself to the personal fortunes of a First Consul."

I was disgusted with Albéric. Not one word of gratitude for the man who, apparently without any cause for an especial act of generous kindness, had risked his life and his arm to save him.

"I have heard," I said, "that his solicitude for you was an act of peculiar generosity, because, mon cousin, you had not been personal friends."

"Very true," he said: "we were not friends. We could not be, you know. We did not belong to the same corps nor the same arm of the service; nor had we the same interests and associations. I do not know that I had ever met Colonel de Burgraff, even in camp society."

"I hear," I said, "that he will never recover the full use of his left arm."

"Well," he replied, "some men can climb the ladder of fortune with one arm. I do not doubt that M. de Burgraff can. He is now, I think, in garrison at Metz. The First Consul knows how to choose his men. M. de Burgraff would be of little use to him in Paris *salons*."

I went to no more of the good old Duke's family receptions. I persuaded myself that I did not like my family, always excepting M. le Duc himself, and my absenting myself from their society was no doubt, as I had hoped, taken by the old ladies as a sign that I relinquished all pretensions to the hand of M. de Naugis.

My expenses in Paris were paid by the English secretary, to whom I was able to render considerable service in return; but it was absolutely

necessary that I should be provided with a *toilette* suitable for my presentation to Madame Buonaparte, then living at Saint-Cloud. M. le Duc, who several times came to see me, promised to get me that presentation through one of the court ladies (I say *court* advisedly, for already the household of the First Consul was becoming a court), and everybody talked with enthusiasm of Madame Buonaparte's beauty, grace, and sympathy with misfortune. I thought it possible that by her intercession the First Consul might restore me some part of my poor uncle's possessions, confiscated to the state, or, what I desired most, the home of my childhood, my father's Château d'Eau.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST CONSUL A CONSPIRATOR.

THE good Duke of Charost-Béthune took me in his own carriage to Saint-Cloud, and put me into the hands of the lady who was to procure me an interview with the wife of the First Consul.

Ah! that beautiful palace of Saint-Cloud,—the park and gardens all natural beauty, and within adorned by every device of art and luxury. We passed through the reception-rooms of the palace. *Salle* after *salle* was decorated by artists of reputation, and all with subjects taken from mythology.

The household was in slight mourning. The brother-in-law of the First Consul (General Le Clerc, the husband of Pauline Buonaparte) had died in San Domingo, and the First Consul not only required those about him to appear in mourning, but issued orders to that effect to the foreign ambassadors. It was the entering wedge of imperialism, that, like M. Roland's shoe-strings, might have warned France of her impending destiny.

I was dressed, therefore, in white and black, having removed all colors from my pretty dress, which, cut in the antique style, had been made up by the dress-maker employed by Madame Buonaparte with many rouleaux of satin and ribbon.

The lady to whom the Duke presented me seemed very kind: she took me at once into Madame Buonaparte's boudoir. There she remained during our first interview, while I made my petition.

I said to the beautiful and gracious lady to whom I was presented that, young as I was, and with no one to act for me, it had been impossible for me to find out what disposition the Revolution had made of my father's and uncle's property, but that, so far as I could gather from persons who knew Lille, the Château d'Eau—the home of my childhood—stood neglected and uninhabited.

The Consul's wife said, with sweet kindness, that we must put this matter into the hands of men who had access to the records of the Département du Nord, and that so much of the property as remained in the hands of the state, she had little doubt, would be restored to me by the First Consul.

She then proceeded to put to me a few questions about my exile in England and my feelings on returning again to France.

I answered them as best I might; and through my answers she must have seen the intense reverence and adoration with which I regarded the First Consul. He was to me at that time something like a demi-god. I even tried to soften the expression of my feelings with regard to him, for fear I might be supposed capable of ignoble flattery. I was dismissed with an intimation that before long I should be admitted to another interview.

It was about two weeks later when the summons came, and this time, after being introduced by the lady whose duty it was to make presentations, I was left alone with the wife of the First Consul.

She began at once to tell me that certain forests belonging to the estate of Pénin had not been sold, and that they should be restored to me; "but as to your father's house, the home of your childhood," she said, "I am afraid there is an obstacle. The house and ponds and garden were sold some years since to a gentleman for whom the First Consul has a great esteem,—General de Burgraff."

"Oh! if they belong to General de Burgraff, madame," I said, "I would not wish to advance my interests by injuring him."

"And why not?" said Madame Buonaparte, taking my hand kindly.

"Because," I said, blushing, "he is *un peu mon héros*,—a little bit of a hero in my eyes."

"How so?" she asked; and, very glad to do for General de Burgraff what I hoped might be an act of service, I eagerly told her the story of his rescue of my cousin M. de Naugis, of which up to that time she had never heard.

"There may be a way, the First Consul thinks," she said, "of remedying everything; and that is, if you, mademoiselle, should marry M. de Burgraff, who is a bachelor. He is a man of suitable age, good-looking, a brave soldier, a man of the most correct manners, and very highly esteemed by the First Consul,—who would assure his fortunes."

"Ah, madame," I cried, "if I could!—but I cannot marry!"

"That is exactly what the general himself said when once I proposed marriage to him," said Madame Buonaparte, laughing. "But I think the scruples he professes, and those you seem to feel, might be overcome if you could see each other."

"Not my scruples, madame," I said.

"Why not?"

She looked so full of sympathy and kindness that I could not refuse to open all my heart to her. I told her my story, not without some weeping.

She comforted me tenderly. "I am glad," she said, "that you have told me this, because some mention of a strange marriage was sent to me in the report that has been made about you. What is the name of the man whom you consider to have a right to claim you?"

"Alas, madame, I only know his first name. In England I called myself Madame Bernard. My friends thought it best that I should reappear in France as Mademoiselle de Béthune."

"They were right," she said; "and I am sorry I cannot make a marriage, mademoiselle, between yourself and M. de Burgraff. The First Consul, in pursuance of his policy of reconciling all prejudices

and all parties, has been very desirous to see generals whom he esteems united to ladies of high station. I assure you, you would have found the gentleman he has selected for you charming. He has perfect manners, a mind well cultivated, a heart of gold. You see how greatly we esteem him; and once he admitted me to his confidence as you have done to yours: I think if you had met you could console him. He too mourns for his first love."

"Ah, madame, will you please to spare me any *badinage* upon this subject? I have confided to you what I keep hidden in my heart from almost every other person. The subject is very painful to me. I will do my duty to the man I married, but, I entreat you, do not speak of him as——"

"Your first love?" she said, smiling. "Well, reserve that for the general."

"Ah, madame, I entreat you——"

"Not to divert myself about it? And why not? Is it because of that Bernard,—or because of poor De Burgraff?" asked Madame Buonaparte.

"Ah, madame, it is because of myself. I know not what to do, nor even what to call myself; my position is so painful, so perplexing, so unprotected, I think I shall be forced to go back to my friends in England."

"And to leave France?"

"Not of my own will, madame."

"Sit down, my child. The First Consul and myself, I think, can arrange everything."

So saying, she passed through a door that I had not seen, which led into the next room. But I think she did not find the First Consul where she had expected to find him; for in about two minutes I heard steps upon the terrace outside. Then I heard his voice for the first time,—the voice that gave orders to Europe,—the voice of the master of the world:

"What favor, *mon amie*, are you coming to ask of your husband in such a hurry?"

"It is no favor this time," I heard her answer; "for I want you to arrest for me one of your favorite generals."

In her own greater cares she seemed to have forgotten mine. I heard no more. They moved away together. I heard them laugh, however, and the laugh pained me.

Then the door through which Madame Buonaparte had disappeared reopened, and she, with the First Consul, entered the room. He was not tall, nor was he at that time stout. He wore his usual green uniform of the *chasseurs-à-pied*. His profile was clean-cut like a Greek face on a medallion. The hair was soft and exquisitely fine. The eyes just then had a bright sparkle in them, and one of his rare smiles was upon his beautiful mouth.

He spoke to me with great kindness. He made me tell him over again the story I had told to Madame Buonaparte, and, strange to say, I was not afraid to tell it to him. I felt impelled to speak, as if overpowered by his will.

When I had done he put his hand under my chin and turned my face up to him.

"Tell me," he said, "would you not rather marry one of my generals, *grande dame* as you think yourself, Mademoiselle de Béthune,—descendant as you are of Sully (to be descended from him seems to me as great an honor as to be descended from his masters),—would you not rather, I say, marry one of my generals than go back to a land where they daily write articles in newspapers abusing and calumniating me, in spite of the peace I have just made with them?"

"Oh, Citizen Consul," I cried, "to live in France, to marry a brave French soldier, one who had won your favor, would seem to me a lot beyond my deservings! But it cannot be, since I am married, as I told you, to Bernard."

"Well, we shall see about that," he said. "We have so recently made terms with Rome that we must not talk about divorce." This he added in a lower tone, looking at his wife, who responded with a smile, but looked aside. "Do not go out of Paris, *madame* or *mademoiselle*, until you hear from me; and trust my power as well as my good will suitably to provide for you. *Vouloir*, with me, *c'est pouvoir*. I think we may dispose of this *croque-mort* Monsieur Bernard."

So saying, he left the room. His wife drew me to herself and kissed me.

"Madame," I said, "may I trust that the First Consul intends no harm to Monsieur Bernard? He has been most generous to me. I have borne his name. I have taken his money. I could not bear to repay him with unkindness and ingratitude. Should he ever come back, I am quite resolved, if he wishes it, to give myself to him."

"No, no, my child," she said. "Trust the First Consul. In this, as in everything else, he knows what he is doing. You shall hear from us in a few days, and I think you had better tell your friends as little as possible of what has passed during your interview with the Consul." So saying, she led me to the door of her apartment, and, again pressing my hand, she left me there.

Next day came men with papers signed by the First Consul, and others that I had to sign myself, putting me into possession of my uncle's forests, which, well managed, they assured me, would yield a handsome revenue.

A few days later, while we were sitting at an early English breakfast, a travelling-carriage, painted green, with the First Consul's device of bees painted inconspicuously upon the panels, with a *chasseur* on the box and a waiting-woman in a white cap inside, drove up to the door.

The woman came in and presented me a paper. "By order of the First Consul, *mademoiselle*," she said.

It was an order to get into the carriage at once and to travel to Lille, to alight at the Chateau d'Eau, and to remain there, without on any pretext leaving, for two weeks, the bounds of the property. At the end of two weeks the *chasseur* and the waiting-maid would bring me home.

There was nothing to be done but to obey. Already the will of the First Consul was all-powerful. He could do greater things with im-

punishment than order a young girl for a fortnight into semi-imprisonment. I only cried, "How strange! How very strange! It seems like a fairy-tale!"

The secretary was a good deal perplexed by this interference with a member of his family. He questioned the woman, who looked very respectable and was elderly. She said that she had received orders from Madame Buonaparte herself to wait upon Mademoiselle and to pay all her expenses. Post-horses had already been ordered all along the route for the carriage.

A few clothes were hastily put up for me. The wife of the secretary seemed anxious and uneasy. But I had full confidence in the First Consul and Madame Buonaparte, and was not at all indisposed to take part in a mysterious adventure.

The secretary put me himself into the carriage, and my waiting-woman followed me. She told me that I must call her Clémentine. My man-servant was in the dress of a chasseur. Four horses waited for us at every post-house. For the first time I was travelling as a lady of rank and consideration. People crowded round the carriage door and cheered it when they saw the bees upon the panels.

We were two days and a night upon the journey, stopping only for refreshments. But our route lay along the great northern highway of fair France. We were going to the dear home of my childhood. I had the favor of the foremost man in all the world. All I hoped for was that that favor would result in no injury either to De Burgraff or to Bernard.

CHAPTER XIV.

MON HÉROS—À MOI.

I FOUND Clémentine very good company. She had lived for some years with various branches of the Beauharnais family, and could tell me anecdotes of Madame Buonaparte's early life, and of her first husband, who only by fits and starts was kind to her; of poor Madame Louis, of her early love-affair with General Duroc, and of her yielding for her mother's sake to the exigencies of her step-father's policy; of her heart-brokenness since she became a Buonaparte, and of M. Louis's stern, uncompromising rule as a husband; she told, too, of Eugène, always full of kindness and good sense—but I must not repeat her stories. They interested me very much, and it was positively the first time I had ever been thrown with a Frenchwoman who was not a peasant and yet not one of the upper classes. One thing I gathered from her conversation,—viz., that the First Consul spoke truly when he said that in his case *vouloir* meant *pouvoir*, and that nothing human could resist his will.

It was dusk on the second day of our journey when we drove through Lille, the dear old town, with its canals, its factories, its crooked streets, its broad esplanade, its frowning citadel. We reached the Château d'Eau at length, and rang the bell at the old *grille*. The spear-heads had lost their gilding, the shrubbery looked overgrown and neglected. There were few green leaves on the trees and bushes, for it was late in October.

The jingling of the bell brought out the *concoirge*. To my amazement, he was Jean Pierre, wearing citizen's clothes, but with the *tenuë* of an old soldier. He was as astonished to see me as I was to see him.

"Madame Bernard!" he cried; and this name astonished Clémentine. "Is it possible that the lady we received orders to prepare for can be you? We have orders, madame, from the First Consul. We have had no time to consult M. de Burgraff, who is at Metz in garrison. But when the Commander-in-Chief gives orders, of course they are to be obeyed."

A woman came forward as we stepped within the gate. "She is my wife, mesdames," said Jean Pierre. "I married her when I got back to France, and they have given me my discharge from the army. She is from my village, a niece of that poor Marcelline you may remember. Marcelline kept this house in order for M. de Burgraff until she died last spring; then M. le Général said that, if I married, my wife and I could live here and keep things about the place in repair for him. He has no time to live himself at Lille. The Citizen First Consul keeps him always active. He lives in a tent or in quarters in the garrison. He has only been once here to see us since he placed us in charge. Things are clean, mesdames, but those devils of *sans-culottes* broke up everything when they paid their demolishing visit to exorcise the old sorcerer. They were struck by thunder, they say, when they handled some of the little instruments in his workshop, and nobody for a long time would buy the house. M. de Burgraff got it one day for a mere nothing. It is his little *pied-à-terre* in France, but he has a fine old château that I have seen, and hills covered with vineyards, in Germany."

Thus ran on Jean Pierre as we entered the long drawing-room, with its four windows, its curtains of the finest Turkey-red embossed with a damask pattern, its high carved mantel-piece painted white, its old-fashioned white and gilt *fanteuils* and sofas, all almost as I had known them in my babyhood. On the top of a beautiful little rosewood cabinet inlaid with ivory was a Japanese jar filled with dried rose-leaves and spices. Madame Zénobie had punished me once when a child for putting my little hands into the pot-pourri and spilling it on the floor. I plunged my hand now into the jar, and was borne back to old times by the fragrance. Strange, that now the jar that held that perfume belonged to General de Burgraff, and not to me!

I ran out into the garden, leaving Clémentine to explain to Jean Pierre and his wife that the Château d'Eau had been my home. The rose-bushes were there, but without leaves or roses. There, too, was the bush of southernwood, there the rosemary and the rue that I had gathered in my childhood. Jean Pierre had apparently been trying to get the fountain into working order, for his tools lay on the bank of the smaller pond. The carp in the large carp-pond no longer rose to the surface to be fed: the revolutionists had caught and eaten our confiding fishes. The espaliers for the fig-trees and the pears were broken down. But the bones of the old whale lay where they had long lain, and Jean Pierre had been trying to fashion them into a rustic seat. The summer-houses, now very dilapidated, stood, as they had done in my childhood, on the top of the high bank which dammed up the larger carp-pond

where Claude, I, and Bernard had been allowed to catch fish, if we could.

I went into the summer-house that had been our play-room. It was fast falling into decay. Upon the walls were sketches made by Claude and Bernard in charcoal. Both had had a taste for drawing. Bernard's foreshortened sketch of a cuirassier riding to battle at full speed struck me as an excellent one. I laid my head beside it on the wall and made a little prayer that God would guide me aright along this difficult pass into which I had been brought, and not suffer me in my ignorance to do anything that would wrong or injure Bernard.

I went early to bed that night. I said I would take my own old little room, which had led out of that of Madame Zénobie, whose larger room I now assigned to Clémentine.

I went early, as I said, to bed; but I could not sleep. I seemed to be encompassed with perplexities.

Here I was, a young woman of six-and-twenty. The shadows of three men had crossed my path, for a girl who has no real lovers is sure to dwell with shadows: she must have lovers of some kind. It is a woman's destiny.

Alas! I had grown weary of my shadows. I wanted a reality. One does want something tangible at six-and-twenty. Was I the demoiselle de Béthune, or was I Bernard's wife? Why was I sent into the house of this strange General de Burgraff,—that general who I had imprudently confessed to Madame Buonaparte was *un peu* my *héros de roman*? If the First Consul willed that I should marry General de Burgraff for the advancement of his "policy," how could I resist him any more than the young girl who had loved General Duroc had done? Again I cried to God in my heart, "O Father in heaven! protector of those who have no earthly protection! if Bernard in Thy sight be my husband, help me to do my duty to him!" And a text of Scripture came into my thoughts that had been a favorite with old nurse at the Moated Manor-House: "Make Thy way plain before my face. Hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps may not slide."

God's way! God's paths! I would try to have no will of my own. God's will could overcome even that will that seemed supreme on earth,—the will of the man who had said, "*Vouloir, c'est pouvoir*," in full confidence of his power to triumph over all other wills. Again I prayed: "Turn the will of the First Consul so that he may will only for me what is right;" and again in my heart I heard a voice responding to my prayer: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as rivers of water; He turneth it whithersoever He will."

Poor Bernard! he alone was tangible among my shadows. I had early indulged fancies in connection with Albérico de Naugis, but they were only fancies, all originating in his handsome person and my own head, and now my imagination was in danger of forming fancies about General de Burgraff.

But Bernard was real. Bernard I had known to be good and true. Bernard had saved me. Bernard had loved me. I saw him as he raised the little medal of Saint Joseph to his lips and swore by the

memory of that "just man," the model of all husbands, that he would make no claim upon me as his wife if I would bear his name and let him save me. I had replied with words of insult, but nevertheless he had saved me.

Poor Bernard! What had become of him? He had made himself a soldier,—of that I made no question. Had he fought the enemies of France like Jean Pierre? Had he caused his origin—now that origin was of small account—to be forgiven and forgotten? Had he won promotion by some gallant feat of arms? Was he a cavalry-man, a lancer, or a cuirassier like the figure he had drawn in charcoal? I felt drawn strangely to that little sketch. It was fresher than the others, as if Jean Pierre or some one else had retouched its lines.

Ah, Bernard! I had always prayed for him, as the Abbé Couffon had told me. I fell asleep that night with my prayer upon my lips. It was the only thing I could catch hold of by which to steady myself in the whirl of my perplexities. It was a duty—an obedience—to pray for Bernard, and the Lord no doubt would "make His way plain before my face," if I were obedient, and would guide me safely through all snares of policy and phantom lovers.

I could not have slept long when I was awakened by a noise of cracking whips, and rumbling wheels, and voices at the *grille*, and the bell jangling. I got up and looked out between my curtains.

There was a travelling-carriage at the gate, attended by soldiers with lanterns, and a martial step was on the flagged pavement of the outer yard. The light of the lanterns shone on the gold lace and military trappings of an officer of rank, who, however, I remarked did not carry his sword. Jean Pierre with a candle had run out. I heard his exclamations of delighted astonishment. Then a hush fell. The carriage went away, and the escort of soldiers. But one soldier remained, walking backward and forward, up and down the path that led between the *grille* and the front door.

I roused Clémentine, and desired her to find out who, in the dead of night, had come thus to the Château d'Eau. She obeyed me, weary as she was, and brought me word that the new arrival was Monsieur le Général de Burgraff, who had come back to his own house, but that Jean Pierre had told her with tears that he was under arrest, having in some mysterious way fallen under the displeasure of the First Consul.

I went back to bed again. All night I heard the tramp of General de Burgraff pacing up and down his chamber, and the tramp of the sentry on guard before his door.

The poor general! Was he suffering distress of mind through my imprudence in speaking of him to Madame Buonaparte as my hero?—for I believed, now that I remembered the words of Madame Buonaparte about an arrest, that I understood the intention of the First Consul. General de Burgraff was at the Château d'Eau by his will, his arrest had been prompted by Madame Buonaparte, and the object of that arrest was to shut us up together in the same house and to force us into a marriage which should carry out our master's policy and vindicate the power of his unconquerable will. I was to be compromised, if possible, and so forced to give up Bernard.

My spirit rose. But what a situation! Was I Mademoiselle de Béthune? No! I would not be Mademoiselle de Béthune: I would take my stand on being Madame Bernard. Bernard's name should protect me. As Madame Bernard the situation was less compromising than if I were Mademoiselle de Béthune, here in the house of a soldier quite unknown to me, with only a servant for my protection. What would the world say, what would the Duke and my family say, if they knew me to be shut up with a French general of distinction for two weeks, and with nothing to trust to but his honor! What stories might not circulate in Paris! Paris would concern itself about Mademoiselle de Béthune; it might overlook Madame Bernard.

There was the general, restless and unhappy, walking like a caged animal up and down his chamber. Did he know, as I knew, why he had been placed under arrest? Did he know that he was brought to the Château d'Eau to force him against his inclination to marry a lady of the old *régime* and so promote the policy of reconciliation inaugurated by the First Consul?

At least I could relieve his mind on two points. I might contrive to let him know that it was to no breach of military discipline, to no political suspicion, to no loss of the First Consul's favor, that he owed his arrest; and I might also let him know that even the plan of Buonaparte, First Consul, must be brought to naught by the fact of my being married already.

I slept no more. I took a resolution; and early in the morning, in my dressing-wrapper, I wrote as follows:

"CHATEAU D'EAU, November 1, 1801.

"MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL,—The will of the First Consul has placed us towards each other in a difficult and unhappy position; but let me assure you in advance that you owe the arrest which no doubt distresses and perplexes you not to any loss of favor on the part of the First Consul, who speaks of you with the highest esteem and affection, but to a little suggestion on the part of Madame Buonaparte, intended to promote a project of marriage.

"Let us meet, M. le Général, as friends,—old friends, indeed, for I am sensible that I and my family have already had occasion to be grateful for the courage and generosity by which you rescued one who has shown you little gratitude in return. Let us meet, therefore, with feelings of friendship and without embarrassment, knowing that we cannot further Madame Buonaparte's plans for promoting our happiness, or the First Consul's policy, by any closer union.

"I do not forget, Monsieur le Général, that I unhappily am already married. In admitting that I have been so for eight years, I trust to your honor not to presume on the First Consul's favor and protection to urge attentions upon one who only can receive you with friendship, and who esteems herself happy to be able to state with all sincerity that she cherishes for you feelings of the highest consideration.

"MADAME MARIE AUGUSTINE BERNARD,
"née DE BÉTHUNE."

It was truly a difficult letter to write. It seldom falls to the lot of a woman to refuse the hand of a man whom she has never seen, and who perhaps does not even suspect himself of an intention of offering it to her.

I tried to write with dignity, chiefly eager to be understood; and yet I hoped to spare my own delicacy and that of General de Burgraff by not speaking out too plainly.

Clémentine carried my note early to Jean Pierre to be given to the general, and I waited for the answer with anxiety.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT I FOUND IN THE CARP-POND.

I CONFESS I greatly dreaded the meeting that would follow the reception of my letter. I was not sure of myself. Bernard was but a memory, and I was conscious of strong prepossessions in favor of the general. But, even if my heart betrayed me, I knew my duty. I would oppose the will of the First Consul, and the promptings of my fancy, if it did prompt me, in favor of the general. I was sure that my duty was to Bernard. Poor Bernard! Where was he?

Then a dreadful thought came to me as I recalled the Bible story of Uriah the Hittite. Suppose the First Consul caused Bernard to be sought out among the soldiers in his armies and put him in the forefront of a battle and had him killed out of the way, that he might carry out his policy by marrying Mademoiselle de Béthune to his General de Burgraff?

Horrible thought! How could I dare to think such a thing of Buonaparte? But then there was his will, which I was certain he was resolved to carry out, and my own will I was conscious might be paralyzed by his. There was no help for Bernard but a change in the will of the First Consul, which could be changed only by the will of God.

To my great astonishment, no answer to my letter came. Towards evening Jean Pierre came to me and said,—

“Monsieur le Général desires me to tell Madame that he observes she has not been out all day; that he is unwilling that his presence in this house should confine her to her apartments; that he will not himself go out of the house until the evening, so that he will run no risk of giving Madame any embarrassment.”

“Was that all, Jean Pierre? Did the general write no note to me?”

“No note, madame. He sent only that message. He had been writing, I think despatches, for there were many papers scattered on the floor, but he gathered them all up and put them in the fire as I came away.”

“The general must be a savage and a boor?” I cried, in my heart. “No man of the world would refuse to answer such a letter from a lady!”

But then I remembered that both Albéric and Madame Buonaparte had spoken to me of his good manners.

"Well, I have done my part," I said to myself. "And God thus far has answered my prayers. He has made it very easy to be faithful to Bernard, since I am not even to see General de Burgraff. Of this I am very glad indeed!"

But I was not glad. I was exceedingly disappointed. My *amour-propre* was wounded. I was excessively annoyed. This avoidance was not what I had looked for in the general.

I knew from Madame Buonaparte that he had loved some other woman. I meant to be sympathetic and charming to him. If there was no question of our marriage, I meant to show myself his friend, to express gratitude for his generous act in rescuing my ungracious cousin, to let him feel how much I admired him as my ideal of a French soldier; and all the time we were to keep up the barrier that divided love from friendship. Why, I asked myself, should not a man and woman—an honorable man and a good woman—be friends and good comrades as persons of the same sex can be?

I can answer that question now, though I could not then. Because human nature is human nature, and because in such friendships one or both must suffer the pangs of Tantalus, or else the friendship will break after a while under the strain, and then, if honor be not lost, the heart-strings of the one most faithful will be wrung with pain.

But why should Monsieur de Burgraff avoid me, and so rudely?

Did he—oh, could he?—believe a demoiselle de Béthune to be making him advances, under cover of the offer of my friendship and my gratitude for what he had done for M. de Naugis, who had shown for his service so little regard?

I was glad—glad—*very* glad—that he had declined all intercourse. I would take care never to see him. We would live under the same roof for two weeks, and we would never meet. But as yet we had passed only two days in this manner: what might happen before those two days were multiplied by seven?

Though I was to have no communication with Monsieur de Burgraff, nothing prevented Jean Pierre from holding long conversations with me about him. Jean Pierre was very uneasy about the health of his general. He declared that he had grown older by ten years since his arrest. He had taken it bitterly to heart. He did not sleep, he could not eat, he walked all day about his chamber, and after dusk he sat till midnight smoking in the rotten old summer-house that overlooked the big carp-pond. He was very solicitous, Pierre said, about Madame. He inquired many times a day if she was rightly served. He did not often ask direct questions about her, but he was very willing to hear Jean Pierre talk of her without interruption.

"But he makes such sighs!" said the good sergeant. "Ah, madame, my general is unhappy, or, if not, he is ill. He watches that soldier before the door. He says to me, 'How many more days is it, Jean Pierre, that I must suffer the torments of the damned?' Or he goes to the other side of the house and looks out into the garden. I think he sees Madame always when she walks there."

I did walk there more than ever when I heard that, but I caught no glimpses of the general through the closed curtains of his chamber.

One afternoon I went down to the summer-house, and there on his knees I found Jean Pierre. He was looking carefully through a hole in the floor made by a cannon-ball which when the Austrians bombarded Lille in 1792 had entered the summer-house, shattering some of the wood-work and dropping spent in the interior with sufficient force to splinter the floor. "Monsieur le Général the night before," he said, "had lost a little object that he valued highly,—something he always carried in his breast. It might be possibly the relic of some saint, for M. le Général, though very republican, was also very Christian, not like most of those who fought for France, who feared neither God nor devil. He had lost this little object the last evening. Its loss had vehemently afflicted him." And Jean Pierre had set himself to search for it. It might have dropped through the boards of the old summer-house.

I went down on my knees at once to aid Jean Pierre, well pleased to have the opportunity of doing something for the general. We could not find it, however. Jean Pierre left me to attend to other duties. Indeed, he had a great deal to do, for, as he told me, a deputation of the citizens of Lille, headed by the sous-préfet and the maire, were coming to wait upon the general that evening.

It was the warm afternoon of a Martinmas-summer day. As it grew dusk and time for me to retire into the house, it came into my head that we had not searched a rickety little balcony that overhung the carp-pond, part of whose wood-work, when the shot crashed through the wall, had been shot away.

I went back, therefore, to the summer-house, opened the window, and went out upon the balcony. Claude, Bernard, and Gondrin had made this balcony to fish from on wet days. I had sat on the little stool that still stood there, many a day. The relic of the general was nowhere to be found. Indeed, I doubted if the general could ever have been out upon this balcony. It seemed to me that the rotten shattered wood-work, never solid at its best, could not have borne the martial weight of a French soldier.

I sat on the old stool a long time. Bernard had made it for me. I was day-dreaming. Would Bernard ever come back? I pictured him like his own picture of a cuirassier,—a soldier and a brave one. I never thought of him but as an officer. I knew that he must rapidly have risen from the ranks. He had said he would enlist and then make himself a name. Oh, how I wished the ebb and flow of half-formed wishes and half-formed fears would cease! I did not think that I could bear my present state much longer.

Suddenly there was a great noise in the quiet garden,—a trampling of many feet, the flickering of lanterns and of torches, the voices of many men.

Jean Pierre rushed into the summer-house and shut the window that I had left open behind me. The balcony could be entered only through that window. The entrance to the summer-house was by a flight of wooden steps from the garden. I remained quiet. The maire and deputation must be coming to the summer-house. They must not see me. I could not go away.

It was a deputation, as I said, of the leading citizens of Lille, headed by the maire in his scarf of office: they came to wait on their distinguished fellow-citizen General de Burgraff, who apparently preferred to receive them by torch-light in the summer-house rather than run the risk of disturbing me by admitting them to the long drawing-room in the Château d'Eau.

Then for the first time I got a full view of General de Burgraff. I saw him through the hole made by the Austrian cannon-shot, over which Jean Pierre had roughly nailed some boards. He was younger than I had expected. I gave him little more than thirty years of age. In every way he fulfilled the ideal sketch of a soldier that I had drawn of him in my imagination. He seemed to me my hero of romance incarnate, with his martial step, his eager eyes, his soldierly bearing, his brilliant uniform, but, alas! without his sword.

Monsieur le Maire made his oration, addressing M. de Burgraff as Citizen General, for, though republican forms of speech in private life were almost out of use, they lasted a few months longer on official occasions. In his address he enumerated the general's deeds of arms. I had had no idea he had seen so much service, had distinguished himself in so many places. He had served under Moreau, he had made the first campaign of Italy, he had gone with Buonaparte to Egypt and had returned with him to Fréjus, he had stood by him on the 18th Brumaire, he had distinguished himself at Marengo and had been made general of division on the field.

I glowed with enthusiasm,—for was he not my hero?—while he restlessly endured the enumeration of his deeds of valor. Monsieur le Maire concluded by making himself the mouth-piece of the people of Lille and desiring to express their gratitude for all the benefits that the beneficence of the Citizen General had conferred upon their city. The Citizen de Burgraff, it seemed, had given money freely to the poor, to the hospitals, and to assist in the renovation of the cathedral, recently restored to public worship. About this last, however, M. le Maire said only a few words, as the Bishop of Lille proposed to do himself the honor to wait on his distinguished fellow-citizen the next day. The maire ended by asking whether a petition signed by himself and the principal inhabitants of Lille might not induce the First Consul to relieve one who it was known had stood hitherto high in his favor from what they were all convinced was an unmerited arrest?

The general replied with great courtesy. He deprecated the proposed intervention of his fellow-citizens between himself and the First Consul, saying that he had reason to believe his present position had not diminished the kind consideration he had always received from his commander. His arrest had been in consequence of a matter entirely personal. There was no question of any offence committed by him either in military or in political matters; and then he warmed into a strain of genuine oratory as he spoke of the First Consul.

"On the shores of an island little known, little thought of, he was born," he said, "the son of a poor gentleman, the nephew of a poor priest. To him has been intrusted the power of the sword. His mission has been to humble kings and to put down the men of words

who call themselves philosophers. The Revolution by his hand has ended its great work. It is his mission now to set bounds to the Revolution. By one act of his will he has restored to France that Christian worship which madmen flattered themselves they had abolished forever. The Revolution was God's messenger of wrath. It has fulfilled its mission. Out of the East, whence light has always sprung, Buonaparte has come back with a new mission. He comes back to you, my friends, the hope of France. He comes back to us from Egypt—we come back to you (for I do not refuse the honor you have paid me by associating me with the return of Buonaparte), more triumphant than if our general headed a vast army. To civil discord he has said, Peace! The voices of all Frenchmen have saluted him. All ferocities, all heart-burnings, all petty ambitions, should make place for him. He who was once the Avenger now comes as the Restorer. He has re-established authority, he has enforced order, he has made men submit to discipline. He has given France new hope in a new future. With him at our head as the guardian of social order, France may move forward in a new career; a future lies henceforward before republican France,—a future of peaceful triumphs more glorious than those of battle!"

The deputation departed. I was trembling with excitement. All hearts had been thrilled by the address of the general. The moon rose, and her silvery light made a pathway across the carp-pond, shining on me as I sat breathless upon Bernard's stool, waiting the moment when the retirement of the general might release me.

I rose at last, and again I glanced at him through the Austrian shot-hole. He sat at the table. All the fire and animation that had kindled enthusiasm for the First Consul in our hearts seemed to have died out in him. His face was bowed on his two hands in an attitude of utter self-surrender.

My impulse was to fling open the window, to go forward, and to comfort him,—to tell him that the man who had so well served France and who could speak so eloquently of her ruler should never allow any personal matter to afflict or to discourage him. I was so full of enthusiasm, myself, for him and the First Consul that I wanted to infuse my own feelings into his heart, to tell him that one who had rendered service to society by trying to rally the hearts of men to the cause of God and of his country, and had added his strength to that of the powerful arm which had drawn France back from the abyss, need not be troubled about puny personal things.

But I dared not. I turned away from my post of observation. It seemed to me indelicate to look unseen upon a strong man's emotion. As I turned my eyes downward, my attention was arrested by the glitter of something in the moonlight that hung upon a loose shoot of the rose-bush that climbed up the side of the summer-house. It was a slight gold chain, and I recognized it. It had been my mother's. It had been Claude's. It had been Bernard's. There it hung, with its little medal of Saint Joseph. This, then, the general had lost the night before, and the truth broke suddenly upon me. In a moment I saw it all. He was Bernard!

General de Burgraff was Bernard !

I gave a loud cry. I reached forward to seize the chain hanging upon the leafless rose-branch. The balcony, already weak, gave way. I seized the chain, but as I grasped it I felt that I was falling. Boards, stool, planks, all fell with me into the carp-pond. I screamed, "Oh, save me ! Bernard ! Bernard ! Bernard !"

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR THE SECOND AND THIRD TIME OF ASKING.

AND I *was* saved ; for, although I fell into the carp-pond among all the wreck, my general sprang through the window, and touched the water almost as soon as I did. Jean Pierre with a lantern was still waiting about the garden till his master should retire and he could put out the lights he had carried into the summer-house. Between them they soon laid me on the bank, the chain and medal of Saint Joseph clasped tightly in my hand.

It was a more difficult matter to bring me to my senses. Whether it were the excitement, or the fall, or the semi-drowning, or the long strain upon my nerves, that affected me, I cannot say ; but it took more than an hour to bring me to myself after I was carried into the house and laid upon the little bed in the room I had chosen for my chamber.

There, as soon as I had revived sufficiently to comprehend my situation, I received a message from General de Burgraff asking if he might see me.

I was very glad. I had looked around me the moment I came to myself to see if he were near me, and a certain *serrement de cœur*—a sinking of the heart—had come upon me when I found he was not there.

I was not sufficiently alive to things around me to comprehend that not only had the women been anxious to dismiss him from my chamber, but that he had found it necessary to change his gay and tarnished uniform for other clothes.

He came back to my chamber in the undress uniform of a general, and sat down by my bed. I made a motion that he should take my hand, and I whispered, "Bernard !" He laid his hand in mine, in which I held his medal, and I laid my other hand over his as he clasped mine, so that his hand was pressed between my two. "Dear Bernard !"

He motioned with his other hand, and the women in the room went out.

"Dear Bernard !" I said, faintly, and I looked up at him.

"I know not what to understand by this," he said. "You are too weak to explain now, Augustine ; but can I have misinterpreted your letter ?"

"It was written to General de Burgraff," I said. "I did not then know that General de Burgraff was you. I was keeping faith with Bernard, and I was afraid of the general."

"Then, Augustine, here in God's presence, with your hand upon this medal upon which once I swore to you, what answer will you make me if I ask you to be my wife?"

"Ask me and see!" I cried.

"I do ask it." His voice faltered.

"Oh, Bernard, yes! And it will all end well at last!" I answered, fervently.

"Is it possible?" he cried. "After these years of hopelessness,—of trial,—of temptation?"

"I have been waiting for you," I said. "You might have had me long ago."

"Even as Bernard?" he said, interrupting me.

"Yes, Bernard; I have been in my right senses and have acknowledged myself your wife for more than eight long years. I am so glad, dear Bernard, that the waiting and the unreality are ended now."

His breast heaved, and the sobs came. A man cannot weep silently like a woman. I too was crying.

"Ah, Bernard," I said, "forgive me all your suffering. I have suffered too."

"Forgive you?—*you?*—you who of yourself have now come back to me,—my wife! It is a miracle,—the hand of God! My star! my life! my angel!"

There is no need to tell you any more. We were very happy, and that is enough to say about it.

At last Bernard asked me how long I had loved him.

"I don't know," I said, "how long I have loved you. All my loves and all my lovers have been shadows, not realities. But from a very early moment after we parted I made up my mind that I was genuinely your wife and that it was my duty to be true to you. Only once have I been tempted even in thought to be untrue."

His face darkened a little.

"It could not be otherwise," he said. "Poor child! De Naugis——"

"De Naugis, indeed?" I cried. "In my convent days my fancy saw in him a kind of love-shadow. For years I ceased to think of him and only thought of you. I met him again, a cynic, an egoist, an envious, disappointed man,—a *frondeur*,—one who slings stones at the reputation of others. Guess again who was your rival; for you know him."

"I cannot tell."

"It seems to me," I said, prolonging his impatience to learn the name it amused me to conceal from him, "that so far as my affections have been concerned I have always lived in dreams and built my hopes on shadows. Very early, as I said, my shadow-lover was De Naugis; then, after I had plighted faith to Bernard, my shadowy husband grew to be my love; but afterwards I came near giving my fancy, not my faith, to another shadow,—my *héros de roman*."

"And this *héros de roman*——?"

"Was General de Burgraff! You, and you only, have been the rival of Bernard."

Before we parted I asked him how he came to be Monsieur de Burgraff.

"Very simply," he said. "My father left France as soon as it was possible. He had money. He purchased an estate in Germany and took its name; but I remained a Frenchman. I went into the army as De Burgraff, and I held on to the particle, not from vanity, I think, but because it seemed to make me feel more French, Burgraff being a German name."

A ship that is over the bar after a tempestuous voyage seems an apt illustration of my present life. I have come safely into the "haven where I would be."

The next day I rose, dressed, and lay upon a lounge, expecting to see the bishop who was to honor General de Burgraff with a visit, as he was not able to pay his respects at the episcopal palace on account of his arrest.

When the official interview had taken place (it did so this time in the red drawing-room), the general asked the bishop for a few words in private, and brought him into my chamber. The bishop was much surprised to see me, for he had not known of a woman being under the general's roof. We told him all our story, not disguising even the vocation of Bernard's father, which I confess I had suppressed in my narrative when I told my story to the secretary, the Duc de Charost-Béthune, the First Consul, and Madame Buonaparte.

The bishop heard us through with great interest and attention. It was a sort of confession that, in his presence, we were making to each other. The question was then raised, Had we been married by the Church as well as by the law?

"I think so," the bishop said. "The Church has to overlook irregularities consequent on the disorders of those days, now happily ended by the First Consul. The curé who blessed you had been your parish priest, and both of you, within a few hours, had made to him your confession. At all events, I will give you provisionally my episcopal benediction."

We called in our attendants as witnesses and received it: by which, I may say, we were the second time married.

The remainder of our imprisonment in the Château d'Eau was tranquil happiness. We went no more into the wrecked summer-house: the seat Jean Pierre had fashioned for us out of the whale was our favorite seat in our Garden of Eden.

At last my fortnight ended, and my general, who had one day longer to remain at the Château d'Eau, saw me get into my carriage, for he could not pass the *grille* to put me there.

We travelled as before to Paris, only I was so full of my own happy thoughts that I observed nothing along the road.

An hour after my arrival I was sent for to the Tuileries to speak with Madame Buonaparte. I told her all that had taken place, and she was delighted with the *dénouement* of our story. But, to my great surprise, it was not so with the First Consul. We had upset his plans and crossed his policy. He had recently concluded the Concordat, and he had imagined to himself an imposing and magnificent religious cere-

mony at a wedding between the descendant of Henri the Fourth's great minister and a general of his own army. All this he expressed to General de Burgraff the moment he saw him.

I was greatly cast down by the displeasure and disappointment of the First Consul, and could hardly receive my husband with a smile.

"My dear one," he said, "we have waited so long for assured happiness, and it has been so marvellously secured to us, that we may well wait without murmuring a little longer: you must still for a few weeks remain a demoiselle de Béthune. The First Consul has set his heart upon all kinds of pomp and ceremony at our marriage. I have promised to see that our carriages, horses, and servants are worthy of the occasion; and as for you, Mademoiselle de Béthune, you must see to it that no demoiselle de Béthune was ever so glorious in laces, satins, cashmeres, jewelry, and all the rest of it."

But, in spite of the *carte blanche* given me by my husband-bridegroom, I should have fallen far short of the required extravagance, had he not given a hint to Madame Buonaparte that I might have acquired habits of economy during my exile, and that my taste in dress might be too English. That was an insinuation I resented, for it was not so. However, Madame Buonaparte advised me as to all my purchases, and I am frightened to think of the cost of the *trousseau* that all fashionable Paris for more than a week came flocking to see.

Of course the approaching marriage of Mademoiselle de Béthune to Monsieur le Général de Burgraff was spread abroad as an item of news in high society and published in the *Moniteur*. It was part of the First Consul's policy, and he was not to be balked by any notions of refinement upon our part.

By his order I appeared everywhere in society, and one of the first places to which I went was the house of my relative the Duc de Charost-Béthune.

I was a little anxious as to how my relations would receive the news of my engagement to an ex-Jacobin. To my great surprise, no people offered me warmer congratulations. The cousin with the blue feather was foremost in her *empressement*. Everywhere I heard, Yes, times were changed, and ideas with them. It was understood that the general stood high in the First Consul's favor, not only as a brave soldier, but also as having been in Egypt his companion-in-arms. It was confidently expected that I would exert my influence not only for every De Béthune who needed "erasure," but for their friends and their friends' friends too. I was ashamed of the number of such requests that poured in upon me; but when I spoke of the matter to Madame Buonaparte she told me to bring her all the petitions of all the members of my family. She liked to grant favors, she said, and to restore fortunes; while to do so in connection with such an event as the marriage of a De Béthune with one of his own officers would be agreeable to the First Consul and part of his policy.

So I asked and asked, until I thought every one ought to be satisfied, though of course it was not so.

Our third wedding was as brilliant as it could be made by full-robed ecclesiastics, flowers, fashion, music (they had in the choir a

tenor and a soprano from the Opera), jewels, great dignitaries, and the presence of the First Consul, Madame Buonaparte, and their household.

Thus all was well, and ended well. And before my husband went back to his duties at Metz we had a few weeks of quiet happiness at the Château de Pénin, to purchase which he had sold the Château de Burgraff and its vineyards. I could have lived most happily at the Château d'Eau, but the First Consul objected to it, as falling far short of the splendor required by our position.

My children on their father's side date only from their father. The saying attributed to Junot was really his,—it was said to me in private, and, unless the same idea struck Junot and himself, I know not how it became known publicly: "Men of the old *régime* prided themselves on being *descendants*; we shall pride ourselves on being *ancestors*." Most surely no crusading knight ever shone in feats of arms more gloriously than my children's father.

He said to me once of his own father, "I efface him with the less pain, because I think that it would have made him happy to know that it was possible."

I cannot but think that we should not have been overlooked in the creation of dukes and marshals had it not been for a circumstance which caused us great personal pain and threw us out of the line of favor with the Emperor. My general was too republican to like the change which merged all that remained of the Republic into the Empire: still, he acquiesced in the change. In his eyes it seemed hard for his great chief ever to do wrong, and he had confidence in his far-sight and in his policy. By the same reasoning he accepted the death of the Duke d'Enghien as perhaps a necessity; but it was not so when the displeasure of Napoleon fell on his old commander Moreau.

He thought Moreau was basely persecuted, and the Emperor knew that he thought so. In the distribution of honors he was made only a baron; but as General the Baron de Burgraff his sword has faithfully followed the eagles of France, thus far always to victory.

THE END.

THE WIFE OF CERVALLOS.

'TWAS in the days of persecution, when
The fires enkindled on the hills of Spain
Had set men's hearts ablaze, that young Cervалlos,
Noblest of all his noble-hearted race,
Was brought before Sevilla's stern tribunal,
To face the fatal charge of heresy.

Lofty of rank, and famed throughout all Spain
For knightly deeds and gay accomplishment,
His apprehension for a crime so grave
Wakened in minds of men a strange unrest.
But of all such as, led by wrath or fear,
Crowded the city's streets to bide his sentence,
One only—one who knew his blameless life
And all the story of his wedded love—
Found time to think upon the man himself,
And in the glare and turmoil of the hour
Weigh what his doom might bring to him and his.

This was the Grand Inquisitor himself,
A man as stern to men who crossed his will,
As he was tender unto woman's weakness
And pliant to her beauty. For, though cold
And austere in his bearing towards the world,
He secretly loved women, and this day,
For all his frowning gaze and threatening lip,
His thoughts were less with him who stood before
His judgment-seat awaiting condemnation,
Than with the hapless bride who was so young
And was esteemed by men so beautiful.

And, ere the longing which these musings waked
Within the Grand Inquisitor had fled,
Came one, who, bending, whispered in his ear
That she who filled his thoughts in that strange hour
Stood even then without the castle gates,
Begging admittance. "Laden with the wealth
Of priceless jewels, she but asks," he said,
"To lay them all upon Saint Joseph's shrine,
And by that act gain liberty to come
And stand beside her husband in his peril,
As three months since, in joy and high distinction,
She knelt with him to crave the nuptial grace."

It was the hand of Fate. With just a glance
 At proud Cervallos in his youthful strength,
 The stern chief sent his voice adown the hall,
 Bidding them bring her. "If it chance that she
 Shall prove a heretic, 'twere only fit
 She should so stand," he cried.

But when at last
 The doors, disparting, showed a breaking light,
 And, pausing in the shadows of the arch,
 Cervallos' wife stood 'fore him, half he wished
 He had not been so pliant, for she was
 Not beautiful, not one to transcend fame,
 Or, if some trifling fair, not nigh so rich
 In woman's charm of perfect loveliness,
 That one would wish to risk much for her sake,—
 At least it seemed not to the passing glance;
 And yet her eyes were grand, he felt their power
 Ev'n where he sat, subduing while they thrilled.

"Bid her draw near," he cried, and, as he spoke,
 Bent towards the bride and watched her breathlessly;
 For as she moved one seemed to feel the air
 Thrill to its depths with the sweet sense of summer,
 And when she paused it was as if a hush
 Should settle on the fluttering of leaves,
 The ripple of a river, conscious silence
 Following unconscious music.

"Let her come
 Yet nearer," cried the chief. And when again,
 Awed by his iron mien, she slightly paused,
 He murmured, "Nearer," till the lordly dame,
 With veil back thrown and hands upraised in prayer,
 Knelt in her beauty at his very feet.

Ah! then the Grand Inquisitor turned pale,
 And trembled in his seat upon his throne,
 Like one who scents his doom. She was not fair,
 But in her face was what sends men to death
 As to a banquet. Looking down upon her,
 He laid a heavy hand upon his heart,
 And, muttering 'twixt his teeth, "Come joy, come woe,
 This woman must be mine," gazed on and on,
 Forgetful, till, her womanly, pure blush
 Springing beneath his glance, he slowly rose,
 And, adding under breath, "But first would I
 Behold that face within the glare of passion,"
 Lifted his voice and bade that young Cervallos

Be led unto the torture. But, her cry
 Rising before the words could leave his mouth,
 "Take life, take wealth, but let me stand by him!"
 He paused, and thus addressed her:

"If you will
 Consent to bear his anguish in your turn,
 Filling unto its brim the half-spent day
 With studied repetition of his pain,
 You may stand by and comfort him this hour:
 It is the penalty." "I will," she said,
 And all her face grew nobly luminous.
 "But, first, one boon. As you do reverence God,
 Give promise that my lord shall never know
 The price I pay you for so great a grace."
 "I promise," said the chief. And, shrinking back
 From that high look she wore, he raised his hand
 And waved her from his presence to her lord.

She went. All through that grievous hour she stood
 Close at her husband's side, and lent her smile
 To help him in his agony and shame.
 At last 'twas o'er, and at that judgment-seat,
 Kneeling again, she bowed her head, and cried,
 "Now work your will with me: my time has come."

Up rose the Grand Inquisitor. Great God!
 Was this, then, love?—the love of which his youth
 Had had its dreams?—for which his sterner years
 Had bartered justice, honor, conscience, all,
 Only to chase a shadow? Gazing down,
 He trembled. "Woman," he exclaimed,—and those
 Who stood about him marvelled at his voice,—
 "You are of fragile make, and you will die."

"I have been slain already," she replied;
 "My suffering is passed; an added throe
 Would be a happiness to me just now.
 Has he not borne them?"

Shuddering quickly back,
 As from an adder rampant in his path,
 The Grand Inquisitor stood a moment, awed,
 Then, stepping downward to her side, he laid
 A nerveless hand upon her bended head
 And bade her to look up. "Sweet one," he cried,
 "Forego this agony and be my love.
 I am not hard, I'm gentle as a dove

To those I cherish, and my heart, my soul,
Are yours forever, so you stoop to take them."

She did not answer ; whereupon he bent
And spake with deeper passion ; but her smile,
Her awful, steady smile of wondering scorn,
Stopped him in middle breath. " You will not, then ?
Do you so love the torture ?" But she cried,
" I do so much love him." And, rising up,
She stepped back from his side, while his wild eye,
Contracting and dilating in his wrath,
Fell from her look of rapture.

" Give me time,"
He murmured,— " give me time ;" and on his breast
He bowed his head, as though he would have prayed,
But dared not for his sin. A moment more,
And, looking up, he raised his hand on high
And swore by Christ's pure blood and stainless death
He would forego the punishment of men
From that day on forever. " If so be
They will not heed my counsel in these courts,
I will resign mine office ; but be sure
That from this day I sentence none to death."

And, taking that young woman by the hand,
He led her 'fore the council, where, with pledge
Of his own life against their innocence,
He won dismissal for herself and lord.

That two months thence within Sevilla's courts
He paid with blood the forfeit of that hour,
Is by most men believed. But some have said
It was within a convent's narrow cell,
And not upon the scaffold, that he won
His title to the heaven he had defied.

Anna Katharine Green.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND REV. JONATHAN BOUCHER.

UNDER a serene sky, which gave no token of the gathering Revolutionary storm, two boats met in the middle of the Potomac. In one sat an American on his way to Congress, which already contemplated in him the commander of Colonial forces; in the other sat a clergyman who had gained ominous fame by eloquent and aggressive loyalty to his king. Both were owners of estates, and the boats were rowed by their slaves. For years the two men had been friends, bound together by mutual services; many a time, at the hospitable table of either, they had sat, the one telling his tales of old England, the other his stories of frontier warfare, till the walnut-shells rose to a cairn between them. As the boats came nearer the soldier beckoned the other to pause. There was cordial greeting, but sorrowful parting. The excited clergyman warned his friend—elder by six years—that he was bound on a perilous errand. Should he espouse the rebellious cause, civil war was inevitable; blood once shed, the masses would demand independence, and their leaders would be unable to recede. The other scouted his apprehensions, adding, warmly, "If you ever hear of my joining in any such measures you have my leave to set me down for everything wicked." Then they parted,—the one to be mobbed in Alexandria by the crowd which had sent off their chieftain with drum and fife, the other to fulfil his friend's prophecy.

Such was the parting of George Washington and Jonathan Boucher, —the soldier and the scholar. They met no more, save by a kindly correspondence in later life.

The secret of the art which in "The Virginians" so marvellously portrayed George Washington may be studied anew in the subjoined papers. My friend Mr. Locker-Lampson, of London,¹ in sending me these letters of Washington to his grandfather, writes, "I lent the Washington letters to Thackeray when he was writing *The Virginians*." Two have been printed by Sparks from draughts. Boucher's letters to Washington have remained dormant in our State archives. The correspondence, now first published, recovers an impressive chapter in the life of Washington, and a figure of unique interest from dry ecclesiastical annals. Boucher (born in Blencogo, England, in 1738) suffered early privations, like Washington, and like him was in youth a surveyor of land; he managed, however, to obtain a good education, at Wigton, and became an accomplished scholar. He came to Virginia, July, 1759, as tutor to the family of Captain Dixon, Port Royal. In

¹ Better known to lovers of poetry as Frederick Locker, author of the charming "London Lyrics." His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher by his third wife; his father was Edward Hawke Locker, also an author, and the founder of the Naval Gallery at Greenwich Hospital. Mr. Locker-Lampson married first a sister of the late Lord Elgin (his daughter by whom is wife of Lord Tennyson's son Alfred), and secondly the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, Baronet.

1761 he was astonished by an appeal from a neighboring parish (Hanover, King George County) to preach for them. He sailed to England for orders, and in July, 1762, entered on his work as rector. He was afterwards, for seven years, rector of St. Mary's, Caroline County. He had a fine glebe, well stocked with cattle and slaves. He had thirty pupils from families of the "gentry," and also taught the slaves. He was a brilliant preacher, and there was not a Dissenter in his parish. The legal obstructions of dissent had just been cleared away, and the young orator's aid was much sought by parishes invaded by revivalists. When challenged by Dissenting preachers to disputations, he declined, deeming such a course unclerical, but he trained a clever carpenter to hold his own in defence of the Established Church. Among his pupils was John Parke Custis, Washington's step-son. "Washington," he says, "like most people thereabouts, had no other education than reading, writing, and accounts, which he was taught by a convict servant whom his father bought for a school-master." In 1769, Sir Robert Eden, the new governor of Maryland, made Boucher rector of St. Anne's, Annapolis, *ex-officio* chaplain of the Lower House, whose payment, however (ten pounds per session), he refused: he would "serve them for nothing, but, if paid, would be paid as a gentleman." Boucher had none of the unctuous cant of Madam Esmond's saint, Mr. Ward; he was a scholar, a gentleman, a man of the world. He was president of the Homony Club, patronized the theatre at Annapolis, wrote verses on the actress, and a prologue or two. There was no servility about his loyalty. He initiated a movement to secure an American bishop, pointing out how the Church was handicapped by having to send its ministers to England for ordination. Against that policy Anglican and Dissenting jealousy were united. For some time the governor and chief officials would not speak to him. On the other hand, King's College, New York, conferred on him the degree of M.A. The governor, grown friendly again, transferred him to Queen Anne's parish, Prince George, Maryland. In June, 1772, he married Miss Addison, a native of Maryland, niece of the great Addison. "She was," says Walter Thornbury, "a singularly beautiful woman; the graceful tenderness of her expression, contrasting well with her husband's black-browed, benevolent, rounded face, is recorded in an excellent crayon drawing."¹ There is a legend that the lady saw him in a vision before hearing of his existence. When Boucher repaired to his new parish, in Prince George, he found the church door barred against him, on account of his advocacy of an American episcopacy. A convenient cart-load of stones had been brought for a mob. He had some adherents, however, and managed to get into his pulpit, where his eloquence demoralized the opposition. But he was surrounded by angry people. On one occasion a blacksmith shot his horse, and when the parson remonstrated the bully approached, gun in hand, threatening to do the same to him. Thereupon Boucher gave the fellow a dexterous blow which left him prostrate in the mud. Such was the social condition around him that the clergyman believed this incident did more

¹ Notes and Queries (Eng.), Third Series. See also Fifth Series.

for his popularity than if he had been a Newton. A bully of high position, whom Boucher had rebuked, concluded to challenge him; he went to one of the clergyman's friends and asked him to be his second. This gentleman answered that, unfortunately, the clergyman, anticipating the duel, had already engaged his services. The braggart, who had not dreamed of an acceptance, dropped the matter. His friend's reply to the coward was a mere *ruse*, but it crept out that Boucher was a man not to be tampered with, and he had almost become popular when the Revolution broke out. His fervent appeals for loyalty may be read in the volume in which he collected them (1797), under the title, "A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution." But the logic of events was more potent than his eloquence. His curate (Harrison) was a republican. Warned by a letter that if on the following Sunday he read a word of the loyal Bidding-prayer he would be shot dead in his pulpit, Boucher took with him on the occasion two horse-pistols; these he laid on the cushion, and, having read the forbidden prayer, descended to his vestry. For several months he preached with those pistols visible on the cushion. On the patriotic fast-day Boucher found his republican curate in the pulpit, and was met at the church door by Osborne Sprigg, who told him he was not to preach that day. "It can only be prevented by taking my life," said the rector, who passed up the aisle through two hundred armed men. With his sermon in one hand and big pistol in the other, Boucher was about to ascend the pulpit, when he was seized round the waist by his friend David Cranford, who said he had positive knowledge of an order to fire on him as soon as he reached the pulpit, and he should not go unless he were the strongest. Boucher had almost freed himself, when a number of others sprang forward, and he was got on the floor. These were enemies, chief among them Osborne Sprigg. Boucher seized this man and said he would blow his brains out if he (Boucher) were interfered with on his way home. Holding on to Sprigg as hostage, he walked to his door, a band following them with the "Rogue's March." On the following Sunday he was unopposed. His last discourse in America closed with the words, "As long as I live, yea, while I have my being, will I proclaim, 'God save the king!'" On the last day when a ship was suffered to depart, September 10, 1775, Jonathan Boucher, with his wife and sister, sailed for England. There he gained distinction as a clergyman, archaeologist, and philologist. He held the vicarage of Epsom from 1784 until his death in 1804. He had written a bitter letter to Washington (from "The Lodge, 6 Aug. 1775") for looking on calmly while he was "pelted to death" for his convictions. "With your cause I renounce you." His anger still burned when he heard of the confiscation of his large property in Maryland. He remembered with pain his affectionate slaves, from whose tears he had torn himself. For he had set a high example in the treatment of slaves, and affirmed that the praise he most valued was that implied by a negro who, when asked to whom he belonged, answered, "To Parson Boucher, thank God!" But the bitterness passed. The angry letter is not among Washington's papers, and was probably never sent. In 1784 he wrote to Washington invoking his

aid in the matter of an American episcopacy, still near his heart. His volume of 1797, already mentioned, is dedicated to Washington with such frank, manly admiration that it were not fair to quote bitter words from the period of their estrangement. Washington's answer, given below, shows that, if known to him, they had been forgiven and forgotten.

John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's only son, to whom the correspondence chiefly relates, was born in November, 1754, and in his fourteenth year was confided to Mr. Boucher's care. Colonel Rogers, of Baltimore, his great-grandson, possesses a fine miniature (by Charles Peale, the friend of both Washington and Boucher), which shows a handsome youth of seventeen, of warm but refined aspect, a very Hal Warrington. At the age of nineteen he married (1774) Eleanor Calvert, she being sixteen. At the age of twenty-eight he accompanied Washington to Yorktown. There he caught the camp-fever, and died in 1781, at Eltham (Kent County, Virginia), the residence of his aunt, the wife of Colonel Bassett. Washington adopted his two younger children, and was, indeed, as a father to the others. There were four children: Elizabeth Parke, born 1776; Martha Parke, 1777; Eleanor Parke, 1779; George Washington Parke, 1781.

Washington to Boucher.

May 30th, 1768.

REV. SIR:

Mr. Magowan, who lived several years in my family, a Tutor to Master Custis (my son in Law & ward) having taken his departure for England, leaves the young gentleman without any master at this time. I should be glad therefore to know if it would be convenient for you to add him to the number of your Pupils. He is a boy of good genius, about 14 years of age, untainted in his morals and of innocent manners. Two years and upwards he has been reading of Virgil & was (at the time Mr. Magowan left him) entered on the Greek Testament.

I presume, he has grown not a little rusty in both having had no benefit of his Tutor since Christmas, notwithstanding he left the country in March only. If he comes he will have a boy (well acquainted with House business, which may be made as useful as possible in your Family to keep him out of Idleness) and two horses to furnish him with the means of getting to Church and elsewhere as you may permit, for he will be put entirely and absolutely under your Tuition and direction to manage as you think proper in all respects.

Now Sir, If you incline to take Master Custis, I should be glad to know what conveniences it may be necessary for him to bring, and how soon he may come, for as to his Board and schooling (provender for his Horses he may lay in himself) I do not think it necessary to enquire into, and will cheerfully pay Ten or Twelve pounds a year, extraordinary, to engage your peculiar care of, and a watchful eye to him as he is a promising boy, the last of his family, and will possess a very large fortune. Add to this my anxiety to make him fit for more useful purposes than a Horse Racer.

This letter will be sent to you by my brother at Fredericksburg, and I should be obliged to you for an answer by the first post to Alexandria near to which place I live. I am Sir, your most Obed Servant.

G. WASHINGTON.

P. S. If it is necessary for him to provide a Bed, could one be purchased in your Neighborhood, it would save a long carriage.

Boucher to Washington.

CAROLINE, June 12, 1768.

(In this letter Boucher expresses himself as flattered by the preference given him, but thinks it necessary to state that, on account of the scanty preferments in Virginia, he is trying to establish an interest in Maryland. As to terms, "from what I have heard of Col. Washington, they are such as I am well convinced he will not think unreasonable.")

CAROLINE, June 16, 1768.

... You, Sir, however, seem so justly sensible of y^e vast Importance of a good Education that I cannot doubt of your heartily concurring in every plan that might be proposed for y^e advantage of y^e ward: And what I am more particularly pleased with, is, the ardent Desire you express for y^e cultivation of his moral as well as his Intellectual Powers."¹

Aug. 2, 1768.

His [Master Custis's] Educⁿ hitherto may be called a private one & to this p^haps chiefly, He owes that peculiar Innocence and Sanctity of manners w^h are so amiable in Him: but then, is He not, think you, more artless, more unskilled in a necessary address, than He ought to be, ere He is turned out into a world like this? . . .

He will himself inform you of y^e accident He lately met with; and as He seems to be very apprehensive of your Displeasure, & I suppose it necessary, I would urge you & his Mamma to spare rebukes, as much as He certainly deserves them. . . .

I did not misunderstand y^e meaning of your Request, in y^e matter wherein you suspect I possibly might, being persuaded that you know as well as I do that such particular attention is not only unnecessary, but impracticable. He will probably inherit a much more considerable Fortune, than any other Boy here. . . . But as any Partiality to him in y^e trifling circumstances of his Diet or other Accommoda^{ti}oⁿ w^d be rather disserviceable to him than otherwise I have taught him not to expect it. . . .

*Washington to Boucher (in Caroline).*STAFFORD CV, Sept^r 4th, 1768.

Master Custis was so much disordered by an intermitting fever, attended with bilious vomittings, that we were obliged (whilst in Westmoreland) to send for Doct^r Mortimer^s to him. He is now better, but not clear of slow fever^s & very weak and low (being much reduced) which induces his Mamma to take him home with us, till he is perfectly restored. His Man comes with advice of this matter, & to fetch such parts of his cloathing, &c as he wants.

Oct^r 20th, 1768.

This Letter will be delivered to you by Jacky Custis, who has been detained from School longer than was intended, owing first to his own ill health, and then to his Mamma's; who did not care to part with him till she had got the better of an Indisposition which confined her some days. He now promises to stick close to his Book, and endeavour by diligent study to recover his lost time—he will have nothing (that we know of) to interrupt him till the intervention of the Christmas Hollidays, when you will please to give him leave to return home.

Rev^d SirY^r Most Obed^t H^{ble} Serv^t
G^o WASHINGTON.MOUNT VERNON, 24th April, 1769.REV^d SIR,

Your favour of the 17th came to my hands this day; the contents of which, or the Letter itself, shal soon reach M^r Addison's hands.¹ In respect to the Dancing Gentry, I am glad to find you have such a choice of them, and that Newman has got the start of his rival Spooner, because I have heard him well spoken of as a teacher in that Science. The others misfortunes might recommend him to the notice & charity of the well disposed, but if his accomplishments in that way are inferior to the others it ought by no means to entitle him to the preference—you will be so good therefore sir to enter Mas^r Custis with M^r Newman for a year or otherwise as he may form his school. M^{rs} Washington I can venture to assure you, will be very

¹ In Washington's Diary for 1768 is the following: "[June] 30. Went to Mr. Boucher's—dined there and left Jacky Custis—Returned to Fredericksburg in the afternoon."

² Of Fredericksburg, Virginia; its first mayor after incorporation (1782). I am indebted to Dr. J. M. Toner of Washington for items from Washington's Diary concerning this Westmoreland and Stafford journey. September 2, 1768, he is at his brother Samuel's house. "Sep. 5. Went to Mr. Jon. Stith's and dined there. Returned in the afternoon. 4th. Went to church—dined at Col. Harrison's and returned to my brother's in y^e afternoon. 5th. Crossed over to the lower point of Nangamoy [Md.] where I met my chariot and returned home."

³ Thomas Addison, of Oxon Hill on the Potomac, member of the Maryland Council.

glad to see you at Mount Vernon in the recess of Whitsun Hollidays, but it is a pleasure I must be deprived of, as I expect to be in Williamsburg before, and long after that time.¹ Our best wishes attend yourself, Miss Boucher & Jacky.

Boucher to Washington.

CAROLINE, 20 July, 1769.

You will rem^r my having complained of Jacks laziness, which however I now hope is not incurable. For I find that he will bear driving which heretofore I used to fear He would not. He has met with more Rig^r since I saw you than in all y^e Time before & He is the better for it. This I mean only as to his Books; in other matters he is faultless. His new Boy too is infinitely fitter for him than Julius. . . . Miss Boucher was very intent on going to the Springs, but being now convinced that she cannot, consistently with Associaⁿ Principles she is contented to drop it.²

Washington to Boucher (in Caroline).

ELTHAM,³ Dec^r 4th, 1769.

Jacky will inform you of the Reasons why he brings not the Books you wrote to me for, and to him I refer—perhaps all, or most of them, were Included in the Catalogue I sent to England for him, and if so, I expect they will be in, in less than three months.

The Printer has promised to have a Musick Book Rul'd for Miss Boucher if I come up, if so it shall be brought.—Jack's stay has been longer here than we intended but we hope he will endeavour to make atonem^t by extra^r diligence.

Boucher to Washington.

ST. MARY'S [CAROLINE], 21 May, 1770.

. . . There is a certain captiousness in some of your countrymen which I cannot but lament, though I very freely pardon as being but y^e ebullitions of zeal for their country, w^e will hardly allow a Foreigner (and such I must be called in spite of my sincere attachment to Virginia and Virginians) to find Fault with any Thing belonging either to them or their country. But as I am well convinced this is not y^e case with you I return to my subject⁴. . . The chief failings of his [Custis's]⁵ character are that he is constitutionally somewhat warm, indolent, and voluptuous.⁶ . . .

ANNAPOLIS, 1st Oct^r, 1770.

. . . Probably, ere long, you will find out that He [Custis] has lost His Watch; & He deserves to be severely reprimanded for his Carelessness. I have the Watch, but do not care soon to put Him out of Pain.

I heartily wish you an agreeable Tour thro' yonder Tramontane Regions.

Washington to Boucher (in Annapolis).

MOUNT VERNON, Dec^r 16th, 1770.

According to appointment Jacky Custis now returns to Annapolis. His mind [is] a good deal released from Study, & more than ever turn'd to Dogs Horses and Guns; indeed upon Dress and equipage, which till of late, he has discovered little Inclination of giving into. I must beg the favour of you, therefore, to keep him close to those useful branches of Learning which he ought now to be acquainted with, and as much as possible under your own Eye. Without these, I fear he will too soon think himself above controul, and be not much the better for the extraordinary expence attending his Living in Annapolis; which I should be exceeding sorry for,

¹ He was now a member of the House of Burgesses.

² An allusion to the Non-Importation Association, of which Washington was a promoter, and of which he once spoke as tending to frugality. Miss Boucher, a staunch loyalist, playfully suggests that she can't afford it.

³ In Kent County, Virginia; the residence of Colonel Bassett, husband of Martha Washington's sister.

⁴ The letter had opened with an extended estimate of the advantages of foreign travel, the last count being its tendency to cure the provincialism alluded to.

⁵ He is careful to add that these failings are as yet in embryo. (A letter from young Custis to Washington (30 Aug. 1770) is in a fine manly spirit, as well as handwriting.) Boucher then proposes that Custis shall travel in America for six months, then travel in Europe.

as nothing but a hasty progress towards the completion of his Education, can Justify my keeping him there at such an expence as his Estate will now become chargeable with.

The time of Life he is now advancing into requires the most friendly aid and Council (especially in such a place as Annapolis); otherwise, the warmth of his own Passions, assisted by the bad example of other Youth, may prompt him to actions derogatory of Virtue, & that Innocence of Manners which one could wish to preserve him in: For w^h reason I would beg leave to request, that he may not be suffered to sleep from under your own Roof, unless it be at such places as you are sure he can have no bad examples set him; nor allow him to be rambling about of Nights in Company with those, who do no care how debauched and vicious his Conduct may be.

You will be so good I hope, as to excuse the liberty I have taken in offering my sentiments thus freely—I have his welbeing much at Heart, & should be sorry to see him fall into any Vice, or evil course, which there is a possibility of restraining him from.

Boucher to Washington.

ANNAPOLIS, Dec^r 18, 1770.

. . . Unluckily too, there lodged a Youth with us, of a character exactly calculated to spoil such a Lad as Custis. He is sensible, wild, volatile, idle & good-natured. You will know that I allude to a son of Mr. Sam. Galloway's.¹ I by no means aim to reproach the young gentleman, whom really I like exceedingly myself, yet can I not help giving it as my opinion that He has done your ward more harm than He or His Family can easily make amends for. You cannot conceive w^h w^e delight Custis w^d listen to his droll Tales & Accts. of his Pranks at School in England. . . . Sam. Galloway has also a Daughter, young & pretty: Out of respect to you, as I supposed, he frequently invited Custis to his House: it was disagreeable to me to be oblig'd to refuse Him because it gave offence, but I believe He never was there but twice, once when I was, & once when I was not. It was about the time of the Players being here. Miss Galloway came to town. Jack has a propensity to the Sex, which I am at a loss how to judge of, much more how to describe. I observ'd somewhat of a particular attention, exceeding bare civility to this Young Lady. I took such steps as I judged most likely to wean him in Time. . . .

Washington to Boucher (in Maryland).

MOUNT VERNON, Jan 2^d, 1771.

Jack's return has been delayed, as well from a belief that you might not be well settled, as from a desire of gratifying him in his favourite amusement of Hunting, these Hollidays. He returns now he says, with a determination of applying close to his Studies; and I confide entirely in your promise of making him do so, as time slips off[f] a pace, and other Idea's & pursuits, will soon render it more difficult to keep him confined to them, than at present. In respect to the kinds, & manner of his Studying, I leave it wholly to your better Judgment—had he begun, or rather pursued his study of the Greek Language, I should have thought it no bad acquisition; but whether [if] he acquire this now, he may not forego some more useful branches of learning, is a matter worthy of consideration. To be acquainted with the French Tongue is become a part of polite Education; and to a man who has [the prospect] of mixing in a large Circle absolutely [necessary. Without] Arithmetick, the common [affairs of] Life are not to be managed [with success. The study of Geo]metry, and the Mathe[matics (with due regard to the li]mites of it) is equally [advantageous. The principles] of Philosophy Moral, Natural, &c. I should think a very desirable knowledge for a Gentleman; but as I said before, I leave the whole to your direction; with this earnest request, that, in whatever kind of Study you think proper to engage him, he may be kept diligently to it, for he really has no time to loose.

The shortness of the distance between this and your present habitation will, I hope, give us the pleasure of seeing you and Miss Boucher often at Mount Vernon, in this hope M^{rs} Washington also rests and with her Compliments and wishes, joind with mine for the return of many happy, & prosperous years to you, I remain with great sincerity etc.

¹ A wine-merchant at Annapolis.

MOUNT VERNON, Feby 26, 1771.

When Joe, with your favour found his way to this place, I was from home, & did not return for some days. The High Winds and Ice, have been the cause of this very natural disappointment of getting to Marlborough¹ as it was quite impossible for him to cross the River in these storms of wind, and now it is attended with some risk. —M^{rs} Washington has packed up what Books the Portmanteau would contain, [before the date of this, & of such kinds as I hope you wanted. She has given out the thoughts of accompanying me to Frederick,² so that you will find her at home if I should not have the pleasure of seeing you here (should you be detained by the bad weather longer than was expected). The Inclosed I should be obliged to you to forward by a Safe, rather than the first conveyance that may offer.

25th.

Agreeable to the above date, Joe attempted to cross the River; but being unable to affect it, has been unavoidably detained till this time and now the River is so much choked with Ice as to render his passage precarious. —M^{rs} Washington begs the favour of you to get her, for Patsy, another Phial of Æther and bring with you when you come to Mount Vernon.³

MOUNT VERNON, June 6th, 1771.

I should have set M^r Custis off for Annapolis as soon as I heard of your passing by (being very unwilling that he should loose any time from School that [is] possible to be avoided) but it was thought necessary to [keep] him till his cloaths could be Washd & got in readiness [to] take with him, which has detained him till now. —By him I send you £50 Maryl^d Curr^y the Sum wrote for [in] your last. Inclosing at the same time Doct^r Stevenson's letter and acct which I beg the favour of you to pay as soon as convenient, agreeable to his request. —The money thus receivd & paid, you will please to credit and charge according to the Rates which the different kinds of Specie pass in the respective Governments; otherwise I should be a considerable looser between 66½ & 20 p^r C^t. the proportion which the two Currencies bear to Sterling, leaving a difference of 46½ between Virg^a & Maryland, when in Fact (with us upon this River, who receive Doll^r at 6/.) the real difference is only 25 p^r C^t. —at y^e utmost, 80.

In respect to the other matters contained in your Letter of the 9th Ult^o I shall endeavour to be as explicit as I can. And first in regard to M^r Custis going to England. —My own Inclinations have always been strong in favour of his prosecuting the plan you formerly laid down for him—his Friends a good deal divided in theirs—some on acc^t of the expence; others, as being almost the last of a Family, think he should run no risks that are to be avoided—These opinions tho they are insufficient to bias my own Judgment in this matter (as I think the more conspicuous the point of view a man is to appear in, the more pains should be taken to enlarge his mind and qualify him for a useful Member of Society) yet they determined me in some measure not to appear solicitous or forward in promoting it; but leave things a little more to their own workings, and to the turn and disposition of the Youth himself, after his Genius is a little more unfolded and he better able to have an opinion of his own. —In this state of mind I was, when your prospects of a change, & doubts [about] accompanying him, were communicated to me; which will have no small weight in turning the Scale; for, however desirable it may be to see him travel (if his Income should be thought by the Gen^l Court sufficient to admit of the expence) under the care of a Gentleman who would endeavour to guard, & steer him clear of those follies & vices which youth almost imperceptably fall into, at the same time that he was Instilling into him taste for useful knowledge and Improvement, Yet I must own I should never wish to see him set out for England, at his time of Life recommended to the care of a merchant only—or to Embark on a Tour of the kind you proposed without a Conductor; as pleasure and dissipation without a kirk, would leave little room for study, & more than probably end in his Ruin: I am therefore more perplex'd than ever I was, & find the difficulty of giving a definitive answer encreased by your doubts; and [can only] add, that when the period arrives at which you [think] it eligible for him to set out on a Tour of this [kind, it will] if it appears to be his own desire, upon a probability of your intention] & your Inclination to accompany him, meet [with

¹ In Maryland, Prince George County.

² Virginia. In this county Washington owned an estate of five hundred and seventy-one acres.

³ Mrs. Washington's daughter Martha (Patsy) died June 19, 1773.

my] hearty concurrence, notwithstanding the ex[pense. Far]ther than this I do not think myself at liberty [to decide. I] conceive there is much greater circumspection to [be observed] by a Guardian than a natural Parent, who is only accountable to his own Conscience for his Conduct; whereas any faupas in a Guardian however well meant the Action, seldom fails to meet with malicious construction, and often subjects the Party to Inconvenience which is troublesome to get relieved from—This opinion of mine is not known to my Ward—He believes, for anything I know to the contrary, that his Trip to England is resolv'd on—& I should be glad if his time was devoted to the Study of those useful Branches of Learning as will render him fit for it.

I very sincerely congratulate you on the prospect of your change, to a parish not far distant from this,¹ & should be glad to see you soon confirmd in a Benefice equal to the full extent of your wishes.—Col^r Colvil² by his Will left the Legatees in England five years to put in their Claim & prove their Right; this time will not expire till the 8th day of Oct^r next—As to M^r Johnson's Physick as he has been so obliging to provide it, you will be so [good as], when an opportunity offers, to send it over; tho' if [it be] some of the last, nothing is to be expected from it; th[at was] used without having in the smallest degree, the de[sired] effect.]

I cannot conclude, without requesting [in the] most Importunate manner that all due attention [and considera]tion may be given to Jack's Education—I fear [the progress] he has made in Classical knowledge has of la[te been] trifling; as I cannot discover that he is much [farther] in Latten than when he left M^r Magowan, know[s little] Arithmetick, and is quite ignorant of the Greek Language, which he had begun under the Tuition of that Gentleman; & therefore, as well as from some enquiries which I [have] lately made, apprehend, that he lacks that Attention which is necessary to advance him in his Studies—the Information which I have but Just come to the knowledge of has filled me with a sincere concern, not because of the expence attend^g his Living in Annapolis were it 4 times as great; but on acc^t of the lost time which is never to be regained.—Duty & Inclination both prompt me to mention this matter to you, as I have his Improvement much at heart, and w^d wittingly leave nothing unattempted on my part to see this accomplished.

I am with M^r Washington's Compliments [and] thanks for your attention to Jack in the Small Pox.³

If (?) Fees a £8	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	£42.	0.	0
[F]ar[ce]s (?)	.	7/6	.	.	.	.	.	6.	7.	6
third of a Doctor	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10.	0	0
1 of Ditto	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2.	6	6
Pennsylvania Money	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1.	0.	0
									£50.	0. 0

MOUNT VERNON, 9 July, 1771. The reader must be referred to Sparks for this long and characteristic letter. In it Washington speaks of young Custis being lukewarm concerning the proposed tour, and his mother approving it but faintly. He fears that the whole design may be defeated.

Boucher to Washington.

Feb. 21, 1772. Says that Custis has run up an account larger than he (Boucher) can account for; he cannot think it could be spent in any blamable way without his knowledge.

¹ Queen Anne's, Maryland.

² Colonel Colvil, Dr. Slaughter tells me, had been a vestryman of Truro, Washington's parish.

³ A letter from Boucher, 19 April, 1771, explains his reasons for taking "Jack" to Baltimore to be given the small-pox. He expresses "heart-felt satisfaction" at Jack's favorable condition,—the fever-marks having broken out 1 on neck, 1 on ear, breast 2, arm 1, legs 3,—not one on face. Dr. Stephenson's price was 2 pistoles, and 25s. for board. The "third of a Doctor" in Washington's accompanying account may imply that two others were given the small-pox at the same time. In another letter (May 3) Boucher is vexed because Jack, after being well enough to come back without danger to other pupils, and put his mother and step-father out of apprehension, was persuaded to remain in Baltimore for Mr. Gough's wedding.

Washington to Boucher (in Maryland).

MOUNT VERNON, May 4th, 1772.

After a tiresome, and in my opinion, a very unimportant Session, I returned home about the middle of last Month accompanied by Col^l Bassett¹ &c.

The expediency of an American Episcopate was long & warmly debated, and at length rejected. As a substitute, the House attempted to frame an Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, to be composed of a President and four other clergymen, who were to have full power and authority to hear and determine all matters and causes relative to the clergy, and to be vested with the [power] of Suspension, deprivation, & visitation. From this Jurisdiction an Appeal was to be had to a Court of Delegates, to consist of an equal number of Clergymen and Laymen; but this Bill, after much canvassing, was put to Sleep, from an opinion that the subject was of too much Importance to be hastily entered into at the end of a Session.²—An Act has passed this session empowering Trustees (to be chosen by y^e Subscribers to the Scheme) to raise money by way of Subscription, & Lottery, for the purpose of opening, & extending the Navigation of Potomack from the Tide Water, to Fort Cumberland; & for perpetuating the Toll arising from vessels to the Adventurers in the scheme—but y^e Execution of it must necessarily be suspended till something similar passes into a Law in your province.—An Act has also passed for Erecting a Light House on Cape Henry, from which I think the Shipping will derive great advantages—and a Bill went through the House, but rejected in the Council, for having Septennial Vestrys, and a general dissolution of all those now in existence.

Herewith I send the Pamphlets you desired me to get, together with your Acc^{ts} from both Printing Offices discharged; both Printers being desired to forward your Gazettes for the future to the care of M^r Lowndes of Bladensburg.

I expected to have made you a visit soon after my return from Williamsburg, and to have gone from thence to Annapolis, but am a little uncertain now when it will be in my power to enjoy this pleasure; as I have business that will call me into Loudoun, Fauquier, and Berkley (one of the New Counties taken from Frederick, the other Dunmore)³ sometime between the middle, & last of this month; & am now engaged in Fishing⁴ and other matters which seems I think to require my attendance.

Boucher to Washington.

22^d May, 1772.

... The Governor [Eden] dines with y^e Neighb^r Mr. Digges to-morrow and sleeps at Mr. Roger's, where I am again to meet Him. Shou'd you be quite at Leisure, & your whale boat be arrived, perhaps you may be tempted to try her. 'Squire Calvert alone accompanies him.

Washington to Boucher (in Maryland).

MOUNT VERNON, May 31^d, 1772.

Inclination having yielded to Importunity, I am now contrary to all expectation under the hands of M^r Peale; but in so grave—so sullen a mood—and now and then under the influence of Morpheus, when some critical strokes are making, that I fancy the skill of this Gentleman's Pencil, will be put to it, in describing to the World what manner of man I am.⁵ I have no doubt of M^r Peale's meeting with very good Incouragement in a Tour to Williamsburg; for having mentioned him to some Gentlemen at our Court, they seem desirous of employing him in his way down.

¹ Colonel Burwell Bassett, who married Mrs. George Washington's sister.

² Dr. Philip Slaughter, the learned historiographer of the Diocese of Virginia, tells me there is no record of this movement.

³ When Lord Dunmore had become odious, the name was changed (1777) to "Shenandoah,"—from which, and parts of Rockingham and Frederick, the counties of Page and Warren have been made (1831-36).

⁴ There were two fishing-shores on Washington's estates, whose seines largely supplied Alexandria market, as well as the tables of his relatives, with herring and shad.

⁵ Those who have seen this early portrait, now in possession of the Lees of Lexington, Virginia, with its red regimentals and dashing attitude, will find this account from the sitter amusing. It was no doubt meant to show at the Court at Williamsburg. The same artist, Charles Peale, about fifteen years later, painted Washington more seriously. This is owned by Rev. Mason Gallagher, Brooklyn, N.Y., grandson of Washington's friend, the gallant Captain Gallagher, of Dumfries, Va.

Your excuse for denying us the pleasure of your Company with Govern^r Eden & Lady, tho not strictly warranted by Scripture,¹ is nevertheless highly admissible, and I sincerely congratulate you upon the prospect of happiness; as I think there is a fair Field of it opening to your view, from the judiciousness of your choice—Whether M^r Washington ever stretches as far as Annapolis or not, we shall certainly take some very early opportunity of making your acquaintance on this occasion.

May 23^d.

The foregoing Letter was designed to go by Jack Custis, who intended, as he said, but afterwards altered his mind; to take the benefit of a Ball at Alexandria on Thursday Evening, in his way home the next day.—In the interim Joe brought me your favour of the 21st, forbidding us any longer to hope for the pleasure of Gov^r Eden and Lady's Company; which we had been flattering ourselves with the honour of, for several days; & which I now beg the favour of you to assure them we regret; at the same time I am further to ask you to appologize to M^r Eden for my not paying my respects to him at M^r Digges;² which I fully intended to do, but falling under M^r Peale's hands that morning in a regular Rot[ation, he kept] me so long, knowing that it w[as] his custom of asking, that I had not time [to visit him before Dinner, and the Gov^r You wrote me he was to set out for M^r Rogers after it.—Be pleased to assure M^r and M^{rs} Eden, which you may do with great truth, that M^r Washington and myself shall think ourselves very happy in seeing them at Mount Vernon whenever they can make it convenient to give us the honour of their Company.

I find upon enquiry that, it will not be in my power to supply you and M^r Calvert with the Weathers you want; the Rot, or some other distemper among my sheep swept off near an hundred, in the Space of a Month, this Spring for me.—I am much obliged to M^r Galloway for the Claret, and as I have no immediate use for it (having a Box or two by me) I must trouble M^r Digges for House Room for it till I return from my trip upward.

Boucher to Washington.

CASTLE MAGRUDER, 19 Jan. 1778. Urges expediency of removing Custis to a "college speedily." He had inclined to William and Mary, but as Washington had concluded, after inquiries, that the influences there (not particularized) are not favorable, he suggests King's College, New York. He has long enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Cooper, to whom, partly, he was indebted for "an honorary degree." "A very disagreeable controversy with our patriot Lawyers [Chase and Pasa], which I was too easily persuaded to enter into, seems likely to cut me out a good deal of work." Mrs. Boucher begs her compliments, etc.

PRINCE GEORGE Co., 8 April, 1778. Is surprised to hear from the Governor of Custis's engagement to Miss Calvert. Assures Washington on his word of honor that he never had the most distant suspicion of such a thing. Is uneasy at hearing that Washington thinks him (Boucher) to blame. "You know I always thought him enamored of Miss Betsy." He (Boucher) feels hurt that Custis did not consult him, but admires the young lady. Hears that Washington has business at court in P. George Co., and hopes he will be there to meet the Governor, Mr. Calvert, the Chief Justice, and Mr. Dulany at dinner.

2 Aug. 1778. Encloses a letter received from Custis, of which he (Boucher) is proud. Regrets that he could not do more for the youth.

Washington to Boucher (in Alexandria).

December 18, 1778.

I send my carriage up, but cannot undertake to promise you the Horses bringing you down, as two of them are unused to drawing, and but one Postillion accustomed to drive, the other, with my lame Horses, not being returned from Williamsburg. Mrs. Washington and [?] join in compliments to Mrs. and Miss Boucher, who, together with yourself, we shall expect to see at dinner.

¹ He had not yet "married a wife," but was to marry one in the month following and "could not come."

² Probably Ignatius Digges. The Digges family, descended from Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls (Charles II.), was distinguished in both Maryland and Virginia.

Boucher to Washington.

PADDINGTON, LONDON, 25 May, 1784. Mentions having written to Washington three years before, but the British officers would not pass the letter. Alludes kindly to their past differences; now appeals to him in behalf of the Church in the country for whose civil affairs he has done so much. Speaks of there being in England American candidates for ordination, who are meeting difficulties on account of "the changes which have taken place." "Both justice and policy require that you should have a resident Bishop of your own, that your young men should be ordained as well as educated among yourselves." He alludes to the confiscation of his property in America, but his utmost grief is for the loss of "a true friend, and most loving and beloved wife."

Washington to Boucher.

MOUNT VERNON, 15th Aug^d, 1793.

Rev^d Sir,

I know not how it has happened, but the fact is, that your favour of the 8th of Nov^r, last year, is but just received; and at a time when both public & private business pressed so hard upon me, as to afford no leisure to give the "View of the Causes & Consequences of the American Revolution" written by you, and which you had been pleased to send me, a perusal.

For the honor of its Dedication, and for the friendly & favourable sentiment which are therein expressed, I pray you to accept my acknowledgment & thanks.

Not having read the Book, it follows of course that I can express no opinion with respect to its Political contents—but I can venture to assert, beforehand, and with confidence, that there is no man in either country, more zealously devoted to Peace and a good understanding between the two Nations than I am—nor one who is more disposed to bury in oblivion all animosities which have subsisted between them & the Individuals of each.

Peace, with all the world is my sincere wish.—I am sure it is our true policy.—And am persuaded it is the ardent desire of the Government.—But there is a Nation whose intermeddling, & restless disposition, and attempts to divide, distract & influence the measures of other Countries, that will not suffer us, I fear, to enjoy this blessing long, unless we will yield to them our Rights, & submit to greater injuries and insults than we have already sustained, to avoid the calamities resulting from War.

What will be the consequences of our Arming for self defence, that Providence who permits these doings in the Disturbers of Mankind; & who rules and Governs all things, alone can tell.—To its all powerful decrees we must submit, whilst we hope that the justice of our Cause if War must ensue will entitle us to its protection.—With very sincere respect I am

Rev^d Sir, Your Most Obed. Servant,
G^d WASHINGTON.

The close of this correspondence shows us Washington once more in sympathy with the mother-country, in defence of whose flag he was trained to conquer independence from it, and animated by the same jealousy of France which caused his entrance on the career of a soldier.

Moncure D. Conway.

OUR MEMORIES.

OUR memories are gentle waves that flow
Against the shore-line of the Long Ago,
A dim land stretching 'neath a dimmer sky,
Where past events like ships at anchor lie.

William H. Hayne.

THE INCREDIBILITY OF HISTORY.

WHEN Sir Robert Walpole was asked what he would have read to him, he replied, "Not history, for I know that to be false." Charles Kingsley gave up his chair of Modern History at Oxford because he said he considered history "largely a lie." Napoleon termed it a fable agreed upon. Dumas called it left-handed truth. It is said that Raleigh, having failed in an endeavor to ascertain the rights of a quarrel that fell out beneath his window, exclaimed against his own folly in endeavoring to write the true history of the world. But this very anecdote has been doubted, and so casts another shadow upon the credibility of accepted facts. A similar story is told of Leopold von Ranke. While collecting facts for his history, a singular accident occurred in his native town. A bridge broke down, and some persons were swept away by the river. Von Ranke inquired into the details of the catastrophe. "I saw the bridge fall," said one of the neighbors: "a heavy cart had just passed over and weakened it. Two men were on it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse." "I saw it fall," declared another, "but the cart had passed over it two hours previous. The foot-passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse." "Now," argued Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

Contemporaries even differ about facts that should be self-evident,—about the physical characteristics of their best friends. In 1888 a discussion was carried on in *Notes and Queries* whether Mr. Gladstone has a provincial accent. Members of Parliament who constantly heard him speak could not agree. Some said his speech was a perfect specimen of the English of the latter part of the nineteenth century, others that he had an accent of Lancashire, where he was born, and others that he had a Scotch accent, derived from his parents. After the death of Sir Henry Maine, the *St. James Gazette*, on the testimony of some of Sir Henry's friends "who knew him intimately and long," challenged the statement made in the *Saturday Review's* obituary that he had a rather tall and well-proportioned figure. The *St. James Gazette* acknowledged that the notice of Sir Henry was written by one who had lived on terms of the closest intimacy and friendship with the deceased jurist for more than thirty years, "and who must, therefore, have known him as well as one man can ever know another." Yet it asserts that Sir Henry's figure, far from being rather tall, was rather short,— "in fact, was that of a man slightly below the middle height." It will be remembered that Louis XIV., whom his courtiers either believed or pretended to believe a tall man, was absolutely diminutive in stature. The friends of Mrs. Browning could not agree as to the color of her hair. Hawthorne described it as black, and Bayard Taylor as chestnut. Mr. John Bigelow said that it was of a dark chestnut, and Mr. Cephas G.

Thompson, the painter, that it was dark brown, almost black. No wonder Hawthorne wrote in his "Note-Books," "Every day of my life makes me feel more and more how seldom a fact is accurately stated; how, almost invariably, when a story has passed through the mind of a third person it becomes, so far as regards the impression that it makes in further repetitions, little better than a falsehood, and this, too, though the narrator be the most truth-seeking person in existence. How marvellous the tendency is! . . . Is truth a fantasy which we are to pursue forever and never grasp?"

Possibly Hawthorne may have heard of the game called Russian Scandal, which is played in this fashion. A tells a story to B, B repeats it to C, C to D, and so on. Each is to aim at scrupulous accuracy in repetition, yet by the time the story has been transmitted from mouth to mouth six or seven times it has undergone a complete transformation. And the popular poem of "The Three Black Crows" versifies a somewhat similar idea.

The modern historical investigator has succeeded in shattering our faith in a large portion of what to our grandfathers was received historical truth. When so much of the fabric is gone, our belief in the rest is unpleasantly leavened with suspicion. Until about the middle of the eighteenth century, the earlier Greek and Roman history was as implicitly believed as the later, and from its picturesque character sank even deeper into the mind. But Niebuhr and Sir George Cornewall Lewis completed the ruin which earlier doubters had begun.

There is no evidence that Romulus ever lived, that Tarquin outraged Lucretia, that Brutus shammed idiocy and condemned his sons to death, that Mucius Scaevola thrust his hand into the fire, that Clælia swam the Tiber, that Horatius defended a bridge against an army. Coriolanus never allowed his mother to intercede for Rome. The number of Xerxes' army has been grossly exaggerated, and it was not stopped at Thermopylæ by three hundred Spartans, but by seven thousand, or even, as some authors compute, twelve thousand. The siege of Troy is largely a myth, and, even according to Homer's own account, Helen must have been sixty years old when Paris fell in love with her. Nay, other sceptics have attacked the credibility of the later Greek and Roman history. They have deprived Diogenes of his tub, Sappho of her lover, Rhodes of its Colossus. They have asserted that Portia did not swallow burning coals, that Cæsar never crossed the Rubicon, that he never said to the pilot, "You carry Cæsar and his fortunes," nor cried out, "*Et tu, Brute!*" as he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, that Philip never told Alexander, "Seek another kingdom, for Macedon is too small for thee." Chemists have proved that vinegar will not dissolve pearls nor cleave rocks, in spite of the fabled exploits of Cleopatra and Hannibal. Nero was not a monster, he did not kill his mother nor fiddle over burning Rome. Tiberius was a pretty good fellow. And, indeed, all the Roman emperors who were successfully put out of the way were hardly treated by servile historians who sought to cater to the popular taste:

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
For when it prospers none dare call it treason.

Even modern European history has been discredited. Arthur is undoubtedly a fable. Charlemagne has been so beclouded by legend that it is difficult to separate the true from the false; but it is quite certain that his paladins are as mythical as Arthur's knights. Alfred never allowed the cakes to burn, nor ventured into the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. William Tell was a myth. Fair Rosamond was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but died in the odor of sanctity in the convent of Godstow. Blondel the harper did not discover the prison in which Richard III. was confined. Charles IX. did not fire upon the Huguenots with an arquebuse from the window of the Louvre during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Charles V. did not celebrate his own obsequies in his lifetime. Clarence was never drowned in a butt of malmsey, nor was Richard II. starved to death in Pontefract Castle. The story of Abelard and Héloïse has been strongly doubted, and a question has even been raised as to whether Joan of Arc ever suffered the punishment that made her a martyr, though details of her execution and last moments are found in the civic records of Rouen. Charles Monselet quotes a paragraph from the *Mercure* of 1683 announcing that certain documents recently discovered led to the conclusion that Joan of Arc had been married, and that some unfortunate victim must have been sacrificed in her place in Rouen. The documents consisted of an attestation made by Father Riguer to the effect that "five years after the judgment of Joan of Arc, on the twentieth day of May, Joan the Maid visited Metz. On the same day her brothers called to see her. They thought she had been burned, but when they saw her they recognized her at once. They took her with them to Boquelon." The old priest added as a proof of what he had advanced a copy of the original contract of marriage between "Robert des Armoyses and Joan of Arc, otherwise known as the Maid of Orleans."

The story of Madcap Henry and the chief justice has been immortalized by Shakespeare. The story is that Henry was arrested for disorderly conduct, and was brought before Sir William Gascoigne, whom he either insulted or struck, whereupon he was committed to prison. On ascending the throne, one of his first acts was to reappoint the courageous judge to his place as chief justice. But it is established beyond controversy that Sir William Gascoigne was not reappointed by Henry V., and the entire story did not make its appearance until nearly a century and a half after the occurrence is said to have taken place. It was first told in 1534 by one Sir Thomas Elyot, who gives no authority whatever. Yet compilers, with the credulity of their class, have accepted his statements, and, one after the other, have transferred the anecdote to their pages without a moment's hesitation or examination. Indeed, all the stories of Henry's roystering youth and of his consequent estrangement from his father have been disproved by documentary evidence. Year after year, from the very date when the prince was first appointed to office, down to the time of the death of King Henry IV., we find entries upon the rolls of the kingdom proving that the son was in council with the father and enjoyed his confidence and affection.

One of the most famous of historical edifices is the Bridge of Sighs

in Venice, which connects the Doge's palace with the state prisons. The name was popularly given it through what Howells calls "that opulence of compassion which enables the Italians to pity even rascality in difficulties." For, in spite of Byron, it cannot be associated with any romantic episode of history except the story of Antonio Foscarini, since it was not built until the end of the sixteenth century, and the prisoners who passed across it to judgment were mere vulgar criminals, like thieves and murderers.

The famous Round Tower at Newport, which popular tradition, confirmed by the genius of Longfellow, has associated with the vikings, is but an ordinary windmill. The Maelstrom is an insignificant eddy. The car of Juggernaut does not crush believers under its wheels, except in rare cases of accident.

Not many years ago the mill of Sans Souci which the miller refused to sell to Frederick the Great was brought down with a crash by the Historical Society of Potsdam. With it disappeared the lawsuit of which the mill is traditionally believed to have been made the subject, and the judges of such perfect integrity that they refused to decide unjustly in favor of the king. The germ of the story lies in Dr. Zimmermann's highly imaginary "Conversations with Frederick the Great." All he says about the mill is that it interfered with the king's view from the orangery, that his majesty wished to buy it, and that the miller refused to sell. The poet Hebel to Zimmermann's supposed fact added his own story of the lawsuit. But the mill could not by its position have interfered with Frederick's view from the orangery, and the records of the Berlin tribunals contain no mention of the action of ejectment which the king is held to have brought against his intractable subject.

The crew of *Le Vengeur*, instead of going down with the cry of "Vive la République!" shrieked for help, and many were saved in English boats. There is a famous story that both Cromwell and Hampden, despairing of the liberties of their country, had embarked for New England in 1638, when they were stopped by an Order of Council. That an expedition was so stopped there is no doubt, but, after a brief delay, it was permitted to proceed with its entire freight of pilgrims. Of course neither Cromwell nor Hampden was on board. There is a foolish story that Philip III. of Spain when almost suffocated by the heat of a roaring fire felt that he could not rise from his chair without wounding his dignity, that no one could dampen the fire, because the proper official did not happen to be at hand, and that he contracted an erysipelas of the head which carried him off. The story has been gravely accepted by many historians, and has become a favorite illustration in English literature. Yet historian after historian has shown that there is not an iota of evidence to support it,—that it is simply a good old stock tale which has been related of many monarchs and many courts, and which was originally a pure invention.

"As for the greater number of the stories with which the *ana* are stuffed," says Voltaire, "including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles V., to Henry IV., to a hundred modern princes, you find them in Athanasius and in our old authors. It is in this sense only that one may say, 'Nil sub sole novum.'"

Édouard Fournier in France and Mr. Hayward in England have shown that almost every celebrated historical saying has either in course of time and through force of repetition become falsified, or had from the beginning been deliberately invented. Francis I. never said or wrote after the battle of Pavia, "Everything is lost save honor." In a letter to his mother occurred the following words: "De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvée." The current version may be traced to the mistranslation of the Spanish historian Antonio Devera: "Madama, todo se ha perdido sino es la honra."

Henry IV. never said before entering Paris, "Paris vaut bien une messe." Philip VI., flying from the field of Crécy, and challenged late at night before the gates of the castle of Blois, did not cry out, "It is the fortune of France." What he really said was, "Open, open; it is the unfortunate King of France,"—a version which strips the speech of all its grandeur. Chateaubriand had repeated the story on the authority of Froissart, and when Buchan, the learned editor of the French Chronicles, suggested the propriety of a correction, Chateaubriand refused to make it.

Other Frenchmen have manifested equal indifference to strict accuracy. When Vertot, who had just finished a long description of a certain siege, was reminded by a friend that no such siege had taken place, he replied with a memorable phrase, "*Mon siège est fait*;" and Voltaire, on being asked where he had heard the story that when the French became masters of Constantinople in 1204 they danced with the women in the sanctuary of the church of Santa Sophia, replied, calmly, "Nowhere; it is a frolic [*espèglerie*] of my imagination."

The Duke of Wellington at Waterloo never uttered the famous words, "Up, Guards, and at them!" When questioned on the subject, he wrote, "What I may have said, and possibly did say, was, 'Stand up, Guards,' and then gave the commanding officers the order to attack." General Cambronne said nothing resembling, "The Guard dies and does not surrender," in reference to the attitude of the admirable body of men who did not die and who did surrender. He vehemently denied the phrase himself. Nevertheless the town of Nantes was authorized by royal ordinance to inscribe it on his statue. Then the sons of General Michel claimed that the words were used by their father. But in fact the spirited *mot* was invented by one Rougemont, and published two days after the battle, in *L'Indépendant*. Harel also was in the habit of putting a joke or witticism into circulation by connecting it with some celebrity on the chance of reclaiming it if it took.

The French have a delight in *mots*; no event seems to them complete without one, and they eagerly catch up every invention. The Abbé Edgeworth frankly acknowledged to Lord Holland that he had never made the famous invocation to Louis XVI. on the scaffold, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." It was invented for him on the evening of the execution by the editor of a newspaper. Sieyès indignantly denied that when the fate of Louis XVI. was put to the vote he exclaimed, "La mort,—sans phrase," or that when asked what he did

during the Reign of Terror he made answer, "J'ai vécu" ("I lived").

But the French is not the only nation which has invented historical speeches. Pitt's celebrated reply to Walpole, beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man," is well known to have been in reality composed by Dr. Johnson, who was not even present when the actual reply was spoken; and Horne Tooke wrote the speech inscribed on the pedestal of Beckford's statue at Guildhall purporting to be the reply extemporized by the spirited magistrate to George III.

In America, Judge Taney never said or thought that "the negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect," but placed the saying in the mouth of an imaginary opponent whom he proceeded to squelch. There is a famous *mot* constantly attributed to Lincoln when told that Grant was a drunkard: "Tell me the brand of whiskey he uses, and I'll send a barrel to all the other generals." In reality the speech was invented by Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) in a burlesque account of an imaginary banquet in New York over which he made Lincoln preside.

Count Beugnot was the real author of the famous phrase, "Nothing is altered in France; there is only one Frenchman more," which was popularly attributed to the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. Charles in February, 1824, had been called upon for an address to allay any fear that the Restoration meant a return to the ideas of the old *régime*. He extemporized a few confused sentences, and was as much surprised as any one at reading a neat little speech, comprising these words, in the *Moniteur*. "But I never said it!" he exclaimed. He was told that there was an imperative necessity for his having said it, and it became history. The popularity gained by the *mot* drew down numerous parodies. The arrival of the first giraffe in Paris was celebrated by a medal bearing the words, "Nothing is changed; there is only one animal [*bête*] more." The word *bête* means a fool as well as an animal, and the French phrase has a punning hit at the Bourbons which is lost in English. When Francis I., Emperor of Austria, died in 1835, and Prince Metternich still remaining at the head of affairs carried on his former policy, it was said, "Nothing is altered; there is only one Austrian less." When Talleyrand was appointed Vice Grand Elector of the Empire, Fouchet said, "Among so many offices, it will not count; it is only one vice more."

Talleyrand was continually having credited to him the good things said of other people. He was often much astonished by these compliments to his genius, but if he liked the saying he assumed its responsibility without hesitation. His paternity of the famous "It is the beginning of the end" is doubted by Fournier. The still more famous "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts" was assigned to Talleyrand in the "Nain Jaune" by Harel, who in this case was not only a forger but a thief, because, as the author of a eulogy on Voltaire, he must have known that the latter wrote "Men employ speech only to conceal their thoughts," and that, indeed, the phrase can be traced as far back as Cato. Talleyrand was even so fortunate as to be credited with the good things said at his expense. Thus, "Who would not

adore him, he is so vicious?" was said by Montrond of him, not by him of Montrond. Again, it was not he who, to the sick man complaining that he suffered the tortures of the damned, curtly exclaimed, "Déjà?" Louis Blanc says that when Talleyrand was on his death-bed Louis Philippe asked him if he suffered. "Yes, like the damned." Louis Philippe murmured, "Déjà!" a word that the dying man heard, and which he revenged forthwith by giving to one of the persons about him secret and terrible indications. But in fact the repartee may be found in one of Lebrun's Epigrams, and has been attributed to a number of people.

"History repeats itself," is a common saying, but unfortunately historians are often a little too hasty in assuming that the repetition indicates falsity. We might believe that William Tell had shot the apple off his son's head, in spite of the fact that many archers before his time had performed the same feat, if there were any evidence that William Tell ever existed. Columbus showed the Spanish courtiers how to make an egg stand upon end, although before his time Brunelleschi had adopted the same method of embarrassing the enemies who sarcastically inquired the method by which he proposed to build the dome in Florence. Nor need there be any question of plagiarism here. When Louis XII. said, "The King of France does not avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans," he may have been entirely ignorant that he had been anticipated by Philip, Count of Bresse, who said, when he became Duke of Savoy in 1497, "It would be shameful as duke to avenge the injuries of the count." Christina of Sweden may have said of Louis XIV. when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, "He has cut off his left arm with the right," in spite of the fact that Valentinian had made use of the same expression. In fact, we are all in danger of becoming too sceptical. Walpole wrote an ingenious work to show, taking for his base the conflicting statements in history, that no such person as Richard III. ever existed, or that, if he did, he could have been neither a tyrant nor a hunchback. Whately's "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," which was published in 1810, created wide-spread amusement by its amazing cleverness. It proved with infinite ingenuity that Napoleon had never existed, and was written to expose Hume's axiom concerning testimony by a *reductio ad absurdum*. About ten years after the appearance of Whately's pamphlet, one J. B. Pères, who probably never heard of Whately, published his "Comme quoi Napoléon n'a jamais existé," which resolved Napoleon into a solar myth. And it will be remembered that in his ingenious paper on the great Gladstone myth Mr. Andrew Lang has followed in the wake of Pères and proved conclusively that Gladstone is only another name for the sun, and that the various deeds attributed to him are simply allegorical embodiments of the sun's doings.

W. S. Walsh.

WASHINGTON'S NEW YORK RESIDENCE IN 1789.

AMONG the benefits of the numerous centennial celebrations of important events in the life of this nation, perhaps not the least has been the bringing to light of old letters and diaries, in which the great figures of the different historic periods are represented amid the lights and shadows of every-day intercourse. The dignified Washington becomes to us a more human personality when, in a letter written by Mrs. John M. Bowers, we read that when she was a child of six he dandled her on his knee and sang to her about "the old old man and the old old woman who lived in the vinegar-bottle together," or when we come across a facetious letter of his own in which the general tells how his cook was "sometimes minded to cut a figure," notably, when ladies were entertained at camp, and would, on such occasions, add to the ordinary roast and greens a beefsteak pie or a dish of crabs, which left only six feet of space between the different dishes instead of twelve. The great John Adams, who with all his greatness was not a universal favorite among his contemporaries, comes down to us irradiated with a nimbus of amiability, in a picture that his wife draws of him, submitting to be driven about the room with a willow stick by one of his small grandchildren.

Amid the elaborate ceremonials attending the reception and inauguration of the first President of the Republic, we find some such touches of nature, as when it transpires that those two admirable housewives Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Adams were detained at home, in April and May, 1789, by domestic duties. Mrs. Washington was busied in putting her household in order, and shipping china, cut-glass, silver-ware, and linen from Mount Vernon to the capital, while from John Adams's letters we gather that the wife, whom he so trusted that he permitted her to dispose of sheep, cows, and other live stock, on her own responsibility, was attending to such matters at Braintree, Massachusetts, prior to the removal of her household gods to the fine country place, at Richmond Hill, that Mr. Adams had rented for the season.

A letter written from New York, April 30, 1789, gives us some facts regarding the preparation of the house designed for the President and his wife that have not yet appeared in the histories of the time. The clever chronicler is Mrs. William T. Robinson, and the letter is addressed to Miss Kitty Wistar, of Brandywine, afterwards Mrs. Sharples, through the courtesy of whose descendants it has come into the writer's hands.

"Great rejoicing in New York," she says, "on the arrival of General Washington. An elegant Barge decorated with an awning of Sattin, 12 oarsmen drest in white frocks and blue ribbons, went down to E. Town [Elizabeth] last fourth day to bring him up. A Stage was erected at the Coffee House wharf covered with a carpet for him to step on, where a company of light horse, one of Artillery, and most of the Inhabitants were waiting to receive him. They Paraded through

Queen Street in great form, while the music, the Drums and ringing of bells were enough to stun one with the noise. Previous to his coming Uncle Walter's house in Cherry Street was taken for him and every room furnished in the most elegant manner.

"The evening after his Excellency's arrival a general Illumination took place, excepting among Friends, and those styled Anti-Federalists: the latter's windows suffered some, thou may imagine. As soon as the General has sworn in, a grand exhibition of fire-works is to be displayed, which it is expected will be to-morrow. There is scarcely anything talked of now but General Washington and the Palace." The palace referred to is, evidently, the former residence of Walter Franklin, situated at the corner of Pearl and Cherry Streets, then owned by his widow, who had married Mr. Samuel Osgood, Postmaster-General under the new administration. Watson says that the Franklin House on Pearl Street was "No. 1 in pre-eminence," and, from the wealth and position of its owner, it was evidently considered the best in the city for the purpose. Mrs. Robinson describes it as having been very sumptuously fitted up; and so it doubtless was, according to the prevailing idea of elegance. She says, "Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it; accordingly they pitched on their wives as being likely to do it better. Aunt Osgood and Lady Kitty Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to look at it. The house really did honour to my Aunt and Lady Kitty, they spared no pains nor expense in it. I have not done yet, my dear, is thee not almost tired? The best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and China that I ever saw before. The whole of the first and second Story is papered, and the floor covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton Carpets."

The Mr. Duer spoken of by Mrs. Robinson is Colonel William Duer, who had early in life been aide-de-camp to Lord Clive in India, and who later held important positions under the Federal government. His wife was one of the daughters of General William Alexander, claimant to the Scottish earldom of Stirling. She consequently figured in New York society as Lady Kitty Duer, giving, with Lady Temple and her own sister Lady Mary Watts, a flavor of British aristocracy to republican circles. Lady Kitty is described by John Quincy Adams as "one of the sweetest-looking women in the city,"—which testimony is corroborated by her portrait in the picturesque costume of the day.

Walter Franklin's house on Cherry Street, and that of his brother Samuel, which was around the corner on Pearl Street, were both near the shipping quarter of the town, in which respect they resembled the fashionable Philadelphia residences of the same period. Mrs. Robinson's statement that a carpet was spread from the wharf for the President to walk upon was authenticated, more than sixty years later, by an eye-witness of the scene. Dr. Atlee, in 1850, while substitute-resident at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, met a man of eighty-two who, when he learned that the young physician was named Walter Franklin Atlee, exclaimed at the coincidence, saying that he remembered having seen General Washington come up the river in a

boat, and walk on a carpet to Walter Franklin's house, where he and Mrs. Washington were to reside.

A number of interesting family traditions cluster about these fine old houses, in which a bevy of gay girls was gathered together, who charmed the British officers during their occupation of the city, just as their Quaker sisters were doing in old Philadelphia. Some of the officers were quartered on the Franklins, among them Lord Rawdon and Admiral Lord Richard Howe, who respectively commanded the army and the fleet. Sally Franklin, the writer of the letter from which we have quoted, was then a young girl, and a very beautiful one. Her marriage with Mr. Robinson took place while the British had possession of New York. She was evidently a great favorite with the officers in command, who begged to be permitted to attend her wedding in Quaker meeting. This request was refused, on the plea that the wedding was to be a very quiet one. British officers, as Miss Rebecca Franks has informed us, were not accustomed to take no for an answer, unless accompanied with shot and shell. Accordingly, on the morning of the marriage, when the beautiful bride, in her white silk dress and white bonnet, stood in the quaint old meeting, listening to the words of her lover, "I take this Friend, Sarah Franklin, to be my wedded wife," a sudden sound of footsteps and clattering of swords against the benches was heard, and, lo! Lord Rawdon, Lord Howe, and a train of young officers, resplendent in gay uniforms and gold lace, stood within the solemn enclosure of the meeting. They seated themselves, with malice aforethought, on a long bench opposite the bride, whose turn had now come to speak. Trembling, and carefully avoiding the eyes of the strangers, who had vowed that they would make her smile in the midst of the ceremony, she performed her part, declaring her intention to take Friend William to be her wedded husband. When the marriage certificate was signed, the names of Lord Howe, Lord Rawdon, and the other officers were appended, beautiful Sarah Robinson showing her forgiving spirit still further, by allowing those, among the intruders, who were well known to her to return to the house and partake of the wedding-feast.

To this mansion on Cherry Street Mrs. Washington came when, after the tedious journey from Mount Vernon, she reached New York on the 27th of May, accompanied by the Custis children and her warm friend Mrs. Robert Morris, and here, on the 29th, her first reception was held.

The President was at this time about fifty-seven years of age. He is described as noble and commanding in figure, and, although at the inaugural ceremonies he appeared in a suit of cloth of American manufacture, he usually wore black velvet on festal occasions, with white vest, bag-wig, shining knee- and shoe-buckles, and light dress sword. If around the Chief Magistrate were gathered the great men of the nation, those who, like John Adams, Robert Morris, Alexander Hamilton, and John Jay, had already impressed themselves deeply upon the past, and in connection with such younger minds as those of James Madison, Rufus King, Elbridge Gerry, and Oliver Ellsworth, the Cerberus of the Treasury, were destined to outline the serener history of the future,

Mrs. Washington numbered in her republican court the noblest and most beautiful women in the land. Among these were many who, like her, had shared with their husbands the anxieties of the Revolutionary period,—notably, Mrs. General Knox, Mrs. Robert Morris, and Mrs. Adams,—while in a younger group were Mrs. Rufus King, who is described as singularly handsome, Mrs. Gerry, the attractive wife of the Senator from Massachusetts, Mrs. William Smith, John Adams's daughter, and Mrs. Walter Livingston, whom General Washington had once entertained, in rustic style, when encamped near New York.

In days of retirement at Mount Vernon, when engaged in instructing her maidens, or in household pursuits, Mrs. Washington was always simply attired, and in cloth of home manufacture. She could, however, on occasions of state appear in rich costumes of satin, velvet, and lace. Nor is there any reason to believe that the ladies of the republican court were addicted to extreme simplicity in dress or living. Indeed, the Chevalier de Crèveœur, sometime consul at New York, says, "If there is a town on the American continent where English luxury displays its follies, it is in New York. You will find here the English fashions. In the dress of the women you will see the most brilliant silks, gauzes, hats, and borrowed hair." It is amusing, in this connection, to note the French gentleman's ideal of what a woman should be. He happened to be looking for a wife himself just then, and, like Solomon's perfect woman, she was expected to look well to the ways of her household, to be skilled in the spinning of flax and the making of cheese and butter, and withal she was to have her mind cultivated a little, just enough to enable her to enjoy reading with her husband.

Mrs. William Smith, a less prejudiced observer than M. de Crèveœur, writes to her mother that there was more fashion and state in New York than she would fancy, describing a dinner at Chief-Justice Jay's which was served *à la mode française*. Brissot de Warville speaks of another dinner, this one at the house of Cyrus Griffin, at which seven or eight women appeared dressed in great hats and plumes. If the hats were as graceful and becoming as that worn by Mrs. John Jay in her portrait by Pine, we have no word of censure for those old-time beauties, although a plumed hat does seem a rather peculiar finish to a dinner costume, almost as odd as Mrs. William Smith's elbow-sleeves, bare arms, and muff. There was one important departure, however, in the costume of the ladies of the first administration, for which thanksgivings should have been devoutly uttered. They had by this time renounced the ungainly head-dress that had reared its pyramid skyward for some years, and which, accompanied as it was with scant drapery about the shoulders and bust, had led some wit of the day to accuse the fair ones of robbing their breasts of gauze, cambric, and muslin for the use of their heads. Perhaps some such witticism had led to the change of fashion; or, more likely, a little bird from France had whispered in the ladies' ears that the mighty pyramid had fallen there. From whatever cause, the structure of hair, flowers, feathers, and jewels no longer reared its imposing pinnacle above the brow of beauty, and many of the Stuart, Malbone, Trumbull, and Copley paintings of women present at this reception of May, 1789, represent the hair dressed

low, with curls and bandeaux *à la Grecque* or rolled moderately high *à la Pompadour*. The scene was as brilliant as gay colors, rich fabrics, jewels, youth, beauty, and wax candles could make it. Mrs. Washington stood with the Cabinet ladies around her, stately Mrs. Robert Morris by her side, herself the stateliest figure in the group. The President passed from guest to guest, exchanging a word with one and another, and pleasing all by the fine courtesy of his manner. The lovely ladies, and the dignified gentlemen, many of them with powdered heads and bag-wigs, like his Excellency, trooped up by twos and threes to pay their respects to the first lady in the land. We see it all passing before us, like a brilliant panorama. Mr. Huntington, the artist, has made of it a glowing picture, which will to all time represent to the children of the Republic that first ceremonial, in which the dignity of the state and the graces of social life were so admirably blended by the couple who knew so well how to balance the functions of public office and the sacred demands of home life.

Anne H. Wharton.

HOW I MADE MY AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

MUCH has been written and more perhaps been said of the "Autograph Fiend" and his "pernicious practice." The passion for collecting autographs may be ridiculed if we so choose to do; and in many cases, where it is carried to excess or pursued in a hap-hazard manner, it deserves all that can be said of it. Yet the hobby—or craze, if the reader will so have it—is not without its redeeming features, or, to go further, devoid of distinct benefits. But for the autograph collector many valued bits of epistolary literature would to-day be lost. Positive pleasure, and knowledge of the most useful kind, may be derived from an inspection of the valuable autograph collections now in existence; and from them the biographer and historian often draws his choicest material.

Like all hobbies, this habit can be followed in a mechanical manner, and so hold out no advantage to the compiler. A main cause of the censure which has fallen upon the autograph mania lies in the injudicious and ill-advised methods adopted by some collectors. Much offence has occasionally been given to eminent persons by the untimely and blundering manner in which they have been approached. As a striking instance of misguided effort, I recall a Western collector who mailed innumerable printed applications each formally worded and duly numbered as if corresponding to a stub in some sort of check-book in the possession of the collector. The success that met such a unique system may be readily inferred.

Again, a rare prize is often lost by trying to obtain too much, as in the case of an enterprising young woman who solicited the poet Whitier for his signature upon upwards of eighty cards for herself and friends. Other instances might be cited of applications worded in an

ungrammatical or discourteous style, which, of course, receive small or no consideration.

But, on the other hand, let a young man intelligently compile a collection of the handwritings of the illustrious men and women of the time in which he lives, and it becomes to him an education in itself. From the pursuit of a mere hobby he acquires in a pleasing manner a knowledge of persons and events that cannot fail to prove of the utmost value.

Convinced of the small value attached to the simple signature of a man or woman, however famous, the writer, when he contemplated compiling his collection, mapped out what he believed to be a new line of action. This was, first, to familiarize himself with the life and works of the eminent person addressed. Selecting the most important event in the life before me, I would write, dwelling thereon and advancing some inquiry regarding it. As may be readily inferred, the answer, relating to a significant incident in the writer's life, would be strikingly characteristic in its tone. Thus, my first letter was addressed to General Garfield in 1880, and related to his recent nomination, upon which I congratulated him. This, my first venture as an autograph collector, was of especial interest to me. Being scarcely more than a boy, it may be imagined with what anxiety I awaited the response. After three days of expectation, I was delighted at the receipt of a letter bearing the postmark of Mentor, Ohio, and addressed in a large and flowing handwriting. My delight was increased upon opening the envelope by finding within a pleasant note of thanks for my congratulatory letter. For some days following I could talk of nothing but the gratifying result of my initial effort.

Desirous of being entirely impartial, my second letter was sent to the Democratic candidate, and embodied an inquiry touching the prominent part played by him in the battle of Gettysburg. The response was as satisfactory as it was prompt, and General Hancock's letter was placed beside that of his political opponent.

Encouraged by these two successes, I was emboldened to go on—my kind critics of the press have said "from worse to worse." Among those whom I next addressed was General Sherman. The question raised was his belief in the maxim "The pen is mightier than the sword." I must confess that I was aware of his pronounced disbelief in the truth of this popularly-accepted line.

His response was characteristic, and I feel sure that General Sherman will pardon the reproduction of the letter here in full:

I prefer not to make scraps of sentimental writing. When I write anything I want it to be real and connected in form, as, for instance, in your quotation from Lord Lytton's play of "Richelieu," "The pen is mightier than the sword." Lord Lytton would never have put his signature to so naked a sentiment. Surely I will not. In the text there was a prefix or qualification:

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

Now, this world does not often present the condition of facts herein described. Men entirely great are very rare indeed, and even Washington, who approached greatness as near as any mortal, found good use for the sword and the pen, each

in its proper sphere. We have seen the day when a great and good man ruled this country (Lincoln) who wielded a powerful and prolific pen, and yet had to call to his assistance a million of flaming swords. No, I cannot subscribe to your sentiment "The pen is mightier than the sword," because it is not true. Rather, in the providence of God, there is a time for all things; a time when the sword may cut the Gordian knot, and set free the principles of right and justice, bound up in the meshes of hatred, revenge, and tyranny, that the pens of mighty men like Clay, Webster, Crittenden, and Lincoln were unable to disentangle.

Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Mr. George William Curtis was more inclined to agree with the sentiment of the maxim than General Sherman, and did not hesitate to pen his name thereto. Not long after I was showing Mr. Charles Dudley Warner my album. Coming to Mr. Curtis's endorsement of the maxim, he stopped, smiled, and, picking up a pen, wrote on the opposite page,—

"Yes, Mr. Curtis, that is true, but I have noticed that the sword generally weighs the most in a fight."

Hearing not long after that General Jubal A. Early had never expressed himself fully as to the reasons which governed him in the burning of Chambersburg, I wrote him on the subject. The result was the following letter, which has been generally pronounced by competent authorities to be the fullest explanation and justification of his action on record:

In reply to your inquiries, I have to inform you that the town of Chambersburg was burned on the same day on which the demand on it was made by McCausland and refused. It was ascertained that a force of the enemy's cavalry was approaching, and there was no time for delay. Moreover, the refusal was peremptory, and there was no reason for delay, unless the demand was a mere idle threat.

As to the other inquiry, I had no knowledge of what amount of money there might be in Chambersburg. I knew that it was a town of some twelve thousand inhabitants.

The town of Frederick, in Maryland, which was a much smaller town than Chambersburg, had in June very promptly responded to my demand on it for \$200,000, some of the inhabitants who were friendly to us expressing a regret that I had not put my demand at \$500,000. There was one or more national banks at Chambersburg, and the town ought to have been able to raise the sum I demanded. I never heard that the refusal was based on inability to pay such a sum, and there was no offer to pay any sum. The value of the houses destroyed by Hunter, with their contents, was fully \$100,000 in gold, and at the time I made the demand the price of gold in greenbacks had very nearly reached \$3.00, and was going up rapidly. Hence it was that I required the \$500,000 in greenbacks, if the gold was not paid, to provide against any further depreciation of the paper money.

I would have been fully justified by the laws of retaliation in war in burning the town without giving the inhabitants the opportunity of redeeming it.

JUBAL A. EARLY.

In many cases an expressive sentiment was solicited where a letter on some suggestive topic was undesirable or difficult to obtain. Thus, for example, did Colonel Ingersoll favor me:

Life is a shadowy, strange, and winding road, on which we travel for a little way,—a few short steps, just from the cradle, with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is "Good-night."

With some, however, the request for a sentiment was not always agreeable, as in the case of Mrs. Burnett, whose letter is here appended :

Pray accept my apology for having kept you waiting so long. The real reason for my doing so was that I had an agonizing suspicion that you wanted "a sentiment;" and if there is one thing on earth to which more than all others I am totally unequal, it is "a sentiment." When I am asked for one I invariably pretend to myself that I will make a feeble effort some day, and then I lay the letter aside and wait for the sentiment to present itself, which it never does by any chance. Then the person who asked for it hates me, but they never, never hate me half as much as *I* hate *them*. Autographs I will write by the million and with the greatest cheerfulness, but at "the sentiment" all the innate ferocity of my nature is aroused. I think that perhaps it is because I have not any words to make them of. And now, having written my letter, I begin to suspect myself of having given you a sentiment after all, even though you did not ask for one.

Sincerely yours,

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

At the time when the date and place of occurrence of Mr. Beecher's first sermon were under discussion, the following explanation was granted me in a letter from the great preacher :

The account you have kindly sent of my "first sermon" is more nearly true than most stories that are circulated of me. My brother George wished to be away a Sunday, and I was requested by him to supply his pulpit. Text, sermon, and all attendant circumstances are gone from my memory, except the greenness—no doubt about that.

My earliest remembered address was given at Brattleboro, Vt., on temperance, when I was in my Junior year at Amherst College. But my earliest remembered sermons were delivered at Northbridge, Mass., where I taught school for three months in 1831. I conducted conference meeting almost every night, and a temperance address at Upton, Mass., where "Old Father Wood" was pastor, and in his church. In the winter of 1833 I taught school in Hopkinton, Mass., and carried on revival meetings every night and preached on Sundays. The people were plain and simple and liked the effusions. During the winter of 1833 I again taught school at Northbridge, and made a formal sermon in a chapel over the new store built by the Messrs. Whitins. Thence I went to Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, and preached in small places. When, in 1837, I was ready to leave the seminary, I went over to Covington, Ky., and preached in the Presbyterian church for several Sundays, and expected to form a church there and remain, but a call from Lawrenceburg, Ind., was made, and I was soon settled there for two years and over; thence to Indianapolis for eight years, and in October, 1847, I came to Brooklyn. I have been preaching over fifty years. My next and last call and settlement will probably be in Greenwood.

Cordially yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Roscoe Conkling was dreaded by autograph collectors, in that his failures to respond to requests were more frequent than his compliances. Yet one would never suppose such to be the case from his contribution to the present collection :

Wherever there be one, high or low, that gives me a place on the roll of kindly-remembered names, to him go the thanks and the kind greetings and wishes of

ROSCOE CONKLING.

Interesting expressions of opinion are often encountered in the autograph album, as for example in the contribution of Thomas Hughes, in response to a request for his estimate of our American poets :

I can't do what you ask, because—first, I am living here in a hired house and haven't any of my books at hand to quote from, and, second, if I had I doubt if there are in them any quotations that would serve your turn. But what I can do that I will : so I send you a few quotations from our English poets.

They are favorite odds and ends of mine which I carry about me always ready for use at an idle moment ; and, as they are all written out from memory, it will be a good lesson in poetry for you to hunt them out in the originals and see how many blunders I have made in quoting them. I can't give you a better piece of advice than to store your own memory with such odds and ends : you will find them stand you in good stead in trying times all through your life, which I hope may be a useful one for your fellows, and as prosperous as is good for yourself.

Yes, I was very fond of Longfellow, from whom I received much kindness at his Cambridge house which had been Washington's head-quarters, and I delight in much of his poetry. But, my dear young friend, Longfellow is not your greatest poet. To my mind Lowell will be acknowledged in another twenty years as the American who cuts deepest,—though his verse is often rugged and careless. With all good wishes, I am always very truly yours,

THOMAS HUGHES.

Upon asking his opinion concerning the value of certain Confederate bonds held in the family of the writer, Jefferson Davis wrote the following characteristic reply :

In regard to your special inquiry I regret my inability to give an opinion. The theory of the Confederate government, like that of the United States, was to separate the sword from the purse. Therefore the Confederate State Treasury was not under the control of the Executive, but that of the Congress and the Secretary of the Treasury. This may explain my want of special information in regard to the Confederate State bonds. Generally, I may state that the Confederate government cannot have preserved a fund for the redemption of their bonds other than the cotton subscribed by our citizens for that purpose. At the termination of the war, the United States government, claiming to be the successor of the Confederate government, seized all its property which could be found, both at home and abroad. I have not heard of any purpose to apply these assets to the payment of the liabilities of the Confederacy, and therefore have been at a loss to account for the demand which has lately been made for the Confederate bonds.

When Cardinal Manning's loyalty to the cause of Ireland was doubted in some quarters in 1883, I ventured to write to the distinguished prelate upon the subject. His response left no room for doubt :

No Englishman has, I believe, a greater love for Ireland ; and my demand for justice, and my defence of all that can be defended, has never wavered ; nor ever will. I hold it to be my duty as an Englishman, and as a Catholic ; all the more when unhappily misdeeds give courage and strength to what is unjust. The kind words in your letter I must not take to myself, except as expressing what I would fain be and do. I am ending a long life, and I hope it may not be spent in vain.

Yours very faithfully,
CARDINAL HENRY E. MANNING.

To return to "literary folk," the following letter from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is not without interest, as dwelling upon the identity of her two principal characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

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In reply to your questions relative to the composition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I would say that none of the characters of that book are drawn from any one person. Incidents in the life of Josiah Henson and Lewis Clark were made use of in delineating the characters of Uncle Tom and George Harris, intermingled with others drawn from my own imagination. Story-writers don't give daguerrotypes, only sketches.

Truly your friend,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The love and pursuit of knowledge occurred to me as the best unpolitical theme upon which a young man might address President Cleveland and to which he might most readily be induced to respond. I accordingly addressed the President, and his reply showed the assumption to have been correct:

Your letter is received, and my inclination always to say a word by way of encouragement to young men induces me to reply. The utmost love of knowledge and the sensible pursuits of learning must tend, if properly guided and applied, to a better grade of citizenship. But this trite saying is but introductory to the expression of the belief that the practical consideration of these things, which are connected with the purest and best methods of administering the affairs of government, should in no event be neglected. No one has the right to selfishly indulge in the love of knowledge. Its only value is in the good fruits it may bear; and the acquirement of learning brings corresponding responsibilities. I believe the success of our government and the permanency of what is valuable in our institutions depends largely upon those who are now young men, and who, while lovers of learning, are determined to properly devote themselves and their knowledge to the common weal.

Believe me yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Of course, numerous were the instances where I was unsuccessful. With men of such large correspondence as Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson failure was to be expected, and failure indeed I encountered at first. The treasured personal letter subsequently received from the former, and the four different transcribed verses from his own poems with which the latter favored me, after considerable perseverance, are therefore the more highly prized.

It has often been asked whether the autograph of Queen Victoria can be obtained. From a somewhat prolonged experience in that particular direction, I can positively say that it cannot by personal solicitation. This is due, perhaps, more to the failure of such letters reaching Her Majesty than to any unwillingness to grant an occasional request. Autographs of the Queen of England can be secured only, and even then rarely, through the assistance of some influential person at court. In this manner I obtained the two desirable specimens in my possession.

When writing to poets my tendency was stronger towards obtaining a transcribed verse than a letter: in some cases the latter would accompany the former. Thus was my collection enriched by beautiful poetical gems in the handwritings of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, and the entire galaxy, I might say, of the leading poets at home and abroad.

In many ways I endeavored to preserve interesting records of national events in my collection. Thus, at the assassination of President

Garfield, I wrote in turn to each of his Cabinet during his subsequent illness, ascertaining in each case the condition of the President at the time of writing. This of course brought together a series of letters at once valuable and historic in interest.

In collecting autographs, as in other pursuits, small beginnings sometimes bring about large results. In this connection the case of Mr. Blaine may be cited, who wrote,—

“How much time annually do you think you waste in seeking autographs which are no more valuable than mine?”

I wrote again to Mr. Blaine, answering his inquiry; and this led to a very interesting succession of letters.

At times the autograph collector receives a rebuke,—such, for instance, as Mrs. Oliphant the novelist addressed to me:

The request for a few lines from my pen is a strange wish. It would be far better for Mr. Edward Bok to get what good he can out of our books than to set his heart on our signatures, which are not worth very much.

The autograph album very frequently holds concise records of great inventions and events: as an instance, the following terse record of the famous Gatling gun as told by the inventor himself:

I invented the gun which bears my name in 1862, and my first gun was made in Indianapolis, Ind., the same year. Afterwards I had made at the machine-works of Miles, Greenwood & Co., in Cincinnati, Ohio, six guns which were destroyed by fire. The fire was supposed to be the work of an incendiary. In 1863 I had thirteen of my guns made at the Cincinnati Type-Foundry Machine Works. Some of these guns were used by General Butler near Richmond, Va., in repelling rebel attacks upon the Union forces. In 1865 I had constructed at the Cooper Arms Co. Works in Philadelphia fifteen guns, a part of which were of one inch calibre. My gun was adopted by the United States government in 1866. My first U. S. order was given for 100 guns,—50 of one inch and 50 of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch calibre. The guns so ordered were made at Colt's armory in this city (Hartford), and were delivered in 1867, since which time my guns have been made by the Colt Co. We have the guns also manufactured by Sir William G. Armstrong & Co., Newcastle, England.

We have sold Gatling guns to nearly all the governments of the world.

I will say in conclusion that I have made great improvements in the gun since I first invented it. I have taken out five different patents for improvements in it. My first gun only fired from 250 to 300 shots per minute, while my latest improved guns fire over 1000 shots per minute. I enclose herewith a photograph of my latest improved gun, which, with the contents of this brief letter, I trust will be interesting to you.

Very truly yours,
R. J. GATLING.

As an example of the many rare legacies of the dead often found in autograph collections, I print the following letter from Amos Bronson Alcott, written apparently at the outset of his famous daughter's career, and addressed to Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the authoress:

DEAR MRS. OAKES SMITH,—My daughter Louisa has some stories by her, which she would like to see printed in some of the magazines. But, feeling diffident of offering them herself, she asks me to propose them for your reading (and acceptance, she hopes), if you shall think it worth the while and will take the trouble to write saying whether she may send you a sample. I think them ex-

cellent, and shall be pleased and proud to find they suit you. We are now settled in Concord, beside Emerson and Hawthorne.

My family are well, with the exception of our third child, Elizabeth, about whose recovery from a long illness we are all anxious just now.

With good hopes for your magazines, I am cordially yours,

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

A more interesting testimony to the paternal love cherished by President Tyler and his anxiety for the welfare of his children has perhaps never been printed than this letter, now produced in print for the first time:

DEAR JOHN,—Your letter announcing Alice's illness took us altogether by surprise. Thank God (how many causes of gratitude have we to him!) that things are no worse. I shall, of course, be uneasy until I hear further of her progress, and hope to do so to-day. I have been highly gratified at Robert's display in the attorney's case, and have read the various articles in the newspapers with infinite gratification. He is destined sooner or later to reap the fruits of all his privations in a full measure of public confidence. There is no other profession or pursuit which so thoroughly makes a man known as that of the law. In a popular government it is the lever which moves the great masses and controls public opinion. What the rostrum was to the ancients the bar is to the moderns. And yet you consider yourself in limbo at the prospect of taking out of it your position. You talk of cramped energies, describe yourself as a cleanser of sewers, your future in connection with the law is "to live wretchedly and to drag out from it a mere pittance,"—speak of the profession, your letter admits of no other interpretation, as unworthy one who has been reared to "science and literature." To philosophy you then turn with different feelings. She holds out to you wealth, fame, doubtless suddenly to be acquired. That is the promise she has made to her votaries always. She has beckoned them on into intricacies and labyrinths in pursuit of her magic stone and immortal elixir. No! Philosophy is true wisdom, and true wisdom spoke to our first parents upon their expulsion from Paradise, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou obtain thy daily bread." Sudden wealth! What has it ever brought its possessor but an idle and worthless and dissipated career? There may be some instances to the contrary, but they are few and far between.

But I am done! I have struggled through all my early life to educate my children. Content with sober pursuits and moderate gains, I have accomplished my object in regard to all but one, and in ten years more he (Tazewell) will have launched his bark on the wide sea. To each and all I have done my duty. They off my hands, a new set are ready to occupy their places. To the first I have done all I could do; to the last I mean to do all I can. I have been content to labor for the first; my labor is not only due but is necessary for the last. You are thirty years of age, capable of acting and thinking for yourself, and if I seem to counsel, it arises from that strong parental affection which will not quit me until the grave closes upon me.

Your affectionate father,
JOHN TYLER.

The following from the pen of President John Adams is a letter not unlike that of President Tyler, and of equal interest:

NEW YORK, June 29, 1795.

MY DEAR SON THOMAS,—I last week at Philadelphia received your kind letter of April by Captain Boadge, and it has been a delicious morsel to me and several other of your friends. As you are in the best country of Europe for the study of the civil law, I hope you will embrace the opportunity of making yourself acquainted with all the best writers on that divine science, as my master Gridley used to call it. The French I presume begins to be familiar to you, and the Dutch I hope is not wholly neglected.

You have many friends who enquire after you and who read your letters

with eagerness and delight. We begin to flatter ourselves with hopes of a general pacification in Europe, and are heartily weary of the noise of war. Your mamma will write you everything concerning the ladies, and particularly the marriages of Miss Morris, Miss Anthony, and others. You will do well to form some connections with gentlemen of letters as well as persons in trade, with whom you may correspond hereafter through life upon subjects of science as well as business, to your profit as well as other advantages. We expect a great deal of Jacobinical insolence in the newspapers about the Treaty, but no great impression will be made upon the people. There is a great change of sentiment in America, since you left it, in favor of peace and order. You very early took a decided aversion to disorderly bluffs, and your opinion is now general in this country, as it seems to be in Europe.

My farm begins to shine. A rainy season makes it appear to more advantage than it has done in years past. Let me know your views and prospects from time to time, and whether you intend to return as you proposed at the end of two years. If you should go to England, go out to see Paine's Hill and Osterley House. Stow, Hagley, The Leasowes, etc., are too far off. But the gentlemen's seats in England are the greatest curiosities in it. Speculation in lands goes on rapidly in this country. Other speculations run now chiefly into foreign commerce. I am, my dear child,

With a tender affection, your father,

JOHN ADAMS.

THOMAS BOYLSTON ADAMS, ESQ.

That John Quincy Adams was not far behind his illustrious father in the epistolary art finds evidence in this remarkable letter taken from the archives of the Adams family :

LONDON, December 26, 1795.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your packet by Mr. Clarke at length was delivered me on the 21st, and your letter of the 11th of this month by Mr. Calhoun the day preceding. Quincy's letter is indeed a valuable one, and contains some opinions which are at once just, important, and not sufficiently established in the minds of Americans in general. I would envelop it back to you, but I think I may as well be the bearer of it myself. Your opinion that a peace will not be procured by the excesses of a London mob was accurate. They find it rather a dangerous thing to tamper with the strength of such a government as this. For a square of glass broken, and a coach door opened *mal-à-propos*, this kingdom has been resounding for two months with echoes and re-echoes of daring and unparalleled outrage, with horror and indignation, with the royal virtues and the crimes of the Jacobins.

The dulness of loyalty, no doubt, has its privilege, and the tediousness of addresses must be suffered principally by the receiver. But a more substantial use is made of the incident by the ministers; for they have taken occasion from it to carry through two new laws which give great additional strength to the government and will be a powerful check even upon political discussion. The revolutionists, you may readily suppose, weep and wail and gnash their teeth, but to little purpose. The power of this nation is in the hands of its property; and the property is perfectly aware that it is contending for self-preservation. What walls hunger may break down no previous calculation can ascertain, but if the people here can have bread, I believe the more rioting there is raised the longer the war will continue. I thank you for the detail of your correspondence with the banker on the subject of the approaching interests. If they should apply to you again for supplies you can refer them to me; they have, indeed, already made a similar application to me, and perhaps their anxiety on this subject proceeds at least as much from curiosity as from expectation. It is very probable that before the first of February you will receive from the Treasury Department the means of answering them, or that they will receive supplies which will prevent the renewal of their application. To say the truth, I was more apprehensive on account of the Antwerp interest than I am for the payments in Holland. There is one strong operative cause in favor of the latter which was directly contrary to the former. If I find occasion for recurring to new resources, I shall not fail to

write you fully on the subject, but in the mean time you can, if they should again make demands on you, assure them that you have no authority to raise money on account of the United States, nor any funds of theirs in your hands. Their style of language has not, I think, improved in civility, since their correspondence with you. They treat us, however, pretty much alike, and I think it best to overlook altogether their airs of superiority, taking care to allow them nothing more than the airs.

Your transition, as you call it, to a thinking animal, no doubt contributed to increase your labors, but it will be serviceable to you. A habit of thinking is of considerable importance in the passage through life, and few men think accurately whose judgment has not been sharpened by opposition. The non-payment of the bill on Dollards and Swan is a circumstance that mortified and surprises me. But as to the cause of the failure neither you nor I can be responsible; the business was put entirely into other hands, and had I been disposed to meddle with it, you remember that the bankers informed me they were in correspondence with Mr. Monroe on the subject, which I considered as a sufficient intimation to me that it was not a concern of mine. Since then, however, I have interfered as far as was in my power to secure the payment for them, and regret as much as they can that any difficulties should yet intercept the remittance.

The letter from your mother was indeed a treat, but, like many others previously received, a little too high-seasoned. The opinion of the great man seems to look through the parental microscope. If the flattery of my vanity constituted my happiness, I could not possibly wish for higher gratification, but you know what value I am apt to set upon my own opinions; when others go beyond my own estimation of myself they are certainly under a mistake, and it gives me more pain than pleasure to find myself overrated.

Your letter mentions a list to be procured and forwarded by me, but no such list is enclosed. If it had been I should have executed the commission with pleasure. I am yet in hopes of returning in the course of a few weeks. Mr. Pinckney is hourly expected, and the life of the Hague suits me much better than that of London. The newspapers here have taken a great deal of pains to make an Envoy Extraordinary of me, and to supply me with credentials for the Queen. If you should hear anything of the kind at the Hague, you will say there is not a word of truth in these tales. I have no new character, and the credentials as well as the dignity are merely of typographical creation.

I hope to hear from you again. You will continue to write until I give you notice to stop. If you receive any despatches from the government, you will inform me of their substance.

THOMAS B. ADAMS, Esq.

Your affectionate brother,
JOHN Q. ADAMS.

But for fear of wearying the reader, these reproductions of letters might be continued at almost an indefinite length. I have perhaps given to the public sufficient guarantee, however, of my assertion that an autograph collection may be made something more than a mere repository of miscellaneous signatures. For fear that others may be led into autographic pursuits with expectations of like results to those which I have been fortunate enough to reap, I may be pardoned in saying that I have been led to believe that my success was in some respects exceptional. I had progressed with my collection but little, when, through the agency of a friend, prominent attention was attracted to it through the newspaper and periodical press. Editors found material in my collection for numerous articles, and through the wide audience thus secured in this country and abroad the most productive channels were opened to me. In this manner I was enabled to obtain some of my most valuable letters. For the kindness of the American and foreign press in this respect I have never ceased to be grateful. From several private files of correspondence of great men I was per-

mitted to select the choicest gems, while many contributions came to me unsolicited and often anonymously. I was and am still constantly a recipient of favors of this kind, representing in their number letters from such men as Longfellow, Wendell Phillips, John Quincy Adams, Victor Hugo, Mr. Beecher, and many others, dead and living. To the courtesy of these contributors I feel largely indebted for the success of my collection.

At present writing, my collection numbers somewhat over eight thousand letters and documents. Of this number but three letters have been purchased. It was my desire from the beginning that whatever collection I might be enabled to make should be the result of my direct efforts without any pecuniary assistance. To this determination I adhered, with the three exceptions mentioned.

In looking back upon my experience as an autograph collector, I have, contrary to the expressed opinions of friends at the outset, nothing to regret. To many my quest seemed to entail a useless expenditure of time which might have been employed to better advantage. With this erroneous impression of my friends I never could and cannot now agree. Not only do I believe that my collection has been to me a source of intellectual benefit, but it has secured for me the friendship of interesting persons which I could not have obtained in any other way, and which has been of great assistance to me since.

For myself I have built a treasure-house of literary information and intellectual pleasure, while for many of my friends my collection has proved a delight and often a valuable source of reference. With such results obtained from a mere hobby, pursued only in moments of leisure, I am satisfied and content.

Edward W. Bok.

THE CRITICS ON THE HEARTH.

SOME years since, James Payn wrote of the critic on the hearth as being, on the whole, more of a trial to the author than the critic on the editorial judgment-seat. Yet of that army of reviewers, chiefly of the gentler sex, it is at least to be said that they give their minds to the subject with a deliberation and thoroughness no overworked editor can afford. Howells is right in thinking that the appreciative novel-readers of to-day are people of small towns, women chiefly, to whom the world is known more through fiction than through experience. These, and city people who, like his own Laphams, have no social footing, make up the critics of the hearth; and the novels take often the place of party and concert and theatre; the serial, that of the protracted meeting, which, in many small towns, is as regularly expected as the snows. One sometimes wonders if, after all, these two represent, as popularly supposed, opposing forces, for certainly "the meetings" give the young people something besides religious opportunities.

People must talk, and no subject is so generally interesting as

human nature. To women not distinctly intellectual, but intelligent enough to dislike gossip, the new fiction offers a priceless field of discussion. Half the pleasure of reading, to some of us, is the pleasure of talking it over afterwards with a congenial friend. It is gossip without the harm of gossip; and as the ignorant soul wonders from day to day what her neighbors are going to do, so from month to month we speculate on the action of our favorite characters. Were there not many such little circles who followed the fortunes of Silas Lapham with a personal sympathy, who discussed the behavior of the two families with as keen interest as another class of women discuss the behavior of their neighbors? Mr. Howells might not have relished many of the remarks about his people; but he could at least consider it a tribute to their reality, since people do not discuss shadows. And after reading Silas Lapham all winter, with what interest, when fate carried two of us to Boston in summer, we picked out his house on the "water-side of Beacon," and, meeting Bromfield Corey in the new Old South, excused the shabby gloves which marred his perfection of attire, by the reflection that of course the girls were at Mount Desert and he had no one to look after him. Howells's men are so much easier to find than his women.

Indeed, in these quiet country places the serial of a favorite author is the event of the season. We settle down to it in November with the feeling that the winter's entertainment has begun; the theatre is open, and we shall have our favorites presently among the new actors. It is the door ajar into that broad and busy world from which fate shuts so many of us, and, though the circle of our acquaintance remains outwardly the same from year to year, we have the consciousness that every winter we add a few charming people to it. And what minute analysis these critics of the hearth indulge in! They have time to think it all out and talk it all over; and the wisdom and wit of many go to the final judgment passed on the new novel. And, as matter of discussion, the new fiction whose interest is all of character has a decided advantage. Adventures in unknown lands and marvels of plot and incident pique our curiosity, but, alas! give us nothing to talk about.

But compare this slow and thoughtful perusal with the push with which a "Seaside" is read, hurrying both because it is all under one's hand and because it will be out of fashion so soon and after that of course there will be no object in reading it. Is it not a point in favor of serials that they are given a more deliberate tasting? One does not, I notice, discuss "Seasides" much in the village circles of critics. There is a feeling, faint but persistent, that they are not of sufficient dignity for that. It is light reading, suited to the summer and the hammock; quite different from the winter entertainment. Besides, the "Seaside" is usually imported, and for discussion fiction must have the native flavor. We do not always feel competent to judge these foreigners, whose manners and morals often strike our simple souls as, to say the least, very odd. But questions of character and conscience, points of morals and manners in people who, like ourselves, are native to the soil and have been subjected to the same general mould of condition and circum-

stance, these are our proper game. Emerson says somewhere that more clever things are said about the house than get into books; and the talk of a half-dozen bright women over a novel of character would prove it.

It might, indeed, be made a point in favor of international copyright that by restricting the supply of "Seasides" it will encourage the discussions of the critics on the hearth. If, as Bagehot tells us, "government by debate" trains the intellect and sharpens the wit as nothing else can, women must find much of their training in the discussion of novels. The great social questions, temperance, religious beliefs, social purity, have their place; but more heat than light is usually evolved in their discussion. Besides, a good deal of preaching on these subjects is found in the novels of the type mentioned.

The final critical value of the hearth-critics' opinions may not be great, since few women narrowed in life and experience are without sad crotchets, and, with many, a certain moral rigidity injures the critical faculty. But the value to themselves of such discussion is large, and the pleasure derived from the exercise of their wits is even larger. From this point of view, therefore, the new school of fiction is a benefaction.

Emily F. Wheeler.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

X.

71. Did Byron ever write a romance called "The Vampire"?

In the summer of 1816, after his divorce from his wife, Lord Byron went to Geneva. Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were then residing on the banks of the lake, and when the weather did not allow of their making excursions upon the lake, the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati. During a week of rain at this time, having amused themselves reading German ghost-stories, the three agreed to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Byron to Mrs. Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of "The Vampire," and, having the whole arranged in his head, repeated the sketch of the story to them one evening. As the narrative was in prose, he made little progress in filling up the outline. Mrs. Shelley wrote "Frankenstein" as a consequence of the agreement. John W. Polidori, Byron's physician, had been present; and he afterwards wrote out the story from memory. It was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* for April 1, 1819, but had been previously or simultaneously printed as a separate pamphlet, entitled "The Vampire, a Tale by the Right Hon. Lord Byron." Lord Byron wrote to *Galignani's Messenger* repudiating the authorship, and in the May number of the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1819 Polidori acknowledged the fraud, as follows: "The fact is that, though the groundwork is certainly Lord Byron's, its development is mine, produced at the request of a lady, who denied the possibility of anything being drawn from the materials which Lord Byron had said he intended to have employed in the formation of his ghost-story."—CURIOUS.

72. Who were the frost or vintage saints?

Kelly, in his "Proverbs of All Nations," says the frost or vintage saints are so called because their festivals, which occur in April, are noted in the popular calendar as days on which a frost is injurious to the young green crops and vines.

The husbandmen whose fields and vineyards were injured by the inclemency of the weather used to hold these saints responsible for the damage they ought to have prevented. In the annals of Cahors and Rodez (France) it is recorded that the angry peasants were in the habit of flogging the images of the frost saints; defacing their pictures, and otherwise maltreating them. There are three days in May (13th, 14th, and 15th) dedicated to saints who are called by the French "*Les Saints de Glace.*" The saints are St. Mamert, St. Pancras, and St. Servais. They have the evil reputation of commonly bringing with them a nipping frost, and are abhorred in Burgundy as the great enemies of the vine. There are also days in April when these "ice saints" are supposed to exert an influence. Brand says that on St. Paul's and St. Urban's days (January 25 and May 25) it is the custom in many parts of Germany to drag the images of these saints in the river if the weather happen to be foul. On St. Urban's day the vintners formerly set a table in a public place, and set the saint's image upon it: if the day proved clear, they crowned the image and did it honor; if rainy, they cast filth and mire upon it. There was a Latin saying, "*Vincenti festo, si sol radiet, memor esto,*" which the French perpetuate in

If St. Vincent's day be fine,
'Twill be a famous year for wine.

The Spaniards say, "A cold April, much bread and little wine."

73. What is a Fool's Paradise?

Fool's Paradise—*Limbus Fatuorum*. *Limbus* (Lat.), a hem, a border. The lake flowing round hell, where souls awaited the resurrection. The old Schoolmen taught that there were four divisions of this place,—viz., 1, *Limbus Puerorum*, for unbaptized children; 2, *Limbus Patrum*, for the Patriarchs and good men who lived before Christ; 3, *Purgatorium*, where the better sort are being cleansed from their sins; and 4, *Limbus Fatuorum*, for fools, idiots, and lunatics, who, not being responsible for their sins, are not punished in hell or purgatory, yet cannot be received into heaven, because they have done nothing to merit salvation. This neutral ground between heaven and hell is described in Dante's "*Divina Commedia.*"

The word *Limbo* is commonly used to denote a place to stow away things too good to destroy, yet not good enough to use, and the slang term "in Limbo" means "in prison."

A Fool's Paradise in common parlance signifies vain hopes, insecure joys, and sometimes unlawful love.

The *Limbus* of the Schoolmen has a close parallel in the Mussulman's *Al Araf* (Arabic, "the partition"), which according to the Koran is a region situated between Paradise and Jehennam, for those neither good nor bad, such as infants, lunatics, and idiots. The inmates of *Al Araf* will be allowed to converse with the blessed in Paradise and the damned in hell. To the former this region will seem like a hell, and to the latter like a heaven.

At last whenas the dreadful passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake:
What voice of damned ghost from Limbo Lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake),
Sends to my doubtful eares these speeches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?

SPENSER, *Fairie Queen*, Bk. I., Canto 2, st. 32.

Nurse.—My young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 4.

In "Paradise Lost," Book III., l. 437 *et seq.*, Milton describes a place where

Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame, . . .
All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here. . . .
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renowned.
The builders next of Babel on the plain . . .
Empedocles
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of Dominie.

All these are first borne towards heaven, and seem sure of admission, when

A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues away
Into the devious air: . . . all these upwhirled aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

74. *What was the Red Spectre of the Tuileries, and in what poem is mention made of him?*

The Red Spectre of the Tuileries, the Little Red Man of the French legend, is a demon of tempest who commands the elements and precipitates into the waves the voyager who seeks to intrude upon the solitude he loves. This mysterious being is generally clothed in red; he is hump-backed, cloven-footed, and one-eyed; from his misshapen mouth a prodigious tongue lolls forth. In 1792 he is said to have donned a Phrygian cap of liberty with an enormous tricolored cockade and appeared to the unfortunate Louis XVI. In 1793 the dwarf powdered his hair, and in a sea-green coat, with striped stockings, and ribbons at his knees, swore by the incorruptible Robespierre, and chanted hymns to the "Supreme Being." Again, in a tarnished court suit of the Marquis de Carabas, with a huge three-cornered hat, and an enormous pigtail, the little monster transfers his allegiance and bellows forth the year 1815, the overthrow of Napoleon. His appearance is always ominous; he is called Redcap, and Redcomb, and haunts old castles and palaces which have been the scenes of tyranny or crime. He is the familiar demon of the Tuileries, the eidolon of the First Napoleon, to whom he is said to have appeared in Egypt on the eve of the battle of the Pyramids, muttering the word, "Moscow." He was seen again coming from the Emperor's tent on the night before the battle of Austerlitz. When challenged and bidden to give the countersign, he screamed, "St. Helena!" and vanished with an unmelodious twang.

The French poet P. J. de Béranger has perpetuated the fame of the Little Red Man in his poem "*Le petit Homme rouge*."—MARGERY DAW.

The Red Spectre, or "*L'Homme rouge*," is the name given to an apparition which is said to have appeared at long intervals in the Tuileries or Louvre, always on the eve of great disaster. There is no theory as to his identity, nor is there a distinct record of his first appearance. We hear of him during the Revolutionary period, and it is not impossible that he may at first have merely personified that "red republicanism" which has always been such a terror to European royalty. He is described as a small man, clothed from top to toe in scarlet, whose eye is so piercing and unearthly that it terrifies the most courageous. He never speaks, nor are his visits of much length; he vanishes soon after his presence is discovered. Among others, he is said to have shown himself to the women of Marie Antoinette a few days before the terrible 10th of August; to the little King of Rome and his attendants, in 1814; to have given

warning of the death of Louis XVIII. in 1824, and to have appeared to the great Napoleon to warn him of his disasters. An amusing story is related of a supposed appearance in 1815, a hoax which threw great doubt over his real existence for a time. Two old ladies and a knight of St. Louis who were dining together one evening, in apartments assigned to them in the Louvre, were terrified by the sudden appearance through the fireplace of a red man, who seized a leg of mutton and retreated as he had come. The king was told, and there was great excitement over the supposed warning of misfortune, though the king himself only laughed, and sent a chimney-sweep after the mysterious thief; but the excitement grew when he did not come down, and when a man had been sent up, who also disappeared completely, there was a veritable panic. But a little investigation solved the mystery: the chimney passed through the studio of Gros, the artist, and his pupils had made a hole by means of which one of them, in the character of *L'Homme rouge*, had played this trick on royalty, and through which the sweeps had been drawn in consideration of a bribe.

The last appearance of the veritable *Spectre* took place so recently as 1871. During the last day of the Commune a concierge of the Louvre, while making his night round, discovered a person, in an attitude of deep dejection, standing against a window, but when he approached it, it disappeared, he could not tell where. On entering the Grande Galerie he saw it again, and again it vanished. Remembering the old stories, he was greatly terrified, and gave the alarm to others, who made a thorough but unsuccessful search. But before it was ended a light in the sky announced that the Communists had begun their work; and before another day had closed the Tuilleries was a blackened ruin. Whether the final destruction of the old palace will effectually lay the ghost or not remains to be seen.—OWEGO.

75. *What is Jedwood justice? Cite some analogous expressions.*

"Jedwood justice" signifies to hang first and try afterwards. Analogous expressions are "Cupar justice," "Abingdon law," "Lynch law," "Bur-law," "Lidford law," and "Peralvillo justice."

Jedburgh is the chief town of Roxburghshire, Scotland, forty miles south-east of Edinburgh, ten miles west of Kelso. It is the seat of the justiciary, the sheriff, justices of the peace, and the small-debt courts, and the circuit courts for the county are held here twice in the year. It is the market town of Roxburgh, and its grammar-school has been long celebrated. The son of the Marquis of Lothian is called Lord Jedburgh, as being descended from the ancient border family of the Kers of Ferniehurst, for centuries the feudal superiors of the borough. In ancient times this town was celebrated for its castle, fortified dwellings, and woodland fastnesses; it is situated on the north bank of the small river Jed, whence its name. It has been a royal borough since the time of David I. (twelfth century). The site of the old castle is now that of the jail. Like other borderers, the citizens of Jedburgh were more noted for martial valor than for peaceful virtues. Their favorite weapon was the ponderous "Jeddart staff," with its steel head four feet long, and the "Jeddart axe," a partizan having an axe with rounded edge in front, an octagonal-shaped hammer at the back, and a spear at the top. I believe this weapon is represented on the town arms.

Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood axe at saddle-bow.

SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto I., st. 5.

The town was often sacked in the border wars, and the records date back only to 1619, the older records having been destroyed in one of the many frays. The slogan of the town was, "Jethart's here." "Jedwood," "Jeddart," and "Jethart" are local pronunciations of "Jedburgh." "Jedwood" was more comprehensive than "Jedburgh," and probably included the surrounding country watered by the Jed. All these variations of the name are given to the "justice" dealt here to the moss-troopers by the Wardens of the Marches, which was usually immediate execution before trial. (See Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," i. 50.) In Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth," ch. xxxii., Douglas, dealing with the murderers of

Rothsay, asks, "Have we not some Jedwood men in our troop?" and, receiving an affirmative reply, says, "Call me an inquest of these together: they are all good men and true, saving a little shifting for their living. Do you see to the execution of these felons, while I hold a court in the great hall, and we'll try whether the jury or the provost-marshal do their work first; we will have Jedwood justice,—hang in haste and try at leisure."

I oft have heard of Jedburgh law,
And shook my sides with laughter;
Where in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after,

as an old ballad says. Or in another version,—

You've heard men talk of Jeddart law,
Whereby they first do hang and draw,
Then sit in judgment after.

"Cupar justice" was practised in Cupar (pronounced Koopar), the county town of Fife, Scotland, thirty-two and one-half miles north of Edinburgh, fourteen and one-half east of Dundee. This town had also its castle, the fortress of the MacDuffs, a convent of Dominican or Black Friars, and other historic monuments. There is a familiar saying, "He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar" (quoted in Scott's "Antiquary"), equivalent to "A wilful man will have his way," and said to arise from the fact that Cupar being the head-quarters of all the judicial business of the county, all disputes were carried there to be settled, and the proverb was applied to the headstrong who would go to law against advice of elders. There is a story of two men convicted of horse- or sheep-stealing; one was caught and condemned to death; the other escaped arrest till his curiosity led him to go to Cupar to see his friend executed, where he was identified and shared the same fate. The above proverb may have arisen from this incident. Cupar had an excessive number of lawyers in proportion to its population, and litigation seems to have been its chief industry. I have also seen lately a saying, "Render unto Cupar the things that are Cupar's," which may refer to the same place. "Cupar justice" means the same as "Jedwood justice," but I have found no special reason for the term. There are several other small towns in Scotland named Cupar.

"Abingdon law" takes its name from Abingdon, Berkshire, England, where, during the Commonwealth, Major-General Brown used to first hang his prisoners and then try them.

Several accounts are given of the origin of "Lynch law." 1. From the provincial English word "linch," meaning to beat, or maltreat; "lynch law" being thus merely "club law." 2. From James Lynch Fitz Stephen, a merchant of Galway, and mayor of that city in 1526. His son was convicted of murder, and the father, Brutus-like, sentenced him to death, and, fearing a rescue, had him brought home and hanged before his own door. 3. From Colonel Charles Lynch, brother of the founder of Lynchburg, Virginia, and an officer in the American Revolution, who resided on the Staunton, in Campbell County, Virginia. The country was thinly settled, and infested by Tories and desperadoes; desperate measures were necessary, and Colonel Lynch, then a leading Whig, had the offenders apprehended and punished without recourse to forms of law. 4. From John Lynch, a farmer of North Carolina, who executed judgment on fugitive slaves and criminals dwelling in the Dismal Swamp, when they committed outrages on persons and property which the colonial law could not promptly repress. This was about the end of the seventeenth century. 5. From John Lynch, who lived in what is now the Piedmont district of Virginia, when that district was the western frontier of the State. The distance from the courts of law caused all complaints and disputes to be referred to men of local importance in the neighborhood. This man became so eminent for the wisdom of his decisions that he was known as "Judge" Lynch. 6. From James Lynch, a farmer of Piedmont, Virginia, who, having caught a thief, tied him to a tree and flogged him with his own hands instead of delivering him to the officers of the law.

The last three explanations may probably refer to the same man. The phrase "Lynch law" is now in common use to denote "mob law,"—a summary way of dealing with offenders without waiting for legal measures.

Mob law is called in Scotland "Bur-law" or "Byr-law."

First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Liddford law.

Ray informs us that Liddford is "a little and poor but ancient corporation in Devonshire, with very large privileges, where a Court of Stannaries was formerly kept." The expression seems to be equivalent to "Jedwood justice," etc.

The same speedy justice was practised in Spain at Peralvillo, where the Holy Brotherhood used to execute without trial robbers taken in the act, or, as the Scotch forcibly express it, "red-hand." Hence the Spanish saying "Peralvillo justice; after the man is hanged, try him" ("La justicia de Peralvillo, que ahorcado el hombre le hace la perquisa").—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THERE is but one land of liberty, and that is the Land of Nod. I think that is a reason why I like to go there. For one thing, I never there meet any one more stupid than myself, and no one ever makes appointments with me. There is nothing more interfering than appointments, because they always fall due when you are somewhere else, or when you crave to do something different. And in the Land of Nod no one calls on you when you are most engaged, and your sleeping neighbors never gossip with you. Before you go to sleep no one ever tells you what you shall dream, nor how long, and, if your dreams are not profitable and educational, no one calls you to account. You never upbraid yourself for waste of time when your dreams are incoherent and pointless, but you do congratulate yourself when they are good. If I could say all the witty things that are bestowed by their modest authors on Sheridan, never could I delight in them as I do in a repartee I made in a dream the other night. I know a working-man who carries his tools about and does his tasks well, but his daughters like him least when they meet him on the street thus going to his work. I dreamed that one of these daughters, striking, I suppose, where she felt her defences weakest, said her father was on one side related to the nobility. "Yes," said I, "but that is not the side he wears up." If I had said this when I was awake, it would have been stupid, but in a dream it was neat, and I enjoyed it. The irresponsible, hit-or-miss character of dreams gives them zest. You need have no vanity about them. You might as reasonably be proud of your neighbor's as your own, but they are your own all the same, and you plume yourself on them. A dream is the only situation in life I can think of where we need never hold ourselves accountable for the bad, but do congratulate ourselves on the good. And if I was asked to devise a head for the god of Liberty, I should, for the above reasons, choose that of Morpheus.

L. S.

WILL you tell me through the columns of your magazine where the phrase originated, "Praise from Sir Hubert [Stanley] is praise indeed"?

MARY HASTINGS.

This is a misquotation from Thomas Morton's drama "A Cure for the Heartache," Act II. Scene 1, where it is rather less tersely put as "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." Morton evidently had in mind the famous Latin proverb, "Laudari a viro laudato."

In an old book of fashions I find a "bonnet à la Valérie." What person is referred to?

Valérie is the heroine and title of a romance by Mme. Julia von Krüdener, usually looked upon as her masterpiece. It achieved a great and immediate success, partly due to its intrinsic merits, for it is one of the most eloquent and impressive of the sentimental romances that followed in the wake of "Werther," partly to the adroit system of puffery pursued by the author and her friends, who went to all the most fashionable shops in Paris, asking for scarfs, bonnets, feathers, and ribbons à la Valérie until the demand called for a corresponding supply, and "for eight days at least," says her biographer, "everything was à la Valérie." The plot of the story is very simple. Gustave, a young secretary of state, is passionately attached to Valérie, the wife of his ambassador, and writes to a friend minute accounts of his sensations, and of those trivial incidents which love magnifies into importance: at last, unable to sustain the weight of his unhappy passion, he tells her all, quits her forever, and dies of that nameless disease which pathological fiction is so fond of describing. Except in the *dénouement*, the story is an idealized version of one of the author's own experiences. Her husband's secretary, Alexandre de Stakieff, after long cherishing a secret and master passion for her, had at last resolved to tear himself away from her influence, and, to make the step irrevocable, he owned the truth to her husband, and then left his service.

BOOK-TALK.

WE are informed that, among the Kalmuck Tartars, when a high-priest dies the reverend gentleman next in rank cremates the body of the deceased, moistens the ashes with water and his own saliva, kneads them into what is known as the "sacred dough," and moulds the dough into a statuette whose face he takes care to make a sort of composite likeness representing both artist and subject. Something of this sort is done in more civilized countries by the useful order of men who are known as biographers. Accurate knowledge of man by man is impossible, is inconceivable, in fact; for if a man really knew another he would know himself, he would know God, he would solve the secret of the universe, he would—to descend to an anticlimax—lift himself up by his own bootstraps. Man knows his dearest friend, his most sympathetic teacher or disciple, only through the medium of his own personality; his knowledge of the other is bounded by his own mental limitations; he must translate all the acts, words, and thoughts of the other into terms of his own consciousness. The infinite escapes, and only the finite remains in his net,—the poor little tracery of details which masks and disguises and caricatures the soul below, and yet is the only

means that the soul has of expressing itself in that mirage which we call concrete form.

Now, a further limitation of a biographer's knowledge is the fact that he must belong to one of two classes, each of which has its mental boundaries: he must be either a literary man or a non-literary man. If the latter, he will find the difficulty in conveying his thoughts through expression which is inevitable to the untrained; words will prove slippery and unmanageable, his ideas will come to the surface twisted and distorted, and often prove misleading or even unintelligible. If a literary man, on the other hand, he will be more or less out of touch with his subject, save in the rare case where a literary man is that subject. The most vivid and vital biographies (Boswell's "Johnson," Carlyle's "Sterling," Trevelyan's "Macaulay") are the biographies of writers by writers. Other biographies are suffered to exist, they make a name, they are read, simply because they are the best that the poor human intellect can do under the additional fetters imposed by the conditions we have pointed out. They all suffer, just as history suffers, as fiction suffers, from being too literary. The literary view of life is one of many erroneous views which together focus the truth, so far as man's lowly intelligence can focus it. Full-rounded humanity is not to be found in any one class,—neither in the author, the artist, the statesman, the clergyman, the soldier, the business-man,—but in the co-ordination of all. Every man lives in a hermitage of his own thoughts, which can be shared fully by no one, which can be only dimly understood, across the blinding mist of differing personalities, by beings of his own order.

Luckily, however, we are fat-witted, and we accept history and biography written by literary men, written by men who are really unfitted to deal with it, as if it were absolute truth. It should be accepted as a poor attempt at relative truth,—and only accepted because, on the whole, it is the best that humanity can do,—the only Yea possible amid a chaos of contradictions. If a writer has the same opinion of Washington that I have, the expression of that opinion, erroneous as it may be, assists me in harmonizing and reducing to order my own ideas on the subject; it may teach me nothing real, nothing true, about Washington, but it is of far more value, it reveals to me just so much of my own personality as can grasp the personality of Washington.

Here is Moncure D. Conway's "Life of Edmund Randolph" (Scribners), in which he makes a gallant effort to rehabilitate a character in our early history whose reputation has been somewhat obscured. He succeeds in making us see that justice has never been done to the memory of a statesman of much ability and a patriot who was actuated by no mean motives. But Mr. Conway's effigy is a statuette which presents many of the traits of its moulder. He has taken the sacred dough and infused a good deal of Conway into it. We are glad to have it, for Mr. Conway is himself a figure of considerable importance in one of the most trying epochs through which our nation had to pass. Nevertheless we are doubtful whether, after all, the biographer has not allowed his enthusiasm to run away with him. Through his own fault or the fault of others, Randolph's life was a failure. It seems scarcely necessary to stop and consider where the responsibility for that failure lay. Posterity must deliver verdicts in its own haphazard way. It can reward only winners; it cannot concern itself with the losers who were handicapped or overweighted.

Autobiography suffers from many of the same limitations as biography, but is equally, if not even more, acceptable. A man does not really know anything about himself, but then he knows his *métier*, his own tastes and proclivities, his own point of view, and, if he tells us little about himself, he does the next best thing, if he is honest: he tells us what he thinks about himself. Autobiography, therefore, is the most charming of all literary outputs when it takes the form which Benvenuto Cellini and Jean Jacques Rousseau and Saint Augustine gave it. When it takes the form of Motley's Letters, however, and Lester Wallack's Memories, it is to be classed rather with biographies than with autobiographies; for both these recently-published books derive their chief value from the reminiscences of prominent people which they contain.

The two handsome octavo volumes of "The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley" which George William Curtis has edited and the Harper Brothers publish derive their chief interest, not from the *ignis-fatus* light which they cast upon our greatest historian of the essential literary type, but from the anecdotes and reminiscences of famous men among whom he was thrown. Motley knew and loved Bismarck, and he had some acquaintance with Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Macaulay, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Disraeli, Bright, Cobden, Gladstone, and the Czar Nicholas. We all take an irrational joy in increasing our stock of misleading anecdotes concerning men of this type, and there is more agreeable misinformation to be obtained from Motley's Correspondence than from any other book that has been published recently. Motley seems to have lacked the geniality which enables a man to love his neighbor (all men are at bottom lovable; even the sinner, even the saint), but he had respect and admiration for what was respectable and admirable, and in one case at least, that of Bismarck, he cast off his wonted reserve; he saw deep as man can see into the better self of another, and he paints us a portrait that is little short of idolatry.

Lester Wallack was a man of a different type. Whole-souled, whole-hearted, lovable in himself, he recognized what was lovable in the soul and heart of others. His portrait of Thackeray as a big, tender, blubbery child may be contrasted effectively with Motley's account of him as a machine for turning out "copy." Tom Taylor, Macready, Burton, Lover, Bulwer, Mathews, Couldock, Jefferson, Gilbert,—what a host of good fellows this good fellow seems to have known! The world is a looking-glass: laugh and it laughs back, scowl and it returns your scowl. If a man had the choice, he should elect an amiable and jovial disposition which finds amiability and joviality everywhere. Motley was born into a somewhat cold, precise, formal world; he met rather cold, precise, formal men. Lester Wallack was born into a totally different world, kind, genial, and unconventional; he met kind, genial, unconventional men. Yet the world was the same world, and the men were often the same men, as Motley's. So much depends upon the point of view. Ah! if we only knew, if we only saw, if we only felt, aright, what a glorious boon the gift of life would be!

Big and handsome, as befits their subject, beautifully printed and profusely illustrated, are the two volumes of "The History of the Celebration of the One-Hundredth Anniversary of the Promulgation of the Constitution of the United States," which Hampton L. Carson has edited, and which J. B. Lippincott Co. publish, under the direction and by the authority of the Commission. It was a
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happy idea that inspired the Constitutional Centennial Commission to present a fitting memorial of the great celebration of the Centenary of the Constitution which took place in Philadelphia in September, 1887. The first volume contains a clear and concise history of the formation of the Constitution and of the causes which led to its adoption, written by John A. Kasson. This is followed by some excellent biographical sketches, with portraits, of the members of the Federal Convention, prepared by the editor, Hampton L. Carson, who also contributes a "History of the Constitutional Centennial Commission." The reports of various committees, together with selections from the correspondence of the Commission, are embodied in this volume. An interesting sketch of the Centennial Celebration is by a French spectator, L. Vossion, French consul at Philadelphia. The second volume gives a complete account of the various celebrations, parades, ceremonies, and banquets which took place. There are profuse illustrations of the civic and industrial display from instantaneous photographs. A valuable paper, entitled "Plans for the Union of the British Colonies of North America, 1643-1776," is contributed by Frederick D. Stone. A complete index closes the volume. The work is in every respect worthy of the great event which inspired it, and much praise is due the editor and his collaborators.

One of the cleverest, if not the cleverest, of the younger American writers is Frances Courtenay Baylor, whose "A Shocking Example, and other Sketches" (Lippincotts) lies before us. Her continual blaze of epigrams is as surprising and as dazzling as a pyrotechnic display. Like the pyrotechnics, however, she gives more light than warmth; she delights more than she comforts. She has the insight, not of sympathy, but of an exceptional mental endowment. She casts a smile, brilliant, and kindly too, upon the curious characters who surround her, but there is the constant feeling that she is examining them from a height; her manner has a certain aristocratic aloofness. She belongs to the best circles of Virginia, not to the universe, and she has the graciousness and urbanity of the old régime, with a cleverness that is entirely her own.

The Westminster Publishing Co. send the Reviewer the first volume of *American Notes and Queries*, bound substantially in red leather. This volume comprises the first six months of a weekly publication which aims to do for the United States what the English *Notes and Queries* does for Great Britain,—to furnish "a medium of intercommunication for literary men, general readers, etc." Unlike the English, however, it is not simply a medium, but employs specialists to answer queries submitted, and volunteers editorial information on topics of contemporary interest. The scope and aim of the volume may be seen from a few of the articles discussed: "Bowie-knife," "Sheridan's Ride," "Mother Goose," "Thackeray's Characters and their Prototypes," "Red-haired Girls and White Horses," "Mary had a Little Lamb," "The Longest Word in the English Language," "Jersey Mosquitoes," "The Names of the States," a number of articles on political expressions, such as "Salt River," "Boodle," "Boom," "Eating Crow," "Mugwump," "Tammany," etc., and a valuable series entitled "Indian Words in the French Canadian." One feature of value in periodicals of this sort is that the information contained is subject to weekly revision at the hands of correspondents and subscribers, who are scattered over a wide extent of territory, and an error or misstatement, consequently, is not likely to go unchallenged. The department of "Communications," indeed, is one of the most entertaining and valuable in the magazine.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

MAY.

THE month of May ranked second in the old Alban calendar, third in that of Romulus, fifth in that of Numa. In the first-named calendar it was twenty-two days in length, thirty-one in that of Romulus, thirty in that of Numa, and thirty-one again in that of Julius Cæsar. The name of this month is supposed by some to have come from Maia, the mother of the god Hermes, or Mercury. This, however, is based solely on the similarity of the two words, and the name of May was much more probably given in honor of the *Majores* or *Maiiores*, the original Roman Senate, as June was in honor of the *Juniiores*, the lower branch of the Roman legislature. The Saxons called this month *Tri-Milchi*, the improved condition of the pastures now enabling the cows to give milk three times a day.

May is one of the most delightful months of the year. Midway between the frosts of winter and the tropic heats of summer, it is the choicest prime of the springtide: with none of the chill of early April or the "melting mood" of later June, but charming throughout in its tempered mildness, it comes to us arrayed in the fresh beauty of the maiden year, and passes away with its youthful charms still in the blossoming stage. Autumn has a period of equal balminess of temperature, but the charms of autumn are those of full maturity, not of young maidenhood like those of the May. Fields and forests are now clad in the delicate greens of the new birth of nature, untouched as yet by the blighting hands of the dog-days, and still full of the sense of restfulness and revelation which they brought to our winter-wearied eyes in April. It is easy to understand the joy with which the inhabitants of mediæval Europe yearly greeted the coming of the May. The songs of the Troubadours and the Minnesingers are full of it. "May, sweet May, has come again," is a frequent

burden of their strains, and we can see in their artless poems all the joy with which they broke from the winter-imprisonment of the dreary castle, and trooped in gay attire over the green meads, welcoming the spring with merry carols and joyful hearts. To those below the rank of knights and ladies May brought no less delight. The flower-crowned May-pole lifted its slender column on the village green, while round it danced youths and maidens with song and laughter, their hearts bounding in unison with their tripping feet. May-day has ceased to be observed with the old-time mirthfulness. Its holiday festivities never gained much of a footing in this country, though as early as 1626 a May-pole was set up on Merry Mount, in Puritan New England, and danced about by a mirthful and light-hearted band, until in austere displeasure came the Pilgrims from Plymouth, cut down the pole, and dispersed the revellers. In this event we may see, in the words of Hawthorne, "jollity and gloom contending for an empire."

The wild flowers of May, however, have never lost their charm for youthful hearts, and many yet go out on May-day to gather these rare gifts of prolific nature. The fragrant arbutus has come and gone, with all the floral tribe that "dare the winds of March" and the chills of April. But the modest violet now opens its blue eye amid the meadow-grass, tiny Quaker-ladies star the fields with white, in woodland depths the ivory anemone lifts its gleaming blossoms, and red-lined spring beauties flock the grassy brook-sides. These are but a few of the floral gifts which fall in profusion from the hand of May, as she sweeps in all her loveliness over field and forest, dropping her jewels as she goes, and filling the earth so full of beauty that every heart not of adamant must open to the sweet influences of this rarest of the months and greet with gladness the coming of the May.

EVENTS.

May 1.

1517. Evil May-day. This day was so-called from a riotous outbreak of the apprentices and populace of London against foreigners, especially the French. The rioters were dispersed, Lincoln, their leader, and fifteen others hanged, and four hundred more, bound with ropes and with halters round their necks, carried to Westminster, where, on their piteous demand for "Mercy," they were pardoned by the king, Henry VIII.

1700. John Dryden, a celebrated English poet, died. He was born in 1631, educated at Cambridge, and quickly took rank with the first poets of his day. He produced many successful dramas, and acquired great celebrity in satiric and lyric poetry, some of his productions being of unsurpassed beauty and merit. His prose style is of equal excellence with his poetic, and he is looked upon as one of the masters of English prose.

1800. Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, who died in this year, gave for many years a May-day entertainment to the chimney-sweeps of London at her house in Portman Square. These sooty guests were regaled with roast beef and plum-pudding, and a dance succeeded, while each of them received a shilling on his departure.

1851. The London "Crystal Palace" Exhibition opened. This was the first great English exhibition, though eleven national industrial exhibitions, beginning in 1798, had been held previously in France. There were over seventeen thousand exhibitors and six million visitors. The walls and roof of the building were entirely of glass and iron. After the exhibition the building was re-erected at Sydenham, where it still stands. The International Exhibition of 1862 was also opened on May 1. In 1870 it was decided to hold annual international exhibitions at South Kensington, London, each to be confined to some department of the fine and industrial arts. These were opened May 1, 1871, May 1, 1872, April 14, 1873, and April 6, 1874. They proved unsuccessful, and no others were held.

1855. The John, an emigrant-ship, was wrecked off Falmouth. Two hundred lives were lost.

1857. A strike on the Baltimore and

Ohio Railroad, on April 29, continued into May, the trains being molested. The military were called out, and a desperate fight took place, there being many killed and wounded before the rioters were dispersed.

1873. An International Exhibition was opened at Vienna. The building was of great dimensions, the central rotunda, three hundred and twelve feet in diameter, with a lofty dome, being by far the largest ever constructed.

1873. David Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller, died. He was born near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1813, studied medicine and theology, and was sent to South Africa as a missionary in 1840. Here he labored and travelled for sixteen years, returning to England in 1856. He went to Africa again in 1858, and remained there till 1864. In 1865 he made another journey of exploration, endured great hardship, and died on the shore of Lake Bangweolo of dysentery. He described his discoveries in several works. Stanley's first expedition was made in search of this missing traveller.

1878. The second Paris International Exhibition was opened. The main building was a stone structure, covering 263,593 square yards. The total admissions were 16,082,725. The first French international exhibition had been opened on April 1, 1867. The main building on that occasion covered thirty-five acres, and there were fifty thousand exhibitors. A third exhibition is to be held the present year (1889).

1881. The Prohibitory Liquor Law of the State of Kansas went into effect. It was the most stringent in its provisions of any adopted up to that time.

1886. A strike in favor of making eight hours the legal day's labor began in Chicago. The McCormick Reaper Works were attacked by rioters and defended by policemen. Five of the rioters and four of the policemen were shot.

1886. A fire almost totally destroyed the town of Akita, Japan, three thousand houses being burned.

1887. A hot sirocco blew over Hungary from May 1 to May 7, accompanied with fires. Many lives were lost, and property was destroyed to the value of two and a half millions of dollars.

1887. The island of Cyprus was ceded

by Turkey to England, much to the industrial and political advantage of the inhabitants.

May 2.

1520. Leonardo da Vinci, a celebrated Italian painter, sculptor, and architect, died. He was born in 1452, and became well versed in all the sciences and arts of his time. His most famous picture is "The Last Supper," painted on the wall of a convent at Milan. He is said to have anticipated Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, and others in their astronomical theories, and also some of the discoveries of recent geologists, though his views are expressed in somewhat vague language.

1813. The battle of Lutzen was fought, Napoleon defeating the combined armies of Russia and Prussia.

1844. William Beckford, author of the celebrated Oriental romance of "Vathek," died. He was very wealthy, and in 1796 began the erection of Fonthill Abbey, on which he spent enormous sums, and filled it with rare and costly works of art. He sold this in 1822, and built another palace near Bath.

1863. The battle of Chancellorsville was fought. General Hooker had led the army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock, and was attacked in the woods of the "Wilderness" by General Lee. His right wing was routed by Stonewall Jackson, and, after fighting during the 3d and 4th, he was obliged to recross the river. Hooker lost seventeen thousand men, Lee thirteen thousand.

1864. Meyerbeer, an eminent German composer, died. Among his best-known works are the operas "Robert le Diable" and "The Huguenots."

1878. A destructive fire broke out in the Washburne Flour Mills, at Minneapolis, originating in an explosion, probably due to the ignition of flour-dust in the air. Seventeen lives were lost, and one and a half million dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

May 3.

1813. The town of Havre de Grace, Maryland, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, was plundered and burned by the English fleet under Admiral Cockburn.

1814. Louis XVIII. entered Paris, Napoleon arriving at Elba on the following day. He was forced to fly again, March 20, 1815, and re-entered Paris on July 8, after Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo.

1842. The "Dorr Rebellion" in Rhode Island began. A new constitution had been accepted by a vote of the people,

under which Mr. Dorr was elected governor, and on the 8d of May attempted to organize a government at Providence. The other party, who claimed that the election had been vitiated by fraud, called out the troops, dispersed Dorr's party, and forced him to fly. He was afterwards arrested, tried, convicted of high treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was subsequently pardoned, and lived to see his party in control of the State government.

1845. Thomas Hood, a famous English humorist, died. His poems and prose works are full of wit and display an unusual facility in punning; but perhaps the most popular of his works were his pathetic poems "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs." He wrote some works of fiction, which were unsuccessful.

1851. A fire in San Francisco, California, raged from the 8d to the 5th of May, nearly twenty-five hundred buildings being destroyed. Many lives were lost, and about three and a half million dollars' worth of property. On June 22 another fire broke out, burning five hundred buildings, worth three million dollars. San Francisco at that time was mostly made up of frame buildings, of small value.

1853. The William and Mary, an American emigrant-ship, was wrecked near the Bahamas, about one hundred and seventy lives being lost.

1859. France declared war against Austria, whose armies had invaded Sardinia. The French and Sardinians gained victories at Montebello, May 20, Palestro, May 30 and 31, Magenta, June 4, Marignano, June 8, and Solferino, June 24. Peace was concluded July 12, Austria giving up Lombardy to Sardinia.

1861. Eighty-three thousand men were called for by President Lincoln, to serve for "three years or the war." Seventy-five thousand three-months men had been called out in April.

1862. Yorktown was evacuated by the Confederates, before McClellan's army, then on its march towards Richmond.

1875. A severe earthquake in Asia Minor destroyed Kara Hissar and other places, with great loss of life.

1883. The steamer Grapples, from Puget Sound to Alaska, was burned, with a loss of seventy lives.

1887. An earthquake in Arizona and Mexico destroyed several towns, with from one hundred and fifty to two hundred people. On the same day a mine-explosion near Nanaimo, British Columbia, caused the death of one hundred and twenty-five persons.

May 4.

1799. Seringapatam, the capital of Tippoo Sahib, Sultan of Mysore, South India, was stormed and taken by the English army. In this engagement Tippoo was killed. The same place, defended by Tippoo, had been taken by Lord Cornwallis in 1792.

1847. Jenny Lind made her first appearance in England, at the Italian Opera-House, London. She arrived in New York in September, 1860, under an engagement with P. T. Barnum. She sang in the chief cities of the Union till 1852, when she returned to Europe, with Otto Goldschmidt, a pianist, whom she had married in 1851. Her voice was of remarkable sweetness, and she everywhere excited admiration.

1865. The burial of President Lincoln took place at Springfield, Illinois. His body had previously been taken in a great funeral procession through the country. At New York sixty thousand people are said to have walked in the procession.

1882. The first sod of the canal across the Isthmus of Corinth was turned by the King of Greece. A canal at this place had been projected and begun by the Emperor Nero. The rock where his cutting began was blown to pieces by dynamite, discharged by the hand of the Queen of Greece. This canal is now completed, and will soon be ready for the passage of vessels.

1886. A violent anarchist outbreak at Chicago took place. The anarchists took advantage of the excitement aroused by the eight-hour strike, and the conflict between the police and the rioters, to make incendiary speeches. A force of policemen was sent to a meeting whose orators were advocating anarchy. The police had barely arrived when a dynamite bomb was thrown in their midst. This exploded with terrible effect, killing six of the officers on the spot and severely wounding sixty-one. The police then attacked the mob with revolvers, and killed many of them. A number of those who had advocated the use of dynamite were afterwards arrested. Of the result of their trial we have elsewhere spoken.

May 5.

1789. The opening of the States-General of France took place. With this notable event began the French Revolution. Convened for the purpose of raising a supply of money to relieve the financial distress of the government, it at once opened an inquiry into the abuses of the administration. It consisted of three hundred and eight eccle-

siastics, two hundred and eighty-five nobles, and six hundred and twenty-one deputies. The latter, representatives of the people, quickly became dominant in the parliament, and on June 17 organized themselves into the National Assembly.

1821. Napoleon Bonaparte died on the island of St. Helena, where he had dwelt since October 15, 1815, as a prisoner of the British government. On October 15, 1840, his remains were taken from the tomb at St. Helena, to be conveyed to France. The body was deposited in the *Hôtel des Invalides*, Paris, on December 15, with impressive ceremonies.

1842. A terrible conflagration raged in the city of Hamburg, Germany. It began on the 4th, and continued for three days, burning two thousand houses, with numerous churches and public buildings.

1864. The great battle of the Wilderness was fought during this and the following day. General Grant's army had crossed the Rapidan on the 4th, and found itself opposed by Lee in the intricate thicket known as the Wilderness, where one of the most desperate conflicts of the war took place. After both sides had lost heavily, Grant began a flanking march around Lee's right.

1885. A soap-factory at Brooklyn fell, and took fire from the furnaces. During the panic that occurred, fifteen persons were killed and twenty seriously injured.

1886. A riot, growing out of the eight-hour strike, took place at Milwaukee. A mob, chiefly composed of Poles, attacked the Bay View Mills, whose hands had refused to take part in the strike. The militia were called out, and fired on the rioters after ordering them to disperse. Five were killed and many wounded. The remainder fled.

May 6.

1527. Charles, Duke of Bourbon, usually known as Constable Bourbon, a famous French general, was killed while storming the walls of Rome. He was at the head of an army of Germans, who had broken into mutiny in consequence of Charles V. neglecting to pay them, and were led by Bourbon on a career of conquest. Marching upon Rome, he assailed that city, was the first to mount the wall, and was killed while so doing. The victorious troops committed frightful ravages in the city, which suffered as much from this Christian army, largely made up of Lutherans, as from any of its barbarian conquerors.

1780. Fort Moultrie in Charleston

harbor was forced to surrender to the British fleet under Sir Henry Clinton. The capitulation of the city soon followed.

1835. The first number of the *New York Herald* appeared on this day. It introduced a report of the money-market as a new department in the American press, and was the first cheap paper to express editorial opinions.

1856. Sir William Hamilton, one of the greatest of modern metaphysical philosophers, died at Edinburgh. He had great erudition and acuteness of intellect and remarkable powers of analysis and generalization. His works were principally in the form of essays contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*.

1857. A trial which excited much attention at the time, that of Emma A. Cunningham for the murder of Dr. Burdell, was held in New York. It ended in a verdict of acquittal.

1859. Alexander von Humboldt died at Berlin, in his ninetieth year. This great scientist and traveller occupies an exalted place in the world of modern research, and perhaps did more for the advancement of science than any other man of his century. He travelled widely in America, made rich natural history collections, and described his adventures and discoveries in works of the greatest value and interest. He travelled also in Asia. When over seventy-four years of age, he wrote his celebrated work "Cosmos," in which he gave a general survey of the whole field of nature and science.

1882. Frederick Charles, Lord Cavendish, with his under-secretary Mr. Burke, was assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin. He was second son to the Duke of Devonshire, had held high offices under government, and had just been appointed Chief Secretary of Ireland. His assassination took place on the day of his arrival in Dublin. The murderers were discovered and brought to justice in 1888.

1886. A disastrous storm visited Kansas City, killing twenty persons and destroying much property.

May 7.

1792. The Columbia River, in Oregon, was discovered by Captain Gray, of the ship Columbia. He gave the river the name of his ship.

1840. The city of Natchez was devastated by a tornado. The destruction of property was very great, and the loss of life considerable. The storm struck the river, destroying several steamboats and many flat-boats, while several hundred boatmen and others perished.

1842. A terrible earthquake destroyed two-thirds of the town of Cape Haytien, San Domingo. Nearly five thousand persons lost their lives.

1875. The Schiller, a Hamburg mail-steamer, was wrecked in a fog on rocks off the Scilly Islands. About three hundred and thirty persons were drowned.

May 8.

1794. Lavoisier, an illustrious French chemist, was guillotined. He made numerous discoveries in chemistry, among them the discovery of oxygen, and invented many chemical apparatus. He had been one of the farmers of the revenue, and this formed the basis of an unjust charge against him, under which he was executed. His request for a respite of a few days, to finish some important experiments, was refused.

1837. A large Mississippi steamer, the Ben Sherrod, took fire after midnight, and the passengers were forced to jump into the river. Of three hundred on board, more than two hundred were drowned. The boat was racing, and the firemen had been using pine-knots and rosin to increase the steam.

1842. A railroad-accident at Versailles, France, resulted in great loss of life from the European custom of locking the passengers in the cars. The cars took fire, and, as the passengers could not escape, fifty-two were burned.

1846. The battle of Palo Alto was fought. General Taylor had been sent to occupy Texas, and with two thousand men met General Arista with a Mexican army of six thousand, north of the Rio Grande. The Mexicans were defeated, and on the next day were again defeated at Rosaca de la Palma and forced to retreat, with heavy loss, across the river. War was declared by Congress on the 18th.

1855. A company to lay a telegraph-cable across the Atlantic was organized through the exertions of Cyrus W. Field. The company comprised Mr. Field, Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White, all wealthy capitalists of New York. Mr. Field was the leading spirit in the enterprise.

1873. John Stuart Mill, an eminent English political economist, died. He was born in London in 1806, displayed great intellectual ability in early youth, and while still young became a contributor to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*. His "System of Logic" and "Principles of Political Economy" are among the most important of his works. One of his latest works was "The Subjection of Women," in which he took the

ground that the legal subordination of woman is unjust and injurious to the best interests of society.

May 9.

1805. Frederick Schiller, one of the greatest of German poets, died. He, with Goethe, ranks first among the poets of his country, and as a national poet he holds the first place. In addition to his many admirable lyrics, he wrote a number of dramas, "Wallenstein" being considered the greatest among them. His most popular drama, "William Tell," was produced the year before his death. He wrote also, in prose, an admirable "History of the Thirty Years' War."

1850. Gay-Lussac, an eminent French scientist, died in Paris. He made many important researches and discoveries in chemical and physical science, and wrote numerous valuable memoirs. He was made a peer of France in 1839.

1864. The battle of Spotsylvania Court-House, Virginia, began. Grant had marched here to flank Lee, but unavoidable delays enabled Lee to out-march him. Very severe fighting took place, which continued for four days, with heavy loss to both sides. Lee stubbornly held his ground, and Grant began another flanking march on the 21st.

1868. Lord Brougham, one of the few members of the English nobility to attain literary fame, died at Cannes, France. He was born in 1779, and in 1802 united with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith in founding the *Edinburgh Review*. He contributed many able articles to this periodical. He afterwards attained great reputation as a Parliamentary orator. He left works comprised in ten volumes and covering a wide range of subjects.

1877. An earthquake and great tidal wave near Callao, Peru, destroyed much shipping and several towns along the coast. The city of Callao was destroyed by an ocean-wave caused by an earthquake in 1687, and again on October 28, 1746.

May 10.

1696. La Bruyère, a distinguished French writer, died. His principal work is "The Characters," etc., a prose satire, which shows keen powers of observation and much wit.

1775. The second Continental Congress met at Philadelphia. It voted that twenty thousand men should be raised, and unanimously chose George Washington as commander-in-chief of the Continental forces. On the same day the fort at Ticonderoga was surprised and captured by a small body of militia

under Ethan Allen. The British commandant was summoned to surrender "in the name of the Great God and the Continental Congress."

1780. The Gordon "No Popery" riots began. They were aroused through the action taken by Lord George Gordon in opposition to the Act of Toleration passed in favor of the Catholics. What followed is vividly told in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge."

1796. The battle of Lodi was fought, Bonaparte, at the head of the French army, totally defeating the Austrians. His courage in crossing the bridge of Lodi under fire went far to enhance his growing reputation.

1813. The first steam ferry-boat between New York and Brooklyn began running.

1837. All the banks in New York suspended specie payment. The banks of the other leading cities immediately followed. This action precipitated the panic which had been impending for several months.

1849. The "Astor Place Riot" took place. It arose from the rivalry between the tragedians Edwin Forrest and Macready. The friends of Forrest, who had been badly treated in London, determined that Macready should not play in New York, and on his appearance at the Astor Place Opera-House on the 7th made such confusion that the curtain had to be dropped. On the 10th he appeared again. Precautions had been taken to preserve order in the house, but a mob collected outside and attacked the building with stones. As the police could not restrain them, the military were called out, and were forced to fire several volleys into the mob. Twenty-two persons were killed and thirty-six wounded. Macready escaped in disguise, and made no further attempt to perform in New York.

1854. The Lady Nugent, a troop-ship, which sailed from Madras on this day, foundered in a hurricane, with a loss of about four hundred troops and seamen.

1860. Theodore Parker, a distinguished American rationalistic theologian, died. He was born at Lexington, Massachusetts, in 1810, and became a Unitarian minister in 1837, but soon gave offence to the Unitarians by the breadth and freedom of his utterances. He was an active anti-slavery advocate, an able lecturer, and a thinker of great depth and ability. His works have been published in twelve volumes.

1862. A fire at Troy, New York, destroyed six hundred and seventy-one buildings, the loss being estimated at three million dollars.

1863. Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall)

Jackson, a distinguished Confederate general, died from a wound received from his own men at the battle of Chancellorsville. As a corps-commander he displayed the greatest ability and made for himself a brilliant record. It is not quite certain how his popular title of "Stonewall" originated, though it is said to have arisen from his holding his men "like a stone wall" at the first battle of Bull Run.

1869. The Union and Central Pacific Railroads were completed, the last rail being laid on this day. On the 16th, trains began to run regularly. This great work was commenced in 1863, but was not prosecuted actively till 1865. It was much the greatest achievement in railroad-building performed up to that time.

1876. The Centennial Exhibition of American Industry was opened in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on this day, in honor of the hundredth year of American independence. It was one of the largest and most notable international exhibitions ever held, thirty-three foreign countries sending exhibits of their products. Two hundred and thirty-six acres were enclosed, of which the five principal buildings covered seventy-five acres. The whole number of visitors to the exhibition was 9,910,966, and the largest number on one day 274,919. The exhibition closed on November 10. The exhibit of foreign art products was of the utmost importance to the United States, as showing our deficiency in that direction, and gave a stimulus to the immense progress of American art during the succeeding years. The main building was kept open as a permanent exhibition for several years, but this enterprise proved a failure. The Memorial and Horticultural Halls still stand, and are important additions to Fairmount Park.

May 11.

1778. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, died. This illustrious orator and statesman occupied an exalted station in English politics of the last century. His eloquence was of the highest order, and his popularity extreme, he being generally known as "The Great Commoner." He sacrificed his popularity by accepting a title of nobility in 1766. At the outbreak of the American Revolution he was strongly in favor of removing the oppressive laws against the colonies, and warned the government of the consequence of its autocratic obstinacy.

1865. Jefferson Davis, the fleeing President of the Southern Confederacy, was captured at Irwinsville, Georgia, while

seeking to escape from the country. He was confined in Fortress Monroe for two years, and then released on bail. He was included in the general amnesty of December 25, 1868.

1871. Sir John Herschel, the eminent astronomer, died. He was the only son of Sir William Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers the world has known, and achieved for himself an eminence almost equal to that attained by his father. He wrote many important astronomical papers.

1886. A terrible storm of wind and rain in Kansas City destroyed a bridge across the Missouri, and killed twenty-four and wounded thirty persons. Among the killed were eleven children buried in the ruins of a school-house.

May 12.

1641. The Earl of Strafford, the principal supporter of Charles I. in his scheme of tyranny, was beheaded, having been found guilty, by the "Long Parliament," of high treason.

1849. A great inundation took place at New Orleans, sixteen hundred houses being flooded.

1865. General J. E. B. Stuart, a dashing Confederate cavalry commander, was mortally wounded in a cavalry fight with General Sheridan at Yellow Tavern, Virginia.

1881. The first electric railway, that of Werner Siemens and Halske, at Berlin, Germany, was tried. A speed of eighteen and a half miles per hour was attained. It was opened to the public on May 16.

1883. The Fisheries International Exhibition was opened at London. The United States Fish Commission made a large and important display. The Hygienic Exhibition at Berlin was opened on the same day.

1886. A storm of the greatest violence, with hail and rain, broke upon the city of Madrid, Spain. The number killed is given by different authorities at from thirty to seventy, and several hundred wounded. The damage to property was very great.

May 13.

1619. John van Barneveldt, an eminent Dutch statesman, was beheaded. He had opposed the Spanish, and extorted from them a recognition of the independence of the United Provinces. A religious controversy afterwards arose, in which Barneveldt took the side of the party in favor of toleration. The other party gaining power, he was arrested and executed.

1861. The great comet of 1861 was first seen on this day, at Sydney, Australia. It had a long, bush-like tail. The nucleus travelled at the speed of ten million miles in twenty-four hours.

1873. An explosion and fire took place in the Drummond coal-mine, Nova Scotia. About seventy-five miners perished.

1878. Joseph Henry, an eminent American scientist, died. He began to experiment in electricity about 1827, and is said to have invented the first electromagnetic machine and the first magnetic telegraph. He became Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in 1846, and continued in that position till his death.

1881. The revised version of the New Testament was put on sale in the United States. Sheets from England reached New York and Philadelphia on the 12th, the night was given to binding, and they were put on sale at daybreak on the 18th. Eight hundred thousand copies were ordered on the first day. The printing of an American edition began on the 14th.

1883. A hurricane passed over the States of Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio. The town of Oronogo, Missouri, was destroyed.

1886. A severe cyclone passed over the States from Missouri to Ohio. Many lives were lost and much damage was done. On the 15th another cyclone visited Indiana and Ohio. The total loss was estimated at over five million dollars.

May 14.

1610. Henry IV. of France, the celebrated "King Henry of Navarre," was assassinated by a fanatic named Ravaillac. He was the leader of the Protestants of France, and by his brilliant military ability fought his way to the throne. To conciliate the opposite party, he professed the Roman Catholic faith. He gave, however, assurances of favor and protection to the Protestants.

1796. The first experiment in vaccination for small-pox was made by Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of the process. During 1799 vaccination became general, after much opposition. Dr. Jenner received thirty thousand pounds from Parliament for his useful discovery.

1820. Henry Grattan, a celebrated Irish orator, died. He was a member of the Irish, and afterwards of the English, Parliament, and an ardent advocate of the rights of Ireland.

1851. The formal opening of the New York and Erie Railroad took place, in the presence of the President of the United States and members of the Cabinet. It had been completed, from

Dunkirk on Lake Erie to Piermont on the Hudson, in April.

1851. A fire at Stockton, California, destroyed one and a half million dollars' worth of property.

1856. A notable murder took place in San Francisco, James King, the editor of the *Bulletin*, being shot by James P. Casey, editor of the *Sunday Times*. Casey had been an inmate of Sing Sing Prison, New York, but became a prominent politician in California. Mr. King had alluded to this, and charged him with fraud in obtaining an election to office. The murder caused intense excitement, and a vigilance committee was formed, which took Casey and another murderer from jail and executed them in the open street. The committee now determined to deal with the desperadoes who had gained control of the elections, and, despite all attempts to disband them, continued their efforts till they had established honest political conditions in the city.

1883. A serious railroad-accident occurred at Lockerby, Scotland, on the Caledonian Railroad. Two trains ran together, and one of the displaced cars struck the express, which was passing on the opposite track, and ripped out one side of the cars from end to end. Only two persons were killed, but many were injured.

May 15.

1833. Edmund Kean, a celebrated English tragedian, died. He first appeared in a leading character as Shylock, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1814, and achieved the greatest success. He visited America, where he remained two years. As a tragedian he was considered the equal of the ablest English actors.

1847. Daniel O'Connell, one of the most famous of Irish orators, died. He labored earnestly for the repeal of the Union between Ireland and England, and was almost worshipped by his countrymen. He was celebrated for his ready wit and fine oratorical powers.

1855. An industrial exhibition was opened at Paris. It was visited by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert,—the first visit of an English sovereign to Paris since 1422.

1864. A battle took place at Resaca, Georgia, between Sherman's and Johnston's armies, during Sherman's march from Chattanooga to Atlanta. This march was achieved principally by flanking movements, with little fighting.

1885. The revised translation of the Old Testament was completed, and copies distributed to the press. It had been fifteen years under the labors of the com-

mittee. It was issued jointly by the presses of Oxford and Cambridge.

May 10.

1771. The Regulators of North Carolina were defeated and dispersed. This was an association of persons who complained of legal oppressions and rose in arms for the purpose of doing away with the courts and the government. They were fifteen hundred in number, and were attacked by the governor with one thousand militia. Three hundred of the Regulators were killed, and six of their leaders hanged.

1811. A fight took place, during times of peace, between the American frigate President and the English sloop-of-war Little Belt. The contest lasted only a few minutes, but thirty were killed and wounded on the Little Belt. Only one man was slightly wounded on the President. A court of inquiry proved that the Little Belt had fired the first shot.

1859. A fire at Key West, Florida, destroyed one hundred and ten houses, with a loss of two and three-quarter million dollars.

1875. An earthquake in Colombia, South America, destroyed several towns near Santander. About fourteen thousand lives were said to have been lost.

1881. Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt, United States Senators from New York, resigned in consequence of a dispute with President Garfield about office-patronage. They were advocates of the old spoils system, and he of civil service reform. They sought re-election, but failed, Garfield's policy being sustained by the vote of the people of New York.

1883. A treaty of peace between Chili and Peru was signed. This brought to an end the disastrous war between those countries, in which Peru was so severely handled as to be left at the mercy of her adversary.

May 17.

1756. England declared war against France. This was in consequence of the war which had existed between the English and French colonies in America for two years. The war in America continued till 1760, and in Europe till 1763, and ended in the acquisition of Canada by England.

1800. Napoleon led his army across the Alps by the Great St. Bernard mountain-pass, over which Hannibal is said to have led his army, 218 B.C. The army was three days in crossing.

1838. Talleyrand, a celebrated French diplomatist, died. He served successively

under Napoleon and Louis XVIII., being able and shrewd enough to render himself necessary to both governments. He was distinguished for his keen wit and his diplomatic skill and dexterity.

1849. A destructive fire broke out at St. Louis, burning fifteen blocks of houses and twenty-three steamboats. The loss was estimated at three millions of dollars.

May 18.

1778. The Meschianza, a brilliant mock-tournament, was held by the officers of the British army at Philadelphia, many of the fair ladies of the Quaker City taking part in the festivities. Major André, who was afterwards hung as a spy, took a prominent part in this affair.

1804. Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of France. He had previously been Consul for life.

1830. The first division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was completed.

1863. Grant's siege of Vicksburg began. He had crossed the Mississippi, defeated the Confederates in several battles, and on this day invested the city, into which Pemberton had withdrawn with his army. The siege continued till July 4.

1880. Destructive fires broke out in the Bradford coal-oil district, Pennsylvania, which raged for ten days and extended over a district of nearly thirty miles in length and three miles in average width. Several towns were destroyed, about three hundred thousand barrels of oil and seven hundred pumping-stations burned, and thousands of acres of valuable timber consumed.

May 19.

1536. Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII., was beheaded. She had been married a little over three years. Henry married his new favorite, Jane Seymour, the next day. She died in 1587.

1790. General Putnam died. He was one of the bravest and most daring generals in the Revolutionary War, and had previously distinguished himself in the French and Indian War. Several of his bold exploits are matters of historical interest. He heard of the battle of Lexington while ploughing on his farm, and at once set out for Boston, leaving his plough in the furrow.

1795. James Boswell, the notable biographer of Dr. Johnson, died. Himself a man of little ability, he attached himself to the great Johnson, noted every word that fell from his lips, and succeeded in making himself, in the

opinion of Macaulay, "the first of biographers." "The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work."

1811. A fire in New York, known as the "Chatham Street Fire," destroyed about one hundred buildings.

1847. The brig Carrick was wrecked by a gale in the St. Lawrence. One hundred and seventy immigrants were drowned.

1850. Cuba was invaded by three hundred men under General Lopez, who sailed from New Orleans. Cardenas was taken, the Cuban troops repulsed, and the governor's palace plundered. But, as no accessions came to his ranks, Lopez re-embarked, and was chased off the coast by a Spanish man-of-war. He returned in 1851, but his forces were dispersed, many of them shot, and he taken prisoner and executed. His surviving followers were pardoned.

1864. Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the ablest and most original of American novelists, died. Among the most striking of his novels may be mentioned "The Marble Faun," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House of the Seven Gables." All his works have in them something weird and peculiar, with a subtle analysis of strange phases of character.

1883. Severe floods in Dakota, arising from heavy rains and melting snows, washed away the most of Anchor City and Golden Gate, and all the lower part of Deadwood. Several lives were lost, and seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

May 20.

1499. Alonzo de Ojeda sailed from Spain on a voyage of discovery to America. He explored the coasts of Central and South America to a greater distance than Columbus had done. With him was Amerigo Vespucci, from Florence, who published the first account of the new continent, which, in consequence, was named after him.

1506. Columbus died. The latter part of his life was embittered by the ingratitude of the Spanish court and people, and he died in poverty and neglect, after giving a new continent to Spain.

1834. La Fayette died. This distinguished French patriot is chiefly known in America from his aid to the colonists in the Revolutionary War, but he played also an important patriotic part in France. He was in command of the National Guard at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and continued in prominent military command till 1792, when he had to fly for his life, and was imprisoned for several years

in Austria. He revisited America in 1824, and was enthusiastically received. He was made commander of all the National Guards of France in 1830.

1851. The steamship Pacific crossed the Atlantic in nine days, nineteen hours, and twenty-five minutes,—a very quick passage at that date.

1862. The Seward-Lyons treaty between Great Britain and the United States for the suppression of the slave-trade was ratified.

May 21.

1650. The Marquis of Montrose, a celebrated Scottish general, was executed, without a trial, at Edinburgh. He had been commander of the Scottish forces under Charles I., and in 1650 returned from the Continent to Scotland with a small force. He was quickly defeated, taken prisoner, and executed.

1849. Maria Edgeworth, a popular English authoress, died. She wrote a number of novels, popular tales, etc., which were very successful, and some of which are still read. Her powers of invention, and of giving life to her characters, were excellent.

1865. Augustin Thierry, an eminent French historian, died. His most important work was the "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans," which met with brilliant success. He wrote several works on French history.

May 22.

1856. Charles Sumner was attacked in the United States Senate chamber by Preston S. Brooks, a Southern member of Congress, and so beaten on the head with a cane that he was disabled for several years. The occasion of this dastardly attack was an anti-slavery speech which he had made two days before. Brooks escaped all punishment for the outrage.

1868. The trial of Home, the spiritual medium, for an alleged fraudulent transaction, ended in a verdict against him. The plaintiff, a widow, brought suit to recover sixty thousand pounds' worth of stock which she had given Home at the supposed command of the spirit of her deceased husband.

1885. Victor Hugo, the most eminent of modern French novelists and poets, died. He was born in 1802, published a volume of odes in 1822, a drama, "Cromwell," in 1827, and his brilliant romance "Notre Dame de Paris" in 1831. He wrote many other poems, dramas, and novels in the succeeding years, among which "Les Misérables," one of the most notable novels of the century, has

attracted wide-spread attention and been read the world over.

May 23.

1455. The Wars of the Roses began in England, between the Lancastrians (who chose the red rose as their emblem) and the Yorkists (who chose the white rose). The wars continued for thirty years, and are said to have caused the death of twelve princes, two hundred nobles, and one hundred thousand of the people. The struggle ended with the defeat and death of Richard III. at Bosworth.

1498. Savonarola, a celebrated Italian religious reformer, was strangled at Florence. He was an eloquent and popular preacher, denounced the corruptions of the church and the vices of the clergy, and advocated political liberty. His enemies gaining the ascendancy in Florence, he was arrested, tortured, condemned, and executed.

1788. South Carolina ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1798. The Irish rebellion broke out. It was suppressed during 1799, and cost the lives of twenty thousand English and one hundred and fifty thousand Irish. The legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland followed, January 1, 1801.

1845. Sir John Franklin sailed on his third Arctic voyage, with the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*. He never returned, and his loss gave rise to no fewer than twenty-one expeditions of search. Relics of the lost voyagers were finally discovered in 1859, and others by Lieutenant Schwatka, who led an overland expedition in 1879.

May 24.

1543. The celebrated astronomer Copernicus died. His great work was the establishment of the fact that the earth rotates round the sun, instead of the sun round the earth, as had been previously believed. He died on the day that he received the first copy of his published work.

1634. The system of preaching election-day sermons, which prevailed in New England for more than two hundred years, was inaugurated by the Rev. Mr. Cotton upon the general election in Massachusetts at this date.

1819. Queen Victoria was born. She was crowned queen June 28, 1838, in her twentieth year.

1850. Jane Porter, an English novelist, died. Her novels "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*" and "*The Scottish Chiefs*" have been highly-popular works.

On the same day a Polar expedition,

fitted out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, sailed from that city in search of Sir John Franklin, under the command of Captain De Haven. It returned without success in October, 1851.

1871. The Communists in possession of Paris, infuriated by the successful advance of the troops, set fire to the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Hôtel-de-Ville, and other historical buildings. In the evening they executed the archbishop and sixty-five others whom they had held as hostages. The capture of the city was completed on May 28.

1873. Thiers resigned the Presidency of the French republic, and Marshal MacMahon was elected President.

1879. William Lloyd Garrison, the most prominent of American anti-slavery advocates, died. His course brought him much opprobrium and persecution, but he persisted in publishing *The Liberator*, in which emancipation was advocated, until 1865, when the object for which it was instituted was completed.

1881. The *Victoria*, a steamer on the Thames, Canada, being overloaded with passengers, upset. There were over six hundred on board, of whom nearly two hundred were drowned.

1883. The East River Suspension Bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, was opened for travel. It was begun in 1870. It embraced a massive stone tower on each shore, four steel-wire cables, sixteen inches in diameter, securely fastened nine hundred and thirty feet beyond the towers, and a series of stout steel suspenders, each capable of supporting one hundred tons, to hold the framework of the bridge. The river span between the towers is fifteen hundred and ninety-five feet six inches long, and the total length about six thousand feet. The bridge is eighty-five feet wide, and one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water, so that most large ships can pass under it without lowering their topmasts.

May 25.

1805. Dr. William Paley, an eminent English theological writer, died. His best-known works are "*Evidences of Christianity*" and "*Natural Theology*." Another important work is "*The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*."

1880. A buried vessel, supposed to have been one of the ships of the viking pirates, was discovered under a hillock near Sandeherren, Norway. It is thought to be more than a thousand years old, is about seventy-five feet long, and still preserves its arms and equipment and fragments of its sails and cordage. It is preserved as a highly-valuable archaeological treasure.

1833. Abd-el-Kader, an Algerian leader of remarkable ability, died. He was born in 1807, and in 1832 began his long struggle against the French invaders of Algeria. Despite the much greater power of his assailants, he maintained the contest with the greatest skill and energy till 1847, when he was compelled to surrender. He was imprisoned for several years in France, and afterwards resided in Syria.

1837. The Opéra Comique at Paris was burnt, with serious loss of life. It was estimated that nearly two hundred persons perished.

May 26.

735. About this date died the Venerable Bede, an English monk illustrious for his learning and virtues, which were very remarkable for the age in which he lived. He was born in Durham about 673. He wrote on astronomy, mathematics, grammar, and music. The work on which his reputation rests, however, is his "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," an invaluable record of early English history. It was translated into Saxon by King Alfred.

1783. Samuel Pepys, whose "Diary" has given him so much celebrity, died. He took note from 1659 to 1669 of a great variety of daily events, giving us an invaluable record of the modes and conditions of life at that period.

1830. A destructive earthquake occurred at Canton, China, and its vicinity. More than six thousand persons perished.

1868. Samarcand, an ancient and celebrated city of Asia, was occupied by the Russians. It was conquered by the Mohammedans in 707, and by Genghis Khan in 1220, and formed the capital of Tamerlane, who ruled there in great splendor.

1870. A Fenian raid into Canada was vigorously repelled by the militia. O'Neill, the leader of the invaders, was captured by the United States Marshal. In October of the succeeding year an attempted raid into Manitoba was suppressed by United States troops.

May 27.

1564. John Calvin, after Luther the greatest of the Protestant Reformers, died. He was born in Picardy in 1509, but, being compelled by persecution to fly from France, he finally settled in Geneva, where the most of his later life was spent. The theological system which he established by his writings and discourses had for its central idea the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation. This conception was worked out with great clearness and logical acuteness, and

continues the basic doctrine of a widespread religious sect.

1840. At Nice, France, on this date, died the celebrated Italian violinist Paganini, the most notable of all performers on the violin. His marvellous powers were developed when he was but nine years of age, and in his later years his performances aroused unparalleled enthusiasm. His wonderful playing on a single string excited especial astonishment.

1843. Noah Webster, the distinguished American lexicographer, died. He was born in 1758, graduated at Yale College, and spent most of his later life in the compilation of his "Dictionary of the English Language," which was published in 1828 and is highly esteemed. Several expanded editions have been published since.

1848. The steamer Clarksville, from New Orleans to Memphis, was destroyed by fire on the Mississippi, thirty passengers and nearly all the crew losing their lives.

1875. The French Catholic church at Holyoke, Massachusetts, caught fire during a celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi. By the disaster seventy-five lives were lost.

1883. Alexander III., the present Emperor of Russia, was crowned in the Kremlin Cathedral at Moscow, after having been two years on the throne. Extraordinary precautions were taken against the Nihilists, who had killed his father by a dynamite bomb.

1887. The stables of the Belt Line Railway, New York City, were burnt. Twelve hundred horses were suffocated in this fire.

May 28.

1829. Sir Humphry Davy, an English chemist of the highest eminence, died at Geneva. He was born in 1778, inclined in his early years towards literary pursuits, but in 1798 became connected with the "Pneumatic Institution" at Bristol and began his famous chemical studies and experiments. In 1801 he was appointed professor in the Royal Institution, London. His researches and discoveries were very numerous and important, one of his greatest services to mankind being in the invention of the safety-lamp, which has saved the lives of thousands of mining operatives.

1845. A terrible fire raged at Quebec, Canada, destroying fifteen hundred buildings, many lives, and an immense amount of property.

1861. A great storm on the British coast wrecked one hundred and forty-

three vessels, and caused much other damage.

1877. General Grant reached England, as the first stage on his journey round the world. During this tour he visited Southern Europe, Northern Africa, India, China, and Japan, the journey being an ovation from beginning to end. No other American was ever received in the Old World with such enthusiasm.

1883. Tornadoes visited portions of Indiana, causing the death of twenty persons.

1887. The British steamer Sir John Lawrence was wrecked in a typhoon in the Indian Ocean. Seven hundred and fifty lives were lost by this disaster.

May 29.

1453. Constantinople was taken by the Turks under Mohammed II., after fifty-three days' siege. It had been vainly besieged by Amurath in 1422. Great numbers of the citizens were massacred, and much damage done to the city. This conquest destroyed the last vestige of the old Roman Empire, and established the Turkish dominion in Europe.

1780. Lord Cornwallis reached Petersburg, Virginia, on his march northward from South Carolina. This proved a fatal movement. In September he transferred his army to Yorktown, which was destined to be the scene of the final event of the Revolutionary War.

1790. Rhode Island ratified the Constitution of the United States, being the last of the original thirteen States to do so.

1814. The Empress Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, died. He had divorced her in 1809, on account of her having no children, though he continued to visit her and seemed to maintain a sincere affection for her. She was a witty and accomplished woman, though exceedingly vain and probably not possessing all the superior qualities which have been attributed to her by biographers.

1831. The town of Fayetteville, North Carolina, was destroyed by fire. All the public buildings and about six hundred dwellings were burned, only a few detached houses escaping the conflagration.

1843. A second exploring expedition under the leadership of John C. Fremont left Missouri for Oregon and California. It crossed the Rocky Mountains in August, reached Great Salt Lake in September, and the Columbia River in October.

1862. Henry Thomas Buckle, a popular English historian, died at Damascus. His reputation rests on his celebrated "History of Civilization in England," a

work whose boldness of thought, energy of style, and interesting array of facts gave it wide-spread popularity. Its theories, however, have been severely criticised by able writers, and can scarcely be sustained, though the work possesses a separate value as a repertory of facts.

1877. John Lothrop Motley, an eminent American historian, died. His literary labors began with several unsuccessful novels, which were followed in 1856 by his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," an historical work of great merit and deep research. He resided for several years in Holland while collecting materials for this work, which was followed by the "History of the United Netherlands," a continuation. He subsequently wrote the "Life of John of Barneveldt." He was United States Minister to England from 1869 to 1870.

May 30.

1416. Jerome of Prague, a distinguished follower of John Huss, was burned as a heretic. He had been previously imprisoned and treated with much cruelty. He suffered his fate with the greatest firmness, serenity, and heroism.

1431. Joan of Arc was burned as a sorceress on this day. She was but twenty years of age, having been born about 1411. A poor peasant-girl, she was excited by the misfortunes of France at that date, and believed that she had a divine command for its deliverance. She succeeded in impressing a belief in her mission upon Charles VII. and his court, and promised to deliver Orleans, then closely besieged by the English. In this she succeeded, and subsequently gained other victories and forced the surrender of several towns. She was afterwards taken prisoner by the English, and suffered the fate above mentioned.

1640. Rubens, the most famous of Flemish painters, died on this day. He was born in 1577, spent years of study in Italy, and returned to Antwerp in 1608, when his great career began. His "Descent from the Cross," now in the cathedral at Antwerp, is considered by many his masterpiece. His works were very numerous, and the gallery of Munich alone is said to contain ninety-five of them.

1744. The highly-popular English poet Alexander Pope died on this day. He was born in 1688, was of sickly constitution and deformed person, but by his poetic and satirical powers raised himself to a lofty position in literature. His precocity was remarkable: he began to write verses when very young, and was reading a translation of Homer with

interest at eight years of age. One of his most popular works was his translation of the "Iliad," which, however, in the opinion of critics, "is a fine poem, but not Homer." Of his other poems we may name the satirical "Dunciad," the philosophical "Essay on Man," and the mock-heroic "Rape of the Lock," all of which achieved high popularity. In epigrammatic skill, keenness of satire, and taste and facility in versification, Pope has had few rivals.

1778. To the distinguished individuals who died on May 80 must be added Voltaire, the most remarkable personage in French literature, and one who occupied perhaps a more important position in political history than any other literary character. His radical views in religion and politics, his bold assertion of his opinions, his assertive vanity and proneness to ridicule, exposed him to constant persecution, though his brilliant literary reputation made him a dangerous personage for even kings to handle. He was obliged, however, to spend many years of his later life in exile at Ferney, Switzerland, returning to Paris in his eighty-fifth year, to receive an extraordinary ovation, and to die. His works are too numerous and his history too full of incident to be described here, and we need only say that he attained eminence alike in history, poetry, the drama, satire, and fiction, in all of which fields of literature he produced works which have become famous.

1845. One hundred houses were burned in Eighteenth Street and the adjoining streets, New York.

1879. A tornado swept over Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, causing a great destruction of property. More than forty persons were killed and eighty injured.

1883. A panic on the East River bridge, caused by a blockade of the foot-path, resulted fatally to twelve persons, who were trampled to death.

1884. Explosions of dynamite took place in several localities of London. Great damage was done to the Carlton Club-House, an explosion took place in Scotland Yard, the police head-quarters, and an ineffectual effort was made to wreck the Nelson Monument.

May 31.

1809. Joseph Haydn, a celebrated Austrian musical composer, died at

Vienna. He was born in 1782, suffered extreme poverty during part of his early life, and from the age of nineteen to twenty-six produced many brilliant compositions. His later life was passed in prosperity. His masterpiece was the oratorio of "The Creation," which was first performed at Vienna in 1798.

1830. A severe storm in Tennessee destroyed the town of Carthage and did great damage to other places.

1837. Grimaldi, a celebrated English comic actor, died. He performed the part of a clown with great success.

1853. The Kane Polar Expedition, sent out at the joint expense of the government and Henry Grinnell, of New York, to search for Sir John Franklin, sailed on this day. It consisted of a single vessel, the *Advance*. On the same date in 1855 an expedition sailed in search of Dr. Kane. It brought him back, with all his party except three, who had died. Kane reached the most northerly point attained to that time. The return was made in open boats to the Danish settlements.

1862. The battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, near Richmond, took place. McClellan, who had advanced from Yorktown, pushed his advance troops across the Chickahominy, where they were attacked by the Confederates in force. After a two days' fight, the Confederates gave way, their commander, General J. E. Johnston, being severely wounded. General Lee was chosen to succeed him.

1866. The Niagara was crossed and Canada entered by the Fenians under Colonel O'Neill. A conflict ensued on June 2, and many of the retreating Fenians were captured by United States troops. Others crossed the Vermont boundary-line on June 7, but quickly returned. President Johnston issued a proclamation against them, June 7.

1882. A steerable balloon was tried near Berlin with considerable success, though it was disabled by an accident in the second experiment. It was inflated with hydrogen, but had no ascensional force. The steering-apparatus was a helical system of vanes worked by machinery.

1885. A terrible earthquake visited the Vale of Cashmere, causing extraordinary destruction. Three thousand persons and thirty-three thousand animals were estimated to have been killed, and seventy thousand houses destroyed.

A

DREAM OF CONQUEST

BY

LLOYD BRYCE,

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A DREAM OF CONQUEST.

CHAPTER I.

WANG-CHI-POO sat in his bamboo chair, discontentedly twisting the end of his queue. The fragrance of orange-blossoms breathed softly on him from the garden, but could not soothe his perturbation, nor could the noise of the fountain hard by that came in through the paper-glazed windows. Everything palled upon him; the silken hangings interwoven with gold that decorated his apartment, the brightly tessellated floor, in short, the wealth and Oriental luxury that were on every side were, this morning, less than naught to him.

The Chinese have a song that runs somewhat in this manner :

At first, man hungers for a meal;
And then, that clothes his form conceal;
Finely attired, a wife he craves;
Married, for palanquins he raves;
Supplied with horses, mules, and lands,
Official rank he next demands;
Ennobled, he would yet climb higher,
Till by degrees he claims empire;
At last enthroned as Heaven's son,
He thinks not yet his dues are won,
But, yearning still for something more,
'Gainst Death he fain would bolt the door.
Fool, Death alone thy wants can tame:
"I crave," thy epitaph and name.

But greed for more is, I fear, too common to the human race fairly to indicate the cause of Wang-Chi-Poo's disquietude. His discontent was of a less personal description, though it was connected with ambition: it was of a more truly Chinese character than the proverb just quoted. It had its root in his country's ancestor-worship; and to Western ears it will sound peculiar. Wang-Chi-Poo, though barely

forty-seven years of age, had reached the Second Mandarin's rank, and the cause of his discontent was the conviction of his incapacity to secure, by the usual means, the yellow button of the first rank. Nor was it for the gratification that this yellow button would confer on his personal pride that he craved this, but—here comes in the distinction, and, O land of the Antipodes, O land of the Topsy-turvy, it is a curious one—it was to gratify the pride of his grandmother, now some twenty-five years in her grave. Taking everything into consideration, for a man still in his prime, surrounded with every luxury and tempted by wealth and leisure to lead a life of pleasure,—for such a man thus to cast his longings and his aspirations backward to a previous generation illustrates, I think, one of the most beautiful traits of the Chinese character, and it is one that might well be copied by other peoples. Wang-Chi-Poo therefore pulled his queue discontentedly, and continued to brood on the hard fate of his progenitrix thus deprived, through him, of what he considered her just due.

We in the West announce our coming with a knock; those in the East enter first and knock afterward. Thus it happened that Wang-Chi-Poo was abruptly disturbed in his meditations by the presence of his secretary, before his entrance was so much as suspected. The newcomer was a small, narrow-chested young man with a large head and eyes like coals, set off by a pair of enormous spectacles tied by bows behind his ears. He was attired in the garb of the literary class, and, with much ceremony, took his seat opposite Wang-Chi-Poo, presenting him with a neatly-enveloped package of manuscript as he sat down. Wang-Chi-Poo wearily took up the parcel, only to allow it to drop as wearily into his lap.

"O Taonsu," he observed at last, "I am not in harmony with state papers, and the doctrines of Confucius sadly pall on me to-day. Amuse me, rather; tell me the doings of the town; or stay! thou who hast sojourned in the land of Foreign Devils, tell me more of it. Tell me again of this land beyond the seas, where they dress in the color of coals and wear shining black boxes for coverings of the head; where, as thou hast said, they call change progress, and select an emperor every four years, though the moment he is on the throne they proceed to look out for a new one; whereof this same emperor, as thou hast told me, is yet a god during the first two years of his term, a demon during his last, and behold when he is stripped of his authority and a new ruler elected there are none so poor as to do him honor. Have they religions there, O Taonsu, and do the followers of Confucius number many?"

"There are many from the Flowery Kingdom in America, Great Excellency, whom the press of hunger has driven thither, and a few in the schools who, like myself, were sent out by His Celestial Majesty to be instructed in their sciences."

"And what are their sciences, O Taonsu? Is it true that the fiery horse walks on big stilts through their cities, crushing and trampling down all before it? Is it true, too, that each man takes only one she-devil for his wife, and even so is obliged to cut off her nails that she can't scratch?"

Taonsu raised his eyebrows with a queer little smile.

"They certainly cut off their nails, Great Excellency; but as for one man taking only one she-devil for his wife, they often take as many as we do, only the process is different. Permit me, Your Excellency; the newspaper around this manuscript is of Western origin and chanced to come over in the last steam-junk." And Taonsu, removing the parcel from his patron's lap, untied it and spread the enveloping wrapper flat out on the floor. "There, Your Excellency," he continued, pointing to the advertisement of a lawyer who guaranteed absolute divorce, with perfect secrecy thrown in, for ten dollars, "when a man wants a new wife he goes to this lawyer, states his complaints, and gets freed from the old one by paying down his money. This is the first step." Then Taonsu ran his eye down the sheet till he came to the advertisement of a matrimonial agency. "And here is the second step," he continued. "He visits this agency, pays down ten chop-dollars more, and selects from a series of photographs he is shown the woman whose picture he likes best. Thus for twenty chop-dollars in all he is both rid of his old wife and provided with a new one."

"What strange devils these Foreign Devils are!" said Wang Chi-Poo, reflectively; "to understand them thou must look at them upside down. But our people, how do they prosper?" he went on, inquiringly.

"They did well until too many came; then the natives massacred them."

"They massacred them?"

"Even so."

"But why, when our people were many? If they were few it were more natural."

"Excellency, the natives feared we would overrun their country and take the bread out of the mouths of their own children; but here is mention of our people in this very paper, and what they suffer." And Taonsu read a serio-comic description of a late ball given at Washington by the Chinese Legation, with an exaggerated account of the scramble for supper. This he translated remarkably well, only taking in too literal a sense the Western humor.

On Wang-Chi-Poo, of course, the humor would have been entirely lost; to him only the indignity was manifest. The Chinese Embassy had been insulted; and he swore lustily in the dialect of Confucius, and would not be comforted.

"This last occurred some time ago," resumed Taonsu. "More recently, however, they have passed a law that is an express violation of all their agreements, for it will exclude our people entirely from their shores."

In Wang-Chi-Poo's eyes, the desire to exclude his people furnished rather a curious instance of that topsy-turviness he had remarked upon, but the insult inflicted on the Legation was a breach of that ceremonial which to a Chinaman is as the breath of life itself. For a long time he swore; then, his passion subsiding, he chewed the recollection like a melancholy oud.

"Go on," he said at last, "read me something more of these Foreign Devils. What do those great letters say on the top of the sheet?"

Taonsu, thus directed, resumed his office of interpreter.

"They speak, you see, Great Excellency, of the unprotected condition of their harbors, showing the billions and billions of wealth that lie exposed to any invader with no provision for their defence. Each city on the coast, it is stated, could easily be laid in ashes by a fleet of even a fifth-rate power."

"And is this true, O Taonsu?"

"Too true, Your Excellency. To defend the great city of New York, which is almost as large as this city which we inhabit, there are barely half a dozen forts well-nigh crumbling into the dust."

"How many cities are there on the coast?"

Taonsu reflected. "There are at least six of the first class, and innumerable small towns."

"How many days' sail is it to this land?"

"Steam, Great Excellency, has bridged the ocean."

"Taonsu, leave me: I would think."

When a Westerner "thinks," he generally requires the repose of absolute quiet; when a Chinaman "thinks," his cogitations are assisted by a noise. The same results are attained by exactly the reverse process. Stillness is proverbial of the fisherman's craft; in China the fisherman surrounds himself with gongs. The Chinese watchman beats his rattle, not to let the householder know that all is well, but to make thieves and evil-doers aware that he is about. And where, under Western civilization, a man having a grudge murders his foe, a Chinaman, instead, kills himself upon his enemy's threshold.

Wang-Chi-Poo entered the garden with the purpose of seeking his wives' quarters beyond, for Wang-Chi-Poo had one first wife, and—not to offend the delicate sensibilities of my lady-readers—he had several wives besides. This garden was a marvel of quaintness in its way. It was crossed and recrossed in every direction by little porcelain-paved paths; brightly-painted bridges spanned diminutive canals, and in the middle of the garden was a fountain from which the canals all radiated outward. In the basin of the fountain stood an enormous artificial flamingo, of so natural an appearance that it served as a perpetual puzzle to a live flamingo which could do nothing but walk around him and stare at him the entire day. Passing through the garden, Wang-Chi-Poo entered his wives' quarters by a curious gateway in the wall, out in the exact shape of a large teapot.

Naomoona, the first wife, was reclining luxuriously in a hammock; Taomoona, the second, was similarly engaged; Saomoona occupied a third hammock; and, in fact, the whole number, down to the very newest, were quietly swinging themselves, keeping time to the oscillations of their bodies by the motion of their fans.

On the floor was a highly-decorative bamboo mat, and on this some half-dozen little Wang-Chi-Poos were disporting themselves. A shout of delight from the latter announced the coming of the author of their beings; the ladies severally rose from their hammocks, and each, taking hold of the chair that was nearest her, proceeded to wipe from its seat with her dress imaginary particles of dust.

"The Light of the Household shall sit on my chair," exclaimed Naomoona. "No, he shall sit on mine," interrupted Taomoona. "Nay, but on mine," added Saomoona. But the Light of the Household solved the dilemma by taking his seat with the juvenile Wang-Chi-Poos on the floor, drawing some curious little tissue butterflies from his voluminous pocket, and with his fan making them mount into the air for the edification of his children.

"What would you think, O wives of my heart, if I should never sit on any of your chairs again? if, on the contrary, I should take my seat on the lofty stern of one of His Majesty's smoke-junks and sail away to the land where the White-skin Devils abide?"

A hush of intense surprise greeted this speech; then each of the ladies raised her curious little enamelled face over the edge of her curious little hammock and stared at her husband, who was still engaged with the butterflies.

"They say that they make silks of strange designs, these Foreign Devils," said number one.

"And set diamonds in a way we know naught of here," observed the second.

"Ay, and cut their stones to make them shine with unwonted lustre," observed a third. "A jeweller from India once showed me some that had been cut, he said, in barbaric lands."

"The house would be dark," exclaimed Saomoona, "without the presence of its Light, but we will curb our impatience till his return bringing with him these weird proofs of the Foreign Devils' skill."

Wang-Chi-Poo rose from the floor, tightened his broad red sash, rearranged the folds of his voluminous tunic, and called for his palanquin. He felt annoyed, just as a Westerner might, at the flippant reception his serious proposal had met with. "Wang-Chi-Poo has not gone yet," he muttered, "but should he depart he will console himself with the reflection that his wives will bear up against his return."

CHAPTER II.

THE strictness of ceremonial used in approaching His Celestial Majesty was in no wise relaxed for Wang-Chi-Poo, though he was a mandarin of next to the highest rank; and for the purpose of approaching His Majesty Wang-Chi-Poo had called his palanquin. To go in proper state required, for Wang-Chi-Poo, six runners in front and six behind, without counting the fourteen bearers of the sedan-chair. Ahead of all rode a horseman with a huge sheet of paper in his hand and horns like rams' horns fastened to his cap on each side of his head. The duty of the horseman was to strike awe into the public by loudly reading off the paper the titles and dignities of Wang-Chi-Poo coming on behind; that of the runners, to prevent these same honors from being forgotten, by belaboring the public over the heads with their staves.

Not to particularize the precise road the procession took, suffice it

to say that in due time it arrived before the walls of the Imperial palace, where the great man descended.

The plan of this palace much resembles one of those curious Chinese boxes which you open only to find another box inside. One wall serves but as an outwork to another wall, and one series of buildings but as shells to other buildings within ; all interspersed with court-yards and gardens in a way to baffle and bewilder whoever would describe it.

Wang-Chi-Poo, being received by at least twenty-five court officials, and having them as guides, threaded without much difficulty the labyrinth, and was ushered at last into an apartment at the lower end of which, in a sort of niche partly screened by a mat, the Son of Heaven sat on his throne. Though but a boy in years, the sovereign was a veteran in intelligence. Wang-Chi-Poo, on arriving at the threshold of the sacred precincts, dropped on his stomach and advanced into the apartment on his hands and knees, making a series of little hops like a frog, with his head in the air and his mouth open ; for, being a stout man, it was a decidedly uncomfortable manner of progress. Opposite the niche he stopped.

"O great Son of Heaven, august Lord of the Universe, and Master of Ten Thousand Kingdoms," he exclaimed, "an idea, a great idea, has taken possession of thy slave."

His youthful Majesty glanced down condescendingly from over the mat.

"Take care, O Wang-Chi-Poo : ideas are dangerous," he observed, with precocious instinct ; "ideas are as the witch-fires in the lowlands that lead a man on rejoicingly only to engulf him in mud. Is this idea of thine inspired by Confucius?"

"No, sire, it is a new idea, one born of extraordinary circumstances."

"Hush ; I have heard it said that there is nothing new but the forgotten."

"True, sire, but this idea is not altogether my own ; rather let me say it is sprung from thy great sire's generosity."

"Rise then, O Wang-Chi-Poo ; but if it be not as thou hast stated the bamboo basket shall lift thy head higher than thou aspires to raise it, and Foong-Shoong [the evil spirit] shall take thy body."

"Great Majesty, I crave thy indulgence ; what I would say requires secrecy for its success."

Now, with most Oriental sovereigns to clap the hands is the signal to approach ; with the Son of Heaven it is the reverse. The Son of Heaven clapped his hands behind the mat, and instantly the numerous attendants lining the apartment disappeared, as if by magic, through trap-doors in the floor.

Left alone with his august sovereign, Wang-Chi-Poo proceeded to relate the substance of Taonsu's communications, describing the unprotected condition of the seaboard towns across the ocean and their enormous wealth, and showing with how little risk, owing to the semi-civilized condition of the inhabitants, they might be laid under tribute. Then he went on to portray the powerful navy China now had, the vast sums that had been expended on it, and the growing conviction of the

people that, because it had accomplished so little, the old style of war-junks was superior. Lastly, Wang-Chi-Poo described the indignities China had suffered from Foreign Devils generally, jumbling up the expedition of the French, the half-forgotten burning of the summer palace by the English, the Chinese riots in America, and the passage of the Chinese-exclusion bill, and winding up as a grand climax with the supposed indignities inflicted on His Majesty's Embassy in Washington.

As he finished, the eyes of his precocious Majesty snapped fire.

"And why has no one told me of this last, O Wang-Chi-Poo?" for, in the opinion of the sovereign also, the supper episode was a more grievous insult than the anti-Chinese bill.

"Because, Great Majesty, the Son of Heaven is supposed to know all."

The Son of Heaven pondered deeply over this home-thrust.

"And thou counsellest me to use my powerful armaments for vengeance?" he observed at last. "Thy idea is not without value. Long now have we had these foreign steamers, and long have we been doubtful what use to make of them. Ah, Wang-Chi-Poo, thou givest me an idea that is not in Confucius,—namely, to signalize my accession by some notable event. Thou givest me an idea; I will, I will, I will; yes, I will take the reins of power, as the law now allows me, into my own hands, and declare war against these Foreign Devils; thus I will stretch out my arms to devastate their cities as they have devastated mine,—why not? These expensive armaments brought from across the sea shall go back across the sea and declare in tones of thunder that the majesty of China is more than a name, and His Majesty more than a child. But stay, thou who hast really had something to do with giving me this idea, what wouldst thou advise? Though thou art but of the second rank, thy head is not completely addled, and I have often thought thee not quite the fool thou seemest."

Wang-Chi-Poo modestly acknowledged this compliment by a bow. Before replying to the question, however, he ran the long nail of his little finger down the breast-seam of his tunic.

"Tell me, who should command this expedition?" continued the sovereign.

Wang-Chi-Poo still hesitated. "August Son of Heaven," he at last replied, "thou hast many admirals educated in foreign lands to command thy fleet; but I was thinking that if some commissioner could be found to accompany it, some one not quite of the highest rank, for so he might be arrogant and spoil all by his wilfulness,—one who was well read in Confucius, but yet not so blind a follower of Confucius as to refuse to look beyond,—one whose greatest ambition was to raise an ancestor who had no rank, and who would give as security for his success perchance a million chop-dollars,—I was thinking that if such a man could be found, the nominal direction of this expedition could be safely reposed in his hands."

"But where is such a man, O Wang-Chi-Poo? Gladly would I lay my hands on him."

Wang-Chi-Poo bowed self-complacently.

"By the bones of my ancestors, I almost believe thou meanest thy-

self! Ha! if it is thou, I shall have to ask two million chop-dollars. Thou art too 'cute, O Wang-Chi-Poo."

"Thy servant is too poor."

"Say rather my servant is too rich. But stay; there is something in thy plan, and, as thou thyself hast said, it demands secrecy and discretion. Regents are obstructive, courtiers are bowing puppets, while ministers of the crown are as pots that leak at the bottom and have sieves for sides. Thou didst mention a certain Taonsu whom our generosity permitted to study in the Foreign Devils' lands; with him I might more freely consult as to the likelihood of what thou hast told me. Wang-Chi-Poo, I salute thee; get thee hence."

Then Wang-Chi-Poo retired,—retired as is the custom in China, backing out not only through the first door, but through the second, backing out through one room after another, backing out through court-yard after court-yard, and through the labyrinth of gardens by which he had come; keeping his face turned always in the opposite direction to that in which he was going, and salaaming to this official and salaaming to that as one after the other passed him on. Nor was the manner of his progress changed on arriving outside the palace; for on entering his palanquin it was borne to his home backward through the streets, so that his face might never be turned away from that of his juvenile but Celestial Majesty.

CHAPTER III.

It has been said of Russia that the system of its government is military despotism tempered by assassination. Of China it may be said that the system of its government is competitive examination tempered by purchase.

China has reached the highest development of what is called here Civil Service Reform, only in China the subject-matter of the examination is always Confucius.

No matter what the post sought for may be, Confucius is always the test of fitness. For a collectorship of customs—Confucius; for a generalship in the army—Confucius; Confucius for every post, Confucius for secretaries, ministers, and judges, with a sublime impartiality and a sublime indifference to the particular requirements of each case.

For positions in the navy, however, in addition to the doctrines of Confucius, a thorough knowledge of seamanship is required, and the Naval Academy at Foo-Chow, under the management of European instructors, turns out quite efficient officers. These, in addition to the many young men educated in the European seats of naval instruction, form a sufficiently large class to draw upon for the command of their new Armstrong and German-built steamers.

I can think of no more glaring contradiction than this rapid engraftment of new methods and of new sciences on the old trunk of Chinese civilization; this scientifically built and scientifically managed fleet, armed with steel guns, and under the command of a monarch who

attains his majority at the age of fourteen; this scientifically managed army too, equipped with arms of precision at the whim of a sovereign, however precocious, who sits on an ivory throne behind a bamboo screen.

China is awaking from her long sleep; her four hundred millions are beginning to rub their eyes and to look about them with all that confusion of ideas which occurs on suddenly encountering the light,—trying to reconcile Confucius with foundries, and Western ideas generally with paper butterflies and gongs. As if to give a last touch to a situation strikingly suggestive of *opéra bouffe* already, the command of expeditions that would be supposed to stand in need of extra intelligence is often a mere matter of barter.

Thus, Wang-Chi-Poo, utterly ignorant of steamships, scarcely having more experience of naval matters than was to be acquired by paddling his little boat on his artificial lake, aspired to command a European-built armada, and was willing to pay down two million chop-dollars for that distinction. One saving clause, however, removed at a stroke the most striking absurdities of the situation,—namely, that his command would be merely titular, and that he really would have nothing more to do with the leadership than the gilded figure-head on the bow of the vessel that bore him. Looked at from another stand-point it becomes more natural still. Wang-Chi-Poo would be merely the representative of his sovereign on the high seas, a commissioner, an envoy extraordinary to His Majesty's own fleet.

This fleet consisted of seventy vessels, principally steamers and of iron or composite construction. I give a list of them, which is official: five armored men-of-war; two cruisers of the protected type; two cruisers of the partially protected type; eighteen unprotected cruisers; forty-three gun-boats, of which two were protected and eleven partly protected.

The most extraordinary fact, however, is the slight notice the development of this really extensive navy has attracted in foreign lands. We hear of the Japanese navy, but the Chinese navy has been steadily improving till the Celestial Empire to-day is one of the actual naval powers of the world, and yet ninety-nine Americans out of every hundred still believe its fleet to consist of sailing-junks alone.

CHAPTER IV.

Now let us turn to a different quarter of the world, but one with which we shall have more to do; let us turn to that country whereof the inhabitants "dress in the color of coals and wear on their heads for covering black boxes of silk; where every fourth year they elect an emperor, and the moment he is up proceed to search out a new one; to the land whose emperor is a god for his first two years, and a demon during his last, and when he is out, and a new emperor is selected, behold scarce a man can be found so poor as to do the old one honor;" let us turn to the capital of this emperor, even to the Houses of Congress which make the laws.

It is exactly five months later than the events related in the first

chapter, and the session of Congress is drawing to its close. Many events have taken place during this Congress: for instance, China has made certain preposterous demands in retaliation for the Chinese-exclusion bill, and, failing to receive satisfaction, has just withdrawn its legation. This act, which, if done by a more civilized country, would be held tantamount to a declaration of war, was viewed by the people at large with about as much concern as if the King of the Sandwich Islands had abruptly withdrawn his representative. War was held to exist at this very moment with China, and the prospect of the dragon across the sea at last showing his teeth caused general merriment.

The session of this particular Congress is drawing near its close, as we have said; consequently, in the slang of the day, many bills are being "railroaded through." The River and Harbor bill, for instance, has passed, "under a suspension of the rules," and one among its many clauses is an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars for widening and dredging Little Log-Rolling Creek.

This bill, be it understood, was not for fortifying the rivers and harbors, but simply for improving them: Little Log-Rolling Creek was to be improved into a river; the edict of the House had gone forth. No one outside of the locality through which the creek passed had ever heard of it, nor was it on any map that the eyes of man had ever seen; but no doubt when Little Log-Rolling Creek had been dredged and widened it would grow into a river, and that was all that could be expected of it. No city stood upon its banks, but once improved many cities might. And at all events its improvement would afford bathing-facilities to the juvenile community thereabouts, of which they had long stood in special need. So the River and Harbor bill passed, and each clause of its many new appropriations was passed with it,—passed with the rush of an express train, and regardless of the fact that there was yet an unexpended balance of \$16,636,362.71 from the appropriation of the preceding year. The bill for defending the harbors, however, which was on the calendar for to-day, was expected to create a very lively debate, and the galleries were packed.

At three o'clock precisely, a certain Mr. Starr arose and clearly demonstrated the unprotected condition of the cities on the seaboard; pointing out, in the course of his remarks, the necessity for providing steel guns, and showing the cost and time required for merely the plant to produce these.

A Mr. Blank replied that iron guns were quite as good as steel guns; while a Mr. Asterisk boldly declared that no guns were needed at all. Going on to speak of Daniel Webster, he touched gracefully on the American Eagle, and, closing in a pyrotechnic display of choice language, said that the glory of the American name was sufficient to keep the enemy from our door.

To this a Mr. Dash replied, in suave accents. "The eloquence of the gentleman who has last spoken," he said, "is as flowery as the flowers that bloom in the spring, but, like them, it has nothing to do with the case: the question is about guns, not eagles, nor can any

skill of rhetoric confound Daniel Webster with dynamite bombs. The gentleman has observed that the grandeur of the American name is a sufficient guarantee against invaders; this is like the belief of the Emperor of China, during his last war with England, that the list of his titles loudly proclaimed would suffice to stay the advance of the enemy into his dominions. While speaking of the Chinese, every one knows that a Chinese-exclusion bill has been passed, and that, failing to receive a satisfactory explanation of this, the Chinese Minister has demanded his credentials. As for myself, I am not an alarmist, but this action may mean something. Even now there are vague rumors afloat about the movements of the Chinese fleet. Extravagant as it may seem, it is quite possible that these movements may be ultimately directed against our ports or shipping. Three Chinese war-vessels have lately touched at the Sandwich Islands, ostensibly on a cruise of instruction for cadets, but no cadets are on board. Five more ships of the same nation, it is well known, have lately appeared in South American waters, while one at this very moment is creating a deserved sensation in Canada.

"Not only is it within the bounds of possibility that these powerful squadrons may suddenly concentrate on our coast, but, consistently with the code of the most civilized nations, they may be coming to strike in revenge for the violation of our treaties with the Chinese Empire.

"To be sure, such a navy as China possesses, and in the hands of such a people, is like a watch in the hands of a savage; but the very backwardness of that country would make it oblivious to those responsibilities which would restrain a more enlightened government; and, having indulged in the extravagance of a large European-built fleet, it might be induced to try its prowess without reflecting upon the likelihood of retaliation. At all events, the appearance of so many Chinese vessels hovering about our shores is most unusual, and, being unusual, it ought to excite suspicion."

After this Mr. Dash gave a detailed description, obtained from the Navy Department, of China's armaments, and closed with a timely reminder as to the risk of "monkeying with a buzz-saw."

Alas! of how little use are such warnings! nothing is believed till the predicted event has happened.

"What is your idea of Parliament?" was once asked of a distinguished foreigner after a visit to the classic halls of Westminster. "Why, simply," was his reply, "how much better and more expeditiously three men of ordinary business capacity could have accomplished the work."

I am afraid the present case was an instance of the justice of this observation. The overwhelming sentiment of the country, as proved by the press, was unanimously in favor of our adequately protecting ourselves against invasion. Congress, too, as a whole, was in favor of it; but because one set of legislators desired steel guns and another set iron, the wishes of that minority which desired no guns at all carried the day.

One word more, and then I go on. From the speech of Mr. Dash it will be inferred that wiser counsels must have prevailed at the last

moment in China, and that the pretext for withdrawing her legation from Washington was rather the passage of the Chinese-exclusion bill than the absurd supper-party.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG those who listened to the debate, or rather let me say attended it, was Mrs. Percival T. McFlusterer. Not that Mrs. Percival T. cared a hair-pin for Congress; on the contrary, she despised politics and everything connected with politics, as every fashionable New York woman does. But she had run on to Washington for the benefit of the earlier spring weather, and had attended Congress as she might have done the zoological garden or the menagerie in some strange place. Then, besides, Washington was becoming a fashionable resort, in spite of Congress and its horde of politicians. Unfortunately, however, the spring weather hung fire, and, instead of the balmy breezes she had expected, the session closed in a flurry of snow. The flurry, much to Mr. Percival T.'s displeasure, carried Madame back to New York. For though Mr. Percival T. was anything but a careless husband, and toiled day and night for his wife, he did like just occasionally to have a "let-up" from the opera and a chance to talk stock at his club. In fact, a more melancholy spectacle than Mr. P. T. at the opera can scarcely be imagined. A fish out of water was a weak simile of his case: indeed, to the outer world Mr. P. T. more resembled a fish than a biped, and, so far as spontaneity went, he was quite as cold-blooded. In consequence, he was voted dull in general society, but in the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange he was dubbed the "Razor."

Mrs. P. T., however, aspired to be a social leader, and with a view to that *role* had of course obliged her husband to purchase her a house "on the Avenue." It was at this house, naturally, that Mrs. P. T. arrived, bringing on with her the snow-flurry from Washington.

When Mrs. P. T. was absent, Mr. P. T. invariably put out the fires, on account of the expense, and solaced himself over a register. I can imagine no drearier sight than Mr. P. T. sitting warming his toes over the register, taking his ease; but then Mr. P. T., as we must infer, never looked comfortable anywhere except on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

Mr. P. T. happened to be thus solacing himself when Mrs. P. T. arrived, and the comfort—or the discomfort—of her lord impressed her disagreeably.

Mrs. P. T. had a way of entering a room when she was annoyed that displayed the condition of her feelings without her uttering a syllable. In her heart of hearts, Mrs. McFlusterer was not a cruel woman, but she was an irritable one,—which is sometimes worse.

"I just ran back for the opera," she, however, observed, lightly: "so, if you'll order the carriage, I'll be ready at nine sharp."

P. T. groaned.

"Oh, I won't keep you waiting, dear," she went on, persuasively;

"no fear of that. I found Washington cold as Lapland, and back I am."

At dinner Mrs. P. T. continued her sprightly attack. She even remembered here and there fragments of the speeches she had heard in Washington. "Oh, my!" she ejaculated, "just think, if New York were really bombarded, what should we do?"

"I suppose we'd have to face the music," replied Mr. P. T., with his mind still on the opera; "there's some things worse than a bombardment."

"But just think, if the Chinese should really come! One of those horrid creatures in Congress said that the fleet had left China for parts unknown."

"I hope they'll get there," said Mr. P. T., beneath his breath.

"And such nasty people, these Chinese!"

"I once made a corner in opium," Mr. P. T. observed, reflectively, "but they've stopped the trade now."

"I wish you'd be lively and agreeable like other men," petulantly put in Mrs. P. T. "I wanted you to say there was no chance of their coming, but I feel it in my bones something is going to happen, and I'm sure it is connected with the Chinese."

"If they'll only come and bombard the Opera-House," muttered Mr. P. T., beneath his breath, "I'd be danged if I'd stop them."

Mr. P. T. at the opera, as I have already intimated, was even a more melancholy sight than he was at his family register-side. After he had stood the noisy Wagnerian music as long as he could, he usually retreated into the smoking-rooms, where he found some other congenial spirit and talked over the market.

It was really P. T. who made that now famous *bon mot* (and, it being the only one he had ever been guilty of making in his life, it may as well be recorded),—namely, that, if Wagner's music is the music of the future, "it were a great pity not to postpone it to then."

"Percival, dear," lisped Mrs. P. T., as they were driving homeward from the opera in their smart brougham on the evening of her return, "you must buy me Confucius to-morrow. Now promise me."

"Confucius!" exclaimed Mr. P. T., absently. "I'm afraid it isn't listed: it's one of the fancies, I suppose."

Mrs. P. T. laughed out loud. "I'm not talking of stocks. Can't you ever get them out of your head?"

"I wonder where you'd be if I did?" said Mr. P. T., with unwonted fire; then, more meekly, "You mean the man that wrote a book on China, don't you?"

"Yes, and Arnold's 'Light of Asia,' too. I know the Chinese are coming. I told you before. I feel it in my bones."

Mrs. McFlusterer was a woman of sudden whims and turns; you could no more tell of her than of a swallow which way she would dart next. Thus forewarned, we are prepared for the startling announcement she made to Mr. P. T. the next afternoon when he returned home, like a good New York husband, fairly worn out from his operations in the street, and with the books she had asked for under his arm.

"Percival, dear, I've got a little surprise for you," she said.

P. T. felt uncomfortable; he knew these surprises of old. "What is it?" he asked, feebly.

"Why, we are going to Cuba in the *Terror*. You know it is her trial trip, and the government has proposed, as a condition of her acceptance, her getting around Cuba and back in a month."

"I wouldn't like to go to sea in a vessel intended for the government," said Mr. McFlusterer, cautiously.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Mrs. McFlusterer, "she's as safe as a yacht, and if Mr. Puncherry, who built her and knows all about her, is willing to risk it, I don't see why we shouldn't; he wrote this morning to invite us, and I opened the letter, though it was addressed to you."

Mr. P. T. was sorely discomfited. "And may I ask why you opened my letter?" he asked.

"Well, you see, if I hadn't, you might have kept back his invitation. I had three reasons for accepting before you saw it," she went on, in a relenting spirit, "but, as two were on your account and only one on mine, you mustn't be angry."

"And what may they be, madam?" (When particularly refractory, Mr. P. T. addressed his wife as Madam.)

"First, you'll look so well in a yachting-suit," she said, checking off the reasons on her fingers; "secondly, you will really save a great deal of money in household bills, etc., by our being at some one else's expense; and, thirdly, I'll escape the cold weather, which I failed to do in Washington. You see I'm influenced exactly twice as much on your account as on my own."

"It is very kind of you, indeed," he said, grimly; but then the clause about the expenditure was not without its weight.

Indeed, when Mr. McFlusterer came to think over the matter calmly, the plan developed its advantages. He was carrying an enormous line of stocks, and this might be unloaded on a suffering community with less suspicion, and therefore with greater ease, during an absence, than if he were present in New York. His very absence would give a fictitious strength to the market, and therefore might supply what he had long been looking for,—namely, a market to unload on. The street would say, all must be well, when the *Razor* was satisfied to take his ease for a month. The tone of things, which had been sagging downwards, in sympathy perhaps with the vague rumors from China, might rally. Then, besides, his wife was so continually harping on the necessity of an interval of genial weather between the Arctic cold of winter and the torrid heat of summer, that he had become impressed with the idea that she did need it.

Thirdly, Mr. P. T. had secretly been weighing in his mind that one solitary form of indulgence a wealthy New York business-man permits himself,—I mean the purchase of a yacht. This trip might save him, by its experiences, the extravagance of getting one.

All said and done, he would go,—as in any case he would have been obliged to go, Madam directing.

CHAPTER VI.

"COMING events cast their shadows before," and the vague surmises about the advent of the Chinese fleet were not unfounded. The surest indicator, the stock market, believed it before the public did, and had been growing continually weaker for the past three months. The great armada, in fact, had sailed, and was creeping on from port to port, often a vessel going backwards as if to China, and then turning about and continuing her course, each one drawing nearer little by little its objective point.

Gladly would I describe in full the incidents leading to the commissioner's departure, as well as the daily occurrences of the voyage, but space forbids. Suffice it to say that poor Wang-Chi-Poo, when it finally came to starting, would fain have renounced his rash determination. He found the desire of ennobling his grandmother weakening in exact proportion as the time of his departure approached. At the last moment it is doubtful whether anything would have induced him to sail, were it not that his two millions of chop-dollars had already been passed in. Besides, he was wroth that his wives and family did not take his departure more to heart. On the contrary, his mission was so extraordinary that it seemed rather to amuse them; and as for his children, they blew their butterflies with increased assiduity into the air, just as if nothing in particular was going to happen.

Long and wearily that last night he had stood in his garden and looked at the artificial stork; long the artificial stork had stared at him. Then he went to the temple hard by, and passed two hours in silent adoration of his ancestors.

The next morning he made propitiatory offerings in the same pagoda, and burnt innumerable little pieces of paper to propitiate the Dragon of the sea,—that horrible demon who causes the waves to swell when he is angry, and the winds to roar as they emerge from his mouth. In due time he repaired to his ship, and truth compels me to relate that when, at the moment of embarking, the boiler suddenly let off steam, Wang-Chi-Poo jumped from the poop in an agony of terror, thinking perhaps that this same demon was coming on board through the funnel.

Upon several occasions too, during the voyage, Wang-Chi-Poo came near setting his cabin and with it the ship on fire, by burning little joss-papers in propitiation of the Sea-Dragon; but, as he was firmly persuaded that only by such pious rites could disaster be averted, he concerned himself little about the lesser evil of a conflagration.

It may be questioned, how so large a fleet could have sailed without attracting more than "vague suspicions," even with the extraordinary precautions that had been taken. They had sailed, as we know, in different detachments, under sealed orders, and to far different points and at different times. It was rather the concentration of these vessels in harbors of the Western Hemisphere that aroused attention, and then it was too late for the United States to guard against them. Indeed, it was left to America herself to bring about the climax, for, when the movements of the fleet could be no longer doubted, a cablegram was

despatched to China stating that, if these vessels continued to approach, their presence would be considered a *casus belli*.

I am sorry to confess that this message was dictated in a spirit of bluff; and when to this an insolent reply was received, America awoke to the disagreeable realization that she had a war on her hands with a people whom it was no honor to vanquish, yet who were better prepared to take the initiative than she was to defend herself.

As for the vessel that bore Wang-Chi-Poo, she had passed around the Horn, and it was really her arrival at Rio that inspired the telegram from the State Department. Throwing off the cloak here, as to her intentions, she joined the squadron previously mentioned as cruising in South American waters, and boldly sailed up the coast. It was exactly one month after Mr. and Mrs. McFlusterer had sailed for Cuba that the fleet skirted that island and approached the shores of Florida. As they drew nearer, Wang-Chi-Poo's curiosity, which had been steadily increasing, rose to fever-heat, and Taonsu, who had come out as interpreter, was kept busy answering his questions about the country.

Land might even now be sighted at any moment, and since early morning Wang-Chi-Poo had been eagerly searching the horizon with his glass. At last he closed the instrument with a gesture of impatience.

"Thou hast said, O Taonsu, that this land is one of many laws, but of little inclination to abide by them. How many laws has it?"

"It has many in name, Great Excellency, but only two laws are rigorously enforced."

"And what are they, O Taonsu?"

"The laws of supply and demand. These laws are harsher than even our criminal code, for they grind the poor to powder, and heap the rich with riches compared with which the wealth of our great Emperor is as naught."

"But I thought this country was governed by the people."

"In name, again, Great Excellency, so that the people may be ground down the more."

"But who grinds them down, O Taonsu? I have heard that this land was a republic, which I take to mean a beast with no head and many tails, meaning by that a country that sits down on its ruling classes."

"Stay, Great Excellency, thou dost not understand the system. There is a ruling class, but it is not, as with us, the official class. On the contrary, the class I speak of rules the official class, being composed of kings,—Kings of the Highways, they are called,—and all products, even those necessary to sustain life, must pay them tribute. Under these are two lower grades, called respectively 'Directors' and 'Stockholders.' The last, however, are held in little account. Another kind of ruler is the 'Silver King,' and still another the 'Coal Baron.' The one owns the silver-mines and makes the nation take his ore at enormous premiums for chop-dollars, and the last controls men's bodies through their love of warmth and comfort. The official class is often but the creature of these kings, and, though they are always prating of the rights of the poor man, they are continually wronging him by helping the rich to grow still richer."

"How so, O Taonsu?"

"By voting the rich special charters and privileges in which they also share in the profits, not always receiving their pay direct, but through a species of middleman, called a 'lobbyist.'"

"But this four-year emperor, is he really of no account to prevent this state of things?"

"Great Excellency, his only function is to shake hands with all his subjects, so that they may feel happy and comfortable and never notice how things are going. I have seen one of these emperors shake hands with fifty thousand people in one day!"

"And that is why they have to choose a fresh one every four years, —he gets worn out?"

"That is why, Great Excellency; oftentimes he does not last so long."

"But this 'progress,' that we hear so much about in Western countries, what means it, Taonsu?—that affairs go forward?"

"It is rather that they go 'round.'"

"Taonsu, thou makest my heart sick with what thou tellest me; of a truth, this land is upside-down. Ha! but what is that? A sail! a sail!"

It was indeed a sail that they had overhauled,—if a long line of smoke against the far edge of the horizon could be so denominated,—the first sail they had sighted for several days. What made that particular steamer take that particular direction was one of those things that could only be explained by an inscrutable Providence which brings the extremes together. To be accurate, if neither the fleet nor the steamer altered their courses, the steamer in proper time would cross their bows. She was evidently taking the most direct route from the Queen of the Antilles to Florida; but at last, as if not liking the look of things, she altered her course in such a way as to steer for the nearest point, Key West, turning her stern instead of her side to the fleet in order to reach that port.

Having yet a start of some seven miles, and barely fifteen to go, she would in all likelihood reach her haven, could she sail one mile to the enemy's two. As if in doubt of this, however, she was evidently putting on steam to her utmost capacity, and crowding on all the canvas she could carry.

CHAPTER VII.

OFF the coast of Florida, like the dot to an i, lies the island of Key West, and connected with the island by a long causeway is a giant fortress. This fortress, lying midway as it does between Cuba and the United States, commands, on the south, the approach to the whole eastern seaboard. This fortress, vast and stately, is garrisoned by *one man*. The utter loneliness of Sergeant McKenna's life I can compare to nothing but that of a state prisoner sentenced to solitary confinement.

Sergeant McKenna was both garrison and commander rolled into one. Sergeant McKenna, being a soldier every inch of him, had a high

sense of his duties. Sergeant McKenna tried to fulfil in his one person the duties of the various personages he represented. Thus, he would keep guard, and, when the usual four hours were up and he was completely exhausted, he would *relieve* himself by a fresh guard-mount. To do the honors of the garrison to himself as commander-in-chief was difficult, but at stated intervals he would call out the guard to himself, and regularly on Sundays he would have dress inspection of himself.

Evening parade, too, was seldom neglected; but the crowning achievement of Sergeant McKenna's efforts appropriately to garrison single-handed one of the greatest fortresses of his country was, strange to say, accomplished with—his foot.

Sergeant McKenna, by an ingenious arrangement of strings and pulleys touched at the proper moment by his foot, managed to let off the sunset gun and to haul down the standard, and this, too, without leaving his beat as sentinel the while. To a casual observer who noticed this threefold performance,—who saw the smoke circling upward from one part of the fort, the stately stars and stripes descending the flag-staff in another, and yet who noticed the soldierly figure of the sentinel unconcernedly pacing his beat on still a third part of the fortress,—nothing would have seemed amiss. He would therefore have been ignorant at what a cost in time, thought, and ingenuity this had been accomplished. It is even stated that a Congressman once sailing past was struck by the lavish extravagance of Uncle Samuel in maintaining a garrison at this distant point, and on his return to Washington demanded an investigation. A commission certainly went down with a salary at the rate of five thousand dollars per year for each member, with a secretary in addition at two thousand and a stenographer at fifteen hundred. Collectively they sat on poor Sergeant McKenna, and, since they could not very well cut him off, they cut off his powder.

From that day Sergeant McKenna's spirits began to flag. Sergeant McKenna, though garrisoning the fortress, boarded at Mrs. Ayres's. Mrs. Ayres lived in the village of Key West, and the fortress, as we know, was connected with the village by a bridge. This bridge was some six hundred feet long, and, when the tide was in, the fortress was an island. Now, the boys of Key West, quick to notice the changed demeanor of the sergeant, would wait at the town end of the bridge to observe his comings or goings to and from Mrs. Ayres's, and, as is the wont of boys, would chaff him, shout at him, ask him how the garrison was feeling, and how much Uncle Sam allowed for powder.

At first Sergeant McKenna treated these insults with the contempt they deserved; he would unlock or relock, as the case might be, the padlock of the wooden gate on the bridge, deposit the key of the fort in his pocket, and go his way. But once, when the youths, growing bolder, scaled this wooden gate and attempted to carry the fortress by storm, Sergeant McKenna sallied forth, charged suddenly upon them, and vowed he'd fill them so full of shot that their mothers wouldn't know them. Then the boys' feelings underwent a sudden change, and, from contempt, they began to feel respect for the sergeant. As time went on, they even got to lend him assistance in cleaning the guns, and keeping up the appearance of things generally about the fort, actually

at last paying out of their own pockets for the gun-polish and the blacking, as any recent visitor to Key West will testify. Nevertheless, in spite of these evidences of devotion, the sergeant was growing morose. He, too, had long felt it in his bones that war was imminent, and as soon as war was declared (though no one believed that actual combat would result) he laid in as large a supply of powder as his slender means admitted of, further utilizing the boys in training them to load and manœuvre the cannon.

Each day, after returning from Mrs. Ayres's he would sweep the horizon with his glass, and would watch for the enemy of whose arrival his poor old bones had warned him long before his government had.

Sergeant McKenna was not only losing spirits, but was losing his flesh, and his bones were about all that was left of him. Smile as you may, there is something grand in the spectacle of this poor old man standing by the government that had so cruelly neglected him.

Tattered and torn, hungry and sorrowful, the butt of ridicule for all men, he: and yet there was an unexpended balance of \$16,636,362.71 belonging to our Little Log-Rolling Creeks! The late patriotic demands on his pocket had made serious inroads on his stomach; he paid half board and got half fare at Mrs. Ayres's. A reef in his belt for breakfast, a long walk for dinner, and a sweep of the glass for supper would have constituted before long his sole apology for diet. But an end was coming,—an end was coming soon.

* * * * *

It is a warm and balmy afternoon,—one of those soft, sensuous days when the sky and ocean seem to meet in a long lover-like embrace. Far to the south lies Cuba, and far away behind a yellowish haze that may be water, or may be sky, so indistinct it looks, Sergeant McKenna thinks he sees something. His eyes, however, in general sympathy with his physical condition, are a little weak, so he takes another look, first wiping well the glass; then at last from out of the haze he sees the Chinese fleet coming, preceded by the strange steamer, all with their sails set and gleaming, and with long lines of smoke standing out behind them.

Sergeant McKenna, warned by his bones that the on-comers must be the long-expected foe, summons the boys from the village forthwith, and makes them a stirring speech. He tells them how much the government has done for them, and how happy they ought to be for this opportunity to serve it: stating that, if they will accurately obey his orders, they can yet strike a blow for American honor; that heretofore their efforts had been principally directed in keeping things in repair about the fort, but now the country demanded a return for the privilege which it had so magnanimously allowed them. Then he touches upon the youths of Lexington, and, after seeing them load the guns and close the gates, he sends one of them up the flag-staff to nail the standard to the mast.

All this had consumed some fifty minutes, and in the mean time the fleet had drawn quite close, with the chase still nearer in.

To a careful observer, the steamer in the lead would appear to be laboring badly, and evidently trying to double a ledge of rocks ex-

tending out from the fortress, and so around into the harbor which the fortress protected. Then at the moment when she would naturally turn and go around this ledge of rocks, she puts down her helm, but, owing to some defect of machinery, or to the severe strain her flight has subjected her to, her steering-gear fails to work. There is much confusion and swearing on deck; a stout man gives contradictory orders, and a lady faints. At last, however, she—the vessel, not the lady—does “come round,” but, coming around too far, is unable to be stopped, turning when she has once got started, like a balky horse, a wilful child, or a wound-up machine, and gaining in speed and obstinacy till she is whirling around on a pivot like a thing possessed. It was at this moment of all others, when her broadside was presented full, and at a distance of barely six hundred yards, that—either astounded at her behavior or unable to contain their impatience any longer—the boys in the fort “let drive.”

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the pursuit, Wang-Chi-Poo had been standing on the deck, regarding the vessel they had been so quickly overhauling.

“So thou thinkest it is one of their new junks intended for the navy?” he exclaimed, turning to Taonsu.

“Great Excellency, there is no doubt on that point; she is now returning from her trial trip around Cuba, as it was telegraphed us at Rio she would do, by our agents in the United States. Her description exactly tallies with this paper.” And the secretary looked at a sheet whereon was written a full description of the Terror, her dimensions, the guns she was to carry, the conditions of her acceptance, her machinery, and particularly an improvement on the Kunstadter patent screw which was intended to give greater rapidity in turning.

“It seems to me, then,” said Wang-Chi-Poo, “that we have little to fear from their fleets if perchance they resemble her; she is too weak to fight, too slow to run away,—and this last we have proved without firing a gun.”

“Great Excellency, that is the reason I counselled thee *not* to fire on her. Had we done so, it would only have proved the weakness of her armor. As we have now tested the slowness of her engines as compared with those of the whole fleet, you can fire when you like.”

The commissioner was on the point of following out this suggestion when the fortress opened fire itself.

The astonishment of Wang-Chi-Poo at this unexpected occurrence took off his attention from the object of their pursuit, and was only equalled by his rage.

“O Taonsu,” he exclaimed, turning angrily to that official, “thou hast misinformed me; thou didst tell me there was no fortress fully equipped the entire length of this coast.”

Taonsu was himself astounded. “Great Excellency, I must admit that it is strange. Perchance this is the one solitary exception to the rule. But see, Great Excellency, they have saved us our powder. They

have sunk their own junk, and not only settled the question of the efficacy of her armor, but also that of the Kunstadter turning-gear, which they are trying on a vessel called the Nina, so as to apply it to their other new ships."

It was too true. The shot, while rattling off the sides of the Chinese fleet like peas off a plank fence, had perforated the iron plates of the Terror, and all that remained in evidence of her now was a small boat containing three people rowing frantically on the waste of waters.

Wang-Chi-Poo's blood was up.

"It will never do to leave this place in our rear; it must be carried," he said; and the fleet continued their advance. After the first outburst, the fortress had subsided into a suspicious quiet. As they closely examined it through the glass, men's heads, as it appeared, showed over the ramparts, and the glitter of steel could be seen as of bayonets. The fleet, led by the flag-ship, continued on, opening fire as it came; still no sound, no response, after that first discharge.

The marksmanship of the fleet was admirable, and after each shot huge splinters of stone rose in the air, or, if the projectile were a shell, great showers of dust.

"Of a truth," exclaimed Wang-Chi-Poo, "this is most mysterious. Perchance they wish to draw us into some monstrous trap. What counsellst thou, O Taonsu, thou who knowest what these foreign devils be? Perchance it were better that thou took the boats and carried the place by assault. I will remain here with the fleet, to see that no evil betide them."

"Rather let us stop and pick up the fugitives from the steam-junk," said Taonsu, who little relished the proposal of his master. "The rest of the fleet, having no precious life like thine on board, can carry this accursed fortress as they will."

"Thy advice is good, O Taonsu. It is the part of a great commander to guard properly his own safety. Moreover, it is only humane to succor the afflicted."

In view of this magnanimous proposal, the flag-ship stopped, leaving the rest of the fleet to continue on.

The fort by this time was pretty badly damaged, and its capture would not seem a difficult operation; still the bayonets flashed from the ramparts, and the heads of numerous men showed mysteriously above the walls, for the sergeant had skilfully placed such cannon-balls as he might not require, at various points of vantage, and alongside of each a musket, upright. Yet the same suspicious quiet reigned.

The shape of the fort was a pentagon, and the vessels as they approached finally fronted a new side. Then another sudden discharge belched forth. To be sure, the fire did little damage, and what few shots struck the vessels rattled, as I have intimated, on their iron plates like peas shot from a glass tube. Still, the manner of defence was peculiar,—these hysterical outbursts, succeeded by fits of remorse, as it were. One more discharge only there was, and then the boats were manned and lowered.

CHAPTER IX.

THE phenomenon which so surprised the invaders would have been easily understood had they been aware of the reduced condition of the garrison. Sergeant McKenna, short-handed as he was, could not direct the cannon, and was obliged to wait till the fleet got opposite each successive battery of guns. Sergeant McKenna was weak with much fasting, and saw with dismay his youthful garrison falling away around him. When the boats left the fleet, he gave orders that the firing should cease, and, calling the boys that yet remained alive to his assistance, they dragged a small swivel loaded with canister up to the gates of entrance. The sergeant knew, from the direction the boats were taking, that the landing would be made on the bridge, and he directed the swivel in such a way as to command this.

Then, attaching to the gun one of his old arrangements of strings and pulleys by which it would be discharged on the bursting in of the gates, he sadly closed them, and marched out with the remnants of his plucky battalion.

Sergeant McKenna, I have heard, has since been severely criticised for not having held on longer to the fort which his government had placed in his charge. Truth compels me to say that I think these criticisms unjust. Sergeant McKenna "held the fort" till his garrison was decimated, and only left because the sturdy boys would not leave without him.

As for Wang-Chi-Poo, as we know, he had stopped behind to pick up the survivors from the sunken steamer. Nevertheless, the particulars of the assault had been signalled back to him in all its details, including the terrible sacrifice of life that met the invaders when they burst in the gates, and after all the retreat of but one man and half a dozen boys. There was evidently something unnatural about such a defence, and Wang-Chi-Poo stands talking with his *fidus Achates* over the extraordinary occurrence:

"Of a truth, O Taonsu, this is a strange land, where they confide their fortresses to children. It passes my comprehension, however, that the demon who must have assisted them did not provide them with guns to perforate our ships' sides. By the bones of my grandmother, we must accept the combat as a happy augury, since, with all their commotion, they have only sunk their own steamer. But hush! what is that?"

And, as they listened, a long wail rising over the cadence of the waves was wafted to them from the shore.

"It is the grief of the female devils weeping for their offspring, Great Excellency, and they will not be comforted, because they are not."

Wang-Chi-Poo pondered deeply.

"By the way, O Taonsu, talking about female devils, didst thou not mention that one was picked up in the boat of the sunken junk? My attention was so sorely distracted by this accursed fortress that I did not notice the survivors when they were brought on board."

"Yes, Great Excellency: it is now six years since I beheld one

of their white-skinned women, but I'm sure a female devil was among the saved. She is now in the cabin along with her two mates."

"Have them all up, O Taonsu: I would feast my curiosity on these strange beings."

Taonsu gave the necessary orders; and in a couple of minutes afterwards Mrs. McFlusterer in a dead faint, Mr. P. T. in a fancy yachting-suit, and Mr. Puncherry in a towering rage and a profuse perspiration, were before their Eastern captors.

Wang-Chi-Poo bowed low, brushed the dust from the seat of a cane-bottomed chair, and then brought Mrs. McFlusterer back to life by tickling her facetiously under the chin with his queue.

"Tell them," he said at last, turning to his interpreter, "that I find the she-devil fair, and ask them to what class in life they belong."

Mr. P. T., with the idea of a heavy ransom in his mind, was in the act of explaining that they were poor gentlemen travelling for their health, when he was interrupted by a volley of expletives from Mr. Puncherry, whose fat leg one of the monkey-like crew took occasion to pinch as he was sitting down on a seat.

As for Mrs. McFlusterer, she looked at Wang-Chi-Poo, and instinctively regretted that she could not have had him at a dinner as a curiosity for her friends on the Avenue. In some respects she thought him a handsome man, and his embroidered tunic would make such a lovely tea-gown; nevertheless, she was palpitating with terror as she reflected on the predicament she was placed in.

Mr. Puncherry was the first to demand an explanation. "Will you tell me," he asked of Taonsu, "what the devil this all means, that a vessel intended for the United States government should be pursued on the high seas by a lot of cut-throats from China?" And Mr. Puncherry stretched out his legs and folded his hands as if he had propounded an unanswerable conundrum.

"It means, O inhabitant of the West, that the righteous claims of his Celestial Majesty having failed to meet with recognition, we have come at the head of this mighty fleet to enforce them."

Mr. Puncherry drew a long whistle, and looked at the "Razor," and the "Razor" looked at him. Mrs. McFlusterer raised her hands to her brow and gave vent to an hysterical sob. "Oh, Percival, oh, Mr. Puncherry, this is what comes of never having stopped in a port during our trip! China has declared war."

"How the mischief could I stop in a port, when I only had a month to make the trip in?" said Mr. Puncherry. "Around to Cuba and back is thirty-seven hundred miles. I had to steam a hundred and twenty miles a day to do it. I consider it a great feat, a really great feat, and never to have been obliged to put into port during so long a time is more than most ships in our navy could boast."

Wang-Chi-Poo was not a cruel captor, and the grief of the lady touched his heart.

"Tell her, O Taonsu, I find her fair, and I like her none the less because her nails are out; tell her, though her feet, as compared with our daughters', are as the blades of paddle-wheels, they are not uncouth in shape; tell her, therefore, to curb her sorrow, and, though many

wives are praying for my return, I will take her home with me, where she shall ride in a palanquin of ivory and gold; tell her, O Taonsu," continued Wang-Chi-Poo, gaining enthusiasm as he went on, "that I love her, for she resembleth my grandmother, in form, spirit, and beauty, very much." Then Wang-Chi-Poo subsided into his cane-bottomed chair, arranged the folds of his robes in what he considered a becoming style, and proceeded to ogle the lady over his fan.

Adequately to portray the feelings of Mrs. McFlusterer as Taonsu translated this speech literally, defies my powers of description; indignant protest struggled for supremacy with rage and indignation, as she glared at Wang-Chi-Poo, who, taking it all for approval, sat in his chair, like one of those squat Chinese figures, smiling and nodding his head.

At last Mrs. McFlusterer, giving up the mandarin, somewhat illogically turned upon her husband.

"If it had not been for you," she cried, with a great gasp, "we would not be here now; it was you that brought me, you, *you*, *you*!"

"Me?" said Mr. McFlusterer, with very natural surprise.

"Yes, *you*. At least it was you that made me want to come; if you had been like other men, I should have been content to remain at home."

This interesting discourse was interrupted by the man at the mast-head suddenly announcing fresh signals from the fleet, and the captives were hurriedly remanded to their quarters in the rear cabin. It was not an uncomfortable locality; the port-holes were open, and, had it not been that Messrs. McFlusterer and Puncherry were secured by chains to ring-bolts in the side, they might have imagined themselves on board of their former luxurious craft.

The cabin evidently adjoined that of the commissioner, and was not lacking in emblems of Western civilization, though they were somewhat misappreciated. For instance, on a table stood a stove, but manifestly for ornament; in a corner was a French clock, with its face to the wall; while the sides of the apartment were adorned with pictures hung upside down.

Mr. McFlusterer, as soon as his fetters had been again made fast, demanded of Mrs. McFlusterer, in a slightly injured tone of voice, wherein his difference from other men could be held responsible for her desire to risk the dangers of the deep.

"Why," exclaimed his wife, "if, for instance, you had joined the Jockey Club, as I wished last year, we might have been driving on a coach to the races at this very instant. It was just to save the initiation-fee, Percival," she continued, in a dramatic tone of voice, "that you have sacrificed me your wife, Mr. Puncherry your best friend, and, what you probably consider of greater moment, yourself, for twenty-five dollars!"

"Oh, Lord! I wonder what they'll do with us," exclaimed Mr. Puncherry, anxious to draw off the fire from his friend; for Mr. Puncherry, though touchy, was a good-hearted gentleman. "Curse it! this infernal idiot has got my chain so short I can't sit down. Here,

you black-tailed imp of darkness!" he continued, vainly calling after the vanished attendant, and then to Mrs. McFlusterer, who alone of the party had the free use of her lower limbs. "Might I beg you, madam, to see if you can find a bell?"

Mrs. McFlusterer, thus appealed to, began a search which the civilized appearance of things generally gave promise of being successful.

"It's very awkward, but you see I can't even sit down; it keeps me so tight to the wall. How is yours, Mr. McFlusterer?"

"It might be worse," replied poor Mr. P. T., who endeavored to cultivate on all occasions a cheerful and philosophical frame of mind. "It's better than being drowned."

"I'm really glad, though, the vessel sank," said Mr. Puncherry, in a meditative way. "There were a lot of improvements in her machinery which it would never have done for these fellows to have seen and adopted."

"I guess it will be a big loss," said Mr. McFlusterer, with the slightest possible tinge of irony.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Puncherry, who besides being kindly was a large, hopeful man. "You see, I'll have her raised up and pumped out, and then I'll sell her to the next administration."

"I wonder what they'll do with us?" asked Mr. McFlusterer, to change the conversation.

"Why, they'll hold you both for enormous ransoms and sell me into slavery; you heard the proposal of that odious wretch. Oh, no, I forgot: you are both to be tossed overboard to propitiate the Dragon of the Sea." Mrs. McFlusterer said this with a slightly irritating tone of decision: the delightful ecstasy of the thrust, indeed, alone saved her from a fresh fit of hysterics.

"I think," said Mr. McFlusterer, with a return to his usual caution, "we'd better avoid all appearance of being rich: it might raise our price."

"Great heavens! how the papers will talk, when they hear we are captured!" cried Mr. Puncherry. "Gad! if I could only get hold of the end of a telegraph-wire, I'd begin a suit against the government for sinking my ship."

"Do you really think it will get into the papers?" inquired Mrs. McFlusterer, as a ray of hope lightened the murky horizon; for Mrs. P. T. revelled in a sensation.

"Of course it will: does anything of interest keep out of them, madam?" Mr. Puncherry, among his many possessions, owned a hundred shares of newspaper property.

Mrs. McFlusterer at this moment screamed. A dark figure, stripped to the waist, had entered the room without her knowledge, and was crawling along the floor behind her.

"Melican woman's tongue too long," angrily exclaimed the wretch, rising on his knees and glancing down at the blade of a murderous knife that was stuck in his belt.

Mrs. McFlusterer screamed again, while both of the gentlemen, chained to the wall, could do nothing but stare in dumb horror.

"Melican woman all foot and all tongue; not miss a little of either," continued the intruder, in the same pigeon English.

In point of fact, he was simply a new attendant who had come in answer to the bell. But, unfamiliar with the customs of the East, Mrs. McFlusterer was alarmed by his crawling in on his stomach; while the servant, on his part, probably annoyed at his reception, did not hesitate to give his coming a more sinister interpretation than necessary. At all events, Mrs. McFlusterer had retreated to the far end of the cabin, and her screams brought in the guard, headed by Taonsu.

She appealed to him, throwing herself on her knees before him.

"O lady of the West," he exclaimed, looking severely at the servant, "this creature has exceeded his instructions. Thy privilege it shall be to allot his punishment."

In the ecstasy of her supposed deliverance, Mrs. McFlusterer flung her arms about his neck. Taonsu blushed, if the sickly flush that penetrated his sallow skin could be so denominated.

"He shall be beheaded, daughter of the West, and his head shall serve to ornament thy bridal state-room."

Mrs. McFlusterer had the utmost difficulty in dissuading Taonsu from the immediate execution of this grim sentence. Then, as a mark of his favor, she induced him to give the two gentlemen a little more slack in chain. Shortly afterwards the table was spread for dinner, and, though they were a little suspicious of the dishes, their appetites were such as to make them do ample justice to what was put before them.

At the close of the meal, Mr. Puncherry pushed back his chair as far as his chain would permit. "You see, I go in more for safety than for speed," he said, with the same delightful assurance, as he recurred again to his vessel. "To be sure, that infernal fort sank her, but round balls, as every one knows, are obsolete, and my armor wasn't prepared to withstand them; indeed, it is my principle to get rid of a projectile as quick as you can; it's better for it to go slap through and away, than to stick, particularly if it's a shell that might burst on board. You must confess too, McFlusterer, that it ain't every ship that can sail around Cuba and get back in a month."

"It certainly is not," acceded Mr. McFlusterer; "at least, every ship that you build."

Mr. Puncherry failed to notice the subtle irony. "Great Scott!" he continued, "the idea of the only garrisoned fort in the country letting drive at the only really well-equipped vessel! it's like the story of the Kilkenny Cats. I tell you what it is, if we go on like this, we will soon have no navy at all to fight these rascals." And Mr. Puncherry lay back in his chair and lighted a cigar.

CHAPTER X.

MR. PUNCHERRY was right. Everything does get into the papers, and it was scarcely possible that so momentous an event as the arrival of the hostile fleet off the shores of America could be omitted.

A detailed account of the defence of the fort was flashed up from Key West, also of the sinking of the *Terror*, on which so many hopes had centred. A full description of her successful trial-trip around Cuba, too, was given, and the rash assumption was ventured that if she had not been overtaken and run down by the enemy she would have been an honor to the naval armament of the nation. As to the exact manner of her destruction there seemed to be a wide discrepancy of opinion, but the report most favorably received was that she had been sunk by the Chinese fleet.

"Of her crew," this version went on to say, "but three persons are known to have been saved, and they are now in the hands of the enemy. There is reason to hope that Mr. Puncherry is one of these three survivors, since he always kept ready at hand for instant use on his own vessels a small life-boat answering to the description of the one seen frantically pulling away from the *Terror* as she went down."

As it happened, China's proclamation of war, or, to be more accurate, the message which amounted to a declaration of war, was received at Washington the day after the sailing of the *Terror* on her ill-fated trip; thus New York, along with the country at large, had barely had a month for preparation. These thirty days having now elapsed, the enemy were already off the coast and steadily advancing northward, having, presumably, for their first objective point the richest city of the New World. Let us see what New York had done to protect herself during this interval.

After her first paroxysm of astonishment, indignation, and alarm, she had set herself valiantly to meet the emergency.

She had ample talent at her disposal, and hastily called a meeting of the same Board on Fortifications whose counsels she had shortly before despised.

This board had previously suggested that steel towers and sunken batteries should be located at Sandy Hook, at points near Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth, and, besides this, at Throgg's Neck to protect the entrance to the city by the Sound. The board had further suggested that a series of small islands running like stepping-stones from the extreme east of Long Island to the Connecticut shore should be fortified as outer bulwarks against approach from the sea. These several batteries, properly equipped, would have amply guarded New York, and they could have been constructed at a total cost of fourteen million dollars, being but little more than one-half of one per cent. of the value of that city's destructible property, which has been estimated at \$2,574,490,678. Thus for fourteen million dollars, or one-half of one per cent. of its destructible wealth, New York could have been made secure; and this fourteen million dollars, curiously enough, was two millions less than the unexpended balance due upon our Little Log-Rolling Creeks before many millions more were voted for their further improvement. It has been shown, however, that it would require five years to obtain a "plant" sufficient to make the guns wherewith to equip such forts. To be sure, it may be parenthetically observed, a march had been stolen on us; for we never could believe that China—this quintessence of absurdity, with its stock-still conservatism, and its boy

monarch sitting on an ivory throne behind a bamboo screen—would ever involve us in a real war. But suppose hostilities should spring up between us and Germany, France, England, or even Chili, let me ask, would these nations magnanimously allow us five years for preparation? You reply, America, wishing to live at peace with all the world, will take care to involve herself in no complications. European nations will be equally cautious, if from no other motive than because any trouble with the United States would be extremely unpopular with the masses of any such country, which, in their hearts, sympathize with the experiment of democracy here being essayed. This is all very true; but you forget that the act of some hot-headed lieutenant on one of our own ships at some distant port or station might put us in a position from which we could not with honor withdraw.

You also forget that the unprotected condition of our harbors might prevent us from maintaining our just claims in some case where an immediate settlement might be demanded.

But to return to the Board on Fortifications. As it was naturally impossible to procure steel guns in thirty days, and as the guns that we had would be worse than useless, and, further, as the various forts that decorated the approaches to the city would be more dangerous to the garrisons than to the invaders, the board suggested that, in the emergency, the chief reliance should be placed on torpedoes. The result, at all events, would settle a much-disputed point,—namely, whether torpedoes alone would not adequately fulfil all the purposes of harbor defence.

Now, these torpedoes were made both by the government and by private individuals. As the principal torpedo-stations belonging to the government—viz., at Willett's Point and at Goat Island—had been long without appropriations, it was deemed advisable to trust to private enterprise to supply the machines.

Not to enter into a technical description of the various kinds of torpedoes, it will be enough to state that they can be divided into two principal classes. First, the "controllable" class,—that is, machines directed by the operator on *terra firma*, or even from a vessel. Second, the "stationary" or "submarine mine," which is anchored, and discharged either by contact with the enemy or by electricity from the shore. The first class generally have this objection, that if they are to be directed from the shore they are limited in their flight, and hostile fleets, knowing their range, keep just out of reach. There is a third class,—namely, the "automobile torpedo,"—but, as the United States is the only nation that possesses none, I have not included them in the list. There was discovered to be an additional objection against controllable torpedoes, so far as the present emergency was concerned, for, when they came to be experimented with, they were found to be a singularly uncontrollable machine; as one of them, after rushing a few hundred yards towards its imaginary enemy, suddenly turned around, and, coming back in its course, exploded among the spectators, with terrible effect. Under these circumstances, it was deemed best to trust to the stationary torpedo, and a force had been sent out to lay these along the various channels by which the fleet might approach the city.

Though such an operation is usually conducted with the utmost secrecy, in the present case the hurry was great, and proper precautions to keep away spectators were neglected. Many people, therefore, witnessed the work, and amid the swarm of crafts that were tempted forth, a small row-boat escaped any particular notice. She came from a long, rakish schooner that hovered about in the offing, and at the oars was seated a man with a slouch hat and a dirty face, who stopped and marked on a little map the exact location of each torpedo as it was anchored.

"And where was the great American navy?" you ask. I will tell you exactly where it was at the time of the declaration of hostilities.

Four vessels were being sold at auction at San Francisco,—viz., the *Cyane*, the *Shenandoah*, the *Wachusett*, and the *Lackawanna*; one was being sold at League Island,—namely, the *Pilgrim*; and three more at Brooklyn,—viz., the *Tennessee*, the *Powhatan*, and the *Ticonderoga*. Of our effective fleet we had the following encouraging particulars, which I quote verbatim from the official report that was received, curiously enough, a few days earlier.

"The *Swatara*," it stated, "is at Portsmouth. She is to have new boilers and extensive repairs made in her hull; she will be ready for sea, it is hoped, in a few months, and will then in all likelihood join the North Atlantic Squadron if she can reach it. The *Nipsic*, *Enterprise*, *Thetis* (an old whaler), and the *Richmond* are almost ready for sea. The former will relieve the *Pinta* at Alaska, and the latter will become the flag-ship of the North Atlantic, i.e., the Home Squadron. The *Nipsic* and the *Enterprise* will be ready for sea within a few months, and will also join the Home Squadron. The *Trenton*, at Norfolk, will require several months for necessary repairs. To take the place of the condemned vessels we have the *Porpoise* and the *Pacific*, and a cruiser called the *Hub*, now in process of construction."

Such were the condition, locality, and situation of the best part of the American navy on the declaration of hostilities. In addition to these were a half-dozen old monitors, one of which, lying off the Brooklyn Navy Yard, immediately sank when it was taken into deep water. Nevertheless, the ferry-boats and the magnificent Sound and River steamers might be utilized; and, these being faster than any ships the government possessed, it was proposed to man them, to run down rapidly upon the enemy, and to throw on each of the iron-clads a sufficient force to carry it by assault. It was a desperate undertaking, but, the times being bad, and many people out of work, sufficient numbers for the purpose answered to the call for volunteers, and they were immediately put into training.

You ask, What did Congress do? Was it not appealed to? Of course it was. The President called an extra session, but, as munitions of war, not speeches, were what the poor cities wanted, the extra session was a work of supererogation. To assist every seaboard city in so few days was a matter of utter impossibility; and while enormous sums of money (ten times greater than any that had been previously asked) were voted, and while every ship of the navy that

could float was hastily ordered out, the inhabitants of the exposed towns were practically told that they must look to their own resources.

As regards the State of New York, the Governor had called out the militia; the Knights of Labor had come forward as knights of war; the police were reinforced by special constables; and, not to be behindhand, the young club-men had volunteered *en masse*. They were dubbed the "Fancies," and, the question of uniform exciting so bitter a difference of opinion, they resolved as a compromise to stick to their usual attire. Its essentials were a high, glossy black hat, and a light overcoat, with little swallow-like tails projecting out behind, and the effect was decidedly military.

These several classes of forces, it was hoped, would repel at all events a landing; and, to have them ready at hand, sheds and temporary barracks had been erected in the principal parks and squares of the city.

Nevertheless, the great majority of well-to-do citizens looked somewhat askance at these extensive preparations, and they had already begun to leave the city slowly. When the news was telegraphed up that the hostile fleet had reached Key West, however, their desire to get away received a sudden impulse. Fifth Avenue became one moving caravan, and valuable pictures, silver, and statues were being hurriedly flung into vehicles of all kinds. Here would be a Fortuny lying on the side-walk, and there a bust by Launt Thompson, waiting to be moved. I myself bought for ten cents a priceless Jules Breton, which a boot-black told me had fallen out of a cart and which he had picked up in the gutter. On every side was confusion worse confounded, and the agonized haste of others growing contagious, as at fires, people were throwing valuable mirrors often out of the windows, while they carefully removed their mattresses by hand. Happy were the owners of a horse and wagon. Cab-fares, never low in New York, rose to unheard-of altitudes, and it is stated that a driver received two hundred dollars for driving a bronze copy of the Venus of Milo beyond the city limits in his cab. Every species of vehicle was brought into requisition, and even hearses were seen carting away the precious plunder, or sometimes packed with living babies whose fond mothers could secure no other description of conveyance to transport them from the scene of danger. Many people, however, did not move their children or effects,—people that lived down in the Five Points, and had no effects to move,—people that lived in tenements even higher than the cab-fares, but had no cab-fares to give. The people, in general, who lived in the crowded purlieus of the great city, having no works of art, did not move them; and, having nowhere to go themselves, they remained where they were, with their offspring.

Thus endeth the first lesson of the Dream of Conquest.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was a lovely spring morning when the fleet again approached the coast, in the vicinity of Hampton Roads.

Mrs. McFlusterer was standing on deck, pensively regarding the sea, and anon looking in the direction of the country she had come, so to speak, to devastate. The probable commiseration of her fate by the public, the sensation that her capture must have in all likelihood occasioned, the fact that at this very moment she was probably the one absorbing topic of conversation in ten thousand homes, tinctured her sadness with a sense of gratification impossible to describe.

She was looking over the taffrail deep down into the dark-blue water, observing a school of porpoises that were playing about the vessel, when Taonsu approached and interrupted her reveries:

"Ah! the lady of the West is sad to think of the proud cities that are to be laid low, the homes that are to be desolated, and the multitudinous graves; but little did thy people heed it, O daughter, when the English sailed into our harbors, destroyed our cities, and laid in ashes the summer palace of the very Son of Heaven himself."

It was sweet to the ears of the captive to be called "daughter," and her gentle sadness took a more sentimental cast.

"But thou must know, O Taonsu," she urged, adapting her style to the formal phraseology of her companion, "that we have revolted from England. Rememberest thou not George Washington, who never told a lie, Daniel Webster, Jefferson, and the other great men who struggled and bled to free us from England's tyrannical rule?" Mrs. McFlusterer, like many other fashionable women that I know, was somewhat weak in her history.

"What are thy revolutions compared with the sum of China's antiquity?" replied Taonsu. "You are English sprung, and, according to the word of your sacred book, the sins of the father shall be visited upon the offspring unto the third and fourth generation thereof." Taonsu, as we know, spoke English fluently, with only the slightest possible accent.

Mrs. McFlusterer resolved to make one last appeal to him.

"But is it right, O Taonsu," she exclaimed, still continuing in the style of speech she had adopted, "that thou who hast benefited by this Western civilization shouldst come to destroy it? What good will it do thee?"

"Lady, we in the East do not measure everything by the profit that accrues; such is the habit of money-changers, and of those who, as with you, deal in stocks."

Mrs. McFlusterer unconsciously turned and regarded her husband, who, attached to the end of a long chain, was being led up and down by a Chinaman, like a dog by its master, for his morning walk on the deck. On the other side of the deck, Mr. Puncherry was being similarly conducted. How the unfortunate gentlemen could have prevented this undignified treatment, Mrs. McFlusterer did not stop to puzzle out; but, as she gazed at them, there appeared something so ignoble

in their situation, and even in their character, that it gave emphasis to Taonsu's remark. Like a woman, she unreasonably despised them.

How pointed, indeed, were the observations of this quaint young man! "Those of the West measure everything by the profit that accrues;" and, were they lauded at this very moment in New York, she felt obliged to confess that nothing but the chains that now held her two friends would keep the one from the Stock Exchange and the other from his place of business.

"Taonsu," she asked, with a weary sigh, "what is to be my fate?"

"Thou hast learned, O daughter of the West, that his Great Excellency is to bear thee with him back to his home across the sea, where thou shalt ride in a palanquin of ivory and gold."

"But is this proper, O Taonsu? Thou forgettest I am a wedded wife."

"At thy wish thou canst be freed, O daughter, for thou hast but to say the word, and thy two husbands are struggling in the waves."

Mrs. McFlusterer turned away resolutely from this tempting prospect.

"But why does he wish to take me across the sea?" she asked; and visions of harems, of fountains, and of beautiful Georgian women suddenly floated before her mind. "Why does he wish to tear me from my home?" she continued, sentimentally; then, with a blush of embarrassment, "He said I resembled his—his grandmother, and that my feet were as the blades of paddle-wheels: wherefore should he say this, if his heart longeth for me?"

"Ah, fair daughter, by this he intended to signify his great affection. We in the East venerate our ancestors, and the greatest compliment is to compare our loves to them. Filled out to suit the Western fancy, his words meant this: that thou dost resemble his grandmother when she was in the first flush of her glorious youth and beauty."

"And dost thou really think he meant this delicate flattery?"

"As surely, fair lady, as his treatment of the servant that offended thee was delicately flattering to thee."

"And what of him, O Taonsu?" asked the lady, unsuspectingly.

"Why, he has already partaken of him."

"Already partaken of him?" cried Mrs. McFlusterer, with vague horror.

"Partaken of him in the spirit, fair daughter of the West. His tongue was served him for breakfast, his ears for luncheon, and what there was over was left to the crew,—not to be actually eaten, but to serve as a feast for the eye and to show the danger of offending thee. Deemest thou not, therefore, that his affection for thee is unbounded? It is strong and abiding, and as certainly exists as the vessel that approaches is the one that will quickly pilot us to our destination."

Mrs. McFlusterer looked in the direction where Taonsu was pointing, and saw that they had approached, without her notice (though signals from the steamer must have announced the fact before), a rakish schooner that was lying-to. Indeed, a boat was already rowing from the craft towards the flag-ship, and, as Taonsu spoke, the latter slackened up. The lady's surprise was so great that for a moment she forgot

the revolting nature of the communication just made to her ; or let me say that the hope of some unexpected assistance was inspired by the stoppage. As she gazed down into the boat, however, the appearance of the man in the stern-sheets gave her little encouragement. He wore a low felt hat ; the cast of his countenance was villanous, and his face was so dirty that it actually suggested a negro's. Nevertheless, she would appeal to him : no American would be so lost to patriotism as to pilot a fleet against his own country. Alas ! she knew not that the wile of the enemy had engaged a hated Canadian, nor had she calculated that before the stranger reached the ship's side, herself and her two companions would be summarily dismissed below.

CHAPTER XII.

THE captives, we say, were hurried down below ere the man with the slouch hat and dirty face had mounted to the deck. Until now she had scarcely realized the nature of the people in whose power she was, but the communication of Taonsu woke her up to the full realities of the situation. What should she do, what steps should she take for her escape ? Ignorant of the exact locality on the coast opposite which the fleet had arrived, she yet knew sufficient of its geography to realize that they must now be less than two days' sail from her native city, since she had been on board already five days, and from early this morning they had been sailing on in sight of land. During these five days, too, the captives had been treated with courtesy, not to say kindness. To be sure, there had been that question raised once or twice about flinging Mr. Puncherry and her husband into the waves ; but the object of the proposal, when she came to analyze it, was that she might be maritally unencumbered, and the offer had only been made with a view to meet the prejudices of Western propriety, so to speak. With regard to these chains, too, it was several times explained to the prisoners by Taonsu that their being tied by the foot was merely complimentary, intended to show that they were persons of very great distinction ; and, though both gentlemen had energetically expressed their willingness to forego these marks of honor, Wang-Chi-Poo, through the same interpreter, again and again insisted that he could never bring himself to treat them with so little consideration as to let them loose. Indeed, their evident displeasure at their fetters was entirely misinterpreted by Wang-Chi-Poo ; for, thinking that they were dissatisfied because the form of their captivity was lacking in punctilio, he was only persuaded by Taonsu not to "grade up" their distinction by incarcerating them in a couple of bamboo cages reserved for prisoners of the most exalted rank.

Looked at from one point, horrible as it was in itself, the punishment of the servant was intended as a courtesy ; and, although her abhorrence at his fate could never be overcome, the spirit that dictated it was flattering, and must be recognized. In short, her heart was touched, or rather let me say her womanly instincts were gradually beginning to reassert themselves.

Barely two hours after the prisoners had been dismissed below they

were unexpectedly told that their presence was again desired, and particularly that of Mr. Puncherry. At the companion-way they were met by the commissioner and his interpreter, who, ceremoniously leading them on deck, accompanied them to the forward part of the ship. Here, on the forecabin, they found, to their surprise, a number of chairs facing forward and ranged as for private theatricals, with a large one, like a throne for royalty, in the middle. On these the captives were told to seat themselves, Mr. Puncherry being directed to take the principal chair.

Then Taonsu explained that the pilot who had so recently come on board brought news that the American fleet was in the offing, and, the ships having just been sighted, he thought that perchance the patriotism of the party would be fired by the proud spectacle of seeing them come into action.

And in truth, as they bore down, it was a sight to make any American feel proud, even Mr. Puncherry, naval expert that he was. Here was the Swatara, with her newly-tinkered boilers and her patched-up hull. Here were the Nipsic and the Enterprise, hastily got ready; here was the Trenton, with a great gaping hole in her bottom stopped up with tarpaulins; and here were the Pilgrim and the Tennessee. Next came the Powhatan and the Ticonderoga, taken from under the very hammer of the auctioneer at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and, though condemned, commissioned. After all, with uncertain motion and most melancholy, came the Pinta, which had just returned from Alaska to die.

And indeed it did seem cruel to bring out these decrepit old vessels that twenty years ago had so well earned a needed repose. In many of them the scars of the late war had never been obliterated. Serving as a sort of escort for the squadron were the new steel cruisers the Porpoise and Pacific. Like a host of lame men in charge of a couple of small but vigorous boys, the fleet hobbled forth to meet the enemy, bringing with them the recollections and traditions of a glorious past, when the flag they carried at their peak was borne to victory instead of ridicule.

As I have intimated, the Porpoise and Pacific were steaming around these vessels, now rendering assistance to one and now to another, and trying to bring them all up in proper shape into action.

Wang-Chi-Poo is smiling with a mild sort of irony. "O Taonsu," he exclaimed, turning to his secretary, "this is most remarkable: these people, thou hast told me, protect their industries, but fail to protect their coasts. How is it?"

Mr. Puncherry at this point broke in upon the dialogue. He failed to comprehend the commissioner's words, but that they were inspired by the decrepit appearance of the fleet was manifest, and it angered him to be set up on a throne, as it were, to behold the ignominy of his country.

"We've spent more money on that fleet than you have on your entire navy," he said, rudely; and he looked at the commissioner as if he dared him to contradict the statement.

"But which of the two is the more proper subject of pride?" demanded Taonsu,— "that much is spent on one's fleet, or that much is

accomplished by that expense? Of a truth, O inhabitant of the West, we do not wish to quarrel; if you are satisfied, so are we."

"It's all very well to crow," said Mr. Puncherry, "because you've stolen a march on us. Suppose you can lick this fleet; fightin' ain't the only quality demanded in a navy. S'pose you can sail round it; sailin' ain't everything. The great use of a navy with us is to encourage American ship-building; and if it wasn't for patchin' up them old hulks,—which is all Congress allows me the money for,—where would I be?"

Before a fitting reply could be found to the question, the American squadron, which by this time was barely two miles distant, endeavored to perform what was for it a highly complicated manœuvre,—namely, to fall into line of battle. In the act of doing so, most of the ships ran foul of each other, owing to the rottenness of their equipment, for, though principally steamers, their engines were weak and it was necessary to assist the operation with their sails. Yet the top-hamper was so defective that in the act of coming about a sheet would give way, or a yard would get jammed; and it was not surprising that they should, for you cannot expect to take condemned vessels from under the auctioneer's hammer and have them in first-class sailing trim in a month's time.

Wang-Chi-Poo still stands just where he was, with his hand resting on the back of Mr. Puncherry's chair.

"Of a truth," he observed, meditatively, to the interpreter, "the progress these Westerners make so much boast of is not shown in their ships; and as for their forts, they have arrived but at the Stone Age. How is it I have heard you say that they call us backward?"

In the mean while the distance between the two fleets was being rapidly lessened, and the nearer the Orientals drew the more astonished they were at the appearance of everything on board. So great had been the haste in getting these vessels ready that in many cases their tattered sails and rigging had not been changed for new. Hence, shortly afterwards, as they came opposite to the American flag-ship, and when it became necessary for it to send a force of men aloft to take in a tattered sail, Wang-Chi-Poo distinctly saw the ratlines of the shrouds give way under the sailors' feet, causing them to slide back, one after another, to the deck, as on so many greased poles. Yet it was a glorious evidence of American valor that men should come out at all in such poor old tubs; and this was the view that principally struck Wang-Chi-Poo. Indeed, the commissioner, with all his faults, was a gentleman, a man unwilling to take any unfair advantage even of an enemy. It went against his grain to fire upon such brave fellows, and he felt that respect for them which none but the brave can feel. So he waved his hand affably, as is the wont of Orientals, at the American admiral as he passed him in his flag-ship, and, sailing through the very thick of the fleet, left it to be settled by a heavy squall that he saw gathering on the edge of the horizon.

And indeed we may as well allow this storm to be a veil and draw it gently over the poor old hulks.

As for the Porpoise and the Pacific, the new steel cruisers, I can say nothing. Their efforts were principally directed to lending such assistance to the others as would keep them above water. The Chinese officers were of the opinion, however, that they were too large for torpedo-boats, and too small to carry guns of sufficient calibre to contend with their larger vessels. Certainly, armed only with six- and eight-inch guns, the projectiles which, I have forgotten to state, they hurled at the foe, could not be expected to penetrate steel plates tested to resist sixteen-inch guns; and while the contract for their construction stipulated a speed of fifteen knots an hour, they could not very well run down with their rams vessels that steamed nineteen. All the Chinese officers were agreed, however, that the one—from her propensity to roll—was very well named the Porpoise, and the other—from the little injury she seemed capable of inflicting—the Pacific.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was late on the morning of the third day after leaving Hampton Roads when Mrs. McFlusterer awoke. The sun was shining brightly into the cabin. Both her husband and Mr. Puncherry assured her that they had arrived off Sandy Hook at daybreak, and that there they had lain for the past three hours. They were again in motion, however, and Mrs. McFlusterer could hear the blades of the propeller striking the water; yet they were proceeding cautiously, advancing slowly, and frequently stopping. Mr. Puncherry, whose eyes were glued to the port-hole, explained in professional language that they were removing the outer line of torpedoes that New York had probably set out for its defence. Overseeing this work was a steam mosquito-boat called the Fang, which he had often noticed during his promenades on deck. When the steamer would slacken up and swing around with the tide, this vessel would frequently be disclosed to him; and, although Mr. Puncherry made light of her, it may as well be stated here that, according to the opinion of the English Admiralty, the Fang was the fastest and best-equipped boat of her kind in any service. Built for the Chinese government by Messrs. Yarrow & Co., of Poplar, the well-known English builders, she could steam the incredible speed of twenty-four and three-eighths knots an hour.

At the wheel, directing her movements, stood the dirty-faced man with the slouch hat, studying a map which he had made at the time these very torpedoes were set out. Mr. Puncherry also explained that they had been subjected to a heavy fire from certain earthworks at Sandy Hook; but, as Mrs. McFlusterer had failed to be disturbed by this, it can only be inferred that the damage had been slight. Yet that morning seemed very long to the poor lady, and she thought it would never come to an end; she was weary of the continual stoppings and backings of the vessel and the rattle of the donkey-engine, while her nerves absolutely refused to grow accustomed to the bursting of torpedoes, harmless though their explosions generally proved.

Towards mid-day her ennui was relieved by a really thrilling contest

between the Fang and a little white-topped vessel shaped like a tooth-pick, that suddenly darted out upon them from under protection of the shore. Mr. Puncherry cried out that she was the celebrated Stiletto. She carried a large tin pot on the end of a long improvised bowsprit; and it was evidently her intention to jam this pot, which contained some fifty pounds of nitro-glycerin, against the side of the steamer. So quick was her coming that the fleet were unable to get their aim adjusted upon her, and she was already inside and below the range of their heavier guns before they could do as much as fire on her.

The Fang was, however, on the alert, and, waiting till she got quite close, made a dash at her, spoiled her aim, and then, sliding up, ran along by her side, warding off her approach. Around and around the flag-ship they tore, the Stiletto outside, the Fang inside, shoulder to shoulder as it were, like boys playing football, the one protecting, the other endeavoring to reach, the "base."

Mr. Puncherry, in his agonized curiosity, stuck his head so far out the port-hole that he was unable to get it back; consequently, he not only blocked up the most favorable outlook, but, by his smothered cries and violent contortions to extricate himself, prevented Mrs. McFlusterer and her husband from enjoying the spectacle as they might have done through the other port-hole. Nevertheless, as it was, the lady saw enough of it, and was extremely relieved when their unwelcome visitor turned suddenly away from the Fang and started in a bee-line for another ship. It was a dangerous move. When she had got far enough to admit of being aimed at by the flag-ship, the discharge of a heavy gun thrilled through the steamer; and Mrs. McFlusterer saw their valiant little enemy forge downward, throw her stern in the air, and disappear. Being only steel-braced instead of steel-plated, the vessel failed to resist the shot, which, with its downward pitch, entered her deck amidships and came out through the bottom just forward of the engines, perforating her through and through.

In the mean while they had drawn quite near to Coney Island, and Mrs. McFlusterer could see people like ants crowding the shores and the tops of houses to survey the contest.

The rest of the afternoon was agreeably diversified by the fruitless attempts of sundry earthwork batteries here, and at a point opposite on Staten Island, to reach the fleet with their antiquated ordnance. Had these earthworks, according to Mr. Puncherry, been only provided with sixteen-inch steel guns, instead of the old steel-lined Rodmans brought from Fort Hamilton and the neighboring fortresses, it would have been quite a different matter for the fleet.

Mr. Puncherry, according to his wont, became quite animated over the subject, and showed her how the positions on these two islands, together with Sandy Hook, constituted the angles of a triangle, only some seven miles apart, stating that, if these three points were only provided with such ordnance as he had described, there would thus be formed two lines of defence for the city,—namely, an outer one between Coney Island and Sandy Hook, and, secondly, an inner line between Coney and Staten Islands, should the first be successfully passed, as had just occurred; he even affirmed that one properly-equipped battery

where Sandy Hook Light-House stood could have made it extremely difficult to pick up the torpedoes between that point and where they had now arrived. Mr. Puncherry further went on to add that the protection of these waters could only be made complete by a large navy; but the value of this last assertion was not enhanced by his explaining that the building of its ships should be strictly confined to his own yards.

Nevertheless, Mr. Puncherry was quite right so far as generalities went. To be accurate, the fleet had anchored during the night off the Dry Romer shoals. At the point where the Gedney Channel divides, like the prongs of a pitchfork, into the Main Ship and the Swash Channel, the fleet had separated into two divisions, the smaller vessels taking the latter, and the larger ones, owing to their greater depth, the Main Channel. This had brought them directly opposite Sandy-Hook Light, and much closer to the shore than the Swash Channel did the other division. Both these channels, along with the inlet leading into them, had been sown with torpedoes, with sunken mines, and with scuttled vessels, for they were the two only approaches navigable for ships of such draught. The way these various obstructions were disposed of, however, by the fleet, offered food for reflection to those many estimable people who consider torpedoes and mines sufficient for harbor defence. In the first place, the exact location of most of these was already accurately known, as I have explained, and the sunken vessels amply proclaimed their own locations. Besides, the mines and many of the torpedoes were to be exploded from the shore, and their several bases of operations were protected by earthworks. The cannonading which Mr. Puncherry had first heard was that of the fleet as it passed Sandy Hook, either destroying these earthworks with their two-thousand-pound projectiles, or shelling out the garrisons, thus preventing the mines and a large portion of the other torpedoes from being utilized. Then the fleet would slowly pass over the now harmless position, and anchor just beyond it. In case the obstruction was a sunken vessel, the Fang would dart out and throw a dynamite torpedo from a curious deflecting gun that she carried in her bows; or, if that were not sufficient to remove it, she would send down a diver who would deliberately set to work to blow it up.

Heavy guns would have been effective, and proper forts or batteries for their protection were needed, because without them the mines and the torpedoes that were connected with the shores could not even be discharged. Of course I include under the head of "torpedoes connected with the shores" the controllable class,—*i.e.*, those which were to be sent out against the enemy in leading-strings, so to speak. Consequently, with the destruction of the earthworks, there remained only those torpedoes which, anchored in the channel, were to be exploded by collision. It was more particularly these last that Mr. Puncherry had seen the Fang remove.

Indeed, this is so important a point that I crave the indulgence of my readers to express the opinion that, except in rare instances, experience has shown torpedoes to be a delusion and a snare, and as dangerous for the one side as for the other. If fleets are matched against fleets, they

obstruct the movements of each fleet equally ; if, on the other hand, no fleets are ready to engage the hostile ships, they are generally harmless ; while if both torpedo-boats and forts do not co-operate with them, they are absolutely useless. Look at it rationally. Hostile fleets may vanquish protecting fleets ; hostile torpedo-boats may out-manceuvre protecting torpedo-boats ; there must remain forts to give the *coup de grce*.

Without these various auxiliaries a seaboard city is handicapped in its defence, and resembles a pugilist with either one leg or one arm, perhaps both, tied up.

As regards forts, earthworks, which are indispensable for some purposes, can yet be destroyed by shot, the largest kind of which can now penetrate through seventy-five feet of embankments ; masonry must be more than twenty-four feet thick ; while even iron, unless thirty inches through, is useless against the latest Krupp or Armstrong projectiles.

At this point Mr. Puncherry relieves me of the duty of entering into further particulars, by explaining to his companions that the only kind of protection which has been proved capable of resisting such guns as the fleet was amply provided with was the German cast-iron dome, such as forms a part of the defence of Antwerp. "An improvement in this dome might even be effected," he went on to say, "by building it of steel in the manner advised by Bessemer ; while disappearing batteries according to General Sheridan's plan have many advocates." Thus Mr. Puncherry could very well see what was needed in forts, if he could not in ships.

But, meanwhile, the fleet had arrived off the west end of Coney Island, and a second cannonading had begun from the batteries there and on the Staten Island shore. The fire of the last was as quickly silenced as that of Sandy Hook, but to the fire from Coney Island the fleet had not yet replied. Now, the reason for this was so extraordinary that I fear if I state it my veracity will be doubted. The fact of the matter was, that Wang-Chi-Poo suddenly caught sight of the huge artificial elephant that towers over the cardboard hotels and the shingle palaces of Manhattan Beach, and feared to excite it by any discharge of his heavy ordnance in that direction. No arguments could persuade him that it was not alive, and, dreading it more than any of the infernal machines New York had yet sent out against him in her defence, he allowed the rest of the afternoon to glide by in masterly inactivity. Nor did the fall of evening's shades arouse him from his stupor. Thus closed the night, and any inmates that the shingle palaces and the cardboard hotels yet contained went to bed, very likely, attributing their immunity less to the guardianship of the elephant than to the beauty of the edifices reflected in the waves hard by.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is some five hours later, and Wang-Chi-Poo is seated in his cabin, pretending to study a large map ; anon he looks up and gazes about him absently.

Wang-Chi-Poo is thinking of his distant home, and his thoughts

make him sad. Wang-Chi-Poo remembers the little Wang-Chi-Poos, and the butterflies he used to make mount into the air for them. He can see, in his mind's eye, the very figure of the bamboo mat on which he used to play with them, and can hear their cries of delight re-echoing in his ear when a butterfly would fall within their grasp.

After all, of what good was it coming to this barbarian land, where the elephants walked on the tops of the houses and took their meals out of chimney-pots? Would he ever be permitted to return home,—to his home in the Flowery Kingdom, where things were fixed up and regulated as things should be? Alas! he sometimes felt that he should never return again. And if he did return, what would his wives say when he suddenly presented to them the fair McFlusterer? Ah, it would be better to cut their nails extremely short too. Wang-Chi-Poo felt very sad, and, the cabin being close, he went up on deck. Overhead it was a lovely night, but along the surface of the water lay a heavy mist. Looking shoreward, he imagined he could make out, every now and then, as the haze lifted, the great hotels of Coney Island, which he had naturally taken for pagodas erected for the purposes of worship by these strange people. He could feel the soft land-breeze laden with fragrance blowing on him gently through the mist, but ever and anon his gaze reverted to the spot where he remembered the huge elephant had stood, rising high above the pagodas.

It may be parenthetically observed that anything lofty in the way of a building is thought by the Chinese to deflect and dissipate the evil spirits that may be hovering about in the air. Pagodas are thus a kind of spiritual lightning-rod; and, to prevent any unfair advantage that a rich man might have by the rearing of a lofty edifice, a strict law in the Celestial Kingdom rigidly limits the height of all buildings. Nurtured in this belief, the very height of these buildings had appealed to the superstitious side of his nature, and he looks over to where the elephant ought to be, and shudders. And, as he stands there, he begins to think he can dimly make out its huge whitish form through the mist, and he looks at it with a strange fascination; anon he can almost fancy it is moving, and certainly it does seem larger than his recollection of it in the afternoon would warrant. Yes, it is moving, he is sure, it is growing bigger, too, and the faint muffled sound as of some huge beast breasting the waves suddenly strikes upon his ear. Wang-Chi-Poo feels the very marrow of him freeze. His legs refuse to support him as he clutches the gunrail to sustain himself. He must be mistaken, however; his fears are father to his thoughts; and he closes his eyes and listens intently. First he thinks himself deceived, then he changes his opinion, but at last there is no doubt,—the noise grows every instant more distinct, and he can actually hear the feet of the creature striking the water as it swims. But other quick ears have already detected the noise, and the electric light is suddenly turned on in the threatened direction. Then, surely enough, scarce a thousand yards distant, is revealed a great whitish form, rising tier above tier, coming mysteriously out of the misty night. As they gaze upon it, spellbound, the mass seems to dissolve into many parts, each part, like the parent mass, rising also tier above tier and striking out for a sepa-

rate vessel of the fleet. In an instant the flag-ship is alive. In response to the shrill whistle of the boatswain, men suddenly aroused from sleep tumble up the hatches and, seizing what arms come first to hand, rush to their posts. Not a moment too soon, for, quicker than I can relate, the great white object is moving down upon them and strikes them with a terrible thud, blended with three ringing cheers for Uncle Sam.

Wang-Chi-Poo sees a torrent of men pour down from the upper parts of this formidable visitor, and, once convinced that it is not the elephant, draws his gold-mounted cutlass from its scabbard and, like the brave man that he is, calls loudly on his men. Then, alas, what a horrible *mêlée* ensued in the glare of the electric lights and in the flash of lanterns!—a horrible hand-to-hand struggle all over the decks, with quarter for no one; now backward, now forward, the hip-hip-hurrahs of the one party mingled with the “zing-yous, zing-yous” of the Chinese. Indeed, the last, though half asleep, fought like devils, but the *élan* of the attacking party seemed carrying everything before it.

Mrs. McFlusterer had thrown herself on the sofa for a brief nap, and was only awakened by the commotion of the ship preparing for action. Poor woman! she invariably used a sofa now, that she might be better prepared for any emergency. She could hear the hurried tramp of men as they crowded up the hatchways, and the hoarse voices of the officers as they gave the necessary orders. She felt, too, the crash of the vessel striking the steamer, and the dropping of men as from a great height down upon the decks above her head. Then came that awful sound of fighting, of hacks and blows, of sudden reports, of sharp crackling discharges, intermingled with cries of agony, and cheers for her patron saint.

I can imagine no more thrilling situation than the prisoners found themselves in. They knew, of course, that some desperate attempt was being made to carry the steamer from under the very feet of their captors, and waited the issue—an issue fraught with so much consequence to themselves—with bated breath. They could distinctly trace the tide of battle, too, as it ebbed and flowed up and down the deck, for now the American cheers would prevail, and now again the cries of the Chinese. Finally the Chinese, it was evident, were being driven back: their battle-shouts grew fainter as those of the Americans grew louder and more enthusiastic,—so loud and enthusiastic as to give the captives the impression that their fellow-countrymen were victorious.

But then, at the very instant of Mrs. McFlusterer's expected deliverance, in the crisis of her delightful anticipation of being set free, her ecstasy was changed to a chill horror that riveted her to the floor where she stood.

Once when the boatswain was practising the crew in the various calls of his whistle, Taonsu had explained that a certain one of them was the signal for blowing up the vessel. It was this call she now distinctly heard. It ran through the ship like wildfire, stilling in an instant the combat, and petrifying each contestant with the dread of instant annihilation.

But what is this? At the very moment she thought her last, the combat is renewed, the "zing-yous, zing-yous" of the Chinamen are heard again, in the very teeth of their enemies' success. It was as if the tide had been suddenly turned by some unexpected occurrence in favor of their captors. For some five minutes the suspense continued, then the cheers for Uncle Sam grew fewer and fewer, fainter and more indistinct, and a hush as of the grave fell on all things, followed by an explosion as of a distant ship.

When Mrs. McFlusterer looked about her, Mr. Puncherry lay in a dead faint upon the floor, while her husband was rocking to and fro, completely beside himself, and gibbering to himself like one of those foolish old crones we read of in Lever's novels.

She heard the splash, splash, splash as of bodies hastily flung one after another into the waves, and the next instant the vessel, still hard alongside of the flag-ship, went down with such suddenness that the iron-clad seemed likely to be swallowed up in the vortex of disturbed water.

And in truth the combat, if short, had been decisive, and that it had not resulted in the success of the Americans was owing solely to the fact that only about one man in ten had reached the enemy's deck. Though the upper decks of their steamer towered over those of the flag-ship, the distance to jump was wide, and so great had been the anxiety to board, and the consequent confusion, that the greater number of the assailants fell between the two vessels' sides. Those that did arrive in safety were many of them strained and hurt by their leap, and were received with repeated discharges from the Hotchkiss and Gatling guns that decimated their ranks; nevertheless, so great was the enthusiasm of the Americans that at first they carried everything before them, and the signal was actually given to blow up the ship, on the supposition of her capture. It was at this moment, this supreme emergency, that Wang-Chi-Poo, who had been swept by the tide of battle far back into the stern, succeeded in disengaging himself and saved his vessel. He had noticed a large, powerful man at the head of the boarding force, and thought if he could only succeed in putting him *hors de combat*, the others, being few, could be quickly mastered. As soon as he was free, therefore, he sought him out and faced him; an instant the two leaders stood there, as if measuring each other's prowess, when, suddenly stamping his foot, Wang-Chi-Poo flung his cutlass with an unexpected flourish in the air, flashed open his fan with a snap directly in his enemy's eyes, and, taking advantage of his astonishment at such an unusual attack, squatted down and seized him about the middle, then, summoning all his strength in one concentrated effort, he flung him clean over his head, far over the bulwarks, into the sea.

It was this contest between the champions that stayed the command to fire the magazine, and its issue that revived the drooping spirits of the Chinese.

But Wang-Chi-Poo's blood was up: as in the case of many other men, success alone was needed to bring out his mettle, and after this his shining cutlass was seen gleaming in the rays of the electric lights, and, like the sword of Mohammed, devouring all before it. It was not

till the dead (for no wounded were left) had been flung one after the other into the waves, and the decks cleared of the most ghastly evidence of the combat, that Wang-Chi-Poo looked about him.

Of the fleet, one vessel had been captured by the Americans, and had been blown up under the captors' feet. Warned in time by the flag-ship, the other vessels of the fleet had either sunk the several vessels of the attacking party as they advanced, or had so crippled them that they failed to reach their destinations.

One of these vessels, however, was almost stripped of its courageous legions by their own anxiety to get at the foe, for, crowding pell-mell to the side on which they were to board, they had caused the vessel to topple over so far as to spill the greater number into the cruel waves.

The cries of these unfortunates gave additional horror to the situation, and a lurid light was thrown upon the scene by another vessel catching fire and subsequently blowing up.

Thus we have in this second combat another glorious example of American pluck. That its success was hindered by so trivial a fact as Wang-Chi-Poo's superstitious horror of an elephant will rob it in no wise of its historic lustre.

Thus, too, was destroyed at one fell swoop a large part of New York's summer fleet of travel, and the waves for many a day afterwards were littered with boats and life-preservers, pieces of wreck and debris, bearing such peaceful names as the Bristol, the Day-Dream, or the Mary Powell.

CHAPTER XV.

IN a little shop in the lower portion of the threatened city a shirt-maker named Smith plied his peaceful trade. He was an odd man in some respects, but a conspicuous illustration of the versatility of American genius. A shirt-maker, as we say, by calling, he had during his idle moments turned his attention to inventions, and had perfected a boat that could be propelled under water at will. With this he claimed that he was able to conquer the greatest fleets of the world in detachments. He had certainly given several successful exhibitions of his boat long before the war was dreamed of, and had clearly demonstrated the fact that he could guide her at a high rate of speed under water.

Worked by a small "fireless engine," in which the motive power was a solution of caustic soda, she carried a large supply of compressed air for breathing purposes, thus enabling the inventor to extend his submarine voyages, as he expressed it, "for as long a time as his canned tomatoes held out."

She was thirty feet long, seven and a half feet wide, six feet deep, with room for holding two persons comfortably.

From the nose of this boat, like the proboscis of a sword-fish, extended a spar, on the extreme end of which was fixed a glass cylinder for nitro-glycerin.

The proposal of this intrepid man had been to start out by himself

and, single-handed, to encounter the whole fleet as they sailed up the coast, for in his own opinion the work of the authorities "didn't amount to shucks."

It was not, however, till the fleet had arrived off Sandy Hook that his arrangements were completed, and he had left the city at the same time with the huge flotilla whose destruction has been recorded in the preceding chapter.

Nevertheless, as yet he had failed to put in an appearance, and Mrs. McFlusterer was awakened the second morning by the peaceful cadence of the donkey-engine again hoisting the anchors, and the roar of the boilers again getting up steam. Brief as it had proved, the respite was a much needed one, for the poor lady had already learned that a trip in a hostile fleet coming to attack one's own country was more to be dreaded than even a cruise in the Terror. The horrors of her position were indeed accumulating up to a point beyond which she thought she would soon lose all reason.

To make matters worse, the terrible barbarian seemed actually in love with her, and would seize every available chance to escape from the deck and to pass the time in her society, intruding as an unwelcome guest at the prisoners' meals, and bringing along the interpreter, who would explain what was going on.

Now, sometimes a small and comparatively trivial incident will make a more lasting impression than the most momentous calamity. There was nothing in all that she had gone through, nothing in all that was yet to come, nothing even in the event that was immediately to follow it, or indeed in any circumstance connected with her capture, that remained so indelibly stamped upon Mrs. McFlusterer's memory as the one I am about to relate. It occurred this very morning towards the close of breakfast, to which the commissioner and his shadow, Taonsu, had as usual invited themselves.

A glass bowl, with half a dozen goldfish swimming about in it, had just been placed on the breakfast-table, and Taonsu was explaining that they had been brought out as a delicacy in special reservoirs on board the ship, when the servant in attendance, darting into the bowl a sharp-pronged fork, harpooned one of the fish, and, proceeding to split the quivering body down the middle with a knife, deposited one half upon the lady's plate. The prisoners jumped from their seats in a body. Mrs. McFlusterer, placing her handkerchief to her eyes, with a shudder, went as usual into hysterics; Mr. McFlusterer seized the bowl and threw it out the port-hole; while Mr. Puncherry punched the head of that servant till he collapsed, a jellified mass, on the floor, and, facing the astonished Wang-Chi-Poo and his interpreter, glared upon them like a veritable god aroused. How this ebullition of feeling would have been received will remain forever unknown, for at this moment a strange sensation, as of the ship's bottom being violently assaulted, as it were, by the proboscis of some submarine monster, changed the temper of all to sudden alarm. Wang-Chi-Poo himself, springing to his feet escaped to the deck, and, Taonsu immediately following, the prisoners were left to themselves.

Mr. Puncherry was the first to break the dread silence. "It's a

sword-fish!" he exclaimed, aghast; "I know it's a sword-fish: one of them sunk the best steel-armored vessel I ever built, down in the Gulf of Mexico. This must be a far bigger fellow than that, though. Great Scott! here it comes again!" he cried, as the same mysterious attack was repeated. Then, as the three captives stood awaiting whatever doom the assault foreboded, a deafening report was heard, the vessel seemed to rise up under their very feet, and they felt a shock as of a huge column of water descending on the deck above their heads. Presently the whistles blew, the bells rang, and the vessel came to a dead stop.

While the unfortunate captives were regaining their composure as best they could, the commissioner and Taonsu were on deck engaged in setting a huge wire netting about the ship, called, in nautical language, a crinoline. This, Mr. Puncherry finally recovered himself enough to explain, was intended to protect the vessel against horizontal attacks beneath the water-line. Parenthetically, we may observe that, except for her distance from the shore, her petticoats would have been spread to little purpose, since a distinguished officer of the army, who had spent several years in bringing to perfection a new form of air-gun, thought the present a favorable opportunity for opening fire upon the fleet. So extraordinary was this invention that it warrants a moment's notice. Sixty feet in length, it resembled an enormous astronomical telescope on wheels, pointed reversely, and was braced by supports not unlike an elevated railroad. It carried a cylindrical brass torpedo, holding a charge of sixty pounds of dynamite, and by a deflection of aim, according to the distance, the missile was calculated to enter the waves and to explode under the ship. The government did not own this gun, but it was coquetting with the inventor for its purchase, since its balance was so nice, and its mechanical arrangements so perfect, that but one artilleryman was required to manage it,—an all-important consideration for a seaboard depending on a series of Sergeant McKennas for its protection.

The name of the redoubtable weapon was the Pneumatic Dynamite Torpedo Gun, and its discharge had caused little noise, no smoke, and as yet no damage.

With his machine the inventor had just commenced a series of experiments on his own hook, from behind a hastily-constructed earth-work. The only trouble was that the Chinese, being perfectly instructed in the flight of all such projectiles, kept not less than five thousand yards from shore, the outside range of this particular piece of ordnance being four thousand two hundred and fifty yards.

The flag-ship in the mean time was only just moving, and it suddenly occurred to Wang-Chi-Poo to utilize the occasion by the punishment of the lookouts for not having sooner detected the enemy the previous night. For this purpose one of the large bamboo cages in which it had been proposed to confine Messrs. Puncherry and McFlusterer was brought into requisition, and heavy shot were chained to the bottom of it. Then the five culprits were put into it and the cage was dropped over the ship's side. Of course it was not allowed to sink immediately, but was only submerged for some thirty seconds and then tantalizingly

pulled up by a rope: this having been repeated some half-dozen times, the end of the rope was let go.

This entertaining little diversion occurred just under the cabin port-hole, and Mrs. McFlusterer could see the agonized faces of the men, like those of five drowning rats, pressed against the bars on each occasion that the cage was pulled up. It did not tend to cheer her, or to raise her opinion of the people among whom she found herself placed.

Mr. Puncherry and Mr. McFlusterer, to whom the sight was hardly less repellent, sought relief to their feelings by observing the antics of the Fang, which kept continually circling about the ship. Indeed, the way she twisted and waltzed around her monster charge in her solicitude to ward off any conceivable danger was most diverting. Each ship of the fleet had just such a zealous little champion too, only the Fang was superior to them all.

Mr. Puncherry confessed that, had as many of these boats been available for our defence as were possessed by the enemy, the fleet might very likely have been kept outside Sandy Hook to this time. "If we will spend all the resources of the nation," said he, "in widening our Little Log-Rolling Creeks, of course nothing remains for protecting our harbors." Mr. Puncherry highly disapproved of wasting any money outside of his own shipyards.

All the rest of the day the fleet lay-to, or when it did advance it only moved at a snail's pace, backing and turning, now stopping completely, and progressing barely three miles the entire afternoon. Indeed, they had been simply going around in a circle, searching the most effective position for the attack upon the city, and waiting for the co-operation of the other squadron expected to arrive at Throgg's Neck or near it, in Long Island Sound. At five o'clock the huge chains were heard rasping their way through the hawser-holes as the great Leviathan came to her final stop.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY had been at anchor barely half an hour, when an extraordinary sight was beheld. It was nothing less than a huge flag, apparently supported on nothing, and floating down towards the fleet, like a sign from heaven, along the water. On a nearer approach the miracle was revealed, for the boat (a steam-launch) that carried the flag was so narrow that she had simply been invisible before. On she came, undoubtedly the bearer of a flag of truce, since the flag was white. The ecstasy of the prisoners can better be imagined than described as they detected her approach, which was, however, cautious, permitting the flag to wave to one side instead of straight out backward.

You ask, perhaps, how it was that the prisoners could be so well aware of everything that was going on: the fact will be appreciated when I explain that the cabin, being in the stern, ran directly across the ship, and that there were three port-holes, one on each side and one astern. As each captive had a port-hole and passed most of the weary

time while confined below before it, a pretty good lookout was maintained in every direction except forward.

"Yes, I told you it was a flag of truce!" cried Mr. Puncherry. "It's probably the result of a spontaneous rising to demand my surrender. I'll be extremely sorry to leave you both," he continued, turning to his fellow-captives, "but you see, in their emergency, the American people require my services."

"Why, she's full of men!" ejaculated Mrs. McFlusterer, whose attention was so absorbed that she had failed to hear Mr. Puncherry's remarks, "and they seem to be all writing. How odd!"

"At all events, they'll bring us the latest news of the market, whoever they are!" exclaimed Mr. McF., with a sigh of relief. "It's quite awful to have been away so long, when you come to think of it."

"Why, they're reporters!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Puncherry, straining his eyes very severely. "Upon my word, it's very kind of them. You see, I own a hundred shares of the *Trumpet*, and they've probably come to carry me back with them."

In the mean while the launch continued to advance, raising the hopes of the party to fever-heat. At the moment when all were sure that she was coming to board the steamer, she turned as on a pivot; then of a sudden, the opposite side of the flag being presented, appeared in large and startling letters, "Read the New York *Trumpet*. Half a million circulation." The next instant she was flying back over the water with a speed that was in sharp contrast to her cautious coming.

The indignation and disappointment of the captives knew no bounds. Mr. McFlusterer, in his despair of learning the condition of the market, craned his long neck far out of the port-hole and piteously cried after them to at least inform him of the latest quotations in Erie. Mr. Puncherry, from his port-hole, angrily shook his fist; while the lady, with the true sentimentality that distinguished her, dropped from hers a silent tear to mingle with the sad and cruel waves.

Regardless, however, the launch kept on her way, if we can so express a retreat that partook in its velocity of the nature of a projectile hurled from a gun. Indeed, it was even more rapid; for when the fleet appreciated that a flag of truce had been merely raised as a subterfuge, they opened fire, only to perceive that their shots barely caught up with her. Perhaps you will moderate your astonishment when I explain that the little vessel was no other than the world-renowned *Daisy*, and that Mr. Puncherry had had so little to do with her construction that his eye had never so much as fallen upon her before this moment,—it having been computed that by merely looking at a vessel he knocked off five knots per hour from her speed.

During the night the *Fang* and her fellow mosquito-boats atoned for their failure to apprehend the *Daisy*, by announcing the advance of a large army of men in life-buoy suits, led by the indomitable Captain Buoy himself. Each swimmer carried a hand-grenade of dynamite; but as it has been deemed necessary to fill the latest-invented projectiles with five hundred pounds of the same, and as the sides of the larger vessels were twenty-five inches thick, these missiles, containing less than six pounds of explosive, would presumably have had little effect. Besides, it would

have been necessary to fling them over the nets which were hung a distance of twenty or thirty feet from their iron walls. In fact, however, few of the swimmers were allowed to approach within a mile, and such as got nearer and within the rays of the electric lights were immediately opened upon by sharp-shooters and Gatling guns from the ships. The pop, pop, pop, as the bullets penetrated the wind-inflated suits, suggested a sharp cross-fire upon a consignment of large and tightly-corked champagne-bottles floated down by the tide.

It was late the ensuing morning when Mrs. McFlusterer was awakened by the loud knocks of an attendant, who hurriedly explained that her husband was wanted on deck. As it happened, this summons interrupted a blood-curdling dream touching the instant execution of this very gentleman. In the confusion of her hurried awakening she imagined that his last moment had come. Wildly she clung to him. She was convinced that he was to be cast into the sea at the very least, and reiterated and reiterated again her convictions, between her paroxysms of grief.

There are some occasions, I am sorry to confess it, when the tears of a woman are a nuisance,—when, for instance, they are accompanied by the reiterated lamentation that you are to be flung overboard as food for fishes. Besides, Mr. McFlusterer was not of a particularly impressionable temperament, and he hated tears. This will perhaps account for the almost rude manner in which he broke away from his wife.

Mr. McFlusterer, as he gained the deck, hesitated for a moment and surveyed the scene. The fleet must have moved down nearer the city during the early morning, and New York—or, more strictly speaking, Jersey City—was suddenly disclosed through the Narrows as if a veil had been lifted, with its spires and pinnacles, its steeples and its towers, as brightly shining as if neither terror nor dismay were crouching at their base. The fleet was at least seven miles away, but in the clear morning light the buildings looked quite distinct. Close to the left lay Staten Island, with its smart villas and large hotels.

On the davits Mr. McFlusterer found a steam-launch with steam already up, and in her bows a staff bearing a white flag. Taonsu was already seated in her stern, and, at his direction, the prisoner took his place alongside of him. Mr. McFlusterer was of a philosophical cast of mind, and long ere now had resigned himself to the inevitable. At all events, being let down into the sea with a stout launch between him and the water was better than being flung headlong into the waves. He even began to congratulate himself on the prospects offered by the flag of truce of learning at last the condition of the market. Poor man! he little knew what was before him.

Once clear of the steamer, Taonsu removed from his pockets a couple of formal-looking documents, bearing large seals and directed in English. One of these, Taonsu proceeded to explain, was to be left by Mr. McFlusterer at the Chamber of Commerce and the other at the City Hall. As the city authorities, in all likelihood, would be obliged to consult the State Department, time was allowed to communicate by telegraph with Washington. Taonsu then went on to add that, in case he, Mr. McFlusterer, failed to meet the steam-launch at four o'clock, on

its return to the fleet his wife and Mr. Puncherry should both suffer the penalty assigned by the Chinese criminal code to parricides ; that is, they would be chopped into the finest mincemeat, peppered and salted, fried in lard, and then served to the crew as a special delicacy for supper.

Mr. McFlusterer was looking forward, moodily taking in these agreeable particulars, with his eyes resting on what seemed an enormous dead fish floating on the water some five hundred yards ahead. Before they had arrived sufficiently near to decide as to its exact nature, the object mysteriously sank. Taonsu, however, resumed his instructions, and was just explaining what was to be done in case no answer was received from the State Department, when the mysterious object rose suddenly alongside of the boat like a thing of life, and with a puff of smoke unexpectedly gave utterance to a violent snort. The consternation of the crew, some half a dozen all told, on recognizing at last their dread enemy the Demon of the Sea, can be imagined. Taonsu seized the rudder from the palsied hands of the helmsman, and directed that the highest pressure of steam should be put on. Then began the most terrible race that probably the New World has ever witnessed, and certainly the Old has never surpassed it. Every now and again the monster would make a dash, which it took all the skill of Taonsu to avoid ; sometimes under water, and sometimes above the surface, whither it would rise as if to gain fresh air or a clearer view so as to direct another charge. The speed of pursuer and pursued was so nearly matched that fortunately when the Demon would go beneath the waves he would lose ground, and, as if becoming convinced of this at last, he confined himself principally to the surface, snorting with indignation and lashing the sea into foam as he surged on : nevertheless he would now and then plunge downward, dive under the boat, and, emerging into view on the opposite side, try the same game there. After one of these submersions, he was on the surface again, and evidently making one last desperate effort to get sufficient distance ahead to turn and destroy the launch. The increased steam was beginning to tell, however, and, after passing through the Narrows, they raced for fully two miles side by side, each straining every nerve. Now the steam-launch appeared gaining, now the Demon. Finally, as they were rounding the cheese-box fortress on Governor's Island, the monster with one last effort redoubled its exertions, and gained by a spurt some fifty feet, then with a downward plunge he disappeared. A tremendous explosion followed ; a large column of water rose into the air, and the boat rocked like an egg-shell in a pool of Niagara as countless numbers of dead or stunned fish rose slowly to the surface. Taonsu, by a rapid appreciation of the danger, had put the helm hard a-port, and had only avoided annihilation by an inch. It was a terrible experience ; but the crew, after their first astounded bewilderment, had displayed the utmost stoicism.

The coming of the steam-launch had been telegraphed to the city, and Mr. McFlusterer, more dead than alive, was put ashore at the Battery. An enormous crowd was in waiting to receive him, but, disengaging himself from these, he took a cab, and drove directly to the

office of the Mayor. His instructions were clear and explicit; and, after depositing one of the documents in the hands of that official, who happened to be engaged in writing one of his famous letters on the situation generally, Mr. McFlusterer proceeded directly to the Chamber of Commerce, where he left the second document, the crowd accompanying him all the way and much impeding his progress in their anxiety to learn all that they could about their dreaded foes.

Next Mr. McFlusterer stopped at his own office, and remained closeted with his confidential clerk for at least an hour. He had not intended going to the Stock Exchange, but, as his office was in its immediate vicinity, the temptation to visit his old haunts once more proved irresistible. The scene here beggars description: even his presence at first was lost sight of in the general hubbub. Huge blocks of stock were being offered at unheard-of sacrifices, and, more from force of habit—namely, to buy when things were cheap—than from belief in their present value, Mr. McFlusterer found himself purchasing whatever was put up. Indeed, he soon became aware that he was the only buyer, and, lest he should be compelled to support the entire market, he at last retired.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Chamber of Commerce had been convened in extra session, but, like most extra sessions, it decided on nothing definite; consequently, Mr. McFlusterer repaired from there to the Mayor's office again, only to learn that no reply had yet been received from Washington relative to the terms proposed by the invaders. Leaving word, therefore, that should any news come it should be sent down by messenger to the steam-launch, he went back to the Battery, as the time for his return to the fleet was drawing on. Here for a brief ten minutes he watched the drill of the various organizations to which the city had confided its defence,—the Knights of Labor (for whom he had always had a special abhorrence), the Tooth-Brush Brigade (so called because strictly confined to members of the Tooth-Brush Union), and sundry regiments of the National Guard; here he saw, too, the now famous Brigade of Dudes, and noticed the rapt admiration of the female sex at their dapper appearance and martial tread. Besides these, he saw being trundled out a celebrated piece of ordnance that had figured in the War of 1812. It had been lent for the occasion by the State Armory on Thirty-Fifth Street, and so formidable was its appearance that he was obliged to confess that if the invaders landed they would have a hard time of it. Indeed, all that he saw revived his confidence to such an extent that a strong temptation came over him to allow the crew the indulgence of the dainty dish mentioned by the interpreter; but the doubt as to whether, in that case, a considerable sum of money loaned to his bosom friend Mr. Puncherry would be paid up by his heirs, induced him to put behind him this cowardly impulse. These reflections still occupying his mind, he found himself opposite the Barge office. Alongside of this, as every one knows, is a basin built in the masonry of the esplanade, for the accommodation of small boats. Around the edges of the

basin a great crowd were gathered, and so engrossed were they all that he had to inquire several times before he learned that a certain shirt-maker, on whom the city had lately been relying to relieve her of her enemies, had just returned from an unsuccessful expedition against the fleet. Elbowing his way through the people, he at last stood on the very brink of the basin, and there, to his surprise, saw the same dark monster that had so nearly proved disastrous to the steam-launch in the morning. It was lying torpid now on the surface of the water, and more resembled an enormous fish than ever. Its steering-apparatus was made in the shape of a tail, and, instead of having any clearly-defined deck, its body was rounded like a cylinder, black and shiny all over.

As if to carry out the suggestion of a fish, it had two large glass port-holes set in its head like eyes.

A sort of hatchway, some three feet square, was open in its back, showing an interior of sufficient size to accommodate two men comfortably. Just below this hatchway, but on the outside of the boat, were a couple of hooks, to hang torpedoes on, or any such tools as the operator might require when the hatchway was open. From the nose of the uncouth creature projected a wooden spar broken off short.

Mr. McFlusterer shuddered as he looked about in vain for the captain of this queer craft. He gathered, however, from a young man engaged in polishing the engines, facts going to prove that what Mr. Puncherry a few days before had taken for an attack by a sword-fish was in reality an ineffectual thrust of the torpedo-spar of this boat; and, further, that the explosion on the morning of the present day had been due to her striking her nose against a rock instead of against the bottom of the steam-launch as intended. The young man was of a loquacious turn, and "guessed," as he passed a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, that the annihilation of the fleet would now be not long delayed. He concluded his remarks by observing that the "boss" had gone to dinner.

There was one comfort in the last piece of intelligence,—namely, that, under the circumstances, the "boss" might not be back in time to repeat the same lively chase he had given them this morning. To further guarantee this, however, a sudden device came into Mr. McFlusterer's mind. "But is it right," he observed, anxiously, "to attack a vessel bearing a flag of truce? Reflect, young man: it is against all the usages of war; and besides, as I understand this very launch is the bearer of despatches looking to the retirement of the enemy, the fate of the whole city may hang on your course."

"Go to thunder!" replied the young man, obdurately; "me and the boss is runnin' this business on our own hook; we're tryin' to sell this boat to the government, too, and we ain't goin' to be balked by a bit of white rag."

Sadly Mr. McFlusterer turned away, and, as the hour fixed for his departure to the steamer had now arrived, he walked over to the other side of the Battery, near Castle Garden, where he had landed. Here he found the steam-launch already waiting, and an immense crowd gazing in horror at its strange crew. As he passed them to go on board,

many uncomplimentary epithets were hurled at his head by the ignorant rabble, who imagined him in league—poor man!—with the Chinese. Suffice it to say, the return to the flag-ship was made without further incident, and Mr. McFlusterer congratulated himself that his appeal to the youth in the submarine boat had after all been not made in vain. To add to his satisfaction, his wife was for once in her life rejoiced to see him. She had passed the entire day in the state-room with Mr. Puncherry for her sole companion; consequently, even her husband brought a welcome relief from the long-winded dissertations of that estimable gentleman on ship-building and the real requirements of the American navy.

It was not till dinner was over, and the commissioner and Taonsu had retired, that occasion offered for Mrs. McFlusterer to hear her husband descant upon all that he had seen. She too recalled Mr. Puncherry's apt allusion to a sword-fish on the occasion of the attacks during breakfast the other day, and a feeling akin to horror seized her when she realized the peril in which they had all been placed from that shirt-maker's ingenuity. Poor lady! she did not know the terrible experiences before her yet, and in how extraordinary a manner her fate was to be influenced by that submarine boat.

She made her husband describe its every detail, the hatchway cut in its back, its eye-like port-holes; and, her interest exciting that of Mr. Puncherry, he began himself to ask questions, pondering deeply over what the hooks in the side could be meant for. He was to discover what purpose these same hooks might serve before long; and his interest about so trivial a detail will be admitted later as a most remarkable instance of second-sight.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TAONSU also brought back news of the great city; and now, as he and Wang-Chi-Poo watched it, and saw the distant lights come out one after another, they conversed on the strange scenes the interpreter had beheld. At last Wang-Chi-Poo turned with sudden inspiration to his *fidus Achates*.

"Why shall I not make of this land a vast feudal province, and with the fair McFlusterer share the vice-regal throne?"

"Great Excellency, thy project, so far as immediate conquest is concerned, were impracticable: thou wilt accomplish it better by the extension of the Burlingame Treaty. This is probably the clause in the conditions which they are most reluctant to yield, as is natural after they have in effect repealed that treaty by the anti-Chinese law. They will be forced to accede to it, however, bitter as is the pill, for thou holdest them now in the hollow of thy hand. Thus will this country become the asylum of our sick and of our weak, for into it we will pour our surplus population.

"By this means, too, we will rid ourselves of the palsy and those hideous diseases which we have inherited from our greater antiquity, and at the same time we will inoculate this haughty people with evils

till they fall an easy prey. I have noticed that a young civilization is largely free of these diseases. Their people smoke not opium, and are therefore of a ruder and more vigorous growth than we. Thus to endeavor to overthrow their empire at one fell stroke were impossible; the slower course is better and surer. Our civilization has seen all others die before it; this civilization is destined, Great Excellency, to perish before it too."

"Taonsu, thy words are as the flying swallows, graceful, but not straight-winged."

"Then, Great Excellency, to be more explicit, let me say that the extension of the Burlingame Treaty goes further than the mere repeal of the anti-Chinese law, and is of greater moment than the enforced payment of an enormous ransom. These people are peculiar, lost to every consideration but the making of chop-dollars. If we demand too much, and deprive them of the hope of regaining by their energies what they pay, they will in all probability sail to China and retaliate. But if we try to squeeze out of them a moiety of their wealth, they will pay it, and only think to make chop-dollars afresh. All other religions have died out here save the making of these chop-dollars, and this religion they cling to with an enthusiasm approaching frenzy."

"Thy advice holds wisdom as the bucket of a well holds water, O Taonsu, but thy bucket is not always full, and sometimes its contents are muddy. Tell me rather what thou wouldst advise me to do with these foreign devils whom we have captured. It goes against my grain to hang them, lest they become stiff-necked and lost in pride at the honor."

"Excellency, I have it. The one that is a great feudatory of the highways (for I have learned this much from their secret converse), him I would retain as an intermediary between ourselves and the city; whereas the other, who is a great naval architect, him I would let go, in order that he may make more ships for our enemies."

"Ah! Taonsu, now the water in thy bucket is clear and sparkling and veritably is supplied from the well of truth. The first I will continue to send to town till the extension of the Burlingame Treaty, as thou callest it, is signed, and a moderate ransom is paid up in full; then shall he be made into mincemeat for the crew. The other I will gladly liberate, for such a one is the best ally we can have. Taonsu, thinkest thou the fair McFlusterer admires me?" And Wang-Chi-Poo struck an attitude of rapt attention.

"Great Excellency, she is immersed over head and ears in her admiration of thee."

"Taonsu, thinkest thou that the fair McFlusterer loves me?"

And Wang-Chi-Poo now struck an attitude of strained coquetry.

"Great Excellency, her affection clouds her reason."

"Taonsu, I believe thee: of a truth, my very walk is irresistible."

And Wang-Chi-Poo placed his fan at a right angle with his face, and strutted off with that peculiar mincing gait and stilted gesture which a ballet-dancer assumes when she leaves the stage after an immense ovation.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE terms of these conditions, which we have as yet only vaguely hinted at, called for the payment of fifty million dollars, in satisfaction of the well-nigh forgotten indignity offered to the Chinese Legation. Further than this, a sum measured at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per inhabitant of every city on the coast was demanded, payable in bimonthly instalments of a hundred millions each.

Thirdly, and what was far more disastrous to the welfare of our people than the mere repeal of the anti-Chinese law, was the extension of the Burlingame Treaty, so that practically the hordes of overpopulated China could find entrance into the United States. This last proposal was telegraphed on to Washington, and was placed before the extra session of Congress; it was this that caused the delay. In the mean while, the "surplus" offered a ready means of meeting the first instalment; but, strange to say, with all the trouble the disposal of this same surplus had given every one, when it came to parting with it the nation drew a long face.

These conditions bore with especial harshness on New York; and having received news, the day before, that the squadron which we left at Hampton Roads had escaped the storm (because no storm had really occurred), the city was bracing up for one grand and last heroic effort at co-operation with it.

The plan was to fill with explosives every steamer, ferry-boat, and tug that yet remained to the city, and to send them down upon the enemy in such overwhelming numbers that a few might be expected to escape his destructive fire. At the moment of collision the explosives were to be ignited by concussion, an electric button being fixed in the bows of each vessel. As the previous attempt to capture the fleet by assault had proved so disastrous, there were merely to be sufficient men on board to steer the vessels and to manage the engines and furnaces. These were to take to small boats an instant before the collision, and to trust to the expected confusion among the enemy to make their escape. It was a desperate undertaking; but the New York pilots are the most skilful and venturesome of their species, and a sufficient number were found for the purpose. But when it came to filling these vessels with explosives, the supply of powder and dynamite gave out, and it became necessary to make up for the deficiency with petroleum. Indeed, this far predominated over the explosives proper, and was stored in huge tanks on the vessels' upper decks.

So secretly had everything been managed that, although the preparations were under way when Mr. McFlusterer visited the city, he never so much as suspected that any further attempt was to be made, while the Chinese were equally off their guard because of the pending negotiations.

I am not prepared to discuss the morality of the attack. A hostile fleet anchored off your city ready to open fire on you at any moment does not tend to make you over-scrupulous about the niceties of international usage.

Besides, civilized nations have not always displayed an equal regard for these niceties in their dealing with semi-barbarous people as with each other. Be this as it may, Wang-Chi-Poo was awakened the next morning by the now more attentive lookouts, and, on gaining the deck, saw, to his dismay, the lately-deserted waters of the Narrows covered with shipping. As far as the eye could reach ahead, the waves were alive with vessels; boats of every description there were, all bearing down upon the fleet,—swift and graceful steamers like yachts, blunt and short steamers like tugs, ferry-boats, and even sail-boats. The wings of a few of these contained painted advertisements showing the purposes the crafts had originally served. Here was "Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient" coming down to kill. Here was "Hots Pepper Bitters" on the same errand. Here were "the world-renowned Chokum Pills," while the sails of still another craft held aloft the timely suggestion of a Dr. Walker to use a certain remedy against ague and to "Shake No More." Indeed, it would seem that America in her emergency had resolved to fight the enemy with her quack medicines, sagely recognizing their superiority in deadliness to dynamite or guns.

Such an array of vessels had probably never been seen before, and all of them that had steam-whistles were blowing them, as at the finish of the International yacht-race. Naturally astonished by all this in front of them, the attention of the lookouts was distracted from the rear, and they failed to sight the sluggish approach of the American squadron which we left at Hampton Roads.

Now, the Chinese, imagining the purpose of the enemy ahead to be similar to that of the other night, directed their fire at the water-line of the fire-ships; consequently, as the explosives which they carried were stored on the open decks above, these vessels were generally sunk instead of being blown up, thus concealing the dangerous nature of their cargoes. Indeed, it was not till the one that was leading the way had arrived within three-quarters of a mile, that a shell striking a little higher revealed, by the explosion that followed, the actual peril of the fleet. I say actual peril, for, although many of the fire-ships were already sunk, and more sinking at every moment, they were yet so numerous that a fresh one was ready to fill up each gap. And so little were their ranks thinned that it was already manifest that they could not all be destroyed.

The fleet was in a disagreeable predicament. It could easily have repelled an army of boarders, for, having sufficient time to prepare, each vessel could draw her crew within herself, close up all but a third of her deck, and then with her Gatling and Hotchkiss guns sweep off any number of assailants that might have gained a foothold on the limited space remaining.

To repel a flotilla of fire-ships, however, coming with an impetus that promised to crash through any steel crinoline as through a spider-web, was a very different matter.

The vessel that was now ahead, too, had her steam-whistle adjusted to music, and, to add astonishment to confusion, was loudly whistling "Yankee Doodle." So surprised were the Chinese that they ceased their fire for a brief space, and it was during this interval that they

first became aware of the presence of the American squadron in their rear. Its coming, however, reassured the Mongolians. The vessels looked so decrepit and innocuous that they actually cast a halo of peacefulness over the scene. They had required all the time since we left them to get up from Hampton Roads, and their exertions even to accomplish this feat had aged them conspicuously. To prevent any one ship from sinking without the rest, chains had been passed under the hulls of all, and the whole squadron came on in one wide outstretched file, the Porpoise and the Pacific on the flanks, as before, now towing the vessels and tugging at them, and anon shoving back this one or that one as it seemed likely to fall out of line. The Chinese were in a trap, their enemies closing in upon them from in front and from behind, for if that mass of chained-up rottenness struck them it might very likely involve them in common disaster. Little time, too, was given for deliberation; the advance guard of the fire-ships was already almost on top of them, and the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle" sounded now like the screech of doom. There was really but one course open to the Chinese fleet: it must sail down on the chain-bound squadron and dispose of that first. To accomplish this, the Chinese fleet was obliged to come about, since it faced the city. Now, it requires a considerable amount of sea-room and no little time to turn vessels of such draught. The majority of them, however, accomplished the operation successfully; but the one that lay directly north of the flag-ship and the nearest of any to the fire-ships was a little slow. Just as she came around, and before her propeller had got adjusted to her new course, the Yankee Doodle, on the lead of the fire-ships, putting on a spurt, struck her with a terrific crash. They say that the report that followed the collision was heard for twelve miles inland, and that the iron plates of the steamer were flung clean to the beach. At all events, so perfect was the construction of the musical apparatus that it held together compactly, and, flying on ahead past the fleet, it never stopped whistling till it sank beneath the waves. But it was not the destruction of the two vessels that was the most terrifying; it was not the noise and the smoke, nor even the extraordinary performance of her musical attachment, but rather the burning oil that escaped from the fire-ship at the explosion and spread itself over the water.

Now, Wang-Chi-Poo had been summoned from the breakfast-table of the captives at the first alarm. When he got up on deck, and imagined that a hand-to-hand conflict was imminent, he had returned to his cabin for a particular cutlass set with rubies and brilliants. This weapon, belonging to an ancestor of his, was held by him in especial esteem, and Mrs. McFlusterer, seeing him don it, knew that the occasion was one of extra moment. She could hear the rapid firing of the fleets, and, having no relish for being confined in the cabin during another engagement, she seized the occasion of the commissioner carelessly leaving the door opened behind him to follow him out. Being a privileged character, no one interfered with her, although when the other two prisoners endeavored to keep her company they were ignominiously cuffed back. Indeed, after the punishment of the servant, Mrs. McFlusterer, as might seem natural, was universally avoided by the crew,

and, the only other person having authority to address her being interpreter, she had but to escape his eye and that of Wang-Chi. Nevertheless, she proceeded stealthily, taking advantage of every cover to conceal herself, and curbing the wild yearning for liberty came over her. She arrived on deck about ten seconds after the explosion, and the sight that met her gaze was calculated to make stoutest heart quail. The sea for miles about was on fire, and the fire in full retreat; every instant, too, the area of the fire was increased as the flames reached one after another of the fire-ships, and their sides caused them to explode, more burning oil was poured on water, and fresh fuel was added to the flames. Both tide and wind too, assisted its spread in the direction of the fleet, and so intense became the heat that she could scarcely breathe. At one moment she thought they might escape, but the next instant the fire would take a leap springing from crest to crest, would run on after them, as if actually hungering for them. Mechanically she watched the outward edge of the huge burning area growing larger and nearer, hissing after them as if actually alive; she felt too the heat each moment growing more intense; then a puff of wind bore the fire down upon them, they were in a flaming sea. The effect on Wang-Chi-Poo was extraordinary. In his despair of being able to save his ships, his thoughts suddenly changed to insatiate animosity, and it was directed against the squadron he was rapidly bearing down upon. The flight became a charge. To involve the enemy's line of battle in the common destruction seemed now his only aim, and, as his fleet sped on, he waved cutlass in the air and shouted like a maniac.

I can imagine no more terrible spectacle than the onslaught of the Chinese, enveloped in flames as they were, with the flag-ship leading and gaining fresh speed from their very momentum; the crews, taking the cue from their leader, all waving their cutlasses in the shouting their barbaric war-cries and beating their gongs, perfect beside themselves. Like a blast from the mouth of Hell they were on.

I maintain that none but Americans could have withstood such an onslaught. Chained up as they were, however, they were unable to avoid it. Nevertheless, as if in contempt of the danger, the admiral gave orders out such poor old dented and battered musical instrument as the government had left him, and the glorious strains of the "Spangled Banner" float upward like the greeting of the gladiator to the cruel Emperor,—“We salute thee, though about to die.” They were caught up along the shores,—the shores which are lined and crowded with excited people till there is scarce standing-room on the roof of any house or at any point of vantage,—and they re-echo back the strains from ten thousand throats. On sweep the barbarians, on, on, on, on fire and the smoke sweeping on with them, at times completely envelop the fleet; not much longer can the shock be delayed, and the men and women along the beach stand clasping each other in their arms with horror during that terrible suspense. Nearer, now nearer, then Mrs. McFlusterer—to whom we must return—felt herself thrust to the deck; she felt the vessel rising up under her as a charge was leaping, and next a scraping and gliding as over crunching tin

When she raised her eyes she caught a glimpse through the smoke of the admiral, standing up on the sinking stern of his ship, with the flag of his country wrapped about him. Wang-Chi-Poo is like a veritable god aroused. He gives the signal to come about and charge again. Three times he charged the sinking fleet with the burning fleet; then the sea closed over the American navy, leaving only three vessels to represent it,—viz., the Nipsic, the Vandalia, and the Trenton, which on the way up had drifted apart from the rest, and were only then preserved to perish lamentably, and but too soon after, at Samoa.

CHAPTER XX.

BUT what means this? has the oil burnt itself out? Yes, to a certain extent, and the disturbed water has scattered it into little islands of fire. The steel plates of the flag-ship are like the sides of an oven, but the ships are not themselves on fire. Then, too, when the Chinese came to look about them, they found that the steel crinolines had acted as Davy lamps against the flames, keeping back the volume of oil outside their line of contact with the water,—that is, about twenty to thirty feet from the ship's sides.

You ask, perhaps, how the vessel had managed to charge, with these nets on. Well, in certain experiments made by the British off the Irish coast, and more recently confirmed by the French in their own waters, it was found that vessels thus attired could steam nearly eight miles an hour.

In the present case, however, the nets were seriously damaged by the collision with the American squadron, and on this injury to them the fate of two of our prisoners at least is destined in a very short time to hang. Nevertheless, the heat had charred the wood-work of the cabins, and it was not till the walls of the magazines had been deluged with water that the Chinese felt relieved of all danger from being blown up.

As might be expected, the oil had proved fatal to the fire-ships, and now, as the fleet quietly steamed back to its original position, charred and smouldering hulls were seen in every direction littering the water.

You ask, perhaps, why Wang-Chi-Poo did not immediately begin to fire now upon the city. The fleet returned to its original position for that purpose, but still he hesitated to give the necessary orders. Indeed, the fact is so extraordinary that, had I not previously mentioned a somewhat similar cause of hesitation connected with Coney Island, I should hardly dare to mention it now.

The fact of the matter was, that on her second return the flag-ship anchored a trifle nearer to the city, and from this her new position Wang-Chi-Poo suddenly caught sight of the colossal statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island.

Mr. McFlusterer, along with Taonsu, was again despatched on the following morning to the city in the steam-launch, to demand an increased sum as indemnity for the injury done by the fire-ships to the

fleet. During his absence, Mr. Puncherry and the fair McFluster were taking an outing on the deck, the gentleman still talking of ships and armaments, and the lady listening to him in the resigned manner that was to be expected of a lady who had gone through many other trials.

Mr. Puncherry was even a little spiteful this morning: the iron round his ankle pinched him, and his attendant at the other end of chain, who followed him up and down like his shadow, refused to a him any relief. Being unable to vent his spite on him, he vented it his own country.

"It's durned hard, durned hard," he said, "after all I've done the American public, that there's not a spontaneous rising to dem my ransom. To be sure, I haven't built such ships as these pe have, but for all practical purposes mine are better. No, marm," continued, "I don't take much stock in these new-fangled nav why, the very armor they carry weighs them down so that they c answer the helm. This heavy plating is all a mistake, but the pu want it; so I just put tin on my ships, paint it over, and the pub satisfied."

"But would a real iron-plated ship have leaked like yours did day we encountered that dreadful storm off Cape Hatteras?" remember, Mr. Puncherry, you were dreadfully alarmed yourself, since that day have invariably worn a Boyton waistcoat; indeed, remember correctly, you confessed in a fit of candor that, be called the Terror, she was the best-named vessel that ever left y yards."

"I won't deny, marm, that she leaked somewhat; but then, know, when wood is new and before it gets well seasoned, seams gape. Indeed, the seams in a ship are like the pores in a human: to kept healthy, they ought to open every now and then."

Mrs. McFlusterer looked dubious.

"S'posin' she wasn't water-tight," he continued, "tightness a everything. She was built from stem to stern in an American sl yard. What's the use of a navy, marm, if it ain't to encour American ship-building? I'm an American ship-builder mys marm, and I don't believe in going to Europe even for my ideas; unpatriotic."

Mrs. McFlusterer, with a sigh of relief, for which she neverthe felt guilty, saw Wang-Chi-Poo advancing towards her. He still w his magnificent jewelled cutlass at his side, and the dragon worked gold thread upon his breast looked especially brilliant. The grac way in which he walked, not to speak of the almost coquettish mar in which he carried his fan, could scarcely escape the notice of susceptible a lady. He evidently had something very particular to to her, which in the absence of the interpreter he was unable to expl At last, taking her by the hand, he led her to a seat in front of a sr stage which had been improvised without her knowledge just under poop. Mrs. McFlusterer had long given up being astonished at a thing, and, taking the chair, began to watch the crew assembling a audience. At last the curtain went up on what was really the billic

act of a Chinese drama, which, beginning with the early dawn of that people's history, would go on, an act for each victory, to the end of their existence. The present act was intended to commemorate the victory of yesterday, which Wang-Chi-Poo rightly considered as decisive. Mrs. McFlusterer naturally failed to appreciate the point of the performance. But the strained, unnatural voices of the players, pitched in a high falsetto, their weird and peculiar movements, and their grotesque attires, filled her with an alarm quite appropriate to the situation. It was all so unnatural, so unhuman, so uncanny! Their facial expression under no circumstances ever underwent a change, but was fixed and immutable as that of a Chinese doll. This was the more curious, contrasting so oddly as it did with the spasmodic movements of their bodies. It was like the performance of beings of some different sphere, of another world, only half human; and so unpleasant was it all that even Mr. Puncherry was affected, and, to the evident displeasure of his attendant, who was deeply interested in the play, he walked over to the side of the ship, dragging perforce his unhappy attachment after him. With the fascination of a horrible dream, Mrs. McFlusterer felt herself gazing at the chief actor: he was tall and well made, and, though human in shape, he put her more in mind of a huge bird. From the back of his head rose a couple of feathers from a peacock's tail. What he was intended to represent she failed to imagine, but every now and then he would emit a peculiar screech like the scream of a peacock, and, with his eyes fixed on space, would walk stiffly three times around the stage. This accomplished, he would clash together a pair of brass cymbals fastened to the palms of his hands. Then the players, who filled the rôle also of musicians, would go up in a body to a brass gong hanging on a side-scene and, as a transported orchestra, hammer on it collectively.

Altogether, the performance was the weirdest, most uncanny spectacle she had ever witnessed; and, taking everything into consideration,—the circumstances that attended it, the locality where it occurred, here barely eight miles from New York, now beleaguered by this foreign fleet,—she could scarcely realize that she was not the victim of some hideous nightmare, that would have some more terrible ending.

She was still gazing on this peacock-like individual as he was circling the stage for the fourteenth time, when a fresh troop of actors appeared on the scene from behind. Thereupon began a procession of all the actors around the stage. Round and round in dumb silence they went, all with the same fixed expression of utter vacuity. Then, without a moment's warning, without rhyme or reason, but with a sudden clash of gongs, the procession jumped from the stage in a body, and seemed advancing on her. Mrs. McFlusterer's nerves were at that exact degree of tension that they could stand nothing more.

It was merely the wind-up of the performance, and what in China is considered an artistic finish; but, not knowing this, she rushed over to Mr. Puncherry. "Jump, Mr. Puncherry! jump!" she cried, in an agony of fright, and she gave him a sudden push in the back. Mr. Puncherry was standing near an open port-hole, sniffing contemptuously

at some new contrivance for closing it; he was even leaning well out of the port-hole in his examinations, and the push in the back caused him to lose his balance and to topple overboard, jerking the chain from the hand of his attendant; then in her terror, wild and unreasonable as it was, terror at what she herself could scarce explain, she jumped out herself, and came down with a great thump on that gentleman's back, as his stout person lay struggling on the waves.

CHAPTER XXI.

How slowly each step in the progress of mundane tragedies often seems to move, and yet how little it requires at the last to bring about the climax! A Chinese play, an instant of alarm, a woman's push, and the long-retarded thunderbolt is hurled.

In this case Wang-Chi-Poo is the Jupiter, and on that fair city that lay apparently so calmly dreaming over the distant surface of the water, the thunderbolt is soon to fall; not caused exactly by the escape of the prisoners, but undoubtedly accelerated by that event.

Now, the etiquette of China prevents, in cases of sudden emergency, a mandarin of high rank from running. He may, with perfect propriety, hasten when there is no need to hasten; but when anything has happened that in lesser mortals would warrant speed, he must advance slowly, turn at every third step, and bow. Thus it resulted that Wang-Chi-Poo took ten minutes to go ten yards, and consequently arrived at the ship's side too late to understand the extraordinary phenomena he beheld,—namely, a disturbance of the water in the spot where Mrs. McFlusterer had fallen, as if she had been swallowed by a sea-serpent; and Mr. Puncherry, not under the stern, where any one would naturally have looked for him, but, instead, fully half a mile distant, and travelling over the waves as if hooked to the same creature's tail.

Wang-Chi-Poo's blood was up; attributing the escape, however, to supernatural agencies, he yet hesitated to fire on Mr. Puncherry, but, ordering the fleet to clear for action, he let drive at the city. This, too, in spite of the statue of Liberty, which up to this time had protected it.

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Though the shock caused by her immersion failed to bring Mrs. McFlusterer back to a full realization of the case, she yet reached out her hand for something to catch hold of, and it came in contact with a long cylinder-like object that hugged the stern of the ship. There was apparently a man on the top of it, or rather a man inside of it, who, interrupted in whatever he was doing by the double fall, looked at her in bewildered astonishment.

"Save me!" she cried, "oh, save me, good sir, and, if there's room, Mr. Puncherry also!"

"Two's company, but three's a crowd," said the gentleman, politely; then, as he assisted her to enter, "If my boat were elastic, madam, your friend would be welcome; but, as it is, he must take his chances outside."

Mrs. McFlusterer, in pushing Mr. Puncherry overboard, had seized the end of his chain, and, like all drowning persons, had kept tight hold of it. Just as the lid of the hatchway was closing on top of her, she instinctively slipped this chain over a hook on the outside of the boat, against which her dress had caught as she was being pulled in, and then she fainted.

Miraculous as it may sound, for a man who built such ships, Mr. Puncherry was not a good swimmer. He, however, remembered a piece of early advice,—viz., if ever in deep water, to keep perfectly quiet and lie on his back. In this position he suddenly remembered, too, his Boyton waistcoat, and, getting the mouth-piece of the connecting tube between his lips, he began to blow it up, keeping his eye the while fixed on the boat, which he every minute expected would come to his assistance. He had inflated the lower portion of this waistcoat, which was divided into sections, and which, contrary to what its name would indicate, extended inside his trousers almost to his calves, when he saw the boat that he had expected to pick him up, take a downward plunge and disappear; then, a sudden jerk almost pulling his leg out of its socket, he was as suddenly slung around, and, to his horror, felt himself being hurriedly towed away by the foot over the troubled surface of the waters, bobbing and plunging like a huge animated buoy, and prevented from expostulating by the entrance of a breaker every time he opened his mouth.

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Mrs. McFlusterer opened her eyes with the firm but disagreeable conviction that she was in a coffin meant to hold two, a coffin that was plunging downward, diving and turning, squirming and twisting, and forging ahead generally in a mad career. So great was the speed that the water fairly hissed past them, and, as she gazed through the heavy glass of a couple of eye-like port-holes, the water looked green and cool. Numerous fish of uncouth shape and enormous size passed them, but one huge dolphin attached himself to them as a companion and swam with them for at least a quarter of a mile; his left eye came directly opposite to the right-hand port-hole, and Mrs. McFlusterer could notice the astonishment with which he looked in at her. He evidently wondered what kind of a soul animated this new species of *confère*, and Mrs. McFlusterer found herself wondering whether after all she might not herself be a fish. Mrs. McFlusterer, however, was a practical woman, and these fancies were only the after-effects of her recent terrible experiences. Her full consciousness was returning, only it was returning slowly, and she had that languid sensation of indifference that comes as a reaction after all great shocks. She began to realize, too, that this must be the very submarine boat her husband had described to her, and she found herself wondering how the air was kept so pure and fresh in such a cramped-up interior: indeed, the fit was so tight that the navigator could barely give the necessary attention to the machinery, and during most of the time they lay together side by side. Great as was the rate of speed, the action of the engines was without noise or jar, and the whole mechanism seemed to obey the very word of the inventor, as if it were a thing of life. Now he would argue with

it, now he would praise it, and anon he would chide it as if it were veritably his offspring.

"I don't know why it is," she heard him say, "you ain't as spry this afternoon as usual."

"I can't make it out," he continued, more directly addressing his companion. "She'll only range downward a certain depth, and then, when I try to go deeper, I'm suddenly pulled back, as if I were tied to something on the surface."

"It's Mr. Puncherry! Oh, it's Mr. Puncherry!" she cried, "and he must be drowned! I hooked the end of his chain on to the boat when I came on board." Then Mrs. McFlusterer had to enter into a hurried explanation of the circumstance.

"Ah, true enough. I remember now there were two of you that took to the water." Then, more consolingly, "But there's no danger of his drowning, madam, if he's *the* Mr. Puncherry. A man would never build the ships he does, if he could drown like an ordinary mortal: it's only his ships that drown."

"But he *is* drowned? I know he is!" she continued, blaming herself for his misfortune. "Let's go up immediately to his assistance. Quicker! quicker!" she urged, as the boat was directed towards the surface. "He must be already dead, I'm sure."

"If you're so sure of that, madam, I don't see the use of hurrying; but the will of the ladies always rules."

The boat now showed by her increased speed that something had certainly been detaining her; they could feel the water sweep by them like a mad torrent; then the port-holes ahead showed greener and paler, lighter and whiter, and in an instant afterwards they reached the surface, and shot clean beyond it into the air, like a fish that had miscalculated its ascending impetus. A great thud fairly shook the breath out of the lady as the boat dropped back again on the surface, and they were lying calmly rocking to and fro.

"Open the hatchway, quick! I'm sure he's dead!" she cried. Then the hatchway was thrown open, and, raising their heads, they beheld Mr. Puncherry, inflated as to his lower extremities to about four times his usual dimensions, and apparently seated on the top of the waves.

He waved his hand affably to them. "Wind her up again," he cried, "only don't start off too sudden. I've got a new idea for a ship."

"Great Scott!" he added, in a different tone of voice, "they've begun to shoot. I guess you'll have to make room for me on board, after all."

It was true: a large missile, followed by a distant report, sailed past them.

"If they've begun to shoot, I guess I'd better say good-day," cried the inventor, drawing his head in like a snapping-turtle; then, the trap-door closing, with a twist of a crank, a little whistle, and a swish of the tail, the extraordinary craft again plunged downward, and, burying herself under the waves, disappeared from Mr. Puncherry's sight.

This second instalment of submarine travel was in most respects a repetition of the first. Nevertheless, Mrs. McFlusterer felt more in-

clined to listen to the shirt-maker, and to hear his explanations as to why he had not succeeded in blowing up the ships. The first failure he attributed to the slow action of the mechanism for exploding his torpedo; the next, to the steel crinolines, in the meshes of which the proboscis of his craft had unfortunately got entangled, thereby preventing his approach; while as for this morning, he had merely come out on a reconnoitring expedition, and had not known till he got quite close that the vessels had removed their crinolines, probably for the purpose of repairing such damage as had been sustained in the collision with the American fleet. When Mrs. McFlusterer had fallen into the waves so near him, he was in the act of examining the hull of the flag-ship to find a weak spot, "so as to follow it up under water."

Shortly after this explanation, the lady felt the nose of the boat pounding along the bed of the river, and now, for they had well-nigh reached their destination, against the sunken piles of the wharves. Just as she was giving up all hope, however, that they would ever arrive, the craft took another sudden upward dart, and, springing out of the water as before, only with a greater flourish of the tail and a little louder whistle, lay rocking in the very basin that her husband had visited two days earlier. But what had become of the crowd that usually received the vessel? There was no crowd here. A dire plague, a hush, a cathedral stillness, had fallen over the city, broken by an occasional crash or distant boom. Could it be? It must be! The bombardment of the city had begun!

Mrs. McFlusterer and the shirt-maker gazed about them with feelings impossible to describe. What few people were visible were cautiously peering around the corners of houses, or were taking advantage of a lull in the firing, like children playing puss-in-the-corner, to slip across from one spot to another.

As his family might need his protection, the shirt-maker insisted upon repairing to his home, and Mrs. McFlusterer was about to accept his offer to convey her thither, when Mr. Puncherry, whom she had entirely forgotten, entered the basin, safe and sound, by the novel process of pulling himself hand over hand by his chain. A belated hack-driver, who had been caught behind a house when the firing began, and had since been too terrified to leave that retreat, was finally induced to convey them up-town to the lady's residence, and to drop the shirt-maker at the nearest point to his house. The three thereupon entered the carriage, and the horses were put to a full gallop towards Broadway.

The aim of the fleet seemed principally directed at the lofty buildings, and barely had they passed Wall Street, when they saw Trinity Church steeple rock and fall.

Opposite the Western Union building a cab was lying across its horse, while a party of gentlemen were struggling to extricate themselves from the interior.

But still the same absence of crowds. What had become of so many people? They could scarcely have all left town. At City Hall Place, however, a vast number had congregated. Mrs. McFlusterer turned away her head, as a shell exploded in their midst with terrible

carnage. Faster, faster, driver! To remain here were death, and the narrow highway before them scarce were safer. Was there no dangerous road than up Broadway, no wider avenue?

Though this street was mostly deserted, yet a few belated persons were hovering about their stores, running back to lock a door, or remove some last forgotten article. Down the side streets, however, people could be seen in greater numbers, getting out their sick and aged, while around these hung women in anguish,—over all the sharp whip-like crack of the shells, and the jar of walls continually falling. Great God! It was truly a terrible drive, and, with the unerring instinct of women in emergencies, Mrs. McFlusterer jumped to the right conclusion,—namely, that the bombardment had been hastened by her escape. She would go back, she would do anything to stay it; and becoming hysterical, she implored her companions to return, weeping and wringing her hands convulsively, and losing all that flippancy and lightness of character which we have tried to depict. Even had her companions been willing to accede to her request, it were now impossible, for their return was suddenly cut off by a mass of people like a drove of cattle wildly sweeping around the corner of Canal Street to Broadway, mangled and bleeding, many of them but propelled onward by their terror. A train on the elevated road, conveying up town the last lingering hordes from the lower parts of the city, had either been struck by a shell or had met with some other accident. The carriage was still ahead, however, and kept its distance, the throng growing behind till it resembled a huge troubled sea with hands emerging here and there from above the surface, as of people veritably drowning. Opposite Grand Street a cry, as of ten thousand imprecations rolled into one, reached the carriage, and its occupants on looking back beheld a column of smoke rising behind the crowd high into the air. The lower part of the city was on fire. On, on, on!—no use in loitering; the most heroic valor could accomplish naught: walls falling on every side, shells exploding everywhere, a sea of flames in pursuit, distant was the only refuge.

Suddenly the explosions ceased, a death-like stillness reigned supreme, and the word went up that the enemy were landing! It was at this moment, this supreme moment of terror, that the distant sound of fife and drum was heard; louder and more distinct it grew, shriller and cheerier as it approached, calming the confusion and allaying alarm. Then the carriage was compelled to pull to one side, and the "gallant Sixty-Ninth" swept by, changing their step from a march to a double-quick, and that into a long sweeping stride, as they pressed on to meet the foe. After them came the finely-equipped "Sevenths" in their trim uniform and with their admirable discipline; then, next, the regiments of the National Guard. The Knights of Labor, ready for time "to strike" to good purpose, followed the troops, and next in line came the United Brotherhood of Tooth-Brush Makers, *bristling over*; after them, the Brigade of Dudes, armed with umbrellas sprung and nicely raised on high, not to protect their heads, but, O tempora, mores! their shiny black hats from the dust of crumbling masonry. They numbered exactly four companies, and their dainty attire

particularly the dainty way they all pressed the common earth with their neatly-varnished boots together elicited hearty plaudits from the crowd. On they swept, bearing a flag on which was proudly printed, in golden letters, "Behold, the Real Four Hundred."

Closing the procession was the Revolutionary piece of ordnance lent by the State Armory on Thirty-Fifth Street. For what purpose it was trundled out, save to gratify the popular craze for antiquity, is hard to say. Possibly it was fired by the general enthusiasm of the troops, as it could be *fired* in no other manner, and had pleaded to accompany them; or, more likely, it argued that it was too old to be left behind unprotected, and had been brought along out of commiseration. Poor thing! Men and women dropped sympathetic tears as it feebly rumbled on.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE bombardment ceased simultaneously with the conflagration, which, as it turned out, was that of the Produce Exchange. Fortunately, the valiant efforts of the fire-brigade succeeded in extinguishing this, and, when the regiments of the National Guard arrived at the point where the enemy were supposed to be landing, it was to find the report erroneous. No military force in the world, of the same numerical strength, would have received the enemy more courageously; but, when you reflect that the government had supplied them with Springfield cartridges for their Remington muskets, you can appreciate that they might as well have been provided with clubs. At any other time the parsimony and short-sightedness of the government would be almost laughable, but it was no laughing-matter now. On the contrary, all maintained that it was a case of *crying* injustice. Nominally Uncle Sam allots four hundred thousand dollars a year among his forty-two nephews, but instead of paying cash he very unkindly pays in kind,—in other words, trades off at his own valuation any old military rubbish that he has no need of himself. Thus, during the preceding year the New York appropriation had been paid up partly in old saddles and partly in cartridge-boxes, the last at the rate of a dollar apiece, and which had been in the government's hands since the War of 1812. To give an almost burlesque touch to the situation, a cavalry troop had got the cartridge-boxes and an infantry regiment received the saddles. The disbandment of State cavalry troops in New York dates from this gift. And yet all the time Little Log-Rolling Creek is being improved into a river, merely that the boys who live along the banks may have somewhere to swim without the danger of getting drowned.

Now, while the bombardment had really taken place in a fit of spleen at the loss of Mrs. McFlusterer, nevertheless, had it begun only fifteen minutes later, it would have been in full accordance with the usages of the most civilized nations. Mr. McFlusterer had returned in the steam-launch without bringing back with him any distinct guarantee that even yet the terms were accepted, and Wang-Chi-Poo had vowed to open fire on the city if such guarantees were not received by four o'clock. Not only so, but the assault on the flag of truce by the shirt-maker would have excused the attack at an earlier stage still.

To recur to Mr. McFlusterer, however: he had passed his wife, his return from his second trip to the city, without knowing it, and had, moreover, passed Mr. Puncherry. His astonishment at behold his old friend inflated to four times his usual size, and waving his hat to him from the top of the waves, caused Mr. McFlusterer to forget all about his wife, and, though Mr. Puncherry had pointed downward to her as he called out her name, he naturally failed to see the connect link that there really was between her and that gentleman's flight.

The very escape in itself was so extraordinary that Mr. McFlusterer could think of nothing else; for, though he knew that Mr. Puncherry from long experience with his own ships, protected himself against sudden immersions by wearing a patent inflating waistcoat, he did not know that this waistcoat was in fact a tunic divided into compartments and that when the proper compartment was inflated it made of the back of Mr. Puncherry's nether garments a very comfortable air-cushion. This it was that raised Mr. Puncherry so high above the waves, and gave him that exultant and Arion-like appearance as he rode the foam. So great was the Razor's astonishment, that he failed to notice the comparatively trivial fact that the fleet had begun to fire on the city and long before he gained the vessel's side this firing had developed into a pretty brisk cannonade.

Now, the strangest part of this bombardment, to use a Hibernian phrase, was its sudden termination. The abruptness with which it began was only surpassed by the extraordinary abruptness with which it ceased. Was the motive merely to give the city a taste of what the Chirons could do? If so, it amply served its purpose. Men won't suffer their residences, their places of business, their Penates and their Lares, their churches, and particularly their banks of deposit, to be hammered to smithereens if they can save them by buying off the enemy. With nothing to stoppage to question the reason for this cessation of hostilities, however, or to ask themselves why it had not been explained by the fleet, twelve principal gentlemen of the city (for after the warning of the Centennial Ball I don't wish to make invidious distinctions by mentioning names) constituted themselves, on the first cessation of firing, into a select committee and hastily called a meeting of all the less well-known gentlemen of New York in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

A hush of expectation fell over the city, as people waited to learn what these Solons would agree upon.

At last it was decided by the less well-known portion of the present that the select portion should be allowed to continue in their self-assumed mission, and should prove their right to the claim of public spirit by going over to the fleet in a neighborly, friendly manner and making the best terms they could with the barbarians. It was with extreme reluctance that this proposal was finally agreed to by the twelve, and the account of their expedition, the marvellous incident that attended it, and, last but not least, the discovery of the extraordinary cause of the city's immunity from a further dose of shot, can be given in the graphic words of a newspaper man who volunteered to accompany the party.

"We embarked in a ferry-boat at the foot of East Seventh Street

he said, "at about six o'clock in the evening, though it was quite dark before we finally got away. How well I remember it!—a hot, sultry night, without a breath of air, and a duplicate set of stars seemingly fixed beneath the water, so bright were the reflections. At first each of us tried to keep up the spirits of the others, as we sat huddled together on the deck. Then some one—I don't remember who—began a song,—not a jovial college song, but a sad weird song, and one suited generally to the occasion; after this, because human nature is human nature, and reacts naturally from one extreme to the other, some one told a story, and from that we all fell to talking of the extraordinary mission we were on, the extraordinary fact of a Chinese fleet being in our waters at all, and what blank fools these Chinese were not to reflect on the terrible retribution that would come upon them later. We all agreed, however, that we were in a very awkward predicament; being pillaged, so to speak, by a burglar who in the end would pay dearly for his crime, but who in the mean time was making things decidedly uncomfortable about the house. Such was the general verdict, and it was impressed upon my memory because at the moment of its expression there was a frightful explosion, caused by the paddle-wheel striking a torpedo. For all decided that it must have been a torpedo, and probably one of those set for the Chinese, which had either got loose from its moorings or had been detached by that fleet itself. Nevertheless, it didn't do much harm, since it only knocked out a couple of blades from the paddle-wheel.

"The curious feature about the trip was, however, that the further we left the city behind us, and consequently the nearer we approached the enemy, the more intense became the sadness with which we had started out. Opposite Governor's Island our conversation turned to the subject of a future life, and we actually discussed it until we entered the Narrows. On passing through them we shortly reached a point from which the waters of the outer harbor began to spread out quite wide, and at last we succeeded in distinguishing the dark hulls of the enemy's ships, all grouped together in one black mass ahead of us. I have no language to portray our sadness at this sight. The tide was running swiftly, and we were dropping down on the fleet more rapidly than we imagined. Indeed, we must have got within half a mile of it before any one reflected that our intentions might be misunderstood. The prominent gentlemen of New York owe their prominence rather to their status in commercial affairs than to their experience of war, and understand better the cutting off of coupons than of heads: consequently, the possibility of our being taken for the advance guard of some desperate assaulting party never struck any one. At last some one did venture the suggestion, and, in view of its plausibility, we stopped and blew the whistle.

"Not a sound from the fleet. There they lay calmly at anchor, their spars faintly limned against the starry sky, and their huge bodies, painted gray, rising now more like huge octopuses out of the water. Then we advanced anew, but with greater caution and increased sadness, and blew the whistle again. Were they waiting for us to get quite close? were they then going to annihilate us at one fell swoop?

Assuredly, our presence by this time ought to be known. One would think that they would challenge us,—would blow a whistle in response to ours, to ask our intentions, as it were. But not a sound. Our sadness grew actually appalling; there was something mysterious about this silence, too, something uncanny and suspicious: it fairly made the flesh of our several bodies creep. I really think, if each of us had not been ashamed to show his feelings before the others, we should all have proposed turning around instanter, much as the Western trapper did when he found the 'bar's track gettin' too plagued fresh.' We had now arrived within three hundred yards of the largest vessel, and there was the same deep quiet. Were these phantom ships? Were they creatures of our imagination, after all? The ordinary tokens of life that could be looked for in a fleet on such an occasion were completely lacking; and then, oh, horror of horrors! at the very instant when it might be necessary to beat a retreat, the cursed paddle-wheel gave out, and we drifted without steerage-way directly upon them.

"Until now we had no idea that we were so close to them, and before we could realize it we felt our accursed tub grating and pounding against the iron sides of the largest vessel. I, for one,—and I know the others joined me,—threw myself flat down on the deck to avoid the discharge that must come now. But not a shot, not the cry of a sentinel, and for sound only the thumping and grating of our ferry-boat, as the tide pressed her down against those iron walls.

"*'They're deserted,'* at last cried the captain; *'I know they're deserted. Follow me.'* And, carrying the gang-plank to the top of the upper deck over the cabin, he rested one end of it on the bulwarks of the steamer, strode intrepidly across, and we followed him cautiously half-way. Then I shall never forget—no, not till the last hour of my allotted time arrives—the sight I beheld. The vessel was the largest in the squadron, evidently the flag-ship, and with more deck-room than iron-clads usually possess. Instead of these decks being deserted, however, they were actually thronged with people, just as if the crews from all the other ships had congregated here; but the strangest fact was that of this crowd not a soul was moving. Even where we were we must have been distinguishable, but not an eye was raised to meet us, nor a cutlass drawn. There they all stood as if cut in stone or congealed in various attitudes of rapt attention. It was as if some huge momentous catastrophe had interrupted them in the midst of the bombardment and had suddenly petrified them. Here were the appliances about the guns for loading them, and fresh cartridges just as they had been left on deck. Among these stood the crew, like stone images, dressed in silks or the variegated attires of their different ranks, down to the humblest sailor, all looking towards a common centre, and with a fixity of gaze that could hardly have been surpassed had they been posing for a photograph.

"It was our captain who first recovered himself. *'Who'll follow me?'* he cried; but no one did. What a brave man we thought him! Indeed, taking everything into consideration, I deem that captain the most courageous man I ever beheld. As for us, we stood on the plank just where we were, midway between the ferry-boat and the steamer,

looking down on him. We could see him push through the crew, disturbing their long flowing robes as he swept by, occasionally upsetting the equilibrium of one after another of the figures as he jostled by them ; but, though pushed to one side, the figures would quickly fall back into their original positions. At last we saw him make his way through the ring of the inner circle and lean over the common centre of attraction. Here he stopped ; but what was he waiting for ? He did not return. Instead of explaining, he did not even answer, though we all called his name, and we called it again and again. We could see him leaning over further and further. Good heavens ! he appeared to be assuming an attitude like all the rest. Had the same nefarious spell begun to operate on him ? Then, curiosity rising superior to fear, one of the rest of us followed the captain down into the ship, with identically the same result. Neither would he return nor answer when we called. Next another of us went to look after the last, and so on, one after another, till I remained alone. Finally, curiosity or the same fatal spell also beginning to take effect on me, I went myself, drawn I know not by what invisible agency. I advanced through these figures ; as I passed them I saw that they were not of stone at all, but only still and motionless as if engaged in some religious rite of extra solemnity. As I moved by I touched them ; their muscles were firm and their flesh felt warm. I even got to where my companions were, and, looking down, this is what I saw : a china basin serving as a cockpit, surrounded by a ring of lanterns, and in this basin a couple of small black beetles fighting. Then it was all explained to me. I had read in some book of travels on this extraordinary people, that, if they are engaged in battle, and by any chance a lesser strife occurs in their midst, it is considered in the light of an augury, and their own combat must be postponed till the result of the latter be determined. They must stand perfectly motionless, pay no attention to the enemy, and must suffer themselves even to be slaughtered without resistance. Thus, in the Tai-Ping Rebellion, at Wasso, in the upper provinces of the empire, a party of five hundred suffered themselves to be massacred to a man by the enemy as they stood entranced over a combat of—what do you think ?—a couple of ants. A fight between two beetles, however, is considered an especial augury ; and the beetles in the present case were ordinary ship-roaches, that had probably been disturbed from their retreats in the seams of the deck by the violence of the cannonade.

“ We had evidently come, however, towards the close of the duel, for even as I gazed the larger beetle had seized the smaller in his claws ; giving it one last shake, a faint struggle ensued, and, a thrill passing over each, they both rolled over on their backs stone-dead.

“ At this instant a gong sounded with a terrible clash, the people suddenly came back to life, and, while a detachment surrounded us with their drawn cutlasses, the rest of the crew flew back to their guns, and the long-interrupted bombardment was on the eve of being resumed.

“ Great heavens ! I thought, is the fate of a city of fifteen hundred thousand souls to hang on such a circumstance ? How

many lives had the pugnacity of those two little creatures thus far saved?

"This was my principal reflection, and so engrossing was it that I failed to notice that a large and not ill-favored man had in the mean time pushed through the drawn outlasses of our detainers, and was bowing before us, and brushing, with the folds of his gorgeous blue tunic, the seat of a cane-bottomed chair which he dragged forward. After this I heard myself addressed in faultless English by a small, narrow-chested young man, who seemed to understand that we were envoys from the city. Even yet, however, I scarcely know what would have been our fate, had it not been for the amused astonishment of the big man in the blue tunic at our hats. He would examine them, take them off our heads, and then place them on his own with the utmost complacency. Finally, when our mission was fully explained to him, we were taken down below into his cabin, where a sumptuous repast was set out for us. Nevertheless, despite the hospitality of the reception,—a hospitality that is really extraordinary when you reflect on the way we had arrived,—the terms we offered were absolutely refused. Wang-Chi-Poo raised his demands higher than those originally made, and even put in an extra sum for the steamer destroyed by the fire-ships. His ultimatum was this: a ransom of one hundred and fifty dollars per head, instead of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, for the inhabitants of every seaboard city, and one hundred and fifty million dollars to be paid by New York before to-morrow night; that Washington should agree to the extension of the Burlingame Treaty without further delay; and that a certain lady, whose name he gave, should be returned to the fleet. In addition to this, that twelve of New York's most distinguished citizens, perhaps we the very envoys ourselves, should be given up as pledges for the fulfilment of these terms. Then we, the envoys, decided that it was about time to retire, and, as the vessel which had brought us was quite unequal to stemming the tide, we very ignominiously had to accept Wang-Chi-Poo's offer to get out the steam-launch for our safe return. In so great a hurry, indeed, were we to get away, and so fearful lest the permission to go might be rescinded, that we failed, until the last moment, to notice a melancholy object in a large bamboo cage chained to one of its bars by his foot; and, though he appealed to us piteously in our own language and begged us to take him back with us to the city, we pretended not to see him. I must confess, however, that our regret at leaving him was somewhat mitigated by the fact that this same gentleman had got ahead of several of us before in transactions in Wall Street."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It is still night, and the lamps in a luxurious room are beginning to burn low. Silken portières are drawn across the doors of the apartment, and on a sofa, soft and velvety, reclines a woman, deep sunken in its cushions,—a woman not exactly beautiful, but not altogether plain.

A changed woman she looks,—not precisely aged, but one who has

gone through some long and terrible ordeal,—a woman who has at last “collapsed.” She is breathing heavily; she has reached the ultimate term of endurance.

The windows of the apartment are open, to catch any lingering breath of air; for, though the trees in the Park opposite have not as yet put on their summer livery, the night is oppressively hot,—intensely hot, one of those hot nights which are occasionally thrown into the fickle, womanly-like month of April, as a faint indication of the summer soon to burst, like the blast from a furnace, over the land. A strange hush, too, has fallen over the city, broken occasionally by the call of a sentinel, or the plaintive cry of a child from the thronged humanity bivouacking in the Park. All is otherwise still,—strangely still,—and the woman on the sofa is strangely still, too. At last she turns wearily, and, pressing her hand to her brow, thinks,—tries to think calmly, with the half-distinct foreboding that evil is yet to come; and indeed the very silence that prevails on every side is the hush rather of anticipation than of relief.

As regards the manner of Mrs. McFlusterer’s safe return to her home, suffice it to say that after the lull in the bombardment she had been conducted thither by Mr. Puncherry, who, after leaving her, returned to his own house.

Far removed as her residence was from the centre of the city, it had not entirely escaped injury, as the occasional cracks in the mirrors or windows would go to prove. One of the chimneys, too, had come down with a crash, and all the servants had decamped, with the exception of the old housekeeper, whom alone Mrs. McFlusterer had found to receive her. Though it was now nearly two o’clock in the morning, the domestics had not yet returned.

Mrs. McFlusterer, when we left her, had just put her hand up to her brow. She was tossing restlessly on the sofa, and she returned to consciousness from the semi-conscious state with the uncomfortable feeling that there was some one either in the room with her or near the room,—some one who did not belong there, and had no part or parcel with the surroundings; some one who had entered surreptitiously, who had perhaps crept through one of the windows, and whose coming now made her very flesh creep. She arose with a sudden start: she called; no answer; then she looked about her. The room was half darkened, and the dim light there was gave no indication of any presence.

She looked at the portières: one of them was stirring. She screamed violently. A man with a long white beard, narrow-chested and small, suddenly came out from behind it.

“Daughter of the West, it is I.” And, removing his beard with a sudden jerk, Taonsu stood before her in European attire. “Ah,” he exclaimed, “thou thoughtst, fair lady, to escape us. See, by this card, which thou didst leave on the cabin-table, I have tracked thee, and I have come to take thee back.”

“Never will I return!” exclaimed the lady, with a shudder.

“Then thy husband dies by the most excruciating tortures, and the bombardment is resumed. Thus has Wang-Chi-Poo, my master, spoken.”

Mrs. McFlusterer wrung her hands: until now she had forgotten all about her husband. He added fresh difficulty to the dilemma.

What should she do? She could not allow him to be slain. Oh, was ever a woman placed in so terrible a predicament?

"Thou hast but a short time to decide, O daughter."

Then she turned upon him suddenly: "Why dost thou pursue me thus? why dost thou so zealously do thy master's bidding?"

His answer came: "Because I love thee, fair one."

"Thou lovest me? But why then dost thou come in another's behalf? Why not in thine own?"

"Because, fair lady, according to the ways of China, those we love we never seek to wed ourselves, but rather try to marry them to our friends."

This extraordinary announcement struck Mrs. McFlusterer with such astonishment that she could only gasp; there was a tinge of irony, too, pervading the assertion, but whether this was intentional or not she was unable to decide, nor did the face of the speaker give any indication to assist her.

"Make up thy mind, fair lady," he resumed, "whether thy husband is to suffer, and thy city to be destroyed. I have just brought back the envoys from the fleet, and thy return was one of the stipulated conditions."

"Give me until to-morrow,—only till to-morrow," she cried, falling on her knees.

"That is already granted, fair one, but by that time must thy decision be made."

Thereupon Taonsu retired, put on his white beard, and, as he walked down to the East River in the neighborhood of the docks, he would have readily passed for an ordinary pedestrian, so perfect was the disguise of his beard and his European clothes.

Now, the harbor had been comparatively deserted lately, for, though large numbers of torpedoes had been destroyed by the burning oil, there were yet sufficient loose ones floating about to make the waters far from agreeable as a resort: consequently, no one interfered with Taonsu as he rowed out in a small boat he had left in the deep shadow of a wharf. It was some twenty minutes later that he gained the steam-launch, unnoticed as when he had left it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

POOR Mrs. McFlusterer was having a hard time of it. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and any resolution she might have had not to give herself up as a willing sacrifice was to be broken yet.

Up to this time she could scarcely have imagined this proposal of Taonsu's to be serious, and the morning sunlight was beginning to dispel the shadows of the past night.

The state of affairs could not be so terrible, after all. The city authorities would never permit such a sacrifice, and they must be ap-

pealed to in order to relieve her. The liberation of her husband must be inserted as a special condition in any pending treaty. She would go down immediately to the Chamber of Commerce and to the City Hall. Her spirits were reviving, and she toyed with her egg-shell and her spoon with more of her old manner. As she glanced out of the window, too, she could see the children of the bivouackers playing opposite to her, and the very leaves seemed to have sprouted through the night; all, everything on every side of her, seemed lighted with hope, and the people, by their joyful expression of countenance, appeared to feel that the siege was soon to be raised. Yes, she must go down to the City Hall at once; and she rose from her seat with the intention of getting her cloak and bonnet.

But what is this? A body of troops passing by? Yes. No, for they do not pass. On the contrary, the tramp of their footsteps ceases just opposite her house; how odd!

After a moment's delay, steps are heard on the stoop, and the bell rings loudly.

Mrs. McFlusterer had stood just where she had risen, with her hand pressed to the folds of her dress as she swept them back from the breakfast-table. Under ordinary circumstances her curiosity would have carried her to the window, but there was something in the very echo of these footsteps, something in the very ring of the bell, that riveted her to the floor.

She hears the old housekeeper descending the stairs on her way to the front door; she hears a smothered discussion in the hall; and the next instant a conclave of twelve gentlemen, headed by Mr. Puncherry, solemnly enter the apartment.

They were all eminently respectable gentlemen, and most of them she had previously met in society; but there was an expression of deep sadness on their faces that completely altered them.

At first they said nothing to her, but stood regarding her pityingly through their glasses. Mrs. McFlusterer could support their silence no longer.

"What is it, gentlemen? tell me what it is," she cried. "I know you come with something terrible to announce. Has my husband been sacrificed?"

Instead of replying, they all nudged one another, as if each wanted to force the other into the duty of spokesman. Mr. Puncherry, being nudged the hardest, was almost physically forced to a prominence of position from which he was unable to retreat.

"It's very awkward, it's very awkward indeed, madam," said that gentleman, with his face very red, and rubbing his hat the wrong way with the cuff of his sleeve.

"The fact of the matter is," he continued, in a fit of sudden inspiration to escape the disagreeable task of explaining matters himself, "these gentlemen stopped at my house and asked me to bring them over and introduce them." Then, calling out each gentleman's name in turn, Mr. Puncherry bowed himself cleverly out of the situation into which he had been so cruelly thrust.

"The fact of the matter is rather, madam," said the gentleman

whose name had been the first called, "that we were yesterday deputed as a committee of twelve to take in hand the difficult task of getting rid of the enemy. For that purpose we heroically visited the fleet last evening, and were almost blown up on the way." The old gentleman stopped somewhat abruptly, for Mrs. McFlusterer stood looking at him so fixedly that her gaze made him uncomfortable. He took out his handkerchief and sponged the top of his bald head, then, as if thereby receiving stimulation, he went into a long-winded account of their expedition, stating the terms Wang-Chi-Poo had finally consented to accept, and last, but not least, describing the pitiable appeal of Mr. McFlusterer as he sat in his bamboo cage tied by the foot. "This ultimatum," continued the old gentleman, "we presented to the city authorities, and they have just sent us to ask of you a very great favor,—or, let me say, to state to you what a heroic sacrifice they would consider it if, in the interest of your native city and the country at large, you would consent to sail back with the fleet to China. It wouldn't be so disagreeable if you only look at it in the proper spirit; and before very long Mr. Puncherry's ship-yards will have turned out an American squadron which will sail over and bring you back. It is very awkward, but you see if you don't return by to-night they resume the bombardment, and your husband will be immediately sacrificed." Then the speaker stopped and looked at her inquiringly. "Madam, we await your answer."

Mrs. McFlusterer stood there like Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt; she was quite as rigid and quite as blanched. So her city threw her off! and, flinging herself on the sofa, she burst into a wild paroxysm of weeping. And yet as she wept the great sacrifice she was asked to make appealed to her by its very magnitude: was ever a woman asked to make such a sacrifice as this? By one of those extraordinary instances of clairvoyance, too, her husband was revealed to her just as he was in his bamboo cage. He seemed to be imploring her, as he piteously told her of the fate that hung for him on her decision. Above all, the terrors of the bombardment recurred to her, and again she saw the frightened women, the dying children, and the crashing walls.

"Gentlemen," she said, abruptly rising and facing the deputation, "the men of America having failed to provide for the defence of their women, it remains for a woman to make the sacrifice. I go,—yes, I will go." Then the deputation withdrew and left her to herself.

The news of Mrs. McFlusterer's decision spread like wildfire.

It became the sensation of a much-excited town; crowds of those that yet remained of the city's population came to gaze at her windows, and she found that the publicity she had always courted was gained; not that she cared for it now,—on the contrary: but the principal condition of success seems to be that when we gain what we have been struggling for all our lives, we gain it in such a manner, at such a time, or hampered with such conditions, as to make it valueless.

Even in the strained situation of affairs, committees were formed to wait on her, and bands of music came and played funeral dirges, appro-

pritate to the occasion, as they paraded up and down in front of her house. Yet there was a large faction of the opinion that she ought not to be allowed to go under any circumstances. These, however, were mostly the impotent ones who possessed neither banks of deposit nor bank-accounts.

Now, in spite of his previous protestations to the contrary, Wang-Chi-Poo, on learning of Mrs. McFlusterer's decision, had finally agreed to receive a lump sum down in lieu of the various instalments he had originally demanded: this had already been sent out to the Chinese. Then, too, commissioners appointed by telegraph from Washington had just signed a treaty for the free admission of the Mongolian race; consequently, there now remained only the exchange of Mr. McFlusterer for his wife, which was to take place midway between the fleet and the shore at six o'clock in the afternoon.

How that day dragged for Mrs. McFlusterer! When once we have decided on some heroic act, it is the small and trivial details that irritate.

It was five o'clock when the deputation called for her, and this had been joined by a band of the fairest women New York yet contained. They were dressed in white tunics of the coarsest stuff, and walked before her carriage slowly, wringing their hands and tearing their hair. Now, New York, when it sets itself to do anything, does it remarkably well; and in response to the popular craze for processions the children of the various hospitals and charitable associations with which the lady had been connected were provided, at the city's expense, with clean pocket-handkerchiefs, and were marshalled in line. After the school-children came the various city guilds; and, as there had been no time to get the legislators from Albany, the Board of Aldermen closed the procession.

So great was the concourse of people whom her martyrdom drew forth that, on arriving at the wharf where she was to embark, it was with difficulty she could pass through their ranks; nor even here would the band of fair women leave her, but, accompanying her on the ferry-boat which had been engaged to take her out, they sailed down the bay with her, making the sad waves sadder by their wailing and their gestures of woe. Punctually to the hour, the steam-launch brought Mr. McFlusterer out from the fleet to the common point of meeting, and for a brief ten minutes husband and wife remained clasped in each other's arms. Then, just as she was getting into the steam-launch to take his vacated place, he weakened, and, jumping back after her, vowed that he'd remain by her side through thick and thin and go with her to China or to the devil himself. Thus the deputation of twelve respectable gentlemen and the band of disconsolate fair ones returned to the city without the "Razor;" and the several forts along the Narrows, which had been so useless for war, appeared to fire minute-guns as they passed, and there was a weird sadness over all things.

Then these discharges grew more frequent; even the foreign fleet seemed to be taking part in the demonstration.

By the time the deputation had got back to the city, however, shells were bursting over their heads, and walls were tumbling again. Was

Wang-Chi-Poo enraged at the "Razor's" return? It would be for the bombardment had been renewed, and was increasing in severity. Indeed, the former attack paled into insignificance before this. Deeming that trouble was over, the people had moved back into houses, and were therefore taken completely by surprise. Such a scene of horror was probably never witnessed before. Here were women and boys stretching their arms on high in mute appeal to the

One of the shells exploding in Gilmore's Garden, temporarily occupied by Barnum's Circus, caused in some miraculous manner the beasts to escape, and these suddenly stampeding made confusion confounded, as they tore down the streets, trampling all before them. Huge elephants trumpeting their alarm, uprooting lamp-posts with their trunks, and lashing their tails; hippopotami with their tusks tearing and rending everything they met; affrighted giraffes craning their necks upward and thrusting their heads into second-story windows as they dashed by. Such a terrible sight I never saw. After this I grew confused. I have an indistinct recollection of going down to the water with the deputation that conducted Mrs. McFlusterer, and on my way of lending my assistance in the capture of these escaped animals. I thought of throwing myself, completely exhausted, upon my bed, regardless of what might ensue, and of trying to sleep through the bombardment. At first I seemed to succeed fairly well, but was disturbed at last by the gradually increasing noise of heavy ordnance, of the crash of iron masonry growing louder and nearer, and particularly by a great bright shining in my eyes. The main pipe of the Standard Oil Company crossing the East River, had been burst open by the frantic inhabitants, and the oil ignited as it flowed over the waters of the harbor. By this flaming light I seemed to see for an instant Wang-Chi-Poo standing not on the deck of his ship, but on the lofty Brooklyn Bridge, standing like Macaulay's New Zealander, the desolation about him.

Then the glare grows more intense and the booming of the cannon nearer and more terribly distinct. Adjacent walls are falling,—a very walls of my own house.

I spring from my bed, and stare about me in bewildered astonishment. Instead of its being night, the glorious rays of an April sun are shining in my eyes; the walls of my room are standing, but the reports of heavy ordnance still continue. I fly to my window, and ask, what is this? No panic-stricken people, no troops of enraged elephants and bizarre giraffes, no deputations of fantastically-dressed foreigners wringing their hands and tearing their hair. On the contrary, the same prosaic people are passing up and down on their every-day business as are wont to pass every morning of the year.

Can it all have been a dream? No, for the cannonading, instead of growing fainter, rather gets louder. I fly to the door, and my lady hands me a note.

"Have they gone?" I ask.

"Bless your soul, sir, of course they've gone. Here I've been knocking for the last fifteen minutes. You couldn't expect them to wait the answer that long."

"I mean the Chinese."

"The Chinese, sir? Laws-a-massy! what's got inter you, sir?" And the old lady started back alarmed. Indeed, I might well have terrified any one, especially so staid and eminently respectable a party as Mrs. Archer was, as I pounced out upon her.

She had dropped the note in her fright, and I could hear her steps pattering down the stairs as she hastily descended.

As I picked up the letter I recognized the handwriting, and particularly the coat of arms, as Mrs. McFlusterer's. Doubtless she had sent it from the fleet, I thought, as a last farewell. I opened it hurriedly, and this is what I read:

"Mr. and Mrs. McFlusterer request the pleasure," etc., etc.

Then all was clear. I had simply been dreaming, and I could account for every incident in my nightmare, however distorted. A term in Congress; a trip at the close of the last session to the "Queen of the Antilles," where I was strongly impressed with the evils of Chinese immigration, and the inevitable ruin to a newer civilization when inoculated with the moral and physical diseases of the East; the meeting while on that beautiful isle with a courtly and not uninteresting specimen of the Chinese race, who was travelling with his secretary; and, lastly, on my return the accounts that met me of the Samoan trouble,—these several incidents, coupled with an extensive reading of what has been published concerning our defenceless coasts, and a voyage under water with my friend Mr. Smith, who is actually my shirt-maker, in the trial trip of his boat, supplied warp and woof of this hideous dream-tissue, everything as distinct and clear as I have tried to make it; the details as to marine warfare, steel plates, explosives, etc., when I came to compare them with fact, being in perfect accordance therewith, and my own personality, as so frequently occurs in dreams, now gliding into one of my characters, and now into another. Nevertheless, dream that it was, there is a vein of common sense running through it like a silver thread, and it is this:

If we wish to preserve in peace the wealth and prosperity our energies have produced, we ought to devote some small portion to defending ourselves against those attacks which our very wealth and well-being invite.

So much at least common sense dictates: guarding against reckless expenditures whose results may become useless in the next ten years, let us at least spend sufficient to keep our proper place in the march of improvement; for so only can the just demands of a great power be enforced when it becomes necessary to enforce them.

Si vis pacem, para bellum.

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE W. CHILDS.

[It may be said by way of preface that the readers of *Lippincott's Magazine* will doubtless enjoy this series of entertaining papers the more with a knowledge and appreciation of the difficulty encountered in securing it. This difficulty lay solely in the provoking and almost insurmountable reluctance of Mr. Childs to talk about himself and his peculiarly interesting life. He was proof against every temptation save that of doing a friendly act. To this he finally yielded, as he always does; and there follows the first of four chatty articles, embodying the experiences and reminiscences of a very remarkable man.—M. P.]

I.

I WANT to set out by saying that I am sure you in kindness exaggerate the interest the world takes in me and my affairs. You say I am a successful man. Perhaps I am; and if so, I owe my success to industry, temperance, and frugality. I suppose I had always a rather remarkable aptitude for business. James Parton, at any rate, was right in speaking of me in his biographical sketch as "bartering at school my boyish treasures,—knives for pigeons, marbles for pop-guns, a bird-cage for a book."

I was self-supporting at a very early age. In my twelfth year, when school was dismissed for the summer, I took the place of errand-boy in a book-store in Baltimore, at a salary of two dollars a week, and spent the vacation in hard work. And I enjoyed it. I have never been out of employment; always found something to do, and was always eager to do it, and think I earned every cent of my first money. When first at work in Philadelphia I would get up very early in the morning, go down to the store, and wash the pavement and put things in order before breakfast, and in the winter-time would make the fire and sweep out the store. In the same spirit, when books were bought at night at auction, I would early the next morning go for them with a wheelbarrow. And I have never outgrown this wholesome habit of doing things directly and in order. I would to-day as lief carry a bundle up Chestnut Street from the *Ledger* office as I would then. As a matter of fact, I carry bundles very often. But I understand that certain young men of the period would scorn to do as much.

At the age of thirteen I entered the United States navy, and passed fifteen months at Norfolk; but I didn't like it. Returning to Baltimore, I attended school for a time. Then I came to Philadelphia, and entered a book-store kept by Mr. Thomson at the corner of Sixth and Arch Streets. I was both clerk and errand-boy, worked from early in the morning until late at night, and received a salary of three dollars a week. Gradually I began to attend the evening auctions, which at that time were frequently held in this city; I became familiar with the titles and prices of valuable books, and was soon able to buy them cheaply. In this way I assisted Mr. Thomson for four years; his business kept increasing; and at length he sent me to represent him at the book-trade sales held every six months in New York and Boston.

Here, of course, I made the acquaintance of many book-buyers and publishers,—excellent men, whom I have never forgotten, and who, I am glad to say, have not forgotten me. Those still living often visit me, and whenever they do the old life and the old faces are very vivid in my memory,—the Harpers, Lippincotts, Putnams, Ticknors, Fields, Appletons, Little & Browns.

I had saved enough money when about eighteen years old to go into business for myself: so I set up a modest store in a small room in the old *Public Ledger* building. It was a success: I made money slowly but surely. Meanwhile, it is said of me that I aspired to higher things; that I was even heard to say, "I shall yet be the owner of the *Public Ledger*." If this is true, and doubtless it is, I do not seem to have overreached myself at that early age.

I was twenty-one years old when I entered into the book-publishing business under the firm name of R. E. Peterson & Co., afterwards Childs & Peterson. One of our first books, Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations," was a great hit. It did not look at first as though we had made a wise venture. When the work was ready to issue, I took a sample copy and went over to New York to solicit orders from the leading booksellers. The largest house would only give me a small order. "Mr. Childs," they said, "you won't sell more than a thousand altogether." They ordered at first only one hundred copies, but soon after sent for five thousand more to meet the demand. Within one year after the publication we paid Dr. Kane a copyright of nearly seventy thousand dollars. It was the Doctor's original intention to write only a scientific account of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, but I persuaded him to make of it the popular narrative he did, and he afterwards admitted to me that I was right in my suggestion. When the manuscript was finished he sent me a pathetic note, in which he said, "Here you have the book complete, and, poor as it is, it has been my coffin." No doubt he had then some premonition of the beginning of the end of his remarkable career. He died in Cuba within a year after receiving his copyright money; and doubtless many people remember well the splendid tribute arranged for him: that funeral was one of the most remarkable in history.

We made another hit with Parson Brownlow's book, of which fifty thousand copies were ordered in advance of publication. Other successful works issued by us were "Peterson's Familiar Science," of which a quarter of a million copies have been sold; Bouvier's Law Dictionary; Sharswood's Blackstone; and Dr. Allibone's great "Dictionary of British and American Authors." It cost over sixty thousand dollars to publish this last-named important book in its three large volumes, and a great deal of the credit for the successful completion of the undertaking is due to the enterprise of the late J. B. Lippincott, who brought out the last two volumes upon my retirement from the book-publishing business in 1863. The following year I purchased the *Public Ledger*. And I want to say just here that much of the success of the paper has been due to the cordial and intelligent co-operation of my friend A. J. Drexel.

The war, by greatly increasing the cost of labor and material, chiefly

the white paper, had made it impossible to continue, save at a loss, the publication of the *Ledger* as a penny paper. It had been sold at a cent ever since it was started in 1836, and Messrs Swain & Abell, then the proprietors, though they had lost over one hundred thousand dollars by keeping the rate at "six and a quarter cents per week," were averse to a change. There they made their great mistake. They seemed to regard the past prosperity of the *Ledger* as due alone to its selling for a penny. They forgot that in 1864 the purchasing power of a penny was not what it was before the war. Cheapness, indeed, *was* a vital feature of the journal; but to sell the *Public Ledger* for a penny was to give it half away. Thus the proprietors, unable to agree to increase the price of the paper or the rates of advertising, determined to dispose of their property. The *Ledger* was for sale, and I bought it—the whole of it, just as it was—for a sum slightly in excess of the amount of its annual loss.

It was not generally known, of course, that the establishment was then losing about four hundred and eighty dollars upon every number of the paper which it issued. To all appearances it was as prosperous as ever; the circulation was great, the columns were crowded with advertisements. Yet, as a matter of fact, there was a weekly loss of three thousand dollars, or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

The *Ledger* was purchased on the 3d of December, 1864. A week later I announced two simple but radical changes. I doubled the price of the paper and advanced the advertising rates to a profitable figure. Of course there was an instant and not inconsiderable falling off of patronage. But the *Ledger* was already an "institution" of the city: for twenty years it had been the established medium of communication between employers and employed, between buyers and sellers, landlords and tenants, bereaved families and their friends. To very many people it was a necessity. So, although at first I lost some subscribers and advertisers, they were soon won back again. At the end of a month the price of the *Ledger* was reduced from twelve to ten cents a week, and from that day to this the circulation and advertising have increased.

I worked hard to make the paper a success; for several years seldom left the editorial rooms before midnight, averaging from twelve to fourteen hours a day at the office. I strove to elevate its tone, and think I succeeded. If asked what I mean by this, perhaps I had better quote the friendly words of the late Rev. Dr. Prime: "Mr. Childs excluded from the paper all details of disgusting crime; all reports of such vice as may not be with propriety read aloud in the family; that poison the minds of young men, inflame the passions and corrupt the heart; all scandal and slang, and that whole class of news which constitutes the staple of many daily papers. The same rule was applied to the advertising columns, and from them was excluded all that, in any shape or form, might be offensive to good morals. The friends of the new publisher predicted an early and total failure, and the more speedy because he doubled the price of the paper and increased the rates of advertising. But he was governed in his course by two considerations: first, he had his own strong convictions of what is right, and, secondly, as strong convictions of what would pay; and it has been well said that when

one's views of duty coincide with his pecuniary interests, all the faculties work in perfect harmony. The effect of this sudden change was at first to sink the sinking concern still lower. A class of readers and advertisers fell off. A less conscientious and a less courageous man would have staggered in the path he had marked. Not so with Mr. Childs. He employed the best talent, and paid fair wages for good work. He published six days in the week only, and on the seventh day he rested from his labors. His paper and his principles began to obtain recognition in the city. He made it a family journal. It gained the confidence of the best people, who became its daily readers, and *therefore* it was sought as the best medium of advertising." It is not for me to add to or comment upon these complimentary words. On the 20th of June, 1867, the present *Ledger* building was completed and formally opened. The ceremonies were followed by a banquet attended by many distinguished men from different parts of the country.

I look back with genuine pleasure upon my experiences as a publisher. I was more than prosperous in acquiring the friendship of so many worthy men among the publishers, booksellers, and authors with whom I came in contact. If I were to enumerate them their names would fill a page of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

I can recall, as though it were yesterday, that solemn conversation in the office of the Harpers, then on Cliff Street. The three founders of the great firm were there present. I was one of a group of Philadelphians, and we were discussing the first number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. It seemed so certain to us that the publication would be a failure. "It can't," said one Philadelphian, emphatically,—"it *can't* last very long." The only successful magazines then published in the United States were those issued in Philadelphia,—*Graham's*, *Godey's*, *Sartain's*, and *Peterson's*.

I have personally known and corresponded with Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, John Lothrop Motley, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, W. H. Prescott, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and a score of other writers who have given us an American literature.

Washington Irving I remember well. His was not a face one readily forgot. A kindly humorous man, of big brain and heart. I visited him several times at "Sunnyside;" he would go to sleep at dinner, but his guests understood his physical weakness and respected it. He was a very sensitive and nervous man. I saw his desk piled up with papers, the last time I was there, and remarked that he seemed to have a heavy mail. It was shortly after the publication of the first volume of his *Life of Washington*. "Yes," he said, "I haven't the courage to look at it. I'm afraid to learn what the critics are saying of my book."

Hawthorne was another sensitive man and extremely shy. The last time we met was under very distressing circumstances. He was travelling South for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his friend W. D. Ticknor, the publisher. They stopped at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, and both came down to the *Ledger* office to call on me. They were in excellent spirits; and that was on Friday. It was

agreed that they should attend a party to be given the next evening by Mr. Joseph Harrison. These Saturday evening parties were then a feature of social life in Philadelphia. Neither Ticknor nor Hawthorne came, greatly to our disappointment. As no explanation of their absence was sent me, I called on Sunday morning at the hotel and went directly to their rooms. I knocked on the door, and, receiving no answer, opened it and walked in. There I found Hawthorne pacing up and down the room, apparently dazed.

"Hawthorne," I said, "how are you? Where is Ticknor?"

"They have taken him away," said he.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "I don't understand you."

"Well," he said, "it is too bad. He was my best friend; I depended on him; and he came here to please me."

I could make nothing out of it at all: he seemed to me bewildered. I feared for his mind, and, going down to the office, asked the clerk, Mr. Duffy, what it all meant. He then staggered me with the information that Ticknor was dead,—had died that morning.

"Where is his body?" I asked.

"It was taken early this morning to the undertaker's," he said.

I was astounded, but, hastening back to Hawthorne, comforted him as much as I could, implored him to keep quiet, and at last succeeded somewhat in calming him down. I then went to the undertaker's, took charge of Ticknor's body, saw that it was properly cared for and embalmed, and telegraphed to his partner, my old friend James T. Fields. One of Ticknor's sons at once came on to Philadelphia and took his father's remains to Boston.

It was a deplorable and distressing event; a very fatal journey. Hawthorne lingered here in Philadelphia with me for a few days, and then I placed him in the keeping of the good Bishop Howe, of Pennsylvania, a common friend, who accompanied him to Boston. There he passed the night with James T. Fields, who says they sat up late talking about Ticknor, and that Hawthorne was in a very excited and nervous state, recalling incessantly the sad scenes he had been passing through in Philadelphia. In the morning he returned to his old home in Concord, and shortly after he died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, whither he had gone under the charge of his life-long friend, Ex-President Franklin Pierce.

I have still in my possession the touching letter written by President Pierce to Mr. Fields in which he describes the peaceful death of Hawthorne. It was plainly penned under the greatest excitement and distress of mind. It contained a note announcing to Mrs. Hawthorne her bereavement, and was carried to Mr. Fields by Colonel Hibbard. "Oh, how will she bear this shock?" the note says. "Dear mother! dear children! When I met Hawthorne at Boston a week ago, it was apparent that he was much more feeble and more seriously diseased than I had supposed him to be. We came from Senter Harbor yesterday afternoon, and I thought he was, on the whole, brighter than he was the day before. He retired last night soon after nine o'clock, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. In less than half an hour he changed his position, but continued to sleep. I left the door open between his bedroom

and mine, our beds being opposite to each other. I was asleep myself before eleven o'clock. The light continued to burn in my room. At two o'clock I went to H.'s bedside. He was apparently in a sound sleep. I did not place my hand upon him. At four o'clock I went into his room again, and, as his position was unchanged, I placed my hand upon him, and found that life was extinct. I sent immediately for a physician, and called Judge Bell and Colonel Hibbard, who occupied rooms upon the same floor and near me. He lies upon his side, his position so perfectly natural and easy, his eyes closed, that it is difficult to realize, while looking upon his noble face, that this is death. He must have passed from natural slumber to that from which there is no waking, without the slightest movement. I cannot write to dear Mrs. Hawthorne, and you must exercise your judgment with regard to sending this and the unfinished note enclosed to her."

It was a beautiful death, but a sad event. Hawthorne I shall always hold vividly in remembrance. I have the original manuscript of his "Consular Experiences," and a copy of the first edition of the "Scarlet Letter," brought to light so wonderfully by Mr. Fields. Hawthorne wrote me, soon after its publication in 1851, that he was much gratified by my favorable opinion of the charming romance, and that I might be interested to know "that it was so far founded on fact that such a symbol as the Scarlet Letter was actually worn by at least one woman in the early times of New England." Whether this personage, he added, resembled Hester Prynne in any other circumstances of her character, he could not say; nor whether this mode of ignominious punishment was brought from beyond the Atlantic or originated with the New England Puritans. At any rate, he said, the idea was so worthy of them that he felt "piously inclined" to allow them all the credit of it.

Longfellow I knew well and entertained at my home. He was a quiet, gentle, admirable man; a poet in all his moods. We often corresponded, and I remember how glad he was when he heard that I had bought an estate near the historic church of St. David's, Radnor, the resting-place of General Anthony Wayne, celebrated by Longfellow in exquisite verse. "The Radnor Church poem," he wrote me from Nahant in 1880, "shall be copied for you when I return home in August or September. Here by the sea-side I have no paper fit for the purpose. You shall have it all in due time for the honor to be conferred on it. I congratulate you on having a country-place in the beautiful region round Radnor. I am sure you will all enjoy it extremely."

I prize very much the tender note he sent me, March 13, 1877, *à propos* of his seventieth birthday. "You do not know yet," it reads, "what it is to be seventy years old. I will tell you, so that you may not be taken by surprise when your turn comes. It is like climbing the Alps. You reach a snow-crowned summit, and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you other summits higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb, or may not. Then you sit down and meditate, and wonder which it will be. That is the whole story, amplify it as you may. All that one can

say is, that life is opportunity." How very true this is I know full well. My experience enables me to perceive the wisdom of the poet's words.

There is a curious incident in my acquaintance with James Russell Lowell. It happened lately that he was in Philadelphia while I was confined to the house with a slight attack of sickness, and he came promptly and kindly to call upon me and pass the afternoon. One of the treasures of my library is the manuscript of Lowell's poem "Under the Willows," which, according to a marginal note, was begun in 1850 and finished in 1868. We spent a quiet, pleasant afternoon together, and he seemed to be much interested in my collection of original manuscripts, which includes "Our Mutual Friend," by Dickens, Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and many other precious writings. Finally I surprised him with a glimpse of his own poem. He had half forgotten it, and at my request took the volume away with him, returning it in a few days with the following explanatory note: "A part of this poem (as the note on the margin opposite says) was written in 1850 as an introduction to the 'Nooning,' a projected volume of tales in verse. By changes and additions I tried to make a self-subsistent poem out of material already prepared for another purpose. Old and new are so interwoven that I cannot now, after an interval of twenty years, distinguish between them."

About twenty-five years ago I was in Boston one day, in a bookstore,—a wretched day, rainy, sloppy, and muddy,—when I saw the striking figure of a little man, wearing a slouched hat, his pantaloons rolled up, dashing along the street. He looked as little like a poet as a man could. I turned to the bookseller and asked him who that was. "That is Oliver Wendell Holmes," he said. "Well, I want to know that man;" and I got to know him, and we have been the best of friends ever since. A more genial, genuine, delightful man, and a finer conversationalist, I never knew. A copy of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which he sent me, contains an interesting letter giving me his reasons for beginning the papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which magazine he says he named.

As I speak, a thousand faces pass before me. None more gentle and kind than that of Emerson. He visited me with his daughter; a tranquil, lovable man; and he wrote me letters. It is a pity, by the way, that I failed to preserve my correspondence; much of it, doubtless, would be now of considerable interest.

John Lothrop Motley, W. H. Prescott, and George Bancroft were valued friends. I remember Motley writing me that he thought no history of our great civil war should be written under fifty years. Prescott had the last photograph of himself taken for me. He wrote to tell me so, and said, "I shall never sit again for another picture, unless it is taken from the back of my head." Bancroft I am still enabled to honor as one of my oldest and most precious friends.

With the novelist G. P. R. James I was quite intimate. While he held the post of British Consul at Richmond, Virginia, he would often come up to Philadelphia to see me; and he told me once that he dictated all his books. Then there were T. Buchanan Read, who

painted Longfellow's portrait for me, and was present at the dinner I gave Longfellow in Rome, W. W. Story, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Jared Sparks, William Gilmore Simms, William Cullen Bryant, E. A. Freeman, Prof. Bryce, Henry C. Carey, Paul B. Du Chaillu (he brought me the wood from Africa for the ebony table now in my library), Thomas Hughes, Joaquin Miller, Wilkie Collins,—a whole troop of them, my honored friends and guests. I should not, above all, forget to note one of my earliest and most intimate friends, the elder James Gordon Bennett. He was a quiet, unobtrusive, forcible man. For years, he told me, he had his office a few doors from the Brooks's,—Erastus and James, of the *Evening Express*,—and yet had never met them. We often talked together in reflective moods. He was eminently practical. "Childs," he once said, "how unfortunate it is for a boy to have rich parents! If you and I had been born that way, perhaps we wouldn't have amounted to much."

I might, indeed, go on recalling names until you wearied of hearing me. It has been my good fortune to possess the friendship or acquaintance of a very large number of the men and women who have distinguished themselves in the politics, science, arts, literature, and commerce of this country and Europe during the last thirty years. There was Edward Everett, for instance, who used to spend much of his time in this city, the guest of his friend Charles Macalester. I have a notable letter from him, written under date of Boston, July 9, 1862, wherein he remarks, "I ought to say that, though I think the arrest of Mason and Slidell was authorized by the Law of Nations, I think it was expedient to give them up. I therefore approved of their surrender by Mr. Seward, and rejoiced that he was able to find grounds for it, though not concurring with him in all his views."

I have been on friendly terms with men of all parties and creeds. I accompanied Thomas H. Benton to Boston when he delivered his great oration there. Setting aside General Winfield Scott (who sent me an early copy of his book, of which he had estimated the number of hundreds of thousands of people in the United States who would purchase copies), Benton was beyond comparison the most kindly and agreeably egotistical man I ever met.

Thurlow Weed, an extraordinary man in many ways, I knew very well. He once gave me a striking illustration of the great variety and curious character of his wonderful stock of information. He told me there was an old Roman well on such and such a spot down on the Strand in London. I went to John Murray while in London and asked him about it, as Murray's guide-book made no mention of the fact. Murray was in utter ignorance of the well, but it was really there where Thurlow Weed had said it was.

It is a pleasure for me to recall the myriad faces of my guests during many years, here in Philadelphia, at Wootton, and at Long Branch. Besides those I have mentioned, there was the great and good George Peabody. We were very close to each other. He had his portrait painted for me by the Queen's artist, and there it hangs on the wall, one of the most valued of my possessions. His name recalls that of Peter Cooper. These two were considerate and broad-minded philan-

thropists. I went with Mr. Cooper on his ninetieth birthday to Baltimore during the sesqui-centennial celebration. He there told me an interesting story of his early life in that city when he had become manager of the iron-works at Canton. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company had built their road beyond Point of Rocks, but no engine could get round the curve. Cooper then, with fifty gentlemen, embracing the directors and others interested in the road, improvised an engine built of gun-barrels, and successfully rounded the curve. When we were in Baltimore together, only one man, J. H. B. Latrobe, besides himself, was left of the original fifty.

[It is a brave array of names, the guests of Mr. Childs,—Generals Grant, Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, Hancock, McDowell, and Patterson, Edmund Quincy, Chief Justice Waite, A. J. Drexel, Asa Packer, the Astors, Cadwaladers, Prof. Joseph Henry, Hamilton Fish, Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Francis Adams, Presidents Hayes, Arthur, and Cleveland, Chauncey M. Depew, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thomas A. Edison, Simon Cameron, Henry Wilson, William M. Evarts, James G. Blaine, John Welsh, August Belmont, Alex. H. Stephens, Samuel J. Tilden (one of his last requests was to have Mr. Childs visit him at Greystone), Cyrus W. Field, B. J. Lossing, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Charlotte Cushman, Christine Nilsson, Harriet Hosmer, John Bigelow, Thomas A. Bayard, Parke Godwin, Edwards Pierpont, and many others. Mr. Childs does not hesitate to say that one of the chief pleasures of his life has been the keeping of an open house to worthy and distinguished people. The reception he gave to the Emperor and Empress of Brazil was perhaps the most notable gathering of people ever assembled in any private house in America. There were over six hundred guests; and Mr. Childs's was the first private house at which the Emperor and Empress had ever been entertained. But one must not overlook in this incomplete list of visitors the names of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Newcastle, Lords Dufferin, Rosebery, Houghton, Ilchester, Ross, Iddesleigh, Rayleigh, Herschell, Caithness, and Dunraven, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lady Franklin, Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Charles Dickens, George Augustus Sala, Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., J. Anthony Froude, Prof. Tyndall, Prof. Bonamy Price, Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Colonel Sir Herbert Sandford, Charles Kean, Marquis de Rochambeau, John Walter, M.P., Sir Charles Reed, Herbert Spencer (who was sadly afflicted with insomnia while visiting Mr. Childs), Thomas Hughes, M.P., Sir John Rose, Sir Edward Thornton, and Robert Chambers, D.C.L.]

There are countless souvenirs of these and other guests in Mr. Childs's home,—a photograph of the Emperor of Brazil, with his autograph, painted portraits, a chair embroidered by the Duchess of Buckingham for Mrs. Childs. The library is full of presentation copies of books from many authors,—some of them have dedicated volumes to him. But no doubt the most interesting souvenir is Mrs. Childs's album; it contains the signatures and sentiments of a host of distinguished men and women in all professions who have been her guests. Thomas Nast, for example, sketches himself in it; Oscar Wilde, Bishop

Doane, George Bancroft, Goldwin Smith, Walt Whitman, Lord Houghton, and Lord Dufferin contribute poems; and Charlotte Cushman, Modjeska, and Henry Irving each an appropriate Shakespearian sentiment. Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Bishop Potter, and Archdeacon Farrar write sentiments appreciative of their hospitable entertainment.

For the next paper in the series Mr. Childs has revised and enlarged his entertaining recollections of General Grant, and one of its interesting features will be an engraving of a picture painted by the general and now in the possession of Mrs. Grant.]

DOUBLE CARNATIONS.

A WILD Pink nestled in a garden-bed,
 A rich Carnation flourished high above her.
 One day he chanced to see her pretty head,
 And leaned, and looked again, and grew to love her.

The Moss (her humble mother) saw with fear
 The ardent glances of the princely stranger.
 With many an anxious thought and dewy tear,
 She sought to hide her darling from this danger.

The gardener-guardian of this noble bud
 A cruel trellis interposed between them.
 No common Pink should mate with royal blood,
 He said, and sought in every way to wean them.

The poor Pink pined and faded day by day;
 Her restless lover from his prison bower
 Called in a priestly Bee who passed that way,
 And sent a message to the sorrowing flower.

The fainting Pink wept, as the Bee drew near,
 Droning his prayers, and begged him to confess her.
 Her tired mother, overtaxed by fear,
 Slept while the priest leaned low to shrive and bless her.

But, lo! ere long the tale went creeping out,
 The rich Carnation and the Pink were married!
 The cunning Bee had brought the thing about
 While mamma Moss in slumber's arms had tarried.

And proud descendants of that loving pair,
 The offspring of that true and ardent passion,
 Are famous for their beauty everywhere,
 And leaders in the floral world of fashion.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WITH GAUGE & SWALLOW.*

X.—A LEGAL IMPRESSIONIST.

"MR. FOUNTAIN, have you heard from Mrs. Murray lately?" It was Mr. Swallow who asked the question. He was walking up and down the room, his face flushed, a lock of his steel-gray hair hanging over his forehead, and his hands clasped behind his back as was his custom when in deep thought. He was by no means of even temper, but I thought I had never before seen him laboring under such excitement. Mr. Gauge sat near his partner's desk, his brows drawn together, biting his lips and showing unmistakable signs of irritability. The inquiry surprised me so that I nearly fell back against the door I had just closed behind me on entering the room.

"Of course he hasn't, Swallow," said Mr. Gauge, impatiently, before I had an opportunity to open my lips.

I suppose the truth showed itself in my countenance, for, after flashing one glance at me, Mr. Swallow turned dejectedly away, saying, in a disappointed tone,—

"Evidently not."

"Did you suppose I had?" I asked, with some resentfulness. Why I should feel that the question was an imputation upon me I cannot tell.

"Oh, I don't care anything about her affairs," said Mr. Swallow, in a tone of amused contempt: "I only want to know where Hazzard is, and thought if you could locate your client ours would not be very far away."

He halted with his back towards us, looking out of the window, and gave one of his peculiarly irritating chuckles as he spoke, which for about the first time in our intercourse provoked me beyond restraint.

"I am glad to say," I answered, hotly, "I know nothing about the man for whom you feel such anxiety, and do not care to hear of him."

"Don't be a fool, Fountain!" burst out Mr. Swallow, turning sharply upon me. "Mr. Hazzard is our client: not only that, he is the best client Gauge & Swallow ever had, and it does not become any one in our employ to speak of him in that tone. He is not a saint, but it is something to his credit that he is not a devil, either. You and your client have good reason to know that, and ought at least to feel grateful for it."

I was so astounded at his words that I knew not what to say. I had never known him to manifest such extreme sensitiveness in regard to a client before, and was at a loss to understand his meaning. I had nothing to hope or fear from Mr. Hazzard: betwixt him and me there could never be any pleasant or profitable relation. I owed him neither gratitude nor good will, and saw no reason why I should not speak of him just as I felt. I was sorry, however, that I had seriously offended

Mr. Swallow. Not only had I an unbounded admiration for him, but I had received many favors at his hands and hoped to be his debtor for many more. I stood leaning against the door, trying to mutter some excuse, growing hot and cold alternately beneath the angry glare of his eyes, until he turned away and strode back to the window. I wished the great iron beams that upheld the solid fire-proof building would give way and let me drop through into the sub-basement, twenty feet below the level of the sidewalk.

"There, there, Swallow," said Mr. Gauge, soothingly; "what is the use of jumping on Fountain in that style because he doesn't happen to know what you want to find out? He is not to blame."

"For his ignorance, certainly not," retorted the Junior, still gazing out of the window, "but he is responsible for his impudence. He, of all men, has no right to speak ill of Hazzard, and he will live to regret it,—if he has sense enough to know what is fitting, that is," he added, with a contemptuous shrug.

What did he mean? Had he penetrated my secret? Could it be possible that he had been informed of my folly? I think I must have flushed from heel to crown as I asked myself these questions. It was three years since I had seen Mrs. Murray. I had attended to her business faithfully, and the sum intrusted to my care had steadily and rapidly increased, owing to the opportunities for good investment my position with Gauge & Swallow offered. Of course I had nursed my love. It was a foolish, perhaps hardly a proper thing to do, but how could I live in the house which was so full of memories of her without doing so? I was sure Mr. Swallow knew it. How much more did he know? Was it possible that he knew the terrible facts of her life,—facts I would have died to conceal? I think I was even more disturbed lest he should think ill of the woman I loved than by the thought that he was angry with me.

"Now, you are really too bad, Mr. Swallow," said his partner, remonstrantly. "If you want Fountain to do anything, let him know what it is, but don't go on lecturing him about a matter of which he knows nothing. He meant no offence. Tell him what you want, or let him go, and give the whole matter up."

"Very well, I will," said Mr. Swallow, wheeling suddenly around and speaking with snappish energy. "Mr. Fountain, can you be ready to go to Europe by the next steamer that leaves?"

"Did I ever decline any service that Gauge & Swallow required, or ask an hour's delay?" I asked, a little proudly, I suppose.

"You never did, that's a fact, Fountain," said Mr. Swallow, with that engaging frankness no one could resist. He came quickly towards me, extending his hand as he spoke. I was very angry. I thought he had treated me unfairly, but I could not resist, for a moment even, this engaging overture. I shook his hand as if he had never given me cause for dissatisfaction. The next moment I had forgotten that one had ever existed.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fountain," he said, smiling. "I was wrong: I forgot that you did not know as much as I do of the man of whom you spoke. I have a strange regard for him, which you can-

not be blamed for not appreciating. I owe him a great deal, and naturally take fire when one speaks slightly of him. When can you go?"

"At once."

"Let me see: to-day is Tuesday. See if a 'greyhound' leaves to-morrow. If not, take one of the Southampton boats. You will have to go to France, I imagine. By the way, ask Burrill if he would not like to take a trip with you,—at our expense, of course. If he can go, send a messenger to engage two passages. Ask Barnes to step here as you go out."

It was hardly a quarter of an hour before I had obtained Burrill's consent, and sent a messenger to take places for us. Returning, I met Barnes coming out of the room with a curiously puzzled expression on his face.

"You are lucky," he said, in a whisper.

"How so?" I asked.

"Don't pretend ignorance. I have orders to take the whole force of the office, if necessary, to get out invitations and make arrangements for a big dinner at Delmonico's to-night."

"To-night?"

"Certainly: aren't you going away to-morrow? Gauge & Swallow don't do things by halves."

Utterly bewildered, I entered the room and reported what I had done.

"Very well," said Mr. Swallow, glancing at his watch. He liked things done in a hurry, even if there were plenty of time. "I may as well tell you that you are going on a very peculiar mission and under very peculiar circumstances."

"Better tell him he is going on a fool's errand, and done with it," said Mr. Gauge, testily. "That's just what it is, Swallow. You are sending him you know not where, to do you know not what, for no conceivable reason."

"In a sense you are right, partner, but it is a question whether you would have me do a seemingly foolish thing or go to an insane asylum. I tell you, the only thing to be done in such a case is to obey. Here I have been for two hours pursued by this idea, struggling against it, reasoning with myself, listening to your arguments,—all to no purpose! I had not a minute's peace until I told Fountain to get ready to start. Now I have decided. You know it's not the first time I have acted on such impressions; and I do not remember that I have ever made a mistake in doing so."

"Oh, you have always before had something tangible—something outside of a mere fantastic notion—to justify your action."

"Perhaps, in the cases you have known of in advance," said Mr. Swallow, "that has been true; but you have not known a quarter of the instances in which I have been influenced by such impressions. I do not like to speak of them,—never did. I hardly know why, but suppose it is for the same reason that one dislikes to be considered odd or peculiar. I dislike to seem to disregard your judgment or do anything you do not approve——"

"It is not that," interrupted Mr. Gauge. "I am glad you are going to send them. Burrill ought to have a year's vacation anyhow, but he will never take it unless he is sent on some business, and would not enjoy himself unless Mr. Fountain was with him. The only thing is, it seems so childish——"

"Wait until you hear what I am going to tell you, and then, if you object,—why, then I'll—I'll——"

"Well, what will you do then?" asked the Senior.

"I'll ask you to wait and see how it turns out," laughed Mr. Swallow.

"Of course," said the Senior, good-humoredly. "You always have your own way, and I don't know that we have often had cause to regret it."

"Thanks," responded the Junior. "Mr. Fountain," he continued, "will you lock the door, please, and come and sit down here?"

I did as requested. Mr. Gauge sat at my left, one elbow on the edge of his partner's desk, tearing a paper into minute fragments, as he often did when absorbed in thought,—a most dangerous habit to indulge in a lawyer's office, by the way, where any scrap of paper may be of importance. Mr. Swallow sat down in his office-chair, swinging it around towards us, leaned forward upon his elbows, his shapely head hanging down between his massive shoulders and his fingers interlocked before him,—a very favorite position with him when engaged in the discussion of important questions with his partner.

"What I am about to say," he said, with a slight flush on his face, "I would not care to have repeated,—not that I have any reason to be ashamed of it, but one does not like to be regarded as exceptional."

Both Mr. Gauge and myself assented by word or gesture.

"The fact is that almost from my earliest years I have been subject to altogether unaccountable impressions. Sometimes they have been as sharp and clear as the outlines of a photograph, sometimes indistinct but positive and persistent. Sometimes I have resisted them, sometimes yielded to them. When I have acted on them I have usually had occasion to congratulate myself on the fact. When I have not I have sometimes regretted it. These impressions I do not pretend to explain. Of two things I am satisfied; there is nothing supernatural about them, and they are only to a very limited degree under my control. Yet they rarely if ever happen except in reference to matters in which I have a personal interest or in regard to which I have thought intently. Sometimes they have come like a flash of lightning athwart the current of my reflections, and again they have been like the sudden opening of a new vista along a path I was already pursuing. But always they have been unexpected and unaccountable upon any theory attributing them to voluntary mental effort. The impression—so far as I can determine—has usually been the image of another's thought,—the duplicate of an impression actually existing in another brain at the moment of its cognition by me. Sometimes I think this has been an intended and sometimes an involuntary influence exerted by another mind upon my own.

"I use the term 'impression' because, really, I do not know of any

other that would express my meaning. As I have never talked of these things, so I have refrained from reading or speculating about them, and consequently am not familiar with the specific terms which are employed to designate phenomena of this sort. I do not know why I should have this feeling. I am not superstitious, and cannot conceive why I should have any hesitancy about admitting or exercising a natural faculty for the possession of which I am not responsible. Perhaps it is because I have had a feeling that too much attention to such things is apt to weaken other more important intellectual qualities."

"I guess that's a fact," said Mr. Gauge, sententiously. "At least it hurts a lawyer. He wants to stick to facts,—hard, cold, solid facts. As soon as he lets go of them he's sure to get beyond his depth. What would become of Gauge & Swallow if people heard you talking about 'impressions' as a basis of action?"

"As I've said, I don't like it myself," answered Swallow, candidly; "but some of my best successes are attributable to it. Scores of times I have acted on impressions which certainly were not the result of my own intellection, and almost always with decidedly valuable and usually quite unexpected results."

"Oh, don't say that," said the Senior, impatiently, "or at least don't expect me to believe it. The truth is, that your mind acts with the instantaneousness and certainty of genius. I've noticed it a thousand times and wondered at it. Your mind acts so quickly that you have no chance to count the steps, to note the path, as a plodder like me must do."

"You think so?" asked Mr. Swallow.

"Think so? Of course. We know what we can see and hear and feel, taste and smell, and the deductions we draw from facts thus learned, and that is all we do know!" exclaimed Mr. Gauge.

"Then how do you know these are the only pathways to the soul?" asked the Junior, with a smile.

"Because—because nobody has ever found any other," said the Senior, stoutly.

"Oh, yes, they have: here are my impressions, you know."

"Well, what are they? Why don't you define and test and use them as you do your intellect?"

"I hardly know how to answer your questions," said Mr. Swallow, gravely. "I am not sure they are under my control. Perhaps some of my early experiences gave me a shock. I will tell you one that gives me a chill even yet when I remember it. I could not have been more than ten or a dozen years old. A family of cousins lived about twenty miles away. I had been very familiar with them, having lived within a stone's throw of their house until a year or two before. One of them, my favorite, had been sick for some months. After I had gone to bed one night I heard her brother come into the room below, heard my father ask him in surprise how he came to be so far from home, and heard his grave reply that his sister died at ten o'clock the night before. Blundering and blubbing, I went down the stairs into the room where my parents were, and asked for the cousin whose voice

I had heard. With difficulty I was convinced that he was not in the house. The next morning, while we sat at breakfast, he did come, and my father's conversation with him was word for word what I had narrated the night before."

"That was remarkable," said Mr. Gauge, as if he had made up his mind to concede that and nothing more.

"These impressions, if I may so call them, sometimes affect the sensorium through the sense of sight, sometimes through that of hearing. Of these, sight has been by far the more frequent, but those conveyed by hearing often the more startling. They come at all times of day or night, and, I might almost say, sleeping or waking; though their effect, unlike that of an ordinary dream, is to produce the most intense wakefulness. However, or whenever, they may come, these impressions are sure to be as unexpected and as startling to me at the moment as to another in the telling of them afterwards. I recall an instance in which you were aware of the results, though I do not think you were ever informed of the cause.

"Rushing along Broadway one day to meet an engagement, I suddenly saw my wife lying pallid and blood-stained by a rocky roadside. Keeping straight on to the station, I took the train to the country town, a hundred miles away, where she was passing the summer in retirement, to learn that at the very moment this vision had occurred to me she had been thrown from a carriage and was lying just where I had seen her in a deathly swoon. My prescience had outrun the telegraph by some hours, and I was half-way to the sufferer's bedside before the despatch summoning me there was delivered here at the office. Had I waited until it came I could not have gone before Monday, and I tremble to think what might have been the result of this delay."

"Yes, I remember you went off very unaccountably," answered the Senior.

"There is another case you well remember, too," continued Mr. Swallow. "Looking into a witness's eyes once, I saw the scene of an unsuspected crime,—its surroundings complete and perfect as in a photograph. I had never seen it—could never have seen it—before. I knew the man was a criminal, not from evidence, for he was of good repute, but by instinctive conviction. I had hunted for weeks to find the joint in his armor and save a good man from his malice and greed; but until I looked into his eyes and saw that scene, I had no idea what the crime was which had left its mark on his life. It was accounted strange the way the man broke down under my cross-examination, cowering, cringing, and finally falling over in a dead faint. It was unusual, and added greatly to my reputation; very undeservedly, however, as the knowledge was not acquired by study or investigation, but was furnished me at the moment by the offender himself, whose fear painted his guilt so vividly that I could not help seeing its details.

"These are only instances. I could cite a good many others, and suppose I have forgotten more than I can remember. Sometimes I have been amused, sometimes terrified, at the outcome. I have always stoutly resisted any suggestion of preternatural influence, however, and have adopted, as my own solution of these phenomena, the hypothesis

that such impressions are transmitted by other minds in some way and manner to me unknown, but which I believe to be perfectly natural. I may as well say that I seem only able to receive such impressions, without, so far as I know, any unusual power of transmitting or creating them."

"It is certainly very singular," said Mr. Gauge, as he nervously cracked the knuckle-joints first of one hand and then of the other,—a habit he had when perplexed.

"Perhaps the most singular thing about it is," resumed Mr. Swallow, "that a considerable number of these impressions have been caused by, or rather have been connected with, the affairs of Mr. Andrew M. Hazzard. You know he claims to be a spiritist, and attributes his good luck to the power he possesses to distinguish between kindly and malign essences. I question if he believes any of this nonsense, but I cannot doubt that he has a peculiar faculty of impressing others with his ideas, and that this power has contributed largely to his success."

"I do hope, Mr. Swallow," said the senior partner, with pathetic earnestness, "that you have not imbibed any of these modern notions about the power of one person's will over another's consciousness. I don't care whether it is called spiritism, magnetism, hypnotism, or given the good old legal name, diabolism. I don't believe in it under any of them."

"What I refer to," answered Mr. Swallow, quietly, "is not so much an influence of the will as an enlargement of the field of apprehension,—a means of conveying knowledge, information, desire, to another, without the use of ordinary material media. Of course I speak mainly of the phenomena of reception. I do not remember an instance in which I have been influenced through the will. I have never had the mere undefined impression that I must do this or that clinging to me and compelling the performance of a specific behest, though I have often found myself informed, in some unexplainable way, of facts which I could not have learned by the ordinary processes of intellection. My first connection with Mr. Hazzard was a striking instance of this. I have only told two persons about the matter, and would not speak of it now except to convince you that I have good reasons for the course I have adopted."

"You seem to, certainly," interrupted Mr. Gauge. "The more I think about the situation the more favorably I am inclined to the course you have adopted; but I do not believe that any one whose bodily presence is in France could influence the mind of another here in New York."

"He may not be in France," said Mr. Swallow, "I would not say that; but he is somewhere in a region with which I am unacquainted, in a great house, in a bed with a curious heavy canopy. He wants to do some particular thing without delay. There is a woman with him who is at her wits' end to know what to do."

"And you think you learned these facts—if they should prove to be facts—through certain mental impressions produced by the action of a mind three thousand miles away?" queried Mr. Gauge.

"Well, yes, I think so. If I were not a lawyer I should probably say I know I did. Suppose you hear how I got my first retainer from him, and then judge whether I have not reason to entertain this belief."

"Very well," said Mr. Gauge, grimly.

"I wrote the facts down," continued Mr. Swallow, taking a thin, worn volume from his desk, "at the time they occurred, and you will find them crudely stated in this old case-book. You know with what scrupulous care a young lawyer notes the facts concerning his first case. Well, here it is. The first letter from Hazzard was received about two years before our partnership began. I was only a young country lawyer then, with no more thought of coming to the city than you had of offering me a partnership. I got it from the village post-office in the morning, and kept thinking of it all day in the intervals of my work. The proposition it contained was altogether new in my experience. The debtor—for it was a claim for money due—lived more than a hundred miles away, in one of the most inconvenient corners of the State; the creditor, in this city. Looking at the matter since, the wonder has been that I ever thought of undertaking the collection at all. I knew nothing about the debtor, his business or ability, except the fact that I had a few years before made the acquaintance of a young man of that name who had a brother living in the town where the debtor resided, and I remembered that the initials of their Christian names were the same. The debt was witnessed by a promissory note, long past due, which my client—my would-be client, that is—had endorsed to me. He had sent, also, a duly-executed power of attorney authorizing me to take such steps for the collection or adjustment of the claim as I might see fit. I could have compromised the whole matter, you see, for five cents, and the holder of the note would have had no recourse whatever. Perhaps this unusual display of confidence in a stranger, together with the closing words of the creditor's letter, flattered my vanity and inclined me to undertake the task. 'I am fully satisfied,' he wrote, 'that you will succeed if you will undertake the collection.' Before I reached home that evening, I had made up my mind to go to Deplaines, where Mr. Finger, the debtor, lived.

"I was not married at that time, but had a sister who was my senior partner. I have always been a 'Junior,' you see," he added, with a smile at Mr. Gauge. "Hardly had I dissolved partnership with her, when you invited me to come in with you. My sister was a very faithful partner. She always asked me about the day's business,—not that I was at all averse to telling her, but she thought it would help me if she showed an interest in my work. Poor girl, she had a right to take an interest in it! She had invested all the little share she had inherited from our father's estate in my education, and had pinched and contrived for many a year, putting aside the thoughts of love and pleasure that come into a young girl's heart, in order that I might be fitted for my profession. When I told her of the letter, it was easy to see that she did not at all fancy the idea of my undertaking the collection.

"Are there no lawyers in Deplaines?" she asked, sharply.

"'Lots of them,' I answered.

"'Good ones, too?"

"'Oh, of course.'

"'And there are three or four cities nearer than this village?"

"'Certainly.'

"'Doesn't it strike you as odd that this man should have passed by all the eminent lawyers in them to employ you?"

"'It is very flattering,' I answered.

"'Flattering! My dear brother,' she answered, 'I am afraid you are growing vain!'

"'Then you have made me so. You are always insisting that I would overtop them all if I had a chance.'

"'But I know you.'

"'Which only shows the wisdom of my prospective client. What was it was said to Thomas, "Blessed be they who believe but have not seen"?"

"'Perhaps if you were not my brother my own faith would be a little weak,' she answered, laughingly. 'But this man does not know you, has evidently hardly heard of you, yet he skips over a hundred lawyers, just as good, perhaps, to put his business in your hands. Isn't it singular?"

"'It is not usual,' I answered, only half pleased at her words.

"'Would you take such a course?"

"'It is not likely that I would.'

"'I'll tell you what I think,' said the dear woman, with unusual positiveness. 'There is something wrong about the claim, or perhaps about the man.'

"'And you think I had better not take hold of it?"

"'Most certainly, my dear. You know how doggedly you hold on to such a thing when once you are engaged in it. You seem to be literally incapable of letting go. You give time and money and trouble without stint to what you have undertaken. In this case you would lose your time and squander the money already earned, without any reasonable hope of recovering it. Probably this man knows it, and would like to employ you as a very last chance of getting his money. You can't afford such experiments. Be sure if this had been collectible, an attorney nearer to Deplaines would have been retained.'

"I could not deny the justice of her conclusion, and yet felt an unusual disinclination to act upon it. During the night I had a remarkable dream. You must remember that I had never been in Deplaines, and, so far as I know, had never heard anything about it whatever; I had never seen Mr. Finger, nor had I any idea of his personal appearance or occupation. I dreamed that I had undertaken the collection of the note in my possession, had travelled all day and reached Deplaines about sundown. The station was at the foot of a low hill, through which the railroad passed by a deep cut. There was no village in sight. To a jesting remark of mine the hack-driver replied that I would find it quite a town when we got to it. I knew it to be a county-seat. Entering the hack, we drove around the base of the hill, climbed to the top, and drove over the railroad-cut into the town. Stopping

before a house with large pillars in front and a flight of stone steps, I said,—

“‘This looks like the court-house.’

“‘So it was, or part of it, rather,’ answered the driver, ‘but when the county concluded to build a new one they sold this, and the man who bought it added a wing at each side and made a hotel of it.’

“Entering, I advanced to the desk, by which stood a small man with light blue eyes and exceedingly blonde hair. Having signed the register, I asked for a room. The red-haired clerk whirled the book on its pivoted rest, and, glancing at my name, extended his hand, and said,—

“‘This is Mr. Swallow, isn’t it? You remember my brother Joe? —Joe Finger? Ah, I thought so. He is a great admirer of yours. You have come about that matter of Hazzard’s, I suppose? Well, you are just in time. Joe says you always are. Step right in to supper: I will send your things to your room, and afterwards we will fix it all up, so that you can go back on the morning train.’

“He opened the door of the dining-room as he spoke, and led me to the head of the table, at which sat a woman who was my very ideal of loveliness,—a study in red, white, and blue. I have always been patriotic in my ideals of femininity, you know.

“‘This is my sister Harriet,’ said the landlord. I was given a place at her right hand. In those days the hostess of a country hotel always sat at her own board, and was the social equal of the most distinguished guest. So I felt myself greatly honored, and was soon delighted with my companion. From that point my dream was a strange medley of red hair, blue eyes, and bank-bills.”

“You don’t mean to say,” interrupted Mr. Gauge, “that——?”

“Hold on,” said the Junior: “don’t get ahead of the story. When I announced my intention of going to Deplaines the next morning, I told sister my dream, leaving out all mention of the landlord’s sister, however. Of course she was severe enough on my folly, saying that the reason I gave for my decision was even worse than the decision itself.

“Well, I went, that very day, and you may judge of my surprise when step by step every incident of that dream was repeated. The little station, the road around the hill, the bridge across the cut, the hotel with the great pilasters in front, the scrubby red-haired proprietor, the promise to arrange the debt, and the fascinating sister,—all were there exactly as I had seen them. Even the proprietor’s greeting was in the very words of my dream. I was dumb with amazement. What I said or did during that meal I never knew. After supper the landlord took me into his office, counted out three thousand eight hundred dollars in cash, and transferred to me bonds secured by mortgage for the balance. He was just selling off his property, intending to go West, where his brother had lived for some years. He had not been able to pay before, and possibly might not have remained able to do so much longer. Both the brothers had bad luck out West, and I doubt if Sam ever had as much money at one time again in his life.

“After the business was concluded, I asked about his sister, and found she was unmarried, heart free as far as he knew, and very un-

willing to go West. I asked to see her, and we went into the parlor, where she sat alone before a blazing wood-fire, doing some sort of fancy knitting, with a book lying open on her lap. She went on with her knitting, rocking back and forth, while we chatted pleasantly for a few moments. Then my agitation overpowered me, and, begging them to excuse my abruptness, I walked up and down the room and told them of my dream. I could see her face flush and pale as I went on, and when I had concluded she sat looking at me like one entranced with a terror which was not altogether repellent. Hardly knowing what I did, I proposed then and there for her hand. I was about to speak of my prospects, in justification of my presumption, when she said, as if thinking aloud, 'You do not seem like a stranger, Mr. Swallow.' Then, as if frightened at what she said, her face grew crimson, she cast down her eyes, and tried to resume her knitting. I saw that her hands trembled, and wondered why they should. As for myself, I hardly knew whether I was waking or sleeping.

"'She means that we have heard Joe talk about you so much that we seemed to know you before you came,' said her brother, to relieve her agitation.

"'Of course that is what I meant,' she said, as she bowed her head over her work, and I saw a flush creep over the snowy cheek and tinge the ear that just showed beneath the tide of auburn strands above it. Then it flashed upon me that this was *not* what she meant, and I grew bold, and going around in front of her I took her hand, and said,—

"'Harriet, will you let me have this?'

"'Pears to me this is rather sudden,' said Sam, jocularly. 'Do let her have until morning to decide, anyhow.'

"I thought the remark very inappropriate, but responded, as gallantly as I could,—

"'Certainly, if that is her wish.'

"'If you please, sir,' she answered, not raising her eyes. Nevertheless, she gave me her answer then and there, for as I escorted her to the door, still holding her hand, she raised her eyes, and gave my hand a distinct pressure that nearly made my heart leap out of my bosom.

"'Well, I declare!' said Sam, as I returned and sat down upon the chair his sister had just vacated, anxious to caress anything she had touched. 'Joe always said you were a master hand at having your own way; but this does beat everything. You've just bewitched that girl, and I shall have to go off West alone. Anybody can see that. I don't blame you,—I've been in love with her myself ever since she was a baby,—but it'll come hard for me to make up her part of the property.' You see,' he said, regretfully, 'I am just selling off here to try and raise money enough to buy a tract of land out where land's cheap. Now 't I've had to pay that note of Hazzard's, if I have to fix out Hattie too, I shan't have anything left, to speak of.'

"'My dear fellow,' I said, reaching him my hand, 'if it should be as you intimate, don't give yourself any uneasiness. She won't want anything: I'd rather she didn't have anything, so that she may owe all she has to me.'

"When I went into the parlor the next morning, I did not need to hear the answer. I merely took her in my arms, kissed her lips, and had just begun to speak about our plans for the future, when the omnibus-driver called, 'All aboard,' and I had only time to snatch another kiss or two and hurry away. My sister did not look especially pleased at what I told her on my return; but when I had reported the collection to Hazzard, saying nothing about compensation for my services, and he had replied, good-naturedly, 'Remit me three thousand dollars by New York draft, hold the notes for collection, keep the remainder for your services, and consider yourself retained as my general counsel,' she ceased to refer with disapproval to what I had done. When, a fortnight afterwards, I brought home my bride,—for I could not delay the Western journey,—she welcomed her with true sisterly devotion, and the domestic partnership was never disturbed until she was taken from us."

The Junior's eyes were cast down, as if overwhelmed with sad yet pleasant memories.

"That was certainly very singular," said Mr. Gauge, after a moment's silence; "but, of course, one can easily see that your dream was the result of your own unconscious intellection, and not due to the influence of another mind."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Swallow, looking up quickly: "how do you make that out?"

"Why, it was natural enough that you should dream of the brother and sister, and give them their proper personalities, because of the family resemblance to their brother."

"So?" said Mr. Swallow, with a smile playing over his face. "Well, let me tell you about that: Joe Finger was a big, dark-bearded fellow, whom no one would ever imagine to be akin to peach cheeks or red hair."

"But you had heard him speak of his brother and sister?" persisted the Senior.

"I suppose so," assented Mr. Swallow, "but I never imagined them at all what they were. So strong was this belief that, when my sister insisted the next morning that dreams went by contraries, I said that must be so, for Joe Finger could not have a brother who was red-haired and undersized."

"H'm," said Mr. Gauge, evidently not altogether pleased with this failure of his hypothesis; "but you had heard, of course, that he was a hotel-keeper?"

"On the contrary, I had not seen or heard from Joe after his brother became a publican."

"You were at least prepared to like your friend's relations——"

"Nothing of the kind. He seldom spoke of them, and, when he did, not in a way to awaken one's interest in them, and still less to stir any liking for them."

"And you had never heard anything about the general characteristics of the town?"

"Not a word."

"And Hazzard—did he know anything of them?"

"Every detail: it was there that his great invention was worked out. He knew exactly what I would be likely to see on my arrival."

"He didn't know that his debtor would be willing to come down like Crockett's coon without waiting to be shot, I suppose?" said Mr. Gauge, as if he had stated a clincher.

"If you won't think it absurd, I will tell you what I afterwards learned that he *did* know," said Mr. Swallow. Without waiting for any express assent, he went on: "It seems he did know that Sam was selling off his property, and surmised that he was going West. He knew, too, that there were other creditors,—enough to swallow up about all that he could raise, more than enough if any of them were so indiscreet as to try and get ahead of the others. He knew that the debtor had derived from his brother Joe a most exaggerated idea of my shrewdness, pertinacity, and skill."

"An exaggerated idea, Mr. Swallow?" said the Senior, with a laugh: "that is putting it too strong. Say, a just idea."

"One's partners and kindred have always a right to flatter," said Mr. Swallow, with a pleasant gesture of acknowledgment. "Exaggerated or just, it was all the same in its effect on the mind of my future brother-in-law."

"And it was entirely on account of the prestige you had with the brother that you were selected instead of any of the local bar?"

"Not at all. You remember I told you there were other debts. Everybody knew this, but nobody except Hazzard suspected that Sam F'inger was going to run away,—for that was what he intended, and what he did do as soon as I married his sister. Indeed, he started with us on our wedding-journey homeward and forgot to return."

"I still do not see why this was any reason for employing you instead of one of the local bar," persisted Mr. Gauge.

"I suppose Hazzard thought if he employed a local attorney it would get out; all the other creditors would jump in, Sam would run off, and he would lose his debt."

"Ah," said Mr. Gauge, "there is something in that."

"At least you will admit that I made no mistake in acting on that impression?"

"Of course."

"You see, I got a bigger fee than I had ever received before, the best client I ever had, whose business brought me the best partner in New York, and a wife besides."

"Who is worth all the rest," said the Senior, gallantly.

"With this experience, now, do you wonder that I feel bound to act on an impression so vivid as that which startled me at my work this morning?" asked Mr. Swallow.

"I can't say I do," answered Mr. Gauge, seriously.

"May I ask what it was?" I inquired.

"It is necessary that you should know, as it is the cause of your being sent without definite instruction. I was sitting here hard at work upon this brief, when all at once I saw Hazzard as I have described him, evidently suffering and in trouble, and heard him say, as plainly as if one of you were speaking, 'Send Fountain immediately!'

It was repeated two or three times, and startled me so that I called Mr. Gauge, and he had been trying to convince me that I was dreaming, when you came in. That is why I was so fretted."

"Have you any acquaintance with Mr. Hazzard?" asked the Senior, glancing keenly at me.

"I have seen him once or twice, but never spoke with him," I answered.

"It is very strange," he murmured.

"You see," said Mr. Swallow, "it could not have been any association of the two in my mind. I never thought of them in connection with each other."

"I suppose not," said Mr. Gauge, absently.

"What am I expected to do?" I asked, after a moment's silence.

"Find Mr. Hazzard and place yourself at his service,—that is all. Mr. Burrill will go with you. I hardly know why, but I think he had better, and Mr. Gauge agrees with me. I am Mr. Hazzard's executor and residuary legatee, you know."

I shook my head.

"Well, I am. I will have a copy of the will prepared for you and Mr. Burrill. It may be convenient. I don't know what he wants of you, but, whatever it may be, *do it!* Don't mind expense nor ask for reasons; no matter how absurd or trivial it may seem to you, do it instantly. Follow his instructions to the very letter and with the utmost despatch. No man who did that ever had cause to regret serving Andrew M. Hazzard."

"You know I can do that," I said, with some pride.

"Yes," he responded, with a laugh. "You have had a good training. Talk about soldierly obedience! Nobody learns to obey orders and ask no questions so thoroughly as a man who works his way up in a law-office. By the way," he added, "you will soon learn that the old firm is to be dissolved and a new one established. We had intended to wait until the new year and celebrate our 'silver wedding' in style,"—he glanced archly at his partner as he spoke,—"but you and Burrill may not be back in time: so we have decided to rush it and have a little spread to-night. Of course we couldn't have it without him,—that would spoil the pleasure of the thing,—and you must hasten your preparations so as to be with us. Eight o'clock, sharp,—up-town Delmonico's. Have an eye to Mr. Burrill's matters, too. Ask him to step here a moment: we have some business to talk over with him. When you get back there will be a new sign on the door."

"I shall be sorry to miss the old name," I said, rising to depart.

"Tut, tut!" he said, tapping me lightly on the shoulder as he followed me to the door. "It is the new king of whom one should speak well. But don't forget what I told you about Hazzard. Do whatever he requires, and *ask no questions.*"

"The woman who is with him?" I asked, hesitantly.

"I don't know anything about her," he answered, carelessly. "She is his wife, though, and, I take it, a very remarkable woman, from the influence she exerts over him. I thought he might be seriously enam-

oured of your Mrs. Murray, who went off with him ; but she seems to have disappeared. This woman is his wife."

"His wife?"

"Yes, I think so," he answered, seriously.

"How many others has he?" I asked, bitterly. Strange as it may seem, I was angry that he had deserted my client, the woman I loved.

"What?—wives?" asked the Junior, with a laugh. "Don't ask: it will be time enough to decide that when he is dead. All we know now is that he has summoned you and that you will do his bidding—faithfully. Remember that."

I went out, and the door closed behind me. I had received my last instructions from Gauge & Swallow.

Albion W. Turgee.

BALLADE DE PRINTEMPS.

O FLUTER on the hills !
O notes forever flown !
Give heed ! By running rills,
Stay once thy fleeter tone.
Delay ! we pipe alone,
Nor kiss thy mantle's brede :
O Fluter, mark our moan,
Who blow the dittied reed !

Thy pipe the forest fills
With blossom, sudden-blown ;
Thy step on rocky sills
In printed moss is shown :
But thou ! where is thy wone,
In what melodious mead ?
Ah, few, but few, have known
Who blow the dittied reed !

What though we baffle ills,
What though in pity groan,
Thy tube forever trills
Retreating antiphone !
Our locks with leafage sown,
We hail thee. Give us heed !
Once tarry with thine own
Who blow the dittied reed !

ENVOI.

O Spring, the hollow stone
Gives echo of thy speed :
May none betray thy throne
Who blow the dittied reed ?

Harrison S. Morris.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago, when I had entered upon my apprenticeship to the seductive art of verse-making, I was a great reader of poetry. My mother allowed me a small monthly stipend out of my scanty earnings, and this pittance I invested in poetical purchases at the down-town book-stalls. Among the earliest of these purchases—perhaps the earliest—were a copy of Falconer's "Shipwreck," which in spite of all my endeavors I was unable to read, and a copy of Beattie's "Minstrel," which I read with difficulty.

But the poets in whom I most delighted were those of my own country; and, fortunately, of these there was no lack. The original editions which I purchased so cheaply then would be dear now, the purchasing of only these editions having become a folly among our would-be bibliographers. I remember to have picked up in this way, in my green and salad days, the metrical effusions of Lucretia and Maria Davidson, the crude and unmusical verses of Grenville Mellen, the aspiring ambitions of Rufus Dawes, the "Yamoyden" of Sands and his friend Eastburn, the poetical platitudes of Miss Gould and Mrs. Sigourney, and—not to swell too largely the catalogue of mere names—an early edition of Fitz-Greene Halleck. His name was not a new one to me even at that early period, for I can recall reading a manuscript copy of one of his epistles when I was an errand-boy in a lawyer's office; and I must have listened to his Marco Bozzaris at our public-school recitations. I was also familiar, through these recitations, with the address of his friend Drake to the American Flag. My recollection is that I once had a public wrestling with this formidable poem, and was so worsted by it that I retired from the stage in confusion. In what consideration these poets were then held, I had no means of knowing, but that they had a certain vogue was evident from the little volume of selections which Mr. Bryant made from their writings in 1839, and from the larger and more pretentious volume collected by Mr. Griswold some six or seven years later. They figured in the pages of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and other of our periodicals, and were indiscriminately lauded by newspaper critics on the monthly appearance of these publications. By and by they were dropped and forgotten. One of these minstrels, whose last lay was sung some thirty years ago, moaned over the oblivion which had overtaken him, but was occasionally cheered during his winter visits to the city by some of his younger contemporaries who have since shared the same fate, and who made a point of enlivening him at *The Century* by casual allusions to his once-known poems,—his coral groves, his gray forest-eagles, or what not,—and by a generous supply of—let us say Apollinarias.

If observation of nature and the patience which enabled him to catalogue the peculiarities of out-door life could have made him a poet, he would have been one. As it was, he was an accurate naturalist

with an indifferent talent at interminable verse. His name, however, is still supposed to confer distinction upon one of his relatives :

The times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

To refer to the choir of singers that I have in mind is considered a piece of old-fogyism by the present race of critics, who can see nothing to admire in the meditative verse of Bryant or the picturesque balladry of Whittier, but everything to admire in roseate rondels, maundering madrigals, slipshod sonnets, and other antiquated artificialities. I do not share the prejudices of these young gentlemen, for I am old-fashioned enough not to be ashamed of my old taste. I still read Halleck, or portions of Halleck, with pleasure, and, while I am keenly alive to his faults, which are mainly technical, I wish that the vein of sterling sense which runs through his best work was one of our present excellences. He had something to say, and he said it. That he was a poet in any large sense is not true, neither is it true that he was a poet in any recondite sense. He should be read, as I read him, with a regard to the time at which he wrote, and the then condition of American song.

The history of our literature as outlined and illustrated by Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson is to fill ten or more large volumes. As touched upon by Mr. Richardson it fills two volumes. Both begin with its rather outcropping early in the seventeenth century, and the handling of both throughout this and the subsequent century is little except enumerative. They quote, often at considerable length, from books, simply because books were published during the periods which they are reviewing. But books are not necessarily literature. The majority of books, indeed, are not literature at all. The editors we have named present us with extracts from the narratives of early English travellers, from the discourses of the Puritanic preachers by whom they were followed, from governmental reports and records, from the patriotic utterances of pseudo-orators and statesmen, Colonial and Revolutionary, and from such lay offerings on the shrine of song as Mrs. Anne Bradstreet's "Tenth Muse" and the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom."

But these things are not literature, or no more literature than our Patent-Office Reports or our City Directories. We had no poetry that was worthy of the name until Freneau began to write, and no fiction until Charles Brockden Brown tried to earn his living by following in the dark footsteps of his master, William Godwin. We have not forgotten, of course, that there are strong literary elements in the "Poor Richard" of Franklin, in the fiery speeches of Patrick Henry, and in the state papers of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton. Contemporaries of Freneau were Dwight, Trumbull, and Barlow, whose epics their countrymen professed to read, a feat which none of their descendants has been hardy enough to undertake. The American Muse was

backward in coming forward, in spite of the formal prayers addressed to her by her votaries, to whom she still refused to discover herself until the young son of a country doctor penetrated one day into her secluded retreat among the shadows of the old woods at Cummington. American poetry began with "Thanatopsis."

The eighteenth-century poets of England figured on the book-shelves of leisurely readers, and on the well-thumbed pages of school-books. Young minds were regaled with such metrical delicacies as Pope's "Messiah" ("Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song!"), Thomson's Hymn to the Seasons, Cato's Soliloquy, or Cowper's "Lines supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk in Solitude." The more advanced among the number were committed to the tender mercies of "Paradise Lost," and confounded with the soul-questionings of "Hamlet." Pabulum like this must have been the intellectual diet of Halleck in his school-days at Guilford. There was nothing stimulative in it, nor can I find anything stimulative in his ancestry, though I have looked for it in the opening chapter of the bulky volume which General James Grant Wilson has devoted to his memory. There are no flies in his biographic amber, nor any hint of any, unless it be in the antiquated buzzings of John Eliot, who was one of the trinity of versifiers who mangled the sweet singer of Israel into metre, in the Bay Psalm-Book, and from whom he was descended on his mother's side.

The heredity of genius affords an engaging field for speculation, which is largely cultivated by modern biographers, who will not be persuaded that anything they may find or fancy therein can be considered too curiously. They run the pursuit into the ground by resurrecting a race of nobodies and endowing them with qualities which they could not have possessed. John Shakespeare and Mary Arden do not account for William Shakespeare. Nor does the head-servant who married Miss Jennings, the daughter of a livery-stable-keeper in Moorfields, account for John Keats. The genealogy of talent is traceable in divines, in musicians, in painters, in soldiers, and other bustling celebrities who have enlivened or disturbed mankind: the genealogy of genius is unknown. It has no progenitors, and it leaves no descendants. The influence of John Eliot must be discarded, therefore, and his venerable shadow dismissed to the library of the only man in America who can read his Indian Bible. Characteristic traits of some of the earlier Hallecks seem to appear, however, among the whimsicalities of their descendant Fitz-Greene. One of these, a sturdy royalist, refused to acknowledge the existence of the Protectorate, and disinherited his son for joining the Society of Friends. Another and later Halleck, who belonged to that Society, barred his children in his will from becoming churchmen. Halleck was not proud of his Quaker forbears, and shared in the general disesteem which was felt towards that community by those who had mercantile dealings with them. He once remarked to his friend William Cullen Bryant,—

"They are the most dangerous of dishonest men. They will never cheat you, not they; but, by the help of plain, friendly, and apparently sincere manners, they will manage so that you will cheat yourself."

The royalist proclivity of the Hallecks was manifested in the person of his father, who during the Revolution enjoyed the doubtful distinction of being the personal friend of General Tarleton, whom he accompanied on his various campaigns, and whose mess-table he is reported to have greatly enlivened by his songs and sallies of wit. Like many another young gentleman of the period, to whom the excessive patriotism of his neighbors and opponents was obnoxious, he was willing that the king should have his own again.

"My father," said the poet to a friend, "was a British commissary. But I am inclined to believe that this high-sounding title was a fiction. British and other commissaries usually accumulate fortunes; but, as my father made nothing by the war, I think he must have been a *sutler*. And my opinion is that as a sutler transacts his business upon his own capital, and a commissary draws his funds from the military chest, the chances of being an honest man are greatly in favor of the sutler."

But, sutler or commissary, Israel Halleck was a gentleman; and the interchange of civilities between himself and his gifted son is referred to and enjoyed by General Wilson. Ancient manners, which have always been the sure defence of wholesome laws, were still extant among us. The boyhood of Halleck exhibited no traits of precocity which a biographer, however admiring, can magnify into intuitions of future greatness; nor can any merit be detected in his juvenile verse, of which we have several profuse examples. One sees in it the English poets who were mostly read at the time, among whom Moore was evidently one of his favorites. He imitated his mellifluous, long-drawn numbers to satiety. These *disjecta membra* of his should never have been recovered from oblivion. His youthful letters are only interesting from their mention of the books which he had read, or was reading, and which embraced the poems of Miss Mitford and Leigh Hunt. That he was neither a critic nor a poet was evident in a letter which he wrote to his sister in his twenty-eighth year, and in which he sought to demolish the journalistic enemy of "the first gentleman in Europe."

"Hunt's 'Rimini,'" he remarks, "contains some charming poetry, and much original power of description. The story is a silly one, similar to Lord Byron's 'Parisina.'"

The young gentleman who could characterize the most pathetic episode in the "Inferno," and the one which is most awful among the tragic histories of love the world over, as "a silly story," must have been deficient in sensibility. Not to have felt its pity and its terror, even through the slipshod mannerism of Hunt, was to distinguish Halleck for a singular obtusity of perception.

That the Hallecks were not well-to-do, in spite of the landed possessions that still remained in the family, or, being fairly well-to-do, were not averse from the thrift of the period, is demonstrated by the clerkly employment of Fitz-Greene at the village store. Our ancestors were not above economy, nor were their children unwilling to earn money, for their time, it must be remembered, belonged to their parents until they came of age. That the duties of the mercantile life upore

which he entered in his fifteenth year with his kinsman Andrew Eliot were to his tastes, is apparent, we think, from the fact that he transferred them six years later to New York, where he entered the counting-house of Jacob Barker, a well-known banker of the time, in whose service, and later in the service of John Jacob Astor, merchant and millionaire, he remained for about forty years. His years of routine and drudgery at the desks of these gentlemen in South Street and Prince Street, which must have rivalled in length those which were spent by Lamb in the India House, were productive of but little literature. If he ever had such reveries as the gentle Elia enjoyed over musty old books, they died and made no sign.

Shortly after his coming to New York he made the acquaintance of a young gentleman who was qualifying himself for the medical profession, and for whom he at once entertained a feeling of friendship. This was Joseph Rodman Drake. He was about five years younger than the banker's clerk, and, like him, was a reader of contemporary English verse. They took an outing together one September afternoon down the waters of New York Bay, during which a shower occurred, which somehow led—through its brightening afterwards—to a conversation on the delights of another world, and which caused Halleck to remark that it would be heaven to lounge upon the rainbow and read Tom Campbell. This lofty wish was of a higher order than that of a greater poet than Campbell, Thomas Gray, whose ideal of perfect felicity was to lie on a sofa and read eternal new romances by Marivaux. The Campbell that Halleck so absurdly admired, and whom he never ceased to admire, must have been the Campbell of the "Battle of the Baltic" and "Ye Mariners of England," and not the feeble poetaster who wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming."

That Halleck, poet though he may have been, was guardedly insensible to the softer emotions, and sceptical of their unselfish influence over the hearts of others, is shown by a passage in one of his letters to his sister. It referred to the recent marriage of his friend Drake—which was attributed to interested motives—with the daughter of a wealthy ship-builder. Mr. Halleck says,—

"He was poor, as poets of course always are, and offered himself as a sacrifice at the shrine of Hymen, to shun the pains and penalties of poverty. I officiated as groomsman, much against my will. His wife is good-natured, and loves him to distraction. He is perhaps the handsomest man in New York,—a face like an angel, a form like an Apollo; and, as I well knew that his person was the true index of his mind, I felt myself during the ceremony as committing a crime in aiding and assisting such a sacrifice!"

Clearly this Benedick, if he knew himself when he wrote, would never become a married man. Our poetic annals were destitute of notable names, and but sparsely sown with insignificant ones. Dwight, Trumbull, and Barlow had sounded the shallow sea of popular favor with their leaden epics and had speedily found the bottom; and Pierpont had sung his "Airs of Palestine." Drake had written his "Culprit Fay," which was still confined within the chrysalis of manuscript,—a dormant condition which distinguished Bryant's

"Thanatopsis," that illuminated the dense respectability of the *North American Review* in the following year. The contemporary poets of England were read with avidity, however, either in reprints or in the original editions: Scott, Southey, Byron, and Wordsworth had an audience here, and such lesser singers as Moore and Hunt. I have among my few books reprints of Hunt's "Feast of the Poets" (1814), his "Foliage" (1818), and doubtless other trifles of the period. We depended upon London for our literature as absolutely as if we had been inhabitants of an English provincial city. The New York of seventy years ago was a small provincial city, one might almost say a small provincial town. It covered but a scanty area of ground; it was but thinly populated; but it was profoundly interested in itself and the doings of its denizens. The advent of a new aspirant for histrionic laurels at the Park Theatre, or the departure of an old favorite from the time-honored boards of that temple of the drama, was chronicled with historic gravity in the journals of the day. The demolition of an old coffee-house or the erection of a new hotel was an event to be remembered, while the incoming and outgoing of such civic dignitaries as mayors, aldermen, common-councilmen, and ward constables were declared to be of national importance. There was no life in the newspapers except that which was injected into them by the malignant spirit of party politics: they were as bitterly vindictive as our newspapers of to-day, but less coarsely vituperative, for Junius was still considered a model of political composition.

We have to imagine such a Little Pedlington as this before we can begin to appreciate the effect which was produced by Drake and Halleck in the spring of 1819. One can understand, or persuade himself that he does, by a careful reading of their biographies and a diligent study of foot-notes, the commotion which was caused by Butler's "Hudibras," Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," Pope's "Dunciad," and Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." But one cannot understand, at least *I* cannot, from the biographers of Halleck, or from the notes with which they have sought to illustrate his verse, why he and his young friend Drake should have raised a tempest in our municipal teapot at the time specified. The only object they had in view, beyond the laudable one of employing their leisure moments, was to raise a laugh at some of their fellow-townsmen who had become ridiculous or reprehensible. By what principle they were directed in the selection of their victims, we are not informed, nor does it matter, the victims being so insignificant in themselves, and so little obnoxious to good morals or good government. Rioting in animal spirits, like the traditional Celt at Donnybrook Fair, they struck right and left, and wherever they saw a head, hit it. That most of the heads were wooden ones, proved the toughness of their cudgels, but not the sharpness of their wit.

"I set up for a wit, sir," said the young man in Boswell. "Then I advise you to sit down, sir," retorted Dr. Johnson.

These contributions to the *Evening Post*, which consisted of a number of squibs in anonymous verse, and which were dignified by the name of "The Croaker Papers," from the signature which the writers

adopted, were highly thought of by the editor of that sheet, who, in acknowledging the receipt of the first three, pronounced them to be "the productions of superior taste and genius, and begged the honor of a personal acquaintance with the author."

This singular endorsement of the supposed merits of the *jeux-d'esprit* excited public attention to such a degree that The Croakers are said to have been a "subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, book-stores, and coffee-houses on Broadway, and throughout the city; they were, in short, a town topic," a circumstance which recalls the literary London of Dryden, Pope, Swift, and Dr. Johnson, when the merits of new poems were discussed by wits and beaux at Will's, Button's, or the Mitre Tavern, and reputations determined by men-about-town, rather than the unliterary New York of our grandfathers. The success of The Croakers, whatever it may have been, was so gratifying to the editor of the *Evening Post* that he again expressed his anxiety to be acquainted with the writer, this time in a style so mysterious as to excite the curiosity of the authors, and they resolved to call upon him. The meeting of the poets and their patron is thus described by General Wilson:

"Halleck and Drake, accordingly, went one evening together to Coleman's residence in Hudson Street and requested an interview. They were ushered into the parlor; the editor soon entered; the young poets expressed a desire for a few minutes' strictly private conversation with him, and, the door being closed and locked, Mr. Drake said, 'I am Croaker; and this gentleman, sir, is Croaker junior.' Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected astonishment, at length exclaiming, '*My God! I had no idea that we had such talents in America!*'"

The surprise of the worthy editor appears to have been shared in a measure by his readers: such, at any rate, was the opinion of Halleck, as we gather from a letter to his sister at this period:

"Can you believe it, Maria? Joe and I have become authors! We have tasted all the pleasures and many of the pains of literary fame and notoriety, under the assumed name of *The Croakers*. We have had the consolation of seeing and hearing ourselves praised, puffed, eulogized, execrated, and threatened as much, I believe I can say with truth, as any writers since the days of Junius. The whole town has talked of nothing else for the three weeks past, and every newspaper has done us the honor to mention us in some way, either of praise or censure, but all uniting in owning our talents and genius."

The mistaken belief that he was, or could be, a humorous writer, led to the production of Halleck's first poem of any length,—"*Fanny*." It is possible to read "*Fanny*," as it is possible to read "*The Croakers*," for I have done both. But it is impossible, at least I find it so, to feel any interest therein; for the analysis which could detect poetry in either would be rarer than the alchemy which was once supposed to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. There is no story in "*Fanny*," or none to speak of; and the most that one can say of it is that it is an imaginary sketch of the social experiences of its heroine, the daughter of a shopkeeper in Chatham Street, who, having amassed what was then considered a comfortable little fortune, proceeded to make a bril-

liant brief splurge in society, and concluded his career by going where the woodbine twineth.

To depict the mortifying experiences of a parvenu's daughter ought not to have been difficult, but it was more than the unpractised pen of Halleck could accomplish; for, flimsy in intention and feeble in execution, "Fanny" was dreary reading, because the author after writing what he probably considered a poetic passage immediately spoiled it by sticking his tongue in his cheek. A certain amount of antiquarian interest attaches to his pointless verse, and there is a pretty description of Weehawken, which was one of his favorite suburban resorts. What the subject-matter of such a poem as "Fanny" could be in the hands of a true poet was shown at a later period by Thomas Hood in "Miss Kilmansegg," and at a still later period by Mr. Stedman in his "Diamond Wedding." But Halleck was more than the would-be wit that he still believed himself to be, and this fact was discovered by him when he came to lose his friend Drake, who died not long after the publication of "Fanny," and whose death he commemorated in some touching lines. They possess the merit of genuine feeling, for he was truly attached to Drake, and are fervid, though artless, in expression. Like all his serious verse, of which they were nearly the first example, they appear to have been carelessly written, and might have been bettered, as it seems to us, if he had spent more time upon them. They are faulty from the excess of feeling, and in the opening stanza they remind us of Wordsworth's "Lucy," which they *ought* to have equalled.

The position which a poet holds, and ought to hold, in the estimation of his readers is not and ought not to be determined by the quantity, but by the quality, of his poetry. It is the habit of poetical minds of a certain cast to be verbose and voluminous; it is the necessity as well as the inclination of poetical minds of another cast to concentrate their energies in concise creations. The former are represented in English and American verse by the Scotts, the Southeys, the Byrons, the Longfellow, and the Whittiers; the latter by the Grays, the Campbells, and the Hallecks. The poetic impulses of Halleck were infrequent, and not continuous. His best work—in other words, all his good, serious work—is contained within the compass of four or five hundred lines. His genius, for he had genius, expressed itself in three poems of moderate length,—“Alnwick Castle,” “Burns,” and “Marco Bozzaris.” The first two were written about two years after the death of Drake, during a short pleasure-trip through England and Scotland, in the autumn of 1822; the latter about a year later, after his return to New York and his routine work in the banking-house of Jacob Barker. The twelvemonth comprised between these dates is all that need concern us in the poetical life of Halleck. Beginning, dubiously, with his contributions to the “Croaker” squibs in 1819, and ending ingloriously with his “Young America” in 1864, it was brilliant only at this period.

I have been reading these poems lately, and more critically than I could have done thirty years ago, and they have increased rather than diminished my respect for their author. They were remarkable considering the time at which they were written, and which was barren of

good verse of American origin. They antedated the best of Bryant's earlier poems,—“The Rivulet,” “March,” “Summer Wind,” “Monument Mountain,” “Hymn to the North Star,” and “Song of the Greek Amazon,” for example; which were not given to the world until after the composition of “Marco Bozzaris,”—and promised a poetic career to which he never attained. Lyrical in a large sense, they display in single passages a more than lyrical strength. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in English verse such picturesque suggestions of the pomp and splendor of feudal days as we find in “Alnwick Castle,” in which the manner of Scott has become a style, and which are suffused with a rich historic light. There is dignity, not to say distinction, in its spirited but careless stanzas, which are needlessly disfigured with imperfect rhymes,—a metrical negligence of which Halleck, like Scott and Byron, was too often guilty. Nor is this distinction impaired by the introduction of local and modern allusions, through which, as through a bustling foreground, we are borne back to this stately home of the Percy's high-born race. The poetic, for once, does not suffer from its temporary association with the humorous.

Less elaborate in conception and less studied in expression than “Alnwick Castle,” the lines on Burns were written with a heartiness of admiration which was not common at the time, and with a warmth of feeling which was not habitual with Halleck at any time. He was carried beyond himself by his sympathy with the manliest qualities of the genius of that poet, the sincerity of whose nature and the energy of whose song were eloquently described in Halleck's lines. Lowell and Whittier have since eulogized the peasant-bard, but less fervently, and less happily, as it seems to me, than Halleck, who has added a new quotation to the language in

The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.”

“Marco Bozzaris” was a passionate outgrowth of that excess of natural emotion and sentimental devotion which was awakened by the Greeks in their uprising against their Turkish masters, who were popularly execrated throughout all Christendom. What Mr. Gladstone has since called “the unspeakable Turk” was a favorite poetic bugaboo with the rhymesters of England and America. He maddened the sensitive soul of Campbell; and, while he was not personally offensive to Byron, he was more or less the cause that led that great poet to sacrifice his time and money in the service of Greece and end his days prematurely in the swamps of Missolonghi. “Marco Bozzaris” differed from the phil-Hellene poetry of the period which produced it, in that it was less denunciatory, and therefore more reasonable, than the clamor which it surmounted, and that it celebrated a single heroic action, and not the warlike bustle of a series of revolutionary struggles. Its interest centred in this action, and in the personality of its hero, and in the train of reflection and meditation, which were as poetically significant of both as the train of reflection and meditation which have made Gray's “Elegy” and Bryant's “Thanatopsis” immortal. It is not of the poet that we think while reading it, but of his theme, which

extends from the fate of the valiant captain who fell in that memorable night-attack on the ancient field of Platea, until it embraces the race of patriotic heroes throughout the world.

When and where I first met Halleck I have forgotten ; but it must have been about thirty years after the *annus mirabilis* which inspired this noble trio of Greek, Scottish, and English lyrics. It may have been in the editorial room of the *Home Journal*, where the rosy face of General Morris was lighted up with smiles at the unannounced entrance of the author of "Fanny," whom he was wont to compliment at the approach of each successive spring by reprinting his airy lines, "The winds of March are humming." Or it may have been at a small hotel on Broadway, whither he was brought by Dr. Griswold that he might pay his old-fashioned respects to Miss Alice Cary, whom the anthological doctor of the bards of America had introduced into the literary circles of New York.

It was a very different city from the little Zoar of his early manhood, when Greenwich Street was filled with fashionable residences, and when Chambers Street was so far up town that the back of the City Hall was constructed of brownstone instead of the white marble which made its front so imposing. It was peopled also with a different race of money-makers than that of the Barkers and the Astors. The old order had changed, giving place to new ; but, new or old, New York still possessed attractions for Halleck, to whom it was endeared by nearly forty years' association, and whom it frequently tempted from the sleepy old town in which he was born. That he was ever contented with his simple life at Guilford I can no more believe than that Lamb was content with *his* simple life at Enfield, whither he retired after leaving the India House, and where he spent his mornings in long, aimless wanderings about unfamiliar country roads and in much beer-drinking at the bars of rustic inns. For, like Lamb, Halleck was a person of clerklly habits, and was most himself in the sweet security of streets. The banishment of men like these from great cities is seldom voluntary, and never consolatory. That Halleck was frequently to be found in New York during the latter years of his life was known to all his old friends, and to some of his young ones, among whom I soon ranked myself after our first meeting.

There was between us, as he once observed, the bond of a clerklly occupation, and he used occasionally to drop in upon me at my room in the Custom-House. I treated him with the deference which was his due, and he treated me with a consideration which was hardly my due, for I was some thirty years his junior. Something about him, I can scarcely say what, reminded me of Lamb, whose odd and fantastic tastes I sometimes fancied I detected in his whimsical talk. He was courtly and liberal in his literary opinions, except with regard to two English poets who then stood highest in popular favor, and who, for reasons which were incomprehensible to me, were his aversion. He had a conventional, last-century intellect, and found nothing to admire, but much to deride, in Tennyson and Browning. Campbell still possessed the early charm for him, and I shall never forget the warmth

with which he defended the character of that poet from the aspersions which had been cast upon it by his whilom understrapper in the management of the *New Monthly Magazine*, Cyrus Redding, to which I somewhat injudiciously drew his attention. He was a reader of old books, and I of new ones, and I was sometimes enabled to tell him something about the last, with which he could not well have become acquainted at Guilford. He was fluent and animated in his conversation, which was rather in the vein of monologue than dialogue, but not so distinct in his enunciation as I could have wished. There was still a brightness in the eye over which age was beginning to draw its filmy curtain, and which sometimes seemed to emit sparks in the heat of talk. There was that within him which "o'er-informed this tenement of clay," though it did not wear out his pygmy body. For Halleck, as I recall his figure through the lapse of years, was somewhat diminutive in stature and slight of build; and if at one time I was reminded of Lamb, I was reminded at another of Barry Cornwall, whose sensitive, delicately-chiselled features he appeared to possess. He was humorous in a certain dry way, whatever he may have been while writing "The Croakers," and the coming jest was sometimes detected in an anticipatory twist of the corners of the mouth. I could never beguile him into speaking of his own verse, but he was cordial in his praise of the verse of some of his younger contemporaries, when what he called its "sense" happened to strike him. He liked a bit of balladry which I dashed off on the death of Thackeray, with whom and whose work, by the way, he had no sympathy. He liked a more carefully considered poem which I wrote on the tercentennial of Shakespeare, and he also liked a more elaborate Horatian ode of mine on the assassination of President Lincoln,—differing in this last liking of his from a well-known critic in Boston, to whom this production was distasteful, and who indignantly censured me for affixing to it, by way of a motto, the famous soliloquy of Macbeth over the taking off of Duncan, which was better suited, this critic declared, to the mouth of Lincoln's assassin than to the poet who pretended to weep over his assassination.

My last reminiscence of Mr. Halleck does not relate to the poet as I knew him, nor to his poetry as the world has it. It is not personal, but posthumous, and is associated with the ceremonies which were held at Guilford about two years after his death. His friends had projected a monument, and, unlike many such projects, which are common enough in this country, it was completed, and Bayard Taylor wrote the address which was delivered on that occasion.

We left the city together, Taylor and I, proceeding by rail to Guilford. It was a bright summer morning, and we enjoyed the journey, which was enlivened with anecdotes concerning the dead poet, whom Taylor had known long and intimately. We were received at the station by the committee in charge of the proceedings, and conducted to the house of one of Halleck's country neighbors, a merchant of New York, who had prepared for us a late breakfast—or an early luncheon.

The occasion which had brought us together can hardly have been

considered a mournful one, in spite of its object ; at any rate, it was not so considered by me, for, thanks to the brightness of the day, the delightful chat of Taylor, and the good cheer which was set before us, I was in excellent spirits. Everybody was pleased with everybody else, and the necessity for life was as clear to us as the necessity for happiness. I wished that Halleck himself were present, and was foolish enough to say so to a solemn personage who sat near me, and who was as unimaginative as the oysters upon which he was feeding. I have forgotten the precise words of his answer, but it reminded me of the answer of the matter-of-fact Scotchman to Charles Lamb, who remarked at a dinner given in London to one of the surviving sons of Burns after his return from India, that he wished it was the father instead of the son :

“ But it cahnt be, you see, mon, for he’s dead ! ”

R. H. Stoddard.

SOCIAL LIFE UNDER THE DIRECTORY.

THE rage for Directory costumes, that prevails among women of to-day, is obviously not due to the same causes that led to their origin in the Parisian society of 1795, namely, the ignorance of the fair sex and their consequent poverty of thought and expression, for never, surely, in the world’s history have women been more highly educated, or talked more and better, than in this year 1869, when fashion, that most inconsequent of rulers, has turned back nearly a hundred years for novel modes in which to array her votaries. Finding herself unable to attract by the charms of high breeding and fine culture, like the *Précieuses* of a past generation, and appreciating, with the fine discernment of her nation, that diamonds do not confer taste, or millions correct syntax, the Parisienne of the new society called to her aid the artist, sculptor, and archæologist, subsidized ancient Greece and Rome for drapery, and came forth from the hands of her *modiste* resplendent in gowns *à la Flore* and *à la Diane*, in tunics *à la Cérès* and *à la Minerve*, in skirts *au lever de l’Aurore*, and in veils of Vestals, that enhanced rather than concealed the beauty of the faces beneath them.

The requisites of a woman who desired to shine in the social life of the Directory were not to be well born, well read, or even well bred, but simply to be well dressed, or rather *bien déshabillé*, for the costume of the time was slight even to transparency. Most of the women who ruled in the so-called *salons* were the wives and daughters of men who had acquired their wealth by furnishing army-supplies or in stock-jobbing. This great army of the *enrichés* came forward, says M. Lacour, to spend in Paris the insolent fortunes they had acquired more or less honestly and more or less rapidly. It goes without the saying, that the wives of these *nouveaux riches* were ready to assist their husbands generously in this laudable task of dispensing their ill-gotten

gains. Consequently, upon the mobile world of Paris, whose streets had so lately resounded to the heavy rumble of the *tombereau* and the mad cry of the populace athirst for blood, there dawned a reign of luxury, extravagance, and display that rivalled the court of the Bourbons.

Social life, after all, partakes largely of the characteristics of a spring-board, a rebound of gayety and frivolity usually following a period of national depression. Such was the case in some of the large cities of the New World after the Revolution, and again after the late civil war. The rebound from heaviness to excessive levity was much more marked in the gayest capital in Europe, when France, having beheaded her king, queen, and a large portion of the hated nobility, called herself free, when after a period of intense gloom, during which the people seemed only to draw breath between insurrections, when finally the revolutionists fell upon each other and Girondists destroyed Jacobins only to be destroyed in their turn, a season of internal tranquillity ensued, during which those who had been in prison came forth into the light of day, and those who had been threatened with the guillotine could clap their hands upon their heads, congratulating themselves that these were still upon their shoulders. The remnant that survived rejoiced, and in their transports sometimes went beyond the limits of the "Goddess of Reason," that many professed to adore. The transition was so sudden that it seems almost incredible that Madame de Beauharnais and Madame Tallien, who had been in the Conciergerie together, and only saved from the guillotine by the sudden revulsion against Robespierre, should in less than a twelvemonth be discussing with great interest appropriate costumes for a magnificent *soirée* to be held at the Hôtel Thélusson, which would, Josephine says, languish without the rival beauty whom she begs to wear her peach-blossom gown, as she herself proposes to appear in a similar one, holding it important that they should be dressed alike, in order to reduce to despair certain reigning toasts, whom she designates as the "Three Lapdogs and the English Brace." Madame de Beauharnais's hair was to be done up with a red kerchief *à la Océole*, with three loops on the temples, and she adds, with charming frankness, "What is very daring in me is quite natural for you who are younger,—perhaps not prettier, but incomparably more blooming." Barras, chief Director, luxurious and pleasure-loving, gathered around him a brilliant circle at the Luxembourg, where the Spanish beauty, Madame Tallien, was one of the most admired *habitués*, appearing as the Venus of the Capitol, or in such a costume as the following, which was considered full dress during the Directory, and consisted of a Grecian tunic, of light and transparent material, fashioned after a drawing by Girodet, over which was thrown a scarf of gold-embroidered muslin, which left the bust and shoulders almost bare. The feet were also bare, except for the sandals that encased them, which were fastened on the arched instep by large brilliants. The arms were encircled from shoulder to wrist by gold bangles, enriched with antique cameos of great value, while her head was adorned only by masses of the most luxuriant black hair, which gleamed with a rich purple hue in the light. Sometimes Madame Tallien would

drape about her beautiful shoulders a cashmere shawl, then rare and little used, but which she and Madame de Beauharnais possessed the art of wearing with inimitable grace.

If women's costumes were fanciful in the extreme, those of the other sex were no less remarkable. If the former appeared as nymphs and goddesses, the quondam *muscadins*, now *jeunesse dorée* (the title was made for them), instead of arraying themselves in the severely-cut garments of the Revolutionary period, disported themselves in coats of brilliant hue with black velvet collars, shoes pointed like the beak of a bird, huge green cravats, powdered hair, long and tucked up with a comb like a *chignon*, and enormous gold ear-rings. The costume of "the mirror of form" of that day, effeminate as it was, seems to have been incomplete without a huge club to be carried by the mincing dandy when'er he took his walks abroad. All of these fads and fashions accorded well with the sudden inability on the part of the youth of Paris to pronounce the letter *r*, a somewhat similar affliction to that which has befallen the British youth of a later date. Some of the *jeunesse dorée* called themselves *incroyables*, which they pronounced *incoïables*. The name was certainly not ill chosen, although they did not mean it for a joke, but simply to match the *merveilleuses*, which was the favorite title of a number of equally foolish young women, whose ambition was to appear in costumes as nearly approaching Greek statues as the climate of France would permit.

In this society in which the heads were so remarkably light, the heels partook of the same characteristic, and never perhaps in the world's history has dancing risen to be such a fine art as in the Parisian *salon* under the Directory. The lessons of Trénis, the famous dancing-master, were sought after as men once sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. Trénis introduced the waltz into the *salon* in which the measure of the stately minuet had once been languidly trod by the noble ladies and dignified gentlemen of the old *régime*, many of whom had perished on the scaffold. As taught by Trénis, the waltz required not only ease and lightness, but something of the ability of the gymnast. Happily, the *danseuse* of the day was in no way impeded by her costume, two pounds, jewels included, being considered heavy for an entire toilet. Indeed, a favorite method of settling the claims of rival beauties was to weigh the clothing of the fair ones, the lightest naturally rising highest in the scale and thus establishing the pre-eminence of the wearer. Not only did the *beau monde* itself dance, it delighted to see others dance; for this was a world in which the object of life was to be amused: hence, when a favorite dancer appeared, a piano was brought in, a circle was formed, while the audience stood upon chairs and enthusiastically applauded the Terpsichorean of the hour, who, if it happened to be Trénis, would only condescend to waltz with a partner whom he considered worthy of his talents and calculated to give *éclat* to his own performance. Madame d'Abrantes describes a ball at the Thélusson, at which Hortense de Beauharnais, in her girlish beauty, danced like a sylph with this master of the art.

In the midst of all this high carnival of gayety, there were serious and thoughtful men and women in Paris, some of whom had lan-

guished in prison, and others among the slowly-returning *émigrés*, who clasped each other's hands and looked eagerly in each other's faces like men saved from shipwreck, recounting with sadness the trials they had suffered, and looking forward with apprehension to the future for themselves and for France. Such persons speedily made an effort to establish something approaching the *salon* of the past. They soon discovered, however, that free thought and its expression had less chance to live under the rule of a dictator than under that of an absolute monarch. Napoleon sought those who would carry out his own ideas, not those who would originate them for him. Women had always been the rulers of the *salon*, and women with opinions were insufferable to him. Madame de Staël expressed hers freely in her own circle, the actions of the usurper were criticised, and no sooner was Napoleon made First Consul than this dangerously brilliant lady was informed that the air of Paris was not good for her health. The beautiful Madame Récamier, who understood the art of ruling a *salon* better than any woman in Europe, did not permit politics to be discussed in her circle, it is true, but, having had the misfortune to offend the conqueror early in his career, was also obliged to quit Paris, and, instead of dancing her famous shawl dance in the capital that she loved, was pursued from city to city by the relentless hatred of her powerful enemy. Josephine, who had, as Madame de Beauharnais, once held a *salon* of her own, was permitted to draw around her a circle of friends; but, as most of them were chosen from among her husband's favorite generals and their wives, some of them far from congenial, there was little that could be called conversation in these gatherings at Malmaison. Obviously, literature and art could not be discussed with any spirit where most of the guests were ignorant of their first principles. Josephine and her friend Madame Tallien cared more for the draping of a shawl or the arrangement of a turban than for all the literature and art of Europe. Political discussions would doubtless have been more to their taste, for what woman does not enjoy a little wire-pulling in that line? and Josephine, with her natural tact and genuine goodness of heart, would have delighted in planning for her friends and in heaping favors upon them. Here, however, as elsewhere, Napoleon was ruler, writing over the entrance of the *salon* that politics were to be let alone by women, who were, by nature, incapable of understanding them. Hence, as if to live up to the character that her husband had drawn of her, a creature made of gauze and laces, who invented as many fashions as there were days in a year, Josephine devoted herself to arts purely feminine, and by her extravagance and love of display prepared herself to lead the most luxurious court in Europe.

Brilliant and magnificent as were the *salons* of the Directory and the Consulate, adorned with the most beautiful women in France arrayed in costumes of unrivalled richness, and during the Empire graced by many of the old nobility, it soon became evident that the *salon*, as a distinct feature in social life and an important factor in politics and literature, had ceased to exist. The glories that it had known under the learned and beautiful Madame de Rambouillet, the romantic Julie, Mademoiselle de Scudéri, and other Précieuses and beau-

ties of the past, were forever gone, crushed by the changes in society that would in time come to stand for progress, and hampered by the petty tyranny of Napoleon, who banished those who offended him, and who daily accentuated the fact that in the smallest details of social life, as well as in the broadest schemes of statesmanship, his will was law. It is difficult to imagine the women who had once ruled in their *salons* with absolute authority submitting to the whims of one who was as ready to find fault with a lady's dress as with the soup at dinner. One day he rudely orders Josephine's rag-merchants, as he was pleased to call the venders of laces and silks, from the palace, and finds fault with the lady-in-waiting because her costume is too extravagant, while upon another occasion he showers rich gifts upon his wife and takes a court lady to task for appearing a second time in the same dress, adding, satirically, "Have you no other gown, madame, than that which you have on? Can you not induce your husband to purchase you another?"

Later, art, music, and the drama took the place of literature and politics. Madame Lebrun, who had once painted the lovely Marie Antoinette and the famous beauties of her court, and nearly lost her own head in consequence, came back to Paris and established her artistic *salon*. Mademoiselle Contat, the actress, formed a *salon*, where music ruled the hour, and others there were, in which Isabey designed his portraits with a few rapid strokes of the pencil, and where, if M. de Boufflers sometimes put the guests to sleep over a game of proverbs, Casimer and Trénis were at hand to wake them up again with music and the dance.

Anne H. Wharton.

ABOUT RHYME.

A GOOD many people confound poetry with rhyming,—especially with rhythmical rhyming. But rhyme is not an essential part of poetry, any more than the Grecian cornice is a necessary part of a temple. It may be connected with it for the best of reasons, and commonly is; but it is there chiefly for ornament. Rhyme is more or less a modern device, emphasized or revived by the troubadours and minnesingers of a few hundred years ago. It was not needed for the *Iliad* and the great works of antiquity; and it is only an incident—where it is ordinarily absent—in the works of Shakespeare. It is verse that is the antithesis of prose, says Coleridge; the antithesis of poetry is science. Poetry deals with the imagination, while science deals with pure facts.

To common minds, however, rhyme is the impressive, and frequently overwhelming, fact in a poem. An amateur critic will not tolerate much license with rhyme, though the great poets exhibit an abundant freedom in their departures from perfection in it. The amateur critic supposes that every rhyme in a poem must be as perfect as "love" and "dove," or "May" and "day." Now, so far as we can remember, in Mr. Edmund Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes" every rhyme is thus perfect

and the rhythm is liquid to perfection. If flawless rhythm and rhyme could make poetry, Mr. Lear's work—which is capital in its way—would be great poetry. But nobody, not even its very clever author, classifies it, except formally, in that category.

In my volume on "Emerson as a Poet" I remark as follows concerning Emerson's mode of rhyming:

"He pours forth at times broken, irregular verses; deals in abrupt transitions of thought; employs occasionally astonishing rhymes; and leaves to the reader some discretion and part in weaving together the continuity of his ideas. One may not think that 'down' and 'dimension,' 'success' and 'Eumenides,' 'bear' and 'woodpecker,' and the like, have any more right to be married in rhyme than have the elephant and the kangaroo; but he puts them together with a strange felicity, and the archaism becomes a beauty rather than a blemish. . . . In other couplets—as in these, for instance—

Give to barrows, trays, and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance;

Is the ancestor of wars
And the parent of remorse;

Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
Gives all to them who all renounce—

he secures such a flavor as haunts and holds you long after their spell has been uttered. The wish which the poet often feels to get out of ruts and abandon the Della-Cruscan tameness of such frequently repeated rhymes as 'day' and 'May,' 'fly' and 'sky,' 'breeze' and 'trees,' 'hour' and 'flower,' is easily compassed by Emerson through the virility of his vocabulary and the strange and subtle force he can put in his final words and syllables,—the rhyming chords. The new English school of poets, sometimes called the pre-Raphaelites,—of which Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris are the chiefs,—attain a similar end by making use, with marked effect, of such rhymes as 'thing' and 'thanksgiving,' 'her' and 'harp-player,' where the ictus must of necessity fall, in the rhyming word, on the penultimate syllable, instead of on the rhyming one."

If I were writing near a library it would be easy to show, by examples innumerable, that the best poets not only omit in certain cases the best rhymes, but that they do it often in their best stanzas. Mr. Whittier's volumes are full of imperfect rhymes; but the strength and high fervor of his verse make you forget that the ear has been defrauded. So good a writer as Aldrich—the most dainty poet in our language, perhaps, with the finest eye for color and the nicest ear for sound—does not hesitate in the very first stanza of one of his poems to rhyme the goddess "Minerva" with "fervor." In a middle stanza, after the rhyming notes had been well started, the violation of rule would not have been so marked. But he commences his melody with it. And he has one other rhyme, which I half remember, that is even worse. If it is not "gone" and "born," it is something still more flagrant. The stanza in which he puts it, however, is not offensive.

Milton, in his "Comus," makes "air" rhyme with "hear;" Dryden puts "dish" and "flesh" together (a combination which is justified at the dinner-table); Campbell puts "face" before "glass" (which suggests vanity in real life), and a dozen reputable poets rhyme "heaven" with "given." Byron mates "aisle" with "recoil;" Wordsworth does not object to "prove" and "love," while Longfellow uses "grove" and "love" together. "Arms" with "worms" satisfies Goldsmith in a single instance. But Longfellow, again, puts "gone" and "horn" in conjunction, while Alexander Smith couples "snores" and "nose" (which, of course, usually do go together). Leigh Hunt makes "heap" rhyme with "archetype."

Whittier gives us "abroad" and "Lord" more than once, I think; but to sample his worst departures from impeccability it would be necessary to have his books at hand, which I have not. Tennyson makes "been" rhyme with "green;" but then, it may be said, the English do not pronounce the first word as if it were "bin," but often as if it were "bean." He, however, goes worse astray than this divergence.

Now, it will surprise an amateur critic, who has just mastered the primitive rules of verse, to be told that the absolutely perfect rhymes are not always the best. The truth is, a rhyme which just escapes being perfect, occurring occasionally in a well-selected environment, often excludes tameness from the melody, and adds positive strength to the thought.

I will challenge any one to take the rhymes in the couplets I have chosen from Emerson above, and (if read in their proper connections) to find better ones to put in their places. The truth is, they furnish—by their near approach to rhyme and their peculiar departure from perfect parallelism of sound—an exquisite delight. They are as much an additional charm as that redundancy in a line of Moore's in "Lalla Rookh" which the pretentious critic Fadladeen stumbled over on account of its pleonastic rhythm. Just imagine the enormity of that hump in the back of the line,—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream,

thought Fadladeen. At the same time that this pedagogical criticism was being uttered, every reader knew that the line was immeasurably richer and better than any one in the whole poem.

Emerson in one place uses "suns" and "once" together. It is one of those close drives at, and narrow escapes from, the rhymist's mark, that help to make his poetry captivating and eminent in its musical appeal. Of course, pedagogical rules concerning rhyme are useful to beginners, and are to be followed in the main by those who have made their art famous; but the master of the poetic art can well say when and where and how much he may absolve himself from them. A beginner who, frequently, has little but his technique to offer, needs to see that that, at least, is perfect. He is making a frame for the suspension of great thoughts; and before he gets the thoughts it is all-important to him that his frame should be without essential or even noticeable blemish. He cannot afford to do as Bryant did once,—make a word rhyme with itself,—because rhyme is likeness with a difference, and this is identity.

But in one of the stanzas of Bryant's much admired poem "To the Evening Wind" this identity occurs. A good ear may notice it, or may not. Whether it does, or not, the large sense and high beauty and natural form of the expression in which it is set pardon the slip, or the anomaly,—call it whichever you will.

I know an instance where a poem was sent back to an author who gets a dollar a line frequently for his verse,—and who is represented by selection in perhaps a dozen books and anthologies,—because he used in one of the middle stanzas of it the rhyme of "crushed" and "dust." The editor, or his assistant,—most likely the assistant,—wrote that he "must draw the line at 'crushed' and 'dust.'" The offending author brushed the *dust* from his eyes to discover that he had been *crushed* over a primitive pedagogical rule. He could not deny that this was an imperfect rhyme; but, as he could not very well put "crust" in the first place or "rushed" in the second, to escape the not remarkably but still slightly obtrusive *h*, he simply took the poem where so nice an ear did not prevail. The criticism was very kindly suggested: it gave satisfaction rather than offence, because a little adverse criticism is sometimes wholesome. But it set the author thinking.

Would this critic wish that music had no other chord but the repetitious octave? Are not thirds and fifths, and here and there a minor chord, desirable? And how as to the premeditated discords themselves, of which neither Beethoven nor Wagner was ashamed, which the fuller melody and harmony are supposed to resolve? What would an impeccable critic think, for instance, of Walt Whitman?

Joel Benton.

THE RIVER.

THROUGH winding valleys and by upland farms
The river sweeps with many a foamy crest,
Until it falls into the meadow's arms

And sleeps with scarce a dimple on its breast,
Save when the wheeling swallow dips its wing,
Or leaping minnow leaves a widening ring.

The silver osier leans above its brink,
Weaving a checkered screen of sun and shade;
And here the shy, swift lizard comes to drink,
The dainty-footed snipe and heron wade,
And, like a chain of emeralds and gold,
The silent adder's glittering coils unfold.

The water-lily dips its vase of snow
In many a shallow cove along whose edge
The graceful reeds and purple flag-flowers grow,
And dappled river buds, and tufted sedge;

And in the stream beneath their image lies,
Mirrored like beauty in a lover's eyes.

O river! was it for these shadows dim,
The cool, pellucid deeps and rushy fens,
And flowers that bend above thy grassy rim,
That thou didst fret among thy mountain-glens?
O happy river! is thy turmoil past,
And hast thou won thy perfect peace at last?

Ah, no: I hear a low continuous voice,
Impatient ever, from thy broad, deep breast;
Thou hast not found the haven of thy choice,
Not yet is it permitted thee to rest:
O river, there is no repose for thee
Till thou art lost in the oblivious sea.

O river, rushing river of my youth!
Bright turbulence that ever bears me on
To seek some higher good, some truer truth,
Shall not repose be ultimately won
In some calm haven where my toil shall cease
And all my days be locked in perfect peace?

Ah, no: the sleepless voice within me cries,
"All things flow onward like this restless river;
There is no rest on earth or in the skies,
Nor any ceasing in that strong endeavor
Which whirls the ponderous planet on its pole
And leads man blindly towards some unknown goal."
Charles L. Hildreth.

WHO WAS SHE?

ONE of the most pleasurable journeys that can be made is to take a leisurely open-air drive through the romantic region of the Virginia Blue Ridge.

No wonder that the Indians, in their expressive phraseology, should have called the chain of the North Mountain, where peaks vie with peaks in giving glorious change of contour, "The Endless Mountains."

Yes, in the variety of shapes that these summits give, the unceasing, the bewildering kaleidoscopic glimpses of vistas, the sort of mirage-producing atmospheric effect, the splendor of primeval forests filled with the trilling melody of feathered choristers, the curious types of people one meets, such a journey is a triumphal progress through a region of delights.

There Nature, vested in regal beauty, attends her worshippers, as willing handmaid, and unnoted are the fast-fitting hours.

Let the season be budding May, blooming June, languorous July, or voluptuous August, the magic mirror is ever unfolding new charms.

On this special hot June day the fierce sun had hung with a fiery blaze over thousands of toilers in crowded cities, over the wide expanse of rolling prairie, of fertile valley, and dusty highway; but in the long defiles of the cool gorges leading to these heights, in the cathedral aisles of their solemn forests, and in the sequestered nooks of rock-shadowed coverts, the tempered solar rays were a refreshment.

Perchance the noonday siesta had been too long prolonged, for the lingering sunset found us still on the brow of a steep hill, from whence the enchanting panorama of outstretching valley lay at our feet.

But now no time must be lost, for the most dangerous descent we had yet encountered was before us. The narrow road was cut out of the hill-side at a grade so steep that, to measure the declivity with the eye, it seemed to be a perpendicular descent.

We were not inclined to trust ourselves to the chances of a rolling upset in our high open wagon, but preferred to walk the distance and cross the turbulent, swift torrent, at the bottom of the hill, on a tremulous foot-bridge rudely swung across with that careless indifference as to possible results so distinctively American.

By the time we had picked our way down the rocky road and crossed the stream, the sun had dropped out of sight, leaving us at the door of a dilapidated two-story log house.

We had expected to spend the night at the well-known and not uncomfortable inn of a village some four miles distant; but four miles in these mountain-fastnesses after dark was not to be thought of, with all its certainties of deep ruts, washed-out gullies, and stones, or, it might be, even a fallen tree blocking our way.

Yet the old log tavern—for such it proved to be—had such a shaky aspect that we hesitated to claim its shelter; and when we did so we found, to our surprise, that *they*, in their turn, were not quite certain about receiving us; yet it was quite in keeping with a kind of proud dignity that characterizes these country-people, to receive us as a favor.

A rather stout, middle-aged woman stood in the door-way, eyeing us with a tranquil indifference that was not encouraging, and her air of ownership of the shackly building was so entire that we found ourselves insensibly assuming a conciliatory tone, as we asked "the privilege of a night's lodging."

Whereupon the calico-clad dame, without otherwise noticing us, shouted out from where she stood, "Car'line, can the stranger put up here?"

There was the opening of the kitchen door, with a glimpse of an open fireplace and a savory smell of bacon frying; then a tall mulatto woman stepped forward and answered her mistress in an interrogatory tone:

"I reckon he kin, ef he'll be saddisfied wid thar Big Lady's room."

"'Big lady's room'!" said I to myself, with a cynical sneer. "Can this be an enchanted castle, and am I turned into a Quixotic knight-errant in search of adventure?" But I was very careful to keep my misgivings to myself, for I knew these amiable creatures would not hesitate to shut the door in my face in a twinkling, if it so pleased them. So I very humbly "took my place" as it was pointed out to me at the deal table in the kitchen, with my driver a little below the salt, not far off, where no hidalgo could have dispensed the honors with an air of more defiant disdain than did my independent landlady. An unpleasant suspicion, even, flitted across my addled brain, that it would be an awkward thing to ask to pay my reckoning, in the morning.

I was hungry enough, for mountain-air is a keen appetizer, to heartily enjoy the corn pone and ham and eggs, the chicory-bean coffee sweetened with store brown sugar, and the tumbler of rich cream to "top off" with, nor did I pause for a critical examination of my surroundings until, my not unsatisfactory meal being over, I happened to toy with the teaspoon (innocent amusement!), and, to my astonishment, noticed that it was of sterling silver, surmounted by a curious crest, which, with its points round a circlet, looked like a baronet's coronet.

I had intended to be discreet, but my amazement was too genuine not to betray itself, for, as I raised my eyes from a closer examination of this quaint piece of silverware, I found my landlady's gaze fixed upon me with a critical glare that seemed to question my honesty of purpose.

"True," thought I, in some mental confusion, "I might be a burglar in disguise, for all I can prove to the contrary."

So I only asked her, quite deferentially, "Madam, was this interesting relic the property of your grandmother?"

"Thunder! no," said she, in a stunning voice. "*She* hain't left no relict. That thar was the Big Lady's spoon."

"The Big Lady?" It was the second time in the space of an hour that this mythical personage had been referred to, in this tumble-down tavern, which, without her alleviating presence, was about as matter-of-fact a pile of decaying timbers, rudely plastered together, as I had ever seen.

I could not refrain, so I ventured to inquire, "The Big Lady,—pray, who is she?"

"You're poor shucks, anyhow, ef you hain't heard tell on *her*," was the sole reply, accompanied by such a withering glance that I instantly felt very tired, and hinted that I would like to go to my room.

"Car'line," said the mistress, "take that air taller dip and light the stranger ter that air room."

The woman led me in silence up a flight of shaky stairs, and opened a squeaking door, that hung on rusty hinges, of a room in the small hall above. Then she handed me the light, remarking, as she did so, "Mebbe you'll need it."

Then I was left alone.

"And this is the Big Lady's room," thought I. "Who is she? The mysterious owner of that quaint and dainty spoon, with its coroneted crest, had then been an inmate of this desolate apartment. When and how did it all come to pass? From whence had she come, and where was she now?"

A faint sigh seemed to answer my mental question. I started, then reassured myself with the reflection that I was very silly to permit my imagination to be disturbed by a mere phrase, connected with such a trivial fact.

Observing the room more carefully, I noticed that it was of considerable size, and had two windows facing the road, while a third casement gave a fine view, as I later on saw, of a meadow back of the house, through which meandered the stream we had just passed.

A large, old-fashioned, high four-poster was set in a corner behind the door; there were no closets, and the plain furniture consisted of a chest of drawers, over which hung a looking-glass dimmed with age, a pine table with basin and ewer, two or three pegs to hang clothes on, a cane-seat chair, an arm-chair, and a small rocker, and the windows had torn paper shades and no shutters.

The walls were bare and whitewashed, and the floor of wide oaken boards, uncarpeted. There was a wide open fireplace,—which pleased me, as likely to ventilate the room,—and some stairs that led up into an old-fashioned garret, closed at the top by a small door.

It was a bleak, dismal, comfortless place, and just a trifle musty, from lack of due airing.

The *sentiment* of the spot was cheerless; for places and things, as well as people, have a *record*, that leaves often an indefinable imprint.

There was just a certain something about the apartment that made one feel unpleasantly to trust one's self to sleep and darkness: so I placed the tallow candle, which at best must soon flicker out, in the chimney, thinking to go to sleep more readily while the low light lasted. In fact, I was much fatigued.

It was not very agreeable, the moment I went to bed, to sink into a depth of feathers this warm June night. Yet so it seems the country-people will have it; and where geese most abound, these high feather-beds must be endured.

Perhaps it was the discomfort of this warm nest that at first thwarted my best efforts to sleep, as I twisted and turned, trying various positions, and every moment getting wider awake.

After an hour or so, my candle sputtered itself away, and I began to notice the faint rays of the moon, that now cast an uncertain light around.

The chiaroscuro effect on the walls was gloomy, and, worn out with ineffectual efforts to sleep, I impatiently exclaimed, "The Big Lady is welcome to her room."

I was answered this time by a distinct sigh; whereat I cried out, "What nonsense to be ill at ease!"

And I encouraged myself with the thought that the air sifted in all directions through this rattle-trap of a tenement.

It is true that a slight wind, such as often marks the midnight hour,

had arisen, which, added to the increasing lunar rays, produced a tremulous motion, that threw weird shadows athwart the place, and the small door opening into the garret vibrated, creaked, and swung slightly ajar,—when, to my surprise, the semblance of a hand, a small, white, jewelled hand, was projected from within the dark loft, to close the door. I could even observe in special distinctness one sparkling ring on the third finger, with a quaint device, set in brilliants, of two opal hands clasped.

“I am beset with hallucinations to-night,” I said. “I will get out of this cursed feather bed, that appears to enervate me and disorder the visual nerve.”

So saying, I arose and dressed myself, determined to doze away the remainder of the night in the arm-chair.

Then, adjusting my pillows as comfortably as possible, with my feet stretched out upon another chair, I began to be very drowsy,—when my closing eyes were arrested by the oscillating movement of the rocker near me. It was one of those low chairs which women like to use, and was gently rocking to and fro, to and fro.

Did I see, or was I dreaming that I saw, the shadowy outline of a form seated there? And was there not a subdued sound, as of suppressed weeping?

I would not assent to such vagaries of the imagination, not even if my five senses confirmed the impression; of course not.

There was sufficient reason to explain many things, for the room was close and filled with bad air, I was a worn-out man, and my illusions could be accounted for in the strained state of my nerves; and had not moonbeams, ever since “the stars sang together,” played strange freaks with mortals?

Just as I was on the point of convincing myself, especially as the vaporous outline no longer agitated the chair, a stream of steady moonlight rested on the blar surface of that fading mirror, and, gazing upon the peculiar effect it caused, I started back from the pleading expression of a pair of full-orbed, lustrous dark eyes, with an intelligence in their depths,—not a mere painted, soulless surface. There was no setting of fair lineaments, no framing in: they gave me the effect that mouldering decay must have consumed the rest and left the spirit there. An icy terror transfixed my being, and I had no power to move, until the luminous orbits lost their distinctness, vanishing back into space.

Then, freed from the terrible enthrallment of their spell, I arose and hastened to open the window, and my head reeled from conflicting emotions.

I dared not look behind me, for I fancied I again heard the monotonous clicking of the rocker, or feared that the old mirror would again give forth its dead.

Ah, what a buried past has traced its processional imagery in our mirrors, over whose burnished expanse has swept so much of the secret history of the human race!

I could breathe more freely as I looked out upon the meadow and the brook. How picturesque! The stream splashed over a rocky bed,

which incessantly produced a delicate spray, that now faintly caught the amber tint of opaline beams and diffused a mild radiance.

The air was warm, serene, and clear, and the broad translucent sweep of pale light rested like a jewelled mantle on all things.

A cluster of wild-cherry-trees, revelling in a mass of bloom, stood in the meadow, and the wild dog-wood, with its star-eyed petals, looked meekly at the majestic sweep of the brooding weeping-willow that, Narcissus-like, bent over the gurgling waters. From out the leafy covert of the wild-cherry the clear-throated mocking-bird made tuneful answer to the tireless whippoorwill, that gave forth its plaintive cry, as it swaying sang on the willow's drooping branches. It was so clear and bright that I noticed small objects distinctly.

I would not mar the pleasure, and look back into that blank room, with its whispering sighs, its opening door, its phantom hand, its rocking shroud, and its undying eyes.

But presently the moon went behind a cloud, a chill mist curled upward out of the increasing obscurity, and a lull oppressed the dancing wavelets.

And now the ever-increasing mist assumed fantastic shapes, and out of the shadows flitted pallid lights, that played around a mystic, shrouded, vaporous form, that floated with trailing tresses clasped with a coronal of pearls, gently moving onward in mid-air with undulating movements, while the soft summer breeze played amid the strands of her golden tresses with æolian fragmentary sound.

The vision, with an almost imperceptible motion, drifted towards me,—nearer, nearer still, now up to the level of my open window, onward, clasping her diaphanous mantle close over an ever-throbbing heart, with that gleaming hand. I could not be afraid of such a transcendent, etherealized being. The fog grew denser, until it seemed to form a huge cloud upon which she rested, and then enwrapped her from my view.

I sank back into my arm-chair, exhausted, and my strained vision, overwrought by so many optical illusions, found relief in sleep; and, notwithstanding my constrained position, I slept heavily until awakened by the broad glare of the newly-risen sun shining upon me.

It was four o'clock, when I hastened to leave "The Big Lady's room," where I had passed so memorable a night. Happily, both "Car'line" and her doughty mistress were up and doing. It is incredible at what hour of the night country-people are pleased to begin the day's work, usually rising while it is still dark.

After I had settled my little bill with the hostess, which was more reasonable than her conduct or her language, she remarked to me, in a rather mollified tone, and with a grim smile,—

"I reckon, stranger, you slept right smart in thar Big Lady's room."

"Tell me," I answered, gaining courage to renew the attack, as I stepped out of the house, "who was she?"

For sole reply she said, "When you git ter town, jist ask the jidge at the court-house ter p'int out her chist."

Then, by way of giving me a Parthian hit, just as I was climbing into my wagon she bawled out, most sarcastically,—

"You git! you're ornery cuss, and don't know nothin', nohow."

We reached the pretty little town in time for the seven-o'clock breakfast.

"Where did you stay last night?" asked mine host.

With the taunt of my landlady still ringing in my ears, I thought I would try this man and see how much *he* knew, and so forthwith I answered,—

"In the Big Lady's room."

"You don't say so!" said he, in an incredulous way. "And you came out alive! for they say it's haunted, and if you see Aveline, the White Lady——" Here he stopped suddenly.

"Well," said I, sharply, "what comes of it?"

"Why," stammered the man, "it's a bad thing, and no one cares to risk it."

"And what of the Big Lady?" I asked.

He smiled. "I see you've got the country slang," he said. "That's the name they give the poor creature."

"What is the story?" I asked.

"It is soon told," answered he. "One dark and stormy night, some years ago, the lumbering stage upset going down that steep hill. The leaving that hill in that condition is a disgrace, anyhow, to Virginia roads.

"Inside the stage were two passengers,—a gentleman and a lady.

"The driver said they had been very merry and laughing that afternoon, and loving too, calling each other 'Andria' and 'Aveline.'

"When the vehicle rolled over, the poor gentleman was killed outright, being struck on the head, and the lady was carried in an unconscious state to the room where you slept last night.

"Our best doctors were called in, and after some days she came to, and straightway asked, 'Where is Andria?'

"Some fool who heard her blurted out, 'He is dead and buried.'

"Upon hearing this, she closed her eyes, and had a long chill, and the doctor said she was dying.

"But she got over it, and lived some months after that. But she never spoke a word, never smiled, never wept,—just sat in a little rocking-chair most of the time, with her hands folded, staring at the bare walls. The doctor said it was a clear case of heart-break, and she died because her love of life was gone.

"At last, one day, just at sunset, she had the window that looks out on the meadow open for a breath of air, and she leaned her pretty head forward on her arm, that lay on the window-sill, and ceased to breathe.

"After her death an open note to the doctor was found on the table, with only these written lines:

"'Not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any living creature. Bury me in the same grave with Andria, my beloved, and have engraved on a white marble cross at our heads, Andria and his Aveline.'"

"And her chest?" I asked, ashamed to destroy the pathos of the simple story by such a question, but too curious to resist.

"The small box they had in the stage," said he, "is in custody of

the clerk of the court, waiting claimants as heirs. But as yet no one has ever appeared who has known anything about this ill-fated pair.

"There is not much to be seen, and the money left all went for various expenses."

I delayed my departure, in order to visit the court-house, where I found an obliging clerk, who consented to show me the contents of that box, which is still there, awaiting a legal claimant.

The various little things had a pathetic meaning, and for me almost a personal one.

There were a few pieces of lace-trimmed underwear, now time-yellowed, one or two changes of clothing of fine soft texture, a necklace of pearls, a curious brooch, a jewelled watch and chain, the mate to that teaspoon, and—I grew pale as I saw it—the ring of the phantom hand, evidently a seal ring of the family.

If that sorrowful secret is ever found out, doubtless it will be through the crest on the teaspoon or the device of the ring. For these alone can answer the question of "*Who was she?*"

Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren.

A SILENT MINORITY.

THE figures in the foreground belong to everybody. They are the legitimate property of people who admire because they consider it their duty to do so. Satisfied with ready-made opinions, such thralls to conventionality are glad to be saved the trouble of thinking for themselves; and, like those who, through poverty or indifference, purchase ready-made clothing, an occasional misfit does not annoy them. Subjugated by the popular whim of the moment, they bewilder themselves with poetry which they cannot understand, and music which they hate; live, wed, eat, drink, clothe themselves, plenish their houses, and finally die and are buried, less in accordance with their own tastes than with some fashion set by others. This sheep-like following of custom is sometimes the result of indolence, and sometimes of irresolution and self-distrust; but, be that as it may, there could be no madder guide than public opinion, the Blatant Beast which sometimes, by chance, deals out summary justice to a monster, but is quite as likely to martyr a brave reformer.

There is no particular credit in bending the knee to one who is conspicuously labelled, "This is a hero." When the cue is furnished by the *claqueur*, the vulgar mob know that the time has come to give sign and token of admiration by vigorous hand-clapping, stamping with boot-heels, and pounding with canes and umbrellas. The veriest dullard is aware of what he is expected to think about Sir Philip Sidney, Casabianca, Sir Charles Grandison, and other popular types of virtue. He is not likely to make any mistake in the bestowal of reverence, since historic bravery, justice, and truthfulness never appear unticketed. But here and there we find a man of a jealous, exclusive temper who is

pleased to experience a certain loneliness in his likes and dislikes. He has no kinship with those generous, overflowing souls, always eager to share their delights, who love to go about in gangs and utter praises in chorus, and can scarce reconcile themselves to the enjoyment of anything unless they organize a Club or a Society for the purpose. As for the other, if any book especially attracts his fancy, nothing would please him so well as to buy the whole edition and make a holocaust of it, reserving a single volume, and destroying the plates. If a picture or a statue is the object of his adoration, he would fain give it some secret shrine, and kneel there in the solitary worship of beauty. The reflection that he is alone in his joy renders it doubly intense. Such a thought must have visited Balzac when he wrote the words, "I would have loved nothing so much as some soul buried like a well in the desert,—discovered only when you place yourself under the star that indicates it to the thirsty Arab."

For my part, I confess, candidly, a hearty dislike for heroes and heroines. They are such large, overpowering creatures. The world was made for them. They occupy the middle of the stage, and we petty men must creep about to find ourselves dishonorable corners. They are so good and great and wise and brave and beautiful that, by comparison, they make one feel himself almost beneath contempt. Even their faults, if they possess any, are akin to nobility. If they had a window in their breasts, they would not fear to throw it open to the gaze of all humanity. They have no small meannesses; they always say the right thing at the right moment; and over every circumstance intended for their ruin they tower triumphant. In truth, they are discomfiting to one who realizes that his excuse for being is but slight. It is sometimes said that we can forgive a man's faults, but not his perfections; and most of us have known people so virtuous that they are odious, and so irreproachable that they are unbearable.

Following this mental tendency, there are certain characters in fiction concerning whom I have always cherished an ardent desire for further information,—in whom I feel almost the pride of the discoverer or inventor, being sure that little thought has been bestowed on them by others. Let me instance Rogero, in "A Winter's Tale," whose one appearance is in the list of characters. Referring thereto, it may be found that he is the only "Sicilian gentleman" among a crowd of "Sicilian lords." This, in itself, is a distinction, marking him out from the herd. It is a direct tribute to the man's high character; for it is always safe to infer that the nobility of any country is corrupt. His name, too, has a fine, sonorous sound. Vainly I have tried to imagine the reasons that kept him off the stage,—the circumstances, over which he had no control, that must have fettered him hand and foot. Perhaps he was crippled by some accident, or perhaps his absence was due to the machinations of a jealous rival who feared his more luminous talents. But I have spent myself in conjecture to no purpose. Violenta, too,—vague, intangible, yet curiosity-piquing Violenta, of "All's Well that Ends Well,"—is another of my favorites. Although she appears "without the walls of Florence," with the Widow, Diana,

Mariana, and "other citizens," she stays modestly in the background. While the Widow is voluble in her good advice to Diana, Violenta's lips remain sealed. Even when the troops come in, with drum and colors, she refrains from joining in the idle comments of the others. This fact alone proves her a woman far above the ordinary, not to be dazzled by the soldier's brazen glory. Certainly she was no mere nonentity, voiceless for lack of thoughts or words. Hers was the silence of superior knowledge. It is to be observed that when Helena enters in the guise of a pilgrim, and offers, off-hand, to bestow "some precepts on this virgin,"—meaning Diana,—she proffers none to Violenta, checked, doubtless, by the latter's air of wisdom. It is interesting to fancy the possible result had Violenta interfered actively in the drama. Without doubt, her acute intellect would have unravelled the tangle,—she would have been able to convince Helena that Bertram was beneath her stratagems, and that a man entrapped by chance is usually lost by hazard.

Then, there is the Old Man of the Sea. I am aware that he is popularly regarded as a disagreeable old person who foisted himself upon Sindbad and became extremely burdensome to that seven-voyaged traveller. His very name has grown to be a term of reproach: of the direst bore we can find nothing worse to say than that he is an Old Man of the Sea. But all the more I am convinced that he is a misunderstood character. We have Sindbad's own words to prove that he was a "comely person," and although the "serpent heart hid in a flowering face" is an every-day discovery, I feel sure that it was not so in his case. That he was abstemious is shown by the fact that he was entirely ignorant of the effects of fermented liquors; and there is deep pathos in the thought of such childlike innocence enshrined in a venerable form. And he must have had good reasons for his mode of procedure. There are more comfortable ways of getting about the world than riding upon another man's shoulders. The Old Man of the Sea cannot be suspected, even by the most prejudiced, of ministering to his own pleasure in so doing. It might have been in the pursuance of an important scientific theory. Perhaps he was bound to silence by oath, and was upon the point of breaking it and divulging some stupendous secret, when Sindbad basely intoxicated him and took his valuable life.

Again, there is the husband of Juliet's nurse. His nebulous personality renders him all the more fascinating. Like many another man with a celebrated wife, he goes nameless, and must always be referred to in a circumlocutory manner, as Juliet's nurse's husband. We have it on the authority of the good woman herself that he was "a merry man,"—and, decidedly, she must have known; for if matrimony does not unfold a man's true character and temper, he must be harder to unriddle than the *Ælia Lælia Crispia*. It is true that the one specimen of his wit given by her is not particularly mirth-provoking. We must not, however, accuse her rashly of a treacherous memory or poor taste in selection; for it will be remembered that Juliet cut short the flood of eloquence by requesting Madame Nurse to "stint," in order that the conversation might revert to the young woman's own foolish

business. This is another fact which helps to feed fat my ancient grudge against heroines. When I reflect how many love-affairs there are in the world, what scores of lovers, what a superabundance of sighs and flames and darts, and how few genuine specimens of wit, I find it impossible to forgive the degenerate daughter of the Capulets. But for that egotistical interruption, such a diamond-mine of wit might have been opened as would have dimmed forever the feeble sparklings of "The Book of Jests," and all the rest of the "very tragical mirth" gathered together by the industrious compiler. The world has been cheated out of a rich legacy of laughter. The extent of the loss can never be estimated, and I must go wondering to the grave.

J. K. Wetherill.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

XI.

76. Who was the Lady of Kynast? What famous poet made her the subject of a ballad? And name three other famous poets who have written ballads on an analogous legend.

The Lady of Kynast is the heroine of an old German legend of the Riesengebirge, and the subject of a ballad written by the German patriot poet Körner, who died in 1813, while fighting for his country, at the early age of twenty-two. Rückert, a friend and contemporary of Körner, has also written a ballad on the same story, entitled "Die Begrüssung von Kynast." These two poems form an interesting example of different modes of treatment for the same legend; just as the analogous legend of "*The Glove*" has been subjected to three different interpretations by Schiller, Browning, and Leigh Hunt. On the northwest side of the Giant Mountains, on the rocky ledge of a yawning chasm, may be seen the remains of an old castle, the finest ruins in the neighborhood; and the Germans say that this was once a stanch old stronghold built on the very edge of a bottomless abyss called "Hell," and that this frightful chasm was surrounded by a wall so narrow that it scarcely afforded a footing, from which no soul dared trust himself to gaze down into the depths below. Within this castle dwelt the fair Kunegunde von Kynast, a maiden whose loveliness of face was accompanied by a proud, cold heart and haughty spirit. The poem says the old earl her father having died, her dependants are anxious to have another lord, and to that end beseech her to select a husband from the throng of lovers who besiege her castle gates. Totally unacquainted with the tender passion, and averse to the thought of abandoning her liberty, she proclaims her intention of never wedding; but, as this intelligence grieves her people, she qualifies the harshness of her decree by agreeing to set a "Brautritt," or task, to her lovers, the successful accomplishment of which shall receive the reward of her hand. But the feat which she proposes is cruel, and almost impossible of fulfilment: he who would possess her must win her by riding safely around the perilous castle-wall; and this no mortal man has ever dared, and, as Kunegunde had hoped, her lovers find their ardor dampened. The possession of a beautiful maiden, however, in time proved so great an incentive that several noble knights presented themselves and asked permission to essay the task. (It is just at this point that the two poets differ in their conception of the character of the heroine. Körner would fain believe that Kunegunde bewails her vow when she discovers that men exist who are willing to ride to certain death in an effort to win her,—and he represents her as swooning in an agony of remorse when the first victim plunges into the abyss; while Rückert pictures her cold and wantonly indifferent to the devoted love which dies for her sweet sake.) One after another, "Hölle" receives fresh victims, and Kunegunde

remains free and heart-whole. Three brave brothers have sacrificed themselves, and a valiant knight, Graf Albert, from Thuringia. This ghastly harvest for a time seemed to weaken the stoutest hearts; for many months no new suitors appeared; but at last there came another, before whose charms the proud Kunegunde bends and yields her stony heart. Madly in love, she pleads with him to forego the "Brautritt," which can never make her his,—but in vain; in vain she entreats him to delay the trial until the morning; his mind is firmly fixed, and, with her tearful farewells and the priest's blessing, he leaps upon his faithful steed, and, in sight of all the retainers of the castle, begins the fatal ride. Without a tremor, he advances step by step; no glance into the gulf below disturbs the clearness of his vision, and he treads the narrow ledge as securely as if it were three times its width. A shout of gladness goes up from the people as he reaches the goal in safety and returns to claim his bride. She flings herself upon him with grateful joy, but not so does he receive her; her lover has become her judge, and with stern voice he demands of her the three brothers and Graf Albert, whom her cruel vanity has driven to their grave. As for himself, he tells her, he will not touch her bloody hand,—that he does not wish to claim the reward that belongs to him, since he already has a wife and children at home. And so, with many taunts, he flings her broken heart in her face and rides away. Crushed by this rebuff, she falls senseless, and revives only to leap into the abyss where her victims await her coming.

The general impression left on the mind by this tale is that of a maiden who, to test the devotion of a lover, sets him an impossible or hazardous task, the fulfilment of which will be a tribute extorted by vanity, not love; and one is instantly reminded of the story of the "Glove," which Schiller borrowed from St. Foix's "Essai sur Paris," written in the time of Francis I. In Schiller's ballad the heroine also bears the name of Cunégonde. The king and his court have assembled to watch a contest of royal beasts, and above the arena, among the other guests, sit the fair Cunégonde and her betrothed, De Lorges. As the lions and tigers pause for a moment in their savage strife,

From the gallery raised above,
A fair hand dropped a glove,

and with an accent of scorn the lady bids De Lorges, if his love be as great as he has oft protested, to bring it back to her from where it has fallen. Without a word, he bows, leaps in among the wild beasts, and secures the glove; but when, on his return, she

rose her knight to grace,
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
And he left forever that fair lady!

Leigh Hunt, in his version of the tale, gives it very much as Schiller does, but Browning, after making Francis and his court agree that

mere vanity,
Not love, set that task to humanity,

is suddenly smitten with pity for the insulted maiden, and generously provides her with another husband before he brings the story to an end.—DAVUS.

77. *What was the Peacock Throne?*

In the centre of the very beautiful Durân-i-Khâs, or Hall of Private Audience, still remaining at Delhi, in the days of the magnificent Shah Jehan stood the Takt-i-Taus, the famous "Peacock Throne," where sat in state the great Indian Moguls. According to the best accounts, it was about six feet long by four broad, of solid gold inlaid with precious stones, and surmounted by a gold canopy supported upon twelve golden pillars also inlaid with a mosaic of jewels. Around this hung a fringe of pearls, and on each side stood, as symbols of royalty, two *chattaks*, or umbrellas, of crimson velvet embroidered with gold and pearls, having golden handles eight feet long, studded with diamonds.

What constituted its chief magnificence and gave it its name were the two golden peacocks which flanked the throne, with outspread tails fashioned to the

utmost gorgeousness with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. It is said, whether authentically or not, that the great Koh-i-Nûr formed one of the "eyes" of this coruscating display; and, since the "Mountain of Light" was certainly owned by Shah Jehan, it is possibly true. Between the outspread peacocks' tails hovered a parrot carved out of a solid emerald.

Some descriptions of the throne speak only of a single peacock whose fan formed the back of the royal seat; but so good an authority as Edwin Arnold credits the two. A French diamond-merchant and traveller of the seventeenth century, Jean Baptiste Tavernier, estimated from personal observation the value of this mass of magnificence to be six millions sterling.

In the sack of Delhi under the Persian conqueror Nadir Shah, in 1788, it was carried away, and its former place is now occupied by a block of white marble bearing on its sides the Arabic [or Persian] inscription,

Agar furduse baru-i-samin ast, hamin ast, hamin ast;

or, as used by Moore in the "Light of the Harem,"

If there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!

McNox.

78. *Who was the Princess Ilse?*

She is the legendary heroine of the Ilsenstein, an enormous granite rock which rises boldly from a glen called the Ilsenthal, in the Hartz Mountains of Germany. The valley is enclosed on both sides by mountains clad with beech-trees, oaks, and shrubs, from whose shady depths a multitude of springs leap forth and, uniting, form the Ilse, a brook which, with its innumerable little waterfalls, ripples down the hollow, past the Ilsenstein, and away out of sight. The people say that on this rock once stood an enchanted castle, in which dwelt, with her father, the Princess Ilse, a maiden of surpassing beauty. On the Westenberg, a height opposite the Ilsenstein, lived a brave knight, whom Ilse loved devotedly (others say that it was the Saxon Emperor Henry, who passed his imperial hours with her). In those times there was no valley between the mountains, and although her father, who disapproved of the union, forbade the visits, the young lovers continued to meet daily. Then her father, who was a mighty giant, fell into a great rage, and, striking the rock in the middle, separated Ilse from her love, and thus formed the beautiful valley, through which a stream began to flow. In despair at this conclusion of her hopes, Ilse cast herself from the rock into the water below, which from that time was called by her name. Formerly she might be seen daily descending to a stone, by the second Ilse bridge, in which there was a hollow containing water for her bath; and sometimes she appeared in a long white robe and a broad black hat in token of her faithful lament for her lost love. But the stone is no longer there, and she is seldom seen in the valley. Her last appearance is said to have been three hundred years ago, on Ascension-Day, in commemoration of which a festival was held on every anniversary, when a fair, and two bands of music,—one on the Ilsenstein, and one on the Westenberg, where the enchanted knight is still confined,—attracted all the neighborhood; but the music has faded away into the past (all but the few strains heard from the balcony of the hotel which stands not far off). The general belief is that the princess will mount to heaven on an Ascension-Day, and it is only a few years since the peasants awaited the event from hour to hour; and in that region the day is held so sacred that it is thought any one who takes that occasion to sew or mend will be struck by lightning. In the mean time, Ilse is supposed to be shut up in the Ilsenstein, and Gottschalk says that "he who is so fortunate as to hit upon the exact time and place will be led by her into the rock where her castle stands, and will receive a royal reward." And Heine declares that when he stood on her rock he heard her sweet voice like a flute saying,—

I am the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein:
Come with me to my castle,
Thou shalt be blest,—and mine.

On the tower-like summit of the Ilsenstein stands a great iron cross, near which is a space on the edge of the cliff, just large enough for a footing. But Heine advises any one who stands there to think neither of the fair Ilse nor of her lover, but of his own two feet; "for," he says, "overcome by giddiness, I should surely have fallen into the abyss had I not, in the dire distress of my soul, clung fast to the iron cross." In discussing the virtues of the *divining-rod*, Kelly tells the following tale of the Ilsenstein:

A shepherd who was one day driving his flock over the Ilsenstein, being weary, stopped to rest; and, while leaning on his staff, the mountain suddenly opened (for there was a springwort in the crook of his staff which he had not noticed), and the Princess Ilse stood before him. She bade him follow her, and when they were inside the mountain she led him to her coffers and told him to take as much gold as he pleased. The shepherd filled his pockets liberally, and was about to depart, when the princess called after him, "Forget not the best." Thinking she meant he had not taken enough, he returned and filled his hat also; but what she did mean was his staff, with its springwort, whose virtues had discovered the hidden treasure and opened the mountain for his entrance, which he had stood up against the wall when he first came in. And now, when he tried to go out, the walls suddenly slammed together, and cut him in two.

Thorpe tells another story, of a stable-boy, who, having lost two of his steeds, sat down on the Ilsenstein to weep. The Princess Ilse appeared, and, conducting him within the rock, produced the missing animals. Overjoyed at their recovery, the boy was about to lead them away, but she detained him, saying he could not have the horses, but she would pay their value in gold. She accordingly filled his wallet, cautioning him not to open it until he had crossed the third Ilse bridge. But his curiosity mastered him at the second bridge, and he opened the wallet, and found only dirt. Disgusted, he flung a handful into the stream, and, hearing it clink as it touched the bottom, he examined what remained, and found some genuine pistoles.—DAVUS.

79. *Who was the original of Hawthorne's "The Minister's Black Veil"?*

Mr. Joseph Moody, of York, Maine. The notes to this story in one edition of Hawthorne's Works state that this reverend gentleman made himself remarkable by hanging a double fold of crape before his face. It is further stated that the reason for this peculiar action was the fact that Mr. Moody, when young, accidentally killed a dear friend, and therefore wished to hide his face from men. Mr. Joseph Moody was settled in 1782 over the Second Church in York. His father, the Rev. Samuel Moody, was pastor of the First Church from 1700 to 1747, and his son, the second Rev. Samuel Moody, was preceptor of Dummer Academy for thirty-five years. Some sketches of the Moody family published several years ago told the story of the veil differently. These said that Joseph Moody in the latter part of his life fell into a melancholy, and adopted the strange conceit of laying a handkerchief over his face when in the pulpit, so that it could not be seen. The people gave him the name of "Handkerchief Moody." In the pulpit he would turn his back to the congregation, turn up the handkerchief, and read his sermon; but when he prayed he would turn down the handkerchief and face the congregation.—EIDON.

80. *Who wrote the verses beginning "There is no death," etc.? To what famous author have they been falsely attributed?*

In the preface to a little volume of poems by J. L. McCreery occurs the following:

"The first poem in the volume" (the one quoted above) "has been the subject of considerable controversy. It was written late in the fall of 1862, and the next spring was sent to *Arthur's Home Magazine*, Philadelphia, appearing therein in July, 1863. One E. Bulmer, of Illinois, copied it, signed his own name to it, and sent it, as his own, to the *Farmer's Advocate*, Chicago. The editor of some Wisconsin paper, whose name I have forgotten (if I ever knew), clipped it from the *Farmer's Advocate* for his own columns; but I suppose there

was a misprint in the signature, changing the *m* therein to a *w*, and thus the name of *Bulwer* became attached to the poem. Copies of papers containing it, credited to Bulwer, have been sent to me from nearly every State in the Union, and from England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is to be found in orthodox and spiritual hymn- and song-books, in at least one school-book in wide use, and in a score of bound volumes of selections; it has been quoted from in speeches in the legislatures of several States, and several times in the Congress of the United States. On the last day of January, 1880, I had the pleasure of sitting in the strangers' gallery of the House of Representatives, in Washington, D.C., and hearing the Hon. Mr. Coffroth, of Pennsylvania, in his oration on the death of the Hon. Rush Clark, of Iowa, quote a portion of this poem, which thus became embalmed (credited, as usual, to Bulwer) in the 'Congressional Record.'—See 46th Congress, 2d session, part 1, p. 688.

"Every reader can decide for himself whether this wide-spread popularity has its basis in the merits of the poem or in the celebrity of its supposed author.—J. L. MCCREERY."

OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

81. Whence the phrase "a month's mind"?

The word "mind," as here used, has the meaning of *remembrance*; and the expressions "a month's mind," "a year's mind," etc., signified that on that day month or year after a person's decease some solemn service for the good of his soul should be celebrated. This word is still retained in Lancashire; but elsewhere "mind days" are more commonly called anniversary days. The original form of the word is written *mynde*, or *minnyng*, from the Saxon *gemynde*; and the expression of "having a month's mind," implying a longing desire, is evidently derived from this.

Peck ("Desiderata Curiosa") thus explains the meaning, with amusing elaboration: "By saying they have a month's mind to it, they anciently meant, undoubtedly, that if they had what they so much longed for it would (hyperbolically speaking) do them as much good (they thought) as they believed a month's mind, or service said once a month (could they afford to have it), would benefit their souls after their decease." The phrase "a month's mind" is frequently found in old wills. Fabyan, one of the historians of early Britain, gives directions in his will for his month's mind: "I will that myne executrice doo cause to be carried from London xii newe torches to burn in the tymes of the said burying and *monethes minde*. Also, I will that breade, ale, and cheese, for all comers to the parishe church, be orderid as shall be thought needful, ayenst the *monethes minde*." In Ireland, after the day of the interment of a great personage, they count four weeks; and four weeks from that day all priests and friars, and all the gentry far and near, are invited to a great feast, usually termed the "month's mind." The preparations for this feast are masses said in all parts of the house at once for the soul of the departed; if the room be large, there are three or four priests celebrating together in the several corners of the room. The masses done, they proceed to their feasting; and, after all the others, every priest and friar is discharged with his largess.—DAVUS.

AT SUNRISE.

DARK-mantled Night, the star-eyed and the dumb,
Flees when she hears the Sun-god's chariot-wheels;
When at her throat, from out his hand, doth come
A javelin of light, she dying reels,
And her heart's life-blood, as it ebbs away,
Dyes crimson the white garments of the Day.

Clarence Ladd Davis.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A PUN is rarely defensible, but it is never so outrageous as when made upon a patronymic. The poor man born with a punnable name suffers untold agony against which he is absolutely defenceless. When Mr. Garrison has been told for the hundredth time to hold the fort, when Mr. YOUNGhusband for the thousandth time has been twitted on the fact that he is an old bachelor, when Mr. Archer has been repeatedly warned not to draw the long bow, when Mr. Mingle has had quoted to him with wearisome iteration the lines of Shakespeare,—

Mingle, mingle, mingle,
He that mingle may,—

it would be justifiable homicide in any of these gentlemen to slay their oppressors.

Nevertheless, the oldest extant pun is probably the execrable one in Homer's *Odyssey*, where Ulysses, being questioned by his Cyclopean captor as to his name, answers, "Outis" ("No One"). When Ulysses during the night sears the eye of the Cyclops, he succeeds in making good his escape because the Cyclops informs his brethren, who eagerly inquire what has happened, that No One has hurt him. Another poet, Shakespeare, who was a great humorist also, has spoiled the excellent scene where Falstaff examines his pressed men, by the paltry trick of giving them names which the fat knight could twist into puns. Thus, Mouldy is told that it was time he was used; Shadow, that he would make a cold soldier, but would serve for summer; Wart, that he is a ragged wart; and Bullcalf extorts the exclamation, "Prick me Bullcalf till he roar again." Nor is there any considerable humor in the way in which Falstaff plays upon the name of his swaggering agent: "No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol."

Even some of the great dramatist's serious scenes are spoiled by the intrusion of unworthy quibbling on names. Thus, Northumberland receives the news of his son's death at Shrewsbury in this wise:

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspar?

The dying old soldier John o' Gaunt might well excite the wonderment of his nephew when he gaped,—

Old Gaunt, indeed; and Gaunt in being old;
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast:
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt,
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones.

But what better can be expected at a time when even royalty punned upon the throne?—when Queen Elizabeth, who was a woman of brains, thought it witty to make such a play upon words as “Ye be burly, my Lord of Burghley, but ye shall make less stir in my realm than my Lord of Leicester,” and when James I. disgraced his title of the British Solomon by saying to Sir Walter Raleigh, “By my saul, maun, I have heard but rawly of thee.” Judge Nicholas Bacon, the father of the wisest, brightest, and meanest of mankind, was a little more happy. A certain malefactor who came before him pleaded for mercy on account of kindred. “Prithee,” said my Lord Judge, “how came that in?” “Why, if it please you, your name is Bacon and mine is Hogg, and in all ages hog and bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated.” “Ay, but,” replied Judge Bacon, “you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged, for hog is not bacon until it be well hanged.” Good King Robert I. of France, who married the irritable and jealous Constantia after his divorce from Bertha, was guilty of a harmless jest upon a name. He loved to sing hymns to his lyre, and his wife frequently importuned him to write a hymn in her honor. At last, in mild exasperation, he wrote his hymn “O Constantia Martyrum” (“O Constancy of Martyrs”), which she mistook for an ode in her honor because the name Constantia was repeated at the commencement of each strophe.

Foote made rather a neat hit at the Boniface who had overcharged him. “What is your name?” asked the comedian. “Partridge, sir,” said the host. “Partridge! it should have been Woodcock, by the length of your bill.” There was something melancholy about the jest of poor Dr. Thomas Browne, who, having unsuccessfully courted a lady, and being challenged to drink her health as had been his wont, replied, “I have toasted her many years, but I cannot make her Browne, so I’ll toast her no longer.” When Dr. Barton Warren was informed that Dr. Vowel was dead, he exclaimed, “What! Vowel dead? Well, thank heaven it was neither you nor I.” George Colman, being asked if he knew Theodore Hook, replied, “Certainly; Hook and I are old associates.” Moore was not above punning upon his own name. Thus, he would deduce his genealogy from Noah in the following manner: “Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one more.” Which reminds us that when Manners, Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas More, “Honores mutant mores,” the Chancellor retorted, “It stands better in English: Honors change manners.” The same names were cleverly played upon in the following lines, which commemorate the fact that Dr. Manners Sutton had succeeded Archbishop More:

What say you? The archbishop’s dead?
 A loss indeed. Oh, on his head
 May heaven its blessings pour;
 But if with such a heart and mind
 In Manners we his equal find,
 Why should we wish for More?

Sydney Smith paid a double compliment to Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Ouffe when he exclaimed, “Ah, there you are, the Ouffe that every one would wear, the Tighe that no one would loose.” When Luttrell, in talking of the Eumelian Club of which Ashe was the founder, was told that a son of that Ashe was at present chairman, he quoted, “Still in its ashes live their wonted fires,”—which was not a very merry jest, yet quite as good as one that Dr. Swift declared he would have given fifty pounds to have made himself. Swift’s friend Dr. Ash,

soon after the passing of an act for the protection of growing timber, had asked a waiter at an inn to help him off with his coat. The man refused, saying that it was felony to strip an ash. Rather better was Sydney Smith's suggestion to the lady who asked him for a motto for her dog Spot. He immediately proposed, "Out, damned Spot!" And his jest at the expense of Mrs. Grote had at least the salt of malice in it. She was famed for the ill taste of her costumes, and as one day she swept by in an extraordinary head-dress, Smith pointed her out to a friend, with the words, "That is the origin of the word grotesque." Mrs. Grote had her revenge, however. Smith's daughter married a Dr. Holland. When the latter was knighted, somebody mentioned his wife as Lady Holland. "Do you mean Lord Holland's wife?" asked a listener. "No," put in Mrs. Grote; "this is New Holland, whose capital is Sydney." Lamb, whose own name was provocative of puns, was fond of playing upon his neighbors'. He even went out of his way to produce a pun through his habitual stutter. When it was remarked that the Duke of Cumberland had a very cold and ungenial manner, Lamb stammered out that this was "very natural in the Duke of Cu-Cumberland."

Walter Savage Landor, of whom it was said that his name ought to have been "Savage Walter Landor," was proud of a joke he once made to Kenyon. "I understand," he said, "that a Mr. Quillinan has been attacking me. His writings are, I hear, quill-inanities." At least as good was Jerrold's remark when Albert Smith wrote an article in *Blackwood* to which he appended only his initials. "What a pity," said Jerrold, "that Smith cannot be brought to tell more than two-thirds of the truth!" The same humorist one day met a Scotch gentleman whose name was Leitch, and who deemed it necessary to explain that he was not the caricaturist John Leech. "I know," said Jerrold: "you are the Scotchman with the itch in your name."

The poet Campbell in his student days in Glasgow observed that Drum, a liquor-dealer, and Fife, an apothecary, were next-door neighbors, the latter announcing also on a sign displayed over his window, "Ears pierced by A. Fife." With the assistance of a couple of school-fellows, the poet one night placed a long fir board from the window of one shop to that of the other, bearing in flaming capitals the Shakespearian line,—

The spirit-stirring Drum, the ear-piercing Fife.

When the barrister Campbell married Miss Scarlett, Brougham explained his absence from court by telling Judge Abbott that the missing barrister was suffering from an attack of Scarlett fever. When Mrs. Little brought forth triplets, and was rewarded by the queen's guineas, a friend remarked, "Every little helps."

The punster has even invaded the graveyard. Punning epitaphs are very common. In Waltham Abbey a tombstone informs us that "Sir James Fullerton, sometime First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles the First, died fuller of faith than of fears, fuller of resolution than of pains, fuller of honor than of days." This is how a disconsolate widow shows her regard for the memory of her beloved Daniel Tears:

Though strange, yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her Tears.

The last lines of the inscription to the memory of Dean Cole of Lincoln run as follows:

When the latter trump of heaven shall blow,
Cole, now raked up in ashes, then shall glow.

Of jocular performances of this kind, two odd specimens will suffice:

Here lies Thomas Huddleston. Reader, don't smile,
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That Death, who killed him, in a very short while
Will huddle a stone upon you!

and this upon an organist:

Here lies one, blown out of breath,
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth.

WILL you please tell me through the Monthly Gossip the origin of the name "Bull Run" from which the battle was named,

And oblige H. G.

Bull Run is the name of a little stream, the west bank of which was occupied by the Confederate army when the battle was fought. Small streams in the South are frequently called "runs."

In Whittier's poem of "The Robin" occurs this stanza:

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still,
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

Is this a fancy of the poet's, or is it warranted by popular tradition?

A. S. K.

It is one of the popular legends about the robin that it carries in its bill dew to those shut up in Gehenna and that its breast is red from the fires of the scorching lake. There is a similar legend of the firetail, that its touch of pure fire upon the tail came through its ancestors having been scorched in saving an ember for man when some demon was robbing him of the Promethean blessing.

Another tradition accounts for the robin's red breast by a thorn which pierced it while trying to relieve Jesus of his thorn-crown.

In your Monthly Gossip in the February number you referred to Byron's "Darkness" in answering a question (the last one). Please let me know where I can find the piece, as it is not in any edition I can find.

W. C. BERTRAM.

"Darkness" is to be found in any complete edition of Byron's works, among "Occasional Poems." The Gossip has before him Murray's edition, London, 1879. The opening line of the poem is the famous one,—

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.

Byron first named the poem "A Dream," but subsequently changed it to "Darkness," under which title it appears in every complete edition.

BOOK-TALK.

MANY books read like the descriptions a man might give of his dreams on first awakening. Youth lives in the mists, the mirages, the dreams, of Illusion, where all things are bathed in a glory snatched from the Evanescent. The world is strange and new and beautiful. Evil and ugliness exist, indeed, but to the brave young soul they are almost welcome, they act as incentives,—as spurs to his intent. It is his holy mission to destroy them; he—the anointed of the gods—will do heroic battle against them, and all the world shall wonder and applaud.

Alas! it does not take long to disillusion him. Discords creep into his harmonies, black mingles bafflingly with white. He sees the thousandfold contradictions in the world,—how cunningly good and evil, wisdom and folly, form the warp and woof of all human life. He loses his awful love of good, his awful wrath against evil. The good men often are too narrow, petty, insufficient for reverence, the bad men have so much of good within them that he pities them with a pity akin to love. Doubt and denial oppress him, the wise saws that have come down from the past will not square with modern instances. The precepts inculcated by parents and tutors, once lit up with splendor, blacken and fade into insignificance. They, too, are wrong,—are meaningless.

And then, having awakened from his disillusion, he pours out his soul in a book, and describes the dreams through which he has passed,—sometimes bitterly and scornfully, sometimes with a tender yearning regret. If he be a man of genius, if he be able to look deep into his own soul and the souls of others, to recognize their substantial oneness, he will put his self-revelation into some form that others will recognize as a revelation too of them. His book will be welcomed with hosannas, it will live, and it will excite the tears or laughter of generations, with the "*Nuova Vita*," with "*Werther*" and "*Consuelo*," with "*Childe Harold*" and the "*Buch der Lieder*," with "*Vanity Fair*" and "*Aurora Leigh*," with those two great books of our latter days, "*A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*" and "*The Story of an African Farm*."

"*Dr. Rameau*," by Georges Ohnet, translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (Lippincotts), is a well-constructed story, told in a vivid, direct manner, which can be recommended to the reader who desires mere amusement. But the author, unfortunately, has a higher and nobler purpose. He has a moral end in view, and he strives to reach it by a little judicious immorality which is represented as the natural outcome of atheism. *Dr. Rameau* is an atheist; he undermines his wife's faith; she falls, and lays all the blame upon atheism. The logic is on a par with that of little children caught in the act of robbing the sugar-bowl, yet it converts the doctor. Some people have called "*Dr. Rameau*" an antidote to "*Robert Elsmere*."

All revolution, all reform, entails a temporary chaos, a disintegration of the old that its elements may be recast in the new. The phoenix must be reduced to ashes ere it can rise again. Every cycle ends in such a temporary chaos, out of which the soul of man resurges into a new order, a new harmony. As the chaos is ever recurrent, books which sincerely celebrate the chaotic period in every stage of development possess a constantly-recurring interest. But the great artists are not mere destructionists, they are prophets of the new order. Their "Werthers" are followed by "Fausts;" their "Robbers" by "Wallensteins." Miss Fletcher has never outgrown her Storm and Stress period; she does not improve; her best books are her early ones; like Musset, she is a young person with a brilliant past. Yet how much that is admirable her books still contain!—well-drawn characters, original situations, memorable sentences. She has power; she seizes you and forces you to share her mood, even against your will.

Much the same is true of E. W. Howe, whose last book, "A Man Story," lies before us. Mr. Howe would be a far greater writer than Miss Fletcher if he had the same literary tact, the same culture and grace. He is the most virile of Americans. He would be a great writer, even in spite of his ruggedness, if he could shake off his overwhelming gloom. But his books depress you, lower your vitality, blacken your sky, fill you with blue devils. Well, well, there is sorrow enough in the universe for most of us without increasing it artificially.

Let us take up something cheerful. Here is Bill Nye with his "Thinks" and his "Almanac." There is real humor in these books, humor of the grotesque, extravagant "American" order. You laugh till you cry, you recognize the man is a genius, yet there is always a latent protest against the horse-play. It is the perfection of buffoonery; but Harlequin is not Coquelin nor Clarke. However, let us take Harlequin for what he is, not rebel because he is not something else. A good deal of him may weary you; a little is a delight,—an intoxication.

What have we here?—"The Rose of Flame; and other Poems of Love," by Anne Reeve Aldrich. The title is attractive, but it proves the only thing attractive about the book. In the very first poem, the "New Eden," some one is bidden to slay shame, for

In that first Eden, Love gave birth to Shame,
And died of horror at its loathsome child.

Well, well, the Reviewer has a little shame left; he blushed a beautiful and rosy red, as he perused some of the other poems in the volume. What are our women coming to? Here are four-and-sixty songs, all in celebration of a lawless passion. Let us pass on to something else.

"The Masque of Death, and other Poems," by Charles Lotin Hildreth (Belford, Clarke & Co.), is a collection of smooth and tuneful verse, much of which had previously found favor in leading magazines. Mr. Hildreth gives evidence that he possesses that impalpable and indefinable thing called the poetic instinct; and these his first offerings will likely be but preludes to higher flights of song.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

JUNE.

IN the old Latin or Alban calendar the month of June had but twenty-six days. The calendar of Romulus gave it thirty. This was reduced to twenty-nine by Numa, and restored to thirty again by Julius Caesar, which number it has since retained. The name of the month is derived by some from Juno. Ovid, in his "Fasti," introduces Juno as claiming this month. Most probably, however, the name was derived from *Juniores*, the lower branch of the original Roman legislature, as that of May was from the higher branch. Among the old Romans, May was looked upon as an unlucky and June as a propitious month for marriages, the particularly favorable seasons being at full moon and at the conjunction of the sun and moon. This idea was prevalent in Middle-Age Europe, and has not yet died out.

The month of June has long been a favorite with the poets. It is the month of the rose, the period in which this most charming of the flowers expands its petals, floods the air with its delicious perfume, and takes the world captive with its blushing beauty. Who that has seen a rose-bush in full bloom can wonder at the enthusiastic delight with which the Persian poets greeted this queen of the flowers, or at the echo of their song which comes to us in the poetic strains of Western bards? But the charm of June does not rest upon the rose alone. Hundreds of other flowers adorn the court of their queen, the trees are still clad in the full freshness of springtide verdure, and in garden, field, and forest alike beauty and grace hold high carnival.

Every trace of the sting of winter has gone from the air; there is a swooning softness in the touch of the atmosphere, the streams flow in lazy delight, drowsy vapors veil the horizon, and everything invites to indolent wanderings through grove and dell, or idle brook-side dream-

ings in that fairy-land of thought that lies half-way between sleep and wakefulness. We seem transported into that realm of hazy restfulness in which "it is always afternoon," and are in full sympathy with the creed of the poet Lowell, when he sings,—

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And o'er it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it which reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

But we must leave the poets to their dreams of June, and glance for a moment at the soberer aspects of the month. Unhappily, it is not all sweetness and light. The sun is now growing to burning heat, and in the late month often pours down his rays in a sweltering fervor that makes us regret the balmy days of May. But those warm beams have their mission to perform and their poems to write, for to them we owe the divine couplet of the strawberry and the cherry, the one the apotheosis of the soil, the other of the tree-top, bulbs of deliciousness, globes of juicy delight, the crimson epitome of nature's choicest savors.

These are among the first gifts of the year's fruitfulness, but others are at hand. Nature no longer contents herself with green gladness and sunny smiles of blossoms, but is now beginning the sober work of the year, though her first-fruits laugh in red like the blossoms which they follow. Later on she will put on robes of russet, and become the steady housewife of the earth; but not in June; oh, not in June! That is the month of riot and laughter, when beauty is all in all, when leaves and blossoms dance together in joy, and even the fruits are flowers.

EVENTS.

June 1.

1593. Christopher Marlowe, an English dramatist of some celebrity, was killed in a quarrel with a footman. He was born in 1564, and graduated from Cambridge in 1587, when he became a dramatic author, and, as some say, an actor. His principal plays are "The Jew of Malta," "Edward the Second," and "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," which was the original of Goethe's "Faust." Marlowe was a writer of genius. His dramas were rude in form, but vigorous in handling, and had their influence upon Shakespeare.

1783. The first American vessel to visit any Russian port reached Riga, Russia, on this day. It was a ship from Massachusetts.

1794. A severe naval battle took place between the British and French fleets, off Ushant. The British, under Lord Howe, were victorious, capturing six ships of the line, and sinking one. Lord Howe was born in 1726, entered the navy at the age of fourteen, and became captain at twenty-two.

1813. A naval engagement, which excited great interest, took place off Boston harbor. Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, which was unfit for action, entered into combat with the British frigate Shannon. The contest lasted only eleven minutes. Lawrence was mortally wounded, and the British boarded and captured the Chesapeake. While dying, the brave Lawrence uttered the memorable words which have become the motto of the American navy, "Don't give up the ship!"

1841. Sir David Wilkie, a Scotch painter of celebrity, died. His "Village Politicians," exhibited in 1806, met with great admiration, and established his reputation. He produced many other character scenes, among which "The Rent-Day," "The Blind Fiddler," and others, are well known through frequent reproductions.

1879. Prince Louis Napoleon was killed by the Zulus. He had taken part in the Zulu war, in South Africa, and commanded a reconnoitring-party which was surprised and dispersed and its leader killed.

1882. Garibaldi, a famous Italian pa-

triot and general, died. He was born in 1807, became an active friend of liberty, and was banished in 1834. He went to South America, served in the army of Uruguay, defended Montevideo against Rosas, and returned to Italy in 1848, where he took an active part in the patriotic war. He was again driven into exile, and resided in the United States till 1859, when he returned once more to Italy, where he kept up a partisan warfare for many years. His adventurous life and ardent patriotism have made him one of the most popular heroes of modern times.

1885. There was a great miners' strike in Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio, against a twenty-percent. reduction in wages. Seventy-eight thousand men went out.

1885. The funeral of Victor Hugo took place in Paris, with a great popular demonstration. The procession was ten hours in passing. The remains were interred in the Pantheon.

1888. The Brooks High License Bill, passed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, went into effect. It is stringent in its provisions, and has proved highly serviceable in reducing the number of drinking-places and the amount of drunkenness.

June 2.

597. Christianity is said to have been established among the Anglo-Saxons of England about this date. Bertha, the wife of King Ethelbert, was a Christian, and induced him to accept the faith preached by St. Augustine, or Austin, who had been sent to England by Pope Gregory I. The king and many of his subjects were baptized, and Augustine was made Archbishop of Canterbury.

1701. Mademoiselle de Soudéri, a French romance-writer, died. Her interminable and extravagant romances ("Le Grand Cyrus," 10 vols., "Clélie," 10 vols., etc.) were greatly admired by her contemporaries. The literary society which met at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and of which she was the most prominent member, was amusingly satirized by Molière in his "Précieuses ridicules."

1785. The first interview of John Adams, the first American minister to

England, with the English king, was held on this day.

1793. The Girondists, the party of the French Revolutionary Assembly who sought to restrain the excesses of Robespierre and his party, were arrested, having been proscribed May 31. With their arrest the "Reign of Terror" began. They were guillotined on October 31.

1835. Several railroads were opened this year: the Boston and Providence on June 2; the Boston and Lowell, June 27; the Boston and Worcester, July 6; and the Baltimore and Washington, August 25. The New York and Erie was commenced on November 7.

1858. Donati's comet was first seen. This comet became very brilliant in September and October. Its tail was estimated to be forty millions of miles long.

1859. A destructive earthquake took place at Quito, the capital of Ecuador, South America. About five thousand persons were killed, and the loss in property was very great.

1886. The marriage of President Cleveland to Miss Frances Folsom took place at the White House on this day. This event is memorable as being the first marriage of an American President during his term of office.

June 3.

1657. Dr. William Harvey, an English anatomist celebrated for his discovery of the circulation of the blood, died. He was born in 1578, studied medicine at Padua, and made his discovery shortly after 1615. The new theory was generally rejected by the physicians of his time. He also advanced the theory, which has since been fully confirmed, that every animal is produced from an egg.

1860. A very destructive tornado passed over parts of Illinois and Iowa, more than one hundred and fifty lives being lost. The whole length of the tornado was one hundred and sixty miles, and the destruction of property immense.

1864. The severe battle of Cold Harbor took place. General Grant, in his overland march upon Richmond, found Lee strongly intrenched at this place, a few miles from the Confederate capital. Grant attempted to storm Lee's works, but was repulsed with heavy loss, he losing about ten thousand and Lee one thousand men. This was the last engagement of the Wilderness campaign. Siege-operations followed.

June 4.

1550. The marriage of Amy Robsart to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, took

place about this date. He afterwards became the prime favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and soon afterwards, in 1560, his wife suddenly died. There was the strongest suspicion that she was murdered, and that Leicester was privy to her death, as she stood in the way of his ambitious hopes. These events form the plot of Scott's novel of "Kenilworth."

1859. The battle of Magenta was fought, between the French and Sardinians, under Louis Napoleon, and the Austrians, under Field-Marshal Gyulai. The Austrians were defeated, with a loss of ten thousand killed and wounded and seven thousand prisoners. The French lost four thousand. The red dye rosaniline, obtained from coal-tar, was named *magenta* from this battle.

1887. The Cunard steamer *Umbria* made the passage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in six days and three hours, the shortest passage to that time.

June 5.

1568. The execution of Counts Egmont and Horn took place. Egmont, born in Amsterdam in 1522, was of illustrious birth and position. His great popularity in the Netherlands, and his efforts in favor of moderation in the contest between the Spanish court and the Reformers, excited the jealousy of Philip II. The Duke of Alba was sent to Flanders, arrested Egmont and Horn on charges of treason, and executed them in spite of all efforts to save their lives. This event was followed by a general revolt of the Netherlands, which ended in their independence.

1790. On this day the steamboat invented by John Fitch made its first trip as a passenger- and freight-boat on the Delaware, from Philadelphia to Trenton. It was propelled by twelve oars worked by steam, and ran eighty miles within thirteen hours against wind and tide. This boat made regular trips for four months, running about three thousand miles in all. Fitch's first steamboat had been tried on the Delaware in August, 1787. He gained no profit from his invention, and died in poverty.

1826. Baron von Weber, an eminent German composer and musician, died. His operas, of which he composed several, were performed with great success. Of these the masterpiece is "Der Freischütz," which is still a favorite opera. His "Oberon" was first produced in the year of his death.

1878. The Sixth Avenue Elevated Railway Line, the first successful elevated railway, was opened to travel. On August 26 the Third Avenue Road was

opened. The first attempt at an elevated road for street travel had been made in 1868, it being a single-track road, supported on a single line of iron pillars. This proved unsuccessful.

1866. A general strike of street-railway operatives took place in New York and Brooklyn. Fifteen thousand men took part in the strike.

1887. A circus at Nieschen, Germany, took fire, followed by a panic in the audience. In the rush to escape, many persons were killed and about three hundred injured.

June 6.

1533. Ariosto, an Italian poet of great eminence, died. He produced many poems, among them seven satires and five comedies, but his great work is the "Orlando Furioso," a fantastic romance in verse, whose subject is the fabulous adventures of the paladins of Charlemagne. No modern poem has been more popular, and few surpass this in general merit.

1761. The island of Dominica, in the West Indies, was taken by the British. The French captured this island in 1778, but restored it to England in the peace of 1783.

1799. Patrick Henry, the most celebrated patriotic American orator of the Revolutionary period, died. He was born in Virginia in 1786. The speech which made him famous was delivered in the House of Burgesses of Virginia in 1765. In this he threw down the gauntlet of defiance to the British government in his vigorous burst of eloquence, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!" In another great speech in the Virginia Convention of 1775, he closed with the memorable words, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

1832. Jeremy Bentham, a distinguished English utilitarian philosopher, died. He was born in London, in 1748, wrote with great ability on all the prominent questions of the day, and devoted his life to the reform of legislation in favor of the liberty and happiness of mankind. His works were numerous, and have exercised a great effect upon the legal and legislative history of Great Britain.

1842. Monroe Edwards was tried for forgery in New York, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. In his defence, William M. Everts laid the foundations of his fame as an advocate. His client paid him for his services with a forged check.

1861. Count Cavour, one of the most eminent of modern statesmen, died. He became prime minister of Sardinia in 1862, after proving his ability in the Chamber of Deputies and in other cabinet positions. He secured liberty of the press, favored religious toleration and free trade, and devoted himself to the unification of Italy. It was largely to his ability that Victor Emmanuel owed his eventual great success in obtaining the throne of Italy.

1862. Memphis, on the Mississippi, was reached by the Union gun-boats and peacefully occupied. This opened the river to Vicksburg.

1881. The electric accumulator, or "storage battery," shown by M. Faure at Paris in May, was exhibited in London, a charged box being carried thither from Paris. During the eight years that have succeeded, this invention has been much improved, and it is now applied to running street-cars and other purposes. It promises to become highly useful in the future.

June 7.

1329. Robert Bruce, the hero of Scotland, died. After years of unceasing effort, he succeeded in liberating his native land from English rule, decisively defeating Edward II. at Bannockburn. The independence of Scotland was recognized by England in 1328, the year before Bruce died.

1692. A notable earthquake took place in Jamaica. The town of Port Royal was engulfed, sinking to a depth of forty fathoms beneath the sea, with three thousand of its inhabitants.

1733. A second great earthquake on June 7 took place in this year, the town of Santiago, Guatemala, with its inhabitants, being swallowed up.

1755. A much more destructive earthquake than either of the above occurred on this date, the city of Kaschan, in northern Persia, being destroyed, with forty thousand of its inhabitants.

1776. A motion was made in the Continental Congress, by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, to declare the American colonies free and independent States. This motion he supported by a powerful and eloquent speech. It was acted on and adopted on the following 4th of July.

1791. The original United States Bank was instituted, with a capital of ten million dollars. It was chartered for twenty years. A new bank was chartered in 1816, for the same term of years. An act of Congress to renew its charter was vetoed by President Jackson in 1832.

This action aided to produce the panic of 1837.

1854. A reciprocity treaty was concluded between the United States and Great Britain in regard to the Newfoundland fisheries, international trade, etc.

1878. An explosion in the Florida coal-mine, Haydock, near Wigan, England, caused the death of about one hundred and eighty-nine miners.

1883. A water-spout broke over Jalisco, Mexico, and the adjoining towns. Nearly two hundred lives were lost, and an enormous destruction of property took place.

June 8.

632. Mohammed, the Arabian prophet, is said to have died on this day, at the age of sixty-three or sixty-five years. No man has had a greater influence upon the history of the world than this fanatical religious reformer, a member of a tribe of semi-barbarians, buried in the deserts of Arabia. By force of innate genius and capacity for control and management he forced his religious ideas upon the people of his race, and set in train that campaign of propagandism by the sword which carried the Arabian empire far over Asia, Africa, and Europe, and founded one of the most widely diffused religions of the globe.

1376. Edward, Prince of Wales, surnamed the Black Prince, died. His surname came from the color of his armor. This heroic warrior, the ideal representative of the spirit of chivalry, commanded the main body of the English at the victory of Crécy, and was sole commander at the great victory of Poitiers. He adopted the motto *Ich dien* ("I serve"), which is still worn by his successors.

1768. Winckelmann, the most eminent of German art critics, was assassinated. He was born in 1717, the son of a poor mechanic, but his eager desire for knowledge gained him powerful friends, and he was enabled to make a full study of art. His great work, published in 1764, is entitled "History of Ancient Art." He was murdered by an Italian for some gold coins which he had incautiously shown him.

1782. The first newspaper of Brooklyn, New York, was issued on this day. It was called *The Brooklyn Hall Super-Extra Gazette*.

1794. Bürger, a popular German poet, died on this day. He particularly excelled in ballads, and his "Lenore" and "Wild Huntsman" are still favorites in this class of literature.

1809. Thomas Paine, a notable character of the American Revolutionary

period, died in New York on this day. Though of English birth, and only reaching America in 1774, he at once became an ardent revolutionist, and by his famous pamphlet called "Common Sense" had an immense influence upon the American mind. His periodical "The Crisis" had also great influence. He went to France in 1787, thence to England, where he invented an iron bridge, returned to Paris in 1789, and wrote there his celebrated "Rights of Man," which was widely read. He was imprisoned and narrowly escaped death in the Reign of Terror. In 1796 he published "The Age of Reason," a deistical work which gave great offence and has held his name up to reprobation. He returned to America in 1802, and lived there in comparative obscurity till his death.

1831. Mrs. Siddons, a celebrated English tragic actress, died. For many years she was exceedingly popular on the English stage, particularly as Lady Macbeth, and is still regarded as one of the ablest of actresses. In her day she excited the greatest enthusiasm by her tragic powers. She retired from the stage in 1812, at fifty-seven years of age.

1857. Douglas Jerrold died. He was an English humorist of great merit and popularity, a frequent contributor to *Punch*, to whose reputation he greatly added. His best-known works are the highly amusing "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," and "Black-eyed Susan," one of the most popular dramas ever placed upon the English stage.

1887. A serious colliery explosion occurred in the Hibernia Pit, at Gelsenkirchen, Westphalia. Sixty miners lost their lives.

June 9.

1681. John Lilly, an English writer of the Elizabethan era, died. He wrote several dramas, which were performed with success, but is best known from the pedantic and affected style of his "Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit." This work had a great effect upon the conversational style of that period.

1865. An accident happened on the Southeastern Railroad, England, by which ten passengers were killed and about fifty injured. Two days before, a similar accident on the Great Western road had caused the death of thirteen and the wounding of forty.

1870. Charles Dickens, the most popular of recent English novelists, died. His works are very numerous, the first extended one being "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," which in its peculiar vein of humor has no rival in the English language. His other

works display much ability in the novelistic field, and are particularly notable for their great variety of peculiar and striking characters and the rich humor which runs through them all. The deep mental analysis of the greatest recent novelists does not enter into his works, but they are full and accurate representations of practical life.

1881. A great fire broke out in Quebec, Canada, which consumed eight hundred houses before it could be arrested.

1886. A severe volcanic eruption occurred in New Zealand. It was preceded by an earthquake which ruined the famous white and pink silicious terraces of that island, one of the world's curiosities. Mount Tarewara next broke into explosion. Ten feet of mud and dust covered the surrounding country, about twenty persons were killed, and much property was destroyed.

June 10.

1190. Frederick I. of Germany, known as Barbarossa, was drowned in the river Calycadnus, Asia Minor, while leading an army in the Third Crusade. He was one of the greatest men of his time.

1755. General Braddock's expedition set out. Pushing forward into the wilds of western Pennsylvania with twelve hundred men, and disdaining the wise counsel of Washington, he fell into an ambushade of French and Indians, was mortally wounded, and his army routed with great slaughter. Washington and his provincials were the only ones who came out of this affair with credit.

1801. War was declared between the United States and Tripoli, in consequence of the depredations of Moorish pirates on American commerce.

1861. The first land-conflict of the civil war took place at Big Bethel, Virginia. General Butler, in command at Fortress Monroe, attempted to take this place, but without success.

1875. The United States Direct Cable was completed. This was the first successful ocean-telegraph laid in opposition to the old Anglo-American line. The Faraday, while laying this cable in 1874, was compelled by storms to cut and buoy it in mid-ocean. She returned the next April, picked up and spliced the end, but had to cut the cable again, when but twenty miles from land, for want of coal. It was picked up again and finally completed June 10. Cable rates, which had once been ten dollars a word, now dropped to twenty-five cents.

June 11.

1292. Roger Bacon, a celebrated English monk and philosopher, died about

this date. His great learning and skill in mechanics caused him to be suspected of dealing in magic. He wrote many works in Latin on scientific subjects, and has been credited with several important discoveries. There seems no reason to doubt that he was acquainted with the explosive powers of gunpowder. His principal work, "Opus Majus," treats of nearly all the sciences. His writings were condemned as heretical by the Church, and he was imprisoned for ten years.

1793. William Robertson, a celebrated Scottish historian, died. His works comprise "History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and of James VI.," "History of the Emperor Charles V.," and "History of America." His style is clear and vigorous, and occasionally of great beauty.

1796. The first newspaper in Washington was issued on this day, under the title of *The Washington Gazette*.

1798. The island of Malta was taken by the French, under Bonaparte, during his expedition to Egypt. It had formerly belonged to the Knights Hospitallers. It was taken by the British in 1800, and has been since held by them.

1828. Dugald Stewart, an eminent Scotch moral philosopher, died. His most extensive work is his "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," which was followed by other works on the same general subject.

1887. A fire at Brooklyn, New York, destroyed the Havemeyer Refinery, the Devoes Oil-Works, and other buildings. The loss aggregated one million dollars.

June 12.

1759. The poet Collins died. He was born in 1720, and went to London about 1744, where he gained the friendship of Dr. Johnson and entered upon a literary life. His odes on "The Pains" and "To Evening" are of great merit. He grew melancholy, and spent part of his short life in a lunatic-asylum.

1837. The magnetic needle telegraph, the English system, was patented by William F. Cooke and Charles Wheatstone.

1842. Dr. Thomas Arnold, head-master of Rugby School, died. He was of great merit as a teacher and historian, raised the school at Rugby to a great reputation, and wrote a "History of Rome" which stands high among modern historical works. He was the father of Matthew Arnold, the celebrated poet and critic, who has recently died.

1846. A treaty between the United States and Great Britain was signed, fix-

ing the northern boundary of the United States at the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and giving the British possession of Vancouver Island, the free navigation of the Columbia, etc.

1846. A fire at St. Johns, Newfoundland, consumed nearly the whole town. Six thousand people were left homeless.

1858. The levee above Cairo, Illinois, gave way, owing to floods in the Mississippi, and the entire town was submerged. The loss by freshets in the Mississippi Valley this year was over thirty millions of dollars.

1872. The first railroad in Japan was opened on this day.

1878. William Cullen Bryant, a distinguished American poet, died. His "Thanatopsis," published in 1816, when he was but twenty-one years of age, is considered by many his finest poem, and is nobly conceived and executed. He was for more than fifty years an editor of the *Evening Post* of New York.

1885. A tunnel gave way on the Cincinnati and Tennessee Railroad, under the weight of a passing train. Twenty persons were killed, and many injured.

June 18.

1864. The Fugitive-Slave Act was repealed by Congress. This act, passed in 1850, which made it lawful to compel every citizen to aid in capturing fugitives, did much to increase the anti-slavery sentiment.

1886. King Ludwig of Bavaria drowned himself in the Lake of Starnberg. His physician, who alone was with him, was drowned also, in trying either to restrain or to save him. Ludwig was mentally unbalanced.

June 14.

1645. The battle of Naseby was fought, in which the Parliamentary army under Cromwell and Fairfax gained a decisive victory over Charles I. The king fled, leaving his cannon, baggage, and nearly five thousand prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

1777. The United States flag was adopted on this day by a resolution of Congress to the effect "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing the new constellation." This flag was first raised by Paul Jones, on the *Ranger*.

1800. The great battle of Marengo was fought. The French army under Bonaparte, after crossing the Alps into Piedmont, attacked the Austrians. The French were repulsed, and were retreat-

ing, when the arrival of General Desaix turned the fortune of the day and gave them the victory. Desaix was killed. The slaughter on both sides was very severe. By this battle Napoleon gained control of Italy.

1800. General Kléber, whom Napoleon had left in command in Egypt, was assassinated by a Mohammedan fanatic. He was one of the ablest generals of the period, and a man of noble character. In his death, and that of Desaix, who was killed on the same day at Marengo, Napoleon lost two of his bravest and most skilful officers.

1801. Benedict Arnold died. This man, infamous for his attempt to betray his country, had gained great previous celebrity by his military exploits, and proved himself one of the most daring and able soldiers in the American army. Yet he was of a jealous, exacting, and vindictive temper, and, angered at the seeming indifference of Congress to his claims, attempted to deliver the important fortress of West Point to the enemy. This enterprise failed, and he fled to the British army. In his later life in England he was "shunned and despised by everybody except a few persons in authority."

1807. The battle of Friedland was fought, in which Napoleon gained a great victory over the allied Russians and Prussians. The allies lost eighty pieces of cannon and about eighteen thousand men; the French, about ten thousand.

1885. The French gun-boat *Reynard* and the British steamer *Speke Hall* foundered in the Gulf of Aden. From the former were lost one hundred and twenty-seven lives, and from the latter only one man escaped.

1886. A severe gale visited Galveston, Texas, causing great destruction of property and the loss of several lives.

1886. Vancouver, British Columbia, was nearly destroyed by fire. Twenty persons were burned to death, and over three thousand were left homeless.

1886. James Lenox made a bicycle journey from end to end of the British Islands, eight hundred and eighty-five miles, in six days and eight and a half hours' riding time, the shortest on record.

June 15.

1215. Magna Charta, the great charter of English liberty, was signed by King John, at Runnymede, on this day. He was forced to sign it by the revolting barons. It was several times confirmed by Henry III. and later monarchs. The original manuscript charter is lost, only copies being in existence.

1381. Wat Tyler, a noted English

rebel, was killed. He was the leader of a large body of men who revolted in consequence of a capitation-tax. They did much damage, and massacred several persons of distinction, but dispersed on the death of their leader, who was killed by the mayor of London.

1775. George Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the American armies, by a unanimous vote of the Continental Congress.

1808. The city of Saragossa, Spain, was besieged by the French, but successfully resisted. It was besieged again, and taken February 20, 1809, after a most heroic defence, the inhabitants resisting until worn out with famine and pestilence.

1826. An insurrection of the Janissaries of Constantinople took place, followed by a massacre in which nearly three thousand of them were slaughtered. On the 17th the corps of Janissaries was abolished. This celebrated body of Turkish soldiers was first organized about 1880, from young Christian prisoners trained to arms.

1836. Arkansas was admitted into the Union as a State, with a constitution permitting slavery.

1844. The distinguished English poet Thomas Campbell died. He was born in 1777, and produced "The Pleasures of Hope," his most celebrated poem, in 1799. Other noted poems are "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Lochiel's Warning," and the favorite lyrics "Hohenlinden," "The Exile of Erin," and "Ye Mariners of England."

1864. Grant crossed the James River with his army and joined Butler. An attack was made on Petersburg on the 18th, which failed from delay.

1868. The Mount Genis Railroad was opened for traffic. This railroad ascended the mountain by means of central rails. The summit-level was sixty-seven hundred feet high, and the gradients of unexampled steepness.

1869. A great peace jubilee was opened at Boston, with a concert of extraordinary dimensions, embracing ten thousand three hundred and seventy-one voices and ten hundred and ninety-four instruments, with bells, anvils, and other accompaniments.

1887. A panic occurred in the Chicago wheat-market. A clique of speculators had held up the prices for several months. They lost over three millions of dollars by the operation.

June 16.

1819. Earthquakes visited several parts of India. The district of Kutch sunk, and two thousand persons were buried.

1882. A terrible tornado passed over Iowa for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, causing immense destruction. Sixty-nine persons were killed and five hundred injured, while the money loss equalled three million dollars.

1883. A dreadful accident occurred in Victoria Hall, Sunderland, England, in which one hundred and eighty-three children were killed. A conjurer named Fay, at the close of his performance, scattered prizes among the audience. The children in the gallery rushed to the stairs to take part. On the stairs was a bolted door with a narrow passage, and here the children, some nine hundred in number, became blocked. They were hurled down the stairs in heaps, until a space about twelve feet square was packed with writhing human bodies to a depth of six feet.

1885. A destructive volcanic eruption took place in Java, with a sudden outburst of lava and ashes. More than five hundred persons were killed.

June 17.

1719. Addison, an English prose author of the greatest eminence, died. His works are principally humorous and moral essays, which were printed in "The Tatler" and "The Spectator," famous periodicals of that day. As an essayist he has had no superior in English literature. His tragedy of "Cato" was received with great enthusiasm, though it is now esteemed of little merit.

1775. The celebrated battle of Bunker Hill, the first great battle of the American Revolution, was fought. The army besieging Boston had fortified Breed's Hill in mistake for Bunker Hill, and repulsed the British with great loss until their powder gave out, when they retreated. This determined resistance of American militia to British regulars gave great confidence to the colonists.

1825. The corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument was laid, this being the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. Lafayette, then visiting America, assisted in the ceremony.

1860. The huge steamer Great Eastern left England for New York on her first Atlantic voyage. She reached New York on the 28th, where she excited great interest and curiosity.

1872. A great international musical peace jubilee began at Boston. It continued until July 4. There was a chorus of about twenty thousand voices, and an orchestra of one thousand pieces. Military bands and performers of different nations took part.

1885. The earthquakes in Cashmere, which had continued for three weeks,

caused a frightful catastrophe in the district of Muzuporabad. Over three thousand persons, twenty-five thousand sheep and goats, and eight thousand cattle perished, and seventy thousand dwellings were estimated as destroyed.

1887. The American steamer *Champlain* was burned off Grand Traverse Bay, with a loss of twenty-two lives.

June 18.

1499. Joan of Arc, at the head of a French army, defeated the English at Patay, France.

1684. The charter of the colony of Massachusetts was declared forfeited, under a decision of the English High Court of Chancery, and the liberties of the colonists were left to the will of the king. He did not, however, find them very tractable subjects.

1778. The British army evacuated Philadelphia, and began its march over New Jersey to New York. Washington followed rapidly, and attacked them at Monmouth, though with little success.

1815. The great and decisive battle of Waterloo was fought, in which the English under Wellington completely defeated the French army under Napoleon. The French lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, about twenty-three thousand men. This ended the career of Napoleon. Finding it impossible to raise another army, he abdicated the throne.

1835. William Cobbett, a vigorous English political writer, died. He had great powers of sarcasm, and managed to make the government very uncomfortable. He was several times fined, and was imprisoned for two years. His style is described as "the perfection of the rough Saxon English."

1873. An explosion in a coal-mine at Shamokin, Pennsylvania, caused the death of fifteen miners.

1885. An explosion took place in Pendleberry colliery, near Manchester, England. Nearly two hundred lives were lost.

1887. Nearly two hundred and fifty pilgrims were drowned in the Danube, by the overturning of a boat.

June 19.

1312. Piers Gaveston, the worthless favorite of Edward II. of England, was put to death by the nobles. He had been made chief minister by the king, in which office his pride and insolence disgusted the nobles and roused them to conspiracy.

1800. The battle of Hochstadt was fought, in which Moreau, with a French army, totally defeated the Austrians.

1812. War was declared by the United States against Great Britain.

1864. The *Alabama*, a Confederate privateer which had caused great damage to American commerce, was attacked by the iron-clad *Kearsarge*, off Cherbourg, France. The *Alabama* was sunk, with most of her crew.

1867. Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, who had accepted the position of Emperor of Mexico at the request of Napoleon III., was shot by the Mexicans, having been captured in May. The French troops had been withdrawn in 1866, but he persisted in remaining.

June 20.

1756. The terrible incident of the "Black Hole" at Calcutta took place. The fort had been taken by a native army, and one hundred and forty-six British prisoners were crammed into an unventilated dungeon about eighteen feet square. Only twenty-three came out alive the next morning, the remainder being poisoned by foul air.

1791. Louis XVI. attempted to escape from Paris in disguise, with his family, but was recognized and arrested at Varennes the next day.

1796. A conflagration at Charleston, South Carolina, consumed three hundred houses.

1819. The *Savannah*, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, reached Liverpool on this day. It had sailed from Savannah about May 24. Most of the voyage was made under sail, the coal lasting only ten or twelve days.

1820. A fire at Troy, New York, destroyed one hundred and twenty buildings, with a loss of about one million dollars.

1837. Victoria Alexandrina succeeded to the throne of England on this day, her uncle, William IV., dying. She was formally crowned on June 28, 1838. She was a daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, and grand-daughter of George III.

1868. Arkansas was readmitted to the Union over the President's veto.

June 21.

1529. John Skelton, an English poet of some eminence in his day, died. He wrote satires, elegies, and religious pieces. He was very sharp in satire, and attacked Cardinal Wolsey so severely that he had to take refuge from the vengeance of the prelate in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey. He was made poet-laureate in 1489.

1631. Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, died. His life was

one of remarkable adventure, though his best-known historical exploit, that of the saving of his life by Pocahontas, probably never happened in the romantic way in which he describes it.

1653. Inigo Jones, a distinguished English architect, died. He was the first to introduce classical architecture to any extent into England. Of the edifices designed by him may be named the palace at Whitehall, and the west front of Old Saint Paul's.

1778. New Hampshire ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1832. The Asiatic cholera made its first appearance in the United States at New York on this day. It had been in Canada for some time before. It rapidly spread to other cities, reaching New Orleans by October. There were eighteen thousand cases and eight thousand deaths in the four cities of Quebec, Montreal, New York, and Philadelphia.

1853. Martin Koszta, an Hungarian refugee, who in 1850, when in the United States, had taken the preliminary steps towards citizenship, visited Smyrna in 1853, and was seized by a boat's crew from an Austrian brig. The American sloop-of-war *St. Louis* demanded his surrender, and prepared to attack the Austrian vessel if he was not given up. Koszta was surrendered. This decided action gave great satisfaction throughout the United States, and was looked upon as a valuable precedent for future American action.

1884. Severe floods occurred in Galicia and in eastern Europe generally. The whole of the plain of Poland was inundated, and Cracow converted into an island. The losses were very severe.

June 22.

1476. An important battle took place at Morat, Switzerland, Charles the Bold of Burgundy being completely defeated by a Swiss army. A monument was erected of the bones of the vanquished, which was destroyed by the French in 1798. The four-hundredth anniversary of this victory was celebrated in 1876.

1527. Macchiavelli, a famous Italian historian and statesman, died. His name has long been held in infamy from the cold-blooded cruelty and perfidy of the counsels in his treatise called "The Prince." Yet what he said was simply in accordance with the political policy of his time. His noblest work is "The History of Florence," a great advance in style and method over preceding historical productions. He wrote comedies and critical works also.

1812. Napoleon declared war against

Russia. This was the beginning of the end of the great conqueror. Up to that time only success had attended his arms. From that time his history was one of defeat and failure.

1813. An action took place in Chesapeake Bay, between a part of the British fleet and an American naval force. The British were defeated, with a loss of twelve hundred men, though the Americans numbered in all only about six hundred.

1861. A great fire broke out in London, in some wharves and depôts containing oil and other combustibles. It continued to burn for a month, causing a loss of property estimated at ten million dollars, and several lives.

1872. An accident at Belleville, on the Grand Trunk Line of Canada, caused the death of about thirty persons, many of them from burning and scalding. On the same day there was a collision at Connellsville (Baltimore and Pittsburg line), in which three persons were killed and many injured.

1884. The survivors of the Greeley expedition to the Arctic regions were rescued by a relief-expedition, at Fort Conger, Lady Franklin Bay. The purpose of the expedition had been scientific observation, this being one of about a dozen parties sent to various stations in the Arctic zone for that purpose. A relief-expedition had been sent in 1883, but failed to reach them. When found, they were out of food, and only seven of the party, including Lieutenant Greeley, were alive. Two of these died soon afterwards. They had suffered intensely for months.

1886. A bill ordering the expulsion from France of all the princes laying claim to the throne was passed by the French Senate. Under this act Victor and Jerome Bonaparte and the Comte de Paris were banished.

June 23.

1757. The important battle of Plassey, in India, was fought. Clive, at the head of one thousand British and about two thousand Sepoy soldiers, defeated a native army sixty-eight thousand strong. This victory laid the foundation of the British empire in India.

1770. Mark Akenside, an English didactic poet, died. His principal poem, "The Pleasures of the Imagination," appeared in 1744 and had great success.

1839. Lady Hester Stanhope, an eccentric Englishwoman, died. In 1810 she left England and went to Syria, where she adopted the Oriental dress and customs and was highly admired by the

natives. She resided for many years on or near Mount Lebanon, with a large retinue of servants, and gained great prestige as a possessor of magical knowledge and power.

1880. The steamer *Seawanhaka*, running from New York to Glen Cove, Long Island, was burned in the East River, with a loss of about fifty lives.

June 24.

1314. The great battle of Bannockburn was fought, between Robert Bruce of Scotland, with an army of thirty thousand, and Edward II. of England, with one hundred thousand men. The English were thrown into confusion by pits which Bruce had dug, and were completely routed, with a loss of fifty thousand in killed and prisoners.

1497. Land in America was reached on this day by the expedition of John Cabot. It is supposed to have been a part of Labrador. His son Sebastian accompanied him. Sebastian made another voyage the next year, when he explored the coast as far south as Albemarle Sound.

1643. John Hampden, an illustrious English patriot, died. He vigorously opposed the arbitrary measures of Charles I. In the Long Parliament Hampden was one of the most active members. The king tried to arrest him and others for high treason, but failed. When war broke out, Hampden raised a regiment, took part in the battle of Edgehill, and was finally mortally wounded in a skirmish with Prince Rupert. He died a few days afterwards.

1859. The battle of Solferino was fought between the French and Sardinian armies and the Austrian army. It ended in a victory for the allies. The contest was a severe one, and each side lost nearly twenty thousand men. This battle closed the war, a treaty of peace being signed shortly afterwards.

1881. A destructive accident occurred on the Morelos Railroad, Mexico. A bridge fell near Cuartila, and a train was precipitated into the river San Antonio. About two hundred lives were lost.

1885. Very destructive floods took place in China, the loss of life being estimated at ten thousand.

1887. A fire broke out in a mine near Virginia City, Nevada, causing the loss of fifteen lives.

June 25.

1842. Sismondi, an eminent Swiss historian, died at Geneva, in which city he was born in 1778. He travelled for several years in Germany and Italy with

Madame de Staël, for whom he had a devoted friendship. His historical works comprise "The History of the Italian Republics" (16 volumes) and "History of the French" (80 volumes), with several minor productions.

1846. Louis Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I. and father of Napoleon III., died. He was made King of Holland in 1806, but, as he was disposed to respect the rights and advance the interests of the people, disputes broke out between him and Napoleon, which ended in his abdication in 1810.

1857. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company purchased the State line of canals and railroads between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, for the sum of seven and a half million dollars.

1862. The Seven Days' Fight between Lee's and McClellan's armies, before Richmond, began on this day, by a fight at Oak Grove. On the 27th Lee gained a victory at Gaines's Mill, and drove the Union army back, step by step, till July 1, when McClellan made a stand at Malvern Hill and repulsed his assailants. The Union army was then withdrawn to Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

1876. General Custer, a cavalry general who had served with distinction in the civil war, was massacred, with his command, in Montana, by the Indians under Sitting Bull. Two hundred and sixty-one soldiers were killed and fifty-one wounded.

June 26.

1541. Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was assassinated by conspirators at Lima. He was a true Spaniard of that period, daring, cold-blooded, and avaricious, and his own death by no means atoned for his heartless cruelty to the Inca.

1788. Virginia ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1793. Gilbert White, a distinguished English naturalist, died. His principal work was "The Natural History of Selborne," whose graceful and attractive style has raised it to the rank of an English classic.

1827. Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, or mule, died. His useful invention was brought into operation about 1778.

1857. The mutineers of India took the town of Cawnpore, and massacred great numbers of the British, with great cruelty, and without regard to sex or age.

1867. A train on the Great Peninsular Railroad of India was precipitated into a chasm made in an embankment by a river-torrent. Many lives were lost.

1837. The buildings of the Chicago Packing and Provision Company, covering five acres, were burned, with millions of pounds of pork and lard.

June 27.

1450. Jack Cade, a noted rebel of the time of Henry VI., defeated Stafford at Sevenoaks. With his Kentish followers he soon afterwards entered London, and put to death Lord Say, whose political course was obnoxious. A promise of pardon soon dispersed the mob, and Cade fled to Lewes, where he was killed.

1843. John Murray, an eminent English publisher and patron of literature, died. He projected the *Quarterly Review*, and, with the aid of Scott and Canning, published its first number in 1809. He brought many able authors to public notice, and dealt with them very liberally.

1844. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, with his brother, was murdered. The Mormons had settled at Nauvoo, Illinois, but the public feeling against them was so strong that a state of war existed. Smith had broken the laws by the destruction of the press of an opposing newspaper. He defied arrest, and the Mormons fortified their city against the militia. At this juncture Smith and his brother were persuaded to yield, under promise of protection, and were confined in the jail at Carthage. On the night of June 27, a mob with blackened faces attacked the jail, dispersed the guards, and shot the two prisoners. Brigham Young was chosen by the Mormons to succeed Smith.

1873. Hiram Powers, an eminent American sculptor, died at Florence. He produced many works, of which his "Greek Slave" excited great admiration and raised Powers to a high rank among modern sculptors.

1882. The State of Iowa adopted an amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

June 28.

1776. The British fleet made an attack on the fort on Sullivan's Island, Charleston harbor. The bombardment continued for ten hours, when the ships withdrew, having lost severely. The fort was built of palmetto logs, on which the balls made little impression. The name of the fort was changed to Fort Moultrie, in honor of its commander.

1778. The battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, was fought. Washington had pursued the retreating British, and attacked them here. The misconduct of General Lee prevented the success for

which Washington had hoped, and during the night Olinton stole away with his force, to avoid another engagement.

1814. The United States sloop-of-war Wasp captured the British brig Reindeer.

1836. Charles Mathews, a celebrated English comedian, died. He had remarkable talent for imitation. He visited the United States in 1822, and on his return produced "A Trip to America," which became highly popular.

1847. The first theatre in Chicago was opened on this day.

1855. Lord Raglan, the commander of the British army in the Crimean War, died in camp.

1887. Marshfield, Wisconsin, was entirely destroyed by a fire started by sparks from a locomotive. Nearly a million dollars' worth of property was lost. Almost simultaneously a fire broke out in Hurley, Wisconsin, which destroyed one hundred houses.

June 29.

1767. A new taxation act was passed by the British Parliament, laying duties on tea, paper, painted glass, etc., in place of the Stamp Act, which had been repealed. It was in consequence of this that the tea was destroyed in Boston harbor, an important instigating act to the Revolution.

1852. Henry Clay, an eminent American statesman and orator, died. He was born in 1777, became a United States Senator in 1806, and served in Congress during most of the remainder of his life. He ran three times for the Presidency, unsuccessfully. As an orator he was remarkably able and influential, though the merit of his speeches lay more in manner than in matter. As a statesman he took the moderate course, and was the author of several important compromise measures.

1861. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, one of the most gifted of women poets, died at Florence. She was born about 1807, was highly educated, and began to write verse at ten years of age. In 1846 she was married to the poet Robert Browning, and resided with him in Italy for many years. Her poems are very numerous, the most extensive being "Aurora Leigh," which may be called a novel in verse. Many of her poems are of remarkable beauty, and there is no other poetess of modern times so highly esteemed.

1864. A terrible railroad accident occurred at St. Hilaire, Canada, from a train running off a bridge. Of the passengers about eighty-three were killed and two hundred wounded.

1873. The first reception of foreign ministers by the Emperor of China took place at Peking. Embassies had been established there years before, but this was their first open acknowledgment by the emperor.

June 30.

1685. The Earl of Argyle was beheaded. He had refused to take the Test oath in 1681, had been condemned to death, and escaped to Holland, whence he returned with armed followers in 1685, was taken, and executed. His father had been similarly executed in 1661, on the charge of submitting to the usurpation of Cromwell.

1783. The United States Congress met in Princeton, New Jersey, on this day, whither it had adjourned from Philadelphia.

1837. The use of the pillory was abolished by act of Parliament. This barbarous punishment had been long used in England to make prisoners publicly infamous. It was employed for persons convicted of forgery, perjury, libelling,

etc. The head was put through one hole, the hands through two others, and in some cases the face mutilated. Persons have died in the pillory from being pelted with stones and other missiles by the mob.

1859. Blondin, the tight-rope performer, walked across the Niagara River below the Falls on a tight rope. The rope was about three inches thick, nearly twelve hundred feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet above the water. Blondin crossed it on stilts, enveloped in a sack, wheeled a barrow across, carried a man across, turned summersaults on the rope, was photographed while standing in the centre, and performed other daring feats.

1886. The Canadian Pacific Railroad was opened for regular traffic on this day. This railroad is, with its branches, four thousand three hundred and nineteen miles in length. It was about fifteen years in building. By this route the distance from Liverpool to Japan is one thousand miles shorter than by way of New York and San Francisco.

BY M. ELLIOT SEAWELL.

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JANUARY, 1889

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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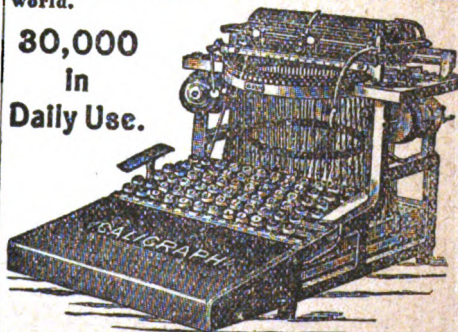
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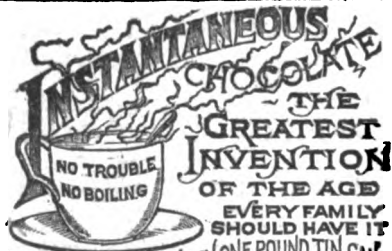
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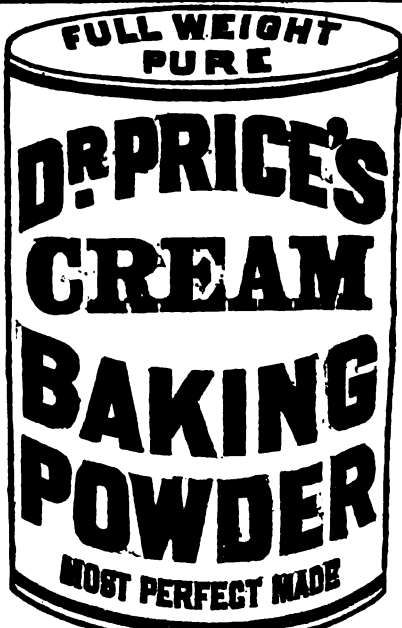


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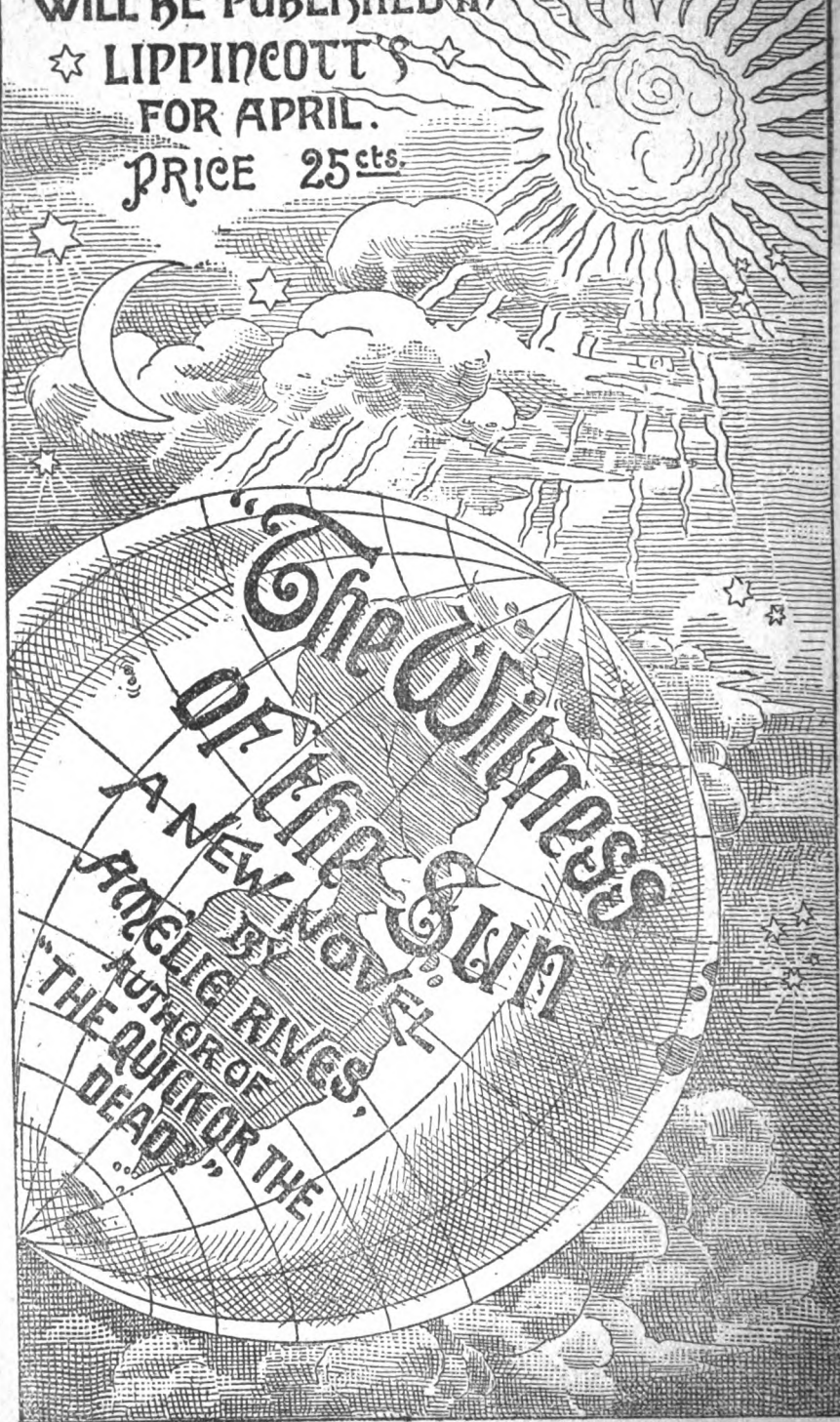
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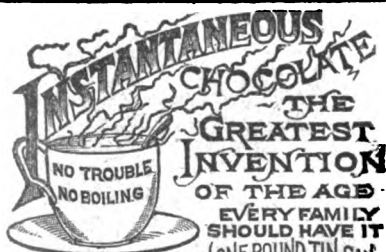
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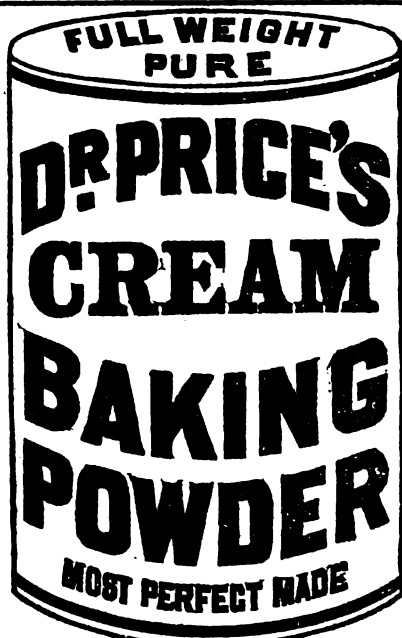


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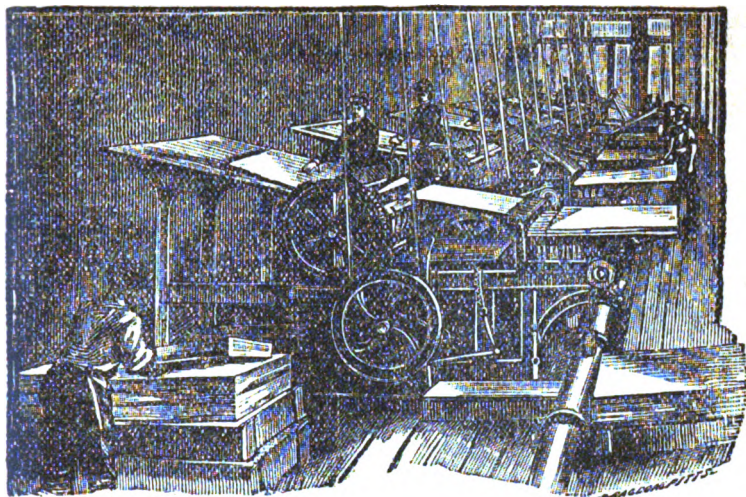
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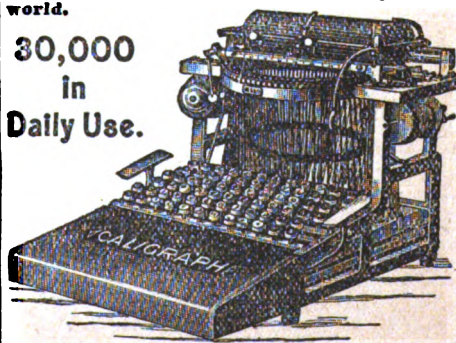
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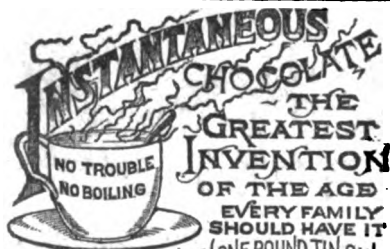
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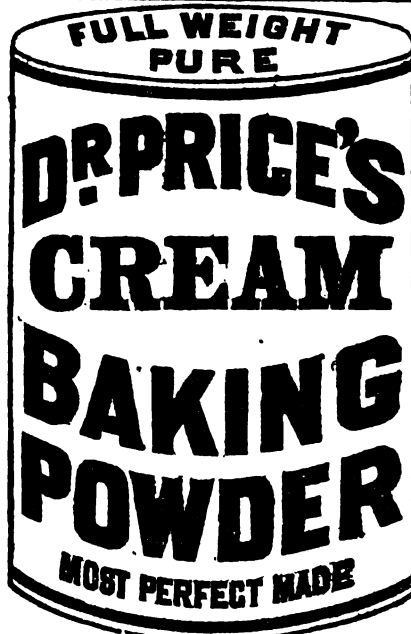
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CHAIN OF ERRORS

BY E. W. LATIMER.

COMPLETE

MAY, 1889

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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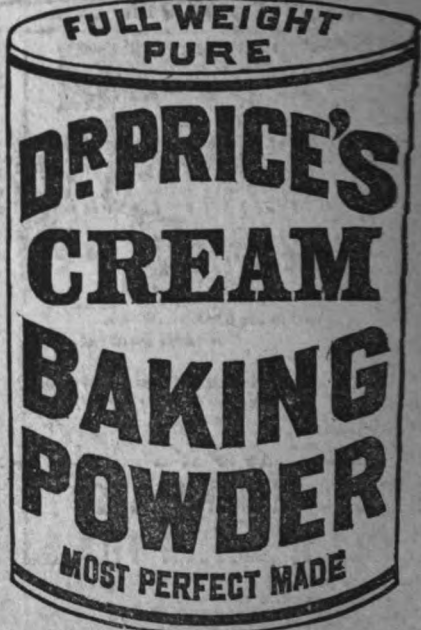


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DREAM OF CONQUEST

BY **LLOYD BRYCE**

COMPLETE

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JUNE, 1889

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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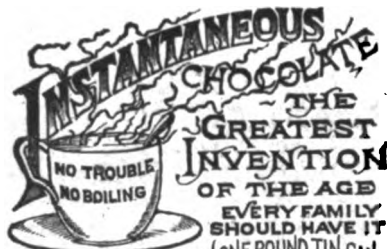
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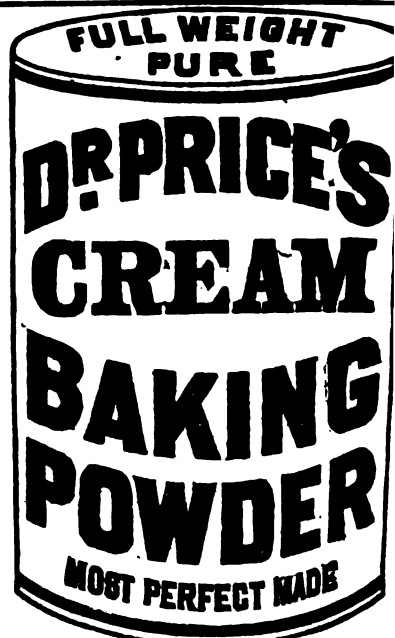
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